



Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

10
TO

TWO TREES
ДВА ДЕРЕВА



Saturday, June 10, 2023

3

Soaring upward.
Scratching the sky.
Five-hundred years together.
Roots intertwined.
Beautiful lives together, never alone.

I love you.

I love you.

I'm tired, my dear.

Maybe it's time.

Let's lie down together and give our love back to the earth that has given us much. We've had glorious lives.

Together forever.

Tomorrow anew.

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Grammarly Readability Score = Grammarly took the day off.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

JOLLIBEE VANCOUVER JOLLIBEE VANCOUVER



Open three weeks. Five-hour line-ups. For fast-food. Socialized capitalism. Everyone can have a taste. \$75.00 purchase limit. Maybe not everyone. Filipino fried chicken. Walk past every day. Five block line. One Caucasian daily. Makes it to the counter. Seven straight days.

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Welcome, what would you like to order?

D1: I'll have a small diet coke, no ice.

D2: Are your washrooms for customers only?

D3: Just looking. (I'm going to write a racist Yelp review. STWG.).

D4: What are your hours?

D5: Do I have to wait to be seated?

D6: I'm meeting a friend at Burger King; can you help me with directions?

D7: Do you have a smoking section?

Five-hour line-ups. For ~~fast-food~~.

TRAVELLING MAN
ТРАВЕЛІНГ МАН

11

SEPTEMBER 2015-MARCH 2016

VANCOUVER   TO BELLINGHAM WASHINGTON 

5

The editor I worked with on my memoir lives in Bellingham; it was time to rev up my hot-rod Toyota Matrix and pay her several visits ⁽¹⁾.

CROSSING: PEACE ARCH - BLAINE WASHINGTON
CROSSING: PEACE ARCH - BLAINE WASHINGTON
AN AMALGAMATION OF INTERROGATIONS

11.1
11.1
2015

Border Agent

Where are you going? Citizenship? Why are you going? How long will you be gone? Who are you travelling with?"

Me

Bellingham. Canadian. To see my editor. Three or four hours. Is there someone else in the car?

Border Agent

Don't they have editors in Canada?

11.2

2015

Border Agent

Where are you going? Citizenship? Why are you going? How long will you be gone?

Me

Bellingham. Canadian. To see my editor. Three or four hours.

Border Agent

Why?

Me

To work on my book?

Border Agent

What makes you think you can write?

What's your book about?

Me

My life.

Border Agent

What makes your life so interesting?

11.3

2015

Border Agent

Where are you going? Citizenship? Why are you going? How long will you be gone?

Me

Bellingham. Canadian. To see my editor. Three or four hours.

Border Agent

Why?

Me

To work on my book?

Border Agent

Why is your editor in Bellingham?

Me

Because she lives there.

Border Agent

I don't like your tone.

Me

Then ask better questions.

11.4
2016

The light turns green.

I pull forward.

The light turns red.

I stop – I'm caught in purgatory.

An agent approaches my car.

Border Agent

Don't you know what fucking red means? What are you fucking doing?

Me

Sir, the light turned red. So, I stopped.

Border Agent

I don't, fucking, care, what colour the light was, what colour is it now? Are you fucking colour blind? You wrecked my fucking day. Wait here. I will wave you forward when I'm ready for you.

He waves me forward.

I pull forward.

Border Agent

Where are you going? Citizenship? Why are you going? How long will you be gone?

Me

Bellingham. Canadian. To see my editor, three or four hours.

Border Agent

Why?

Me

To work on my book?

Border Agent

You fucked up my day. Go ahead.

11.4b
11.4b

2016

Return Trip: Canadian Side: 2 PM

Border Agent

Where were you? Citizenship? What was the reason for your trip? Where are you going?
What time did you enter the USA?

Me

Bellingham. Canadian. To see my editor. Home. I entered the States at 9 AM.

Border Agent

It's now 2 PM. How long have you been gone?

Me

Can't you do the math?

Border Agent

You don't have to be a smartass. Did you see any Africans, Liberians? Did you come in contact with anyone from Texas?

DISTANCE FROM LIBERIA TO BAINE
DISTANCE FROM LIBERIA TO BAINE

Approximately 11,000 Kilometres

DISTANCE FROM DALLAS TO BLAINE
DISTANCE FROM DALLAS TO BLAINE

Approximately 3,400 Kilometres

A PEACE ARCH MOMENT OF PONDERING

If the Americans are fighting hard to keep out the bad people – and Canada is fighting hard to keep out the bad people – and (insert country here) is fighting bad to keep out the bad people: shower - rinse - repeat – and there are still murders, drug abuse, domestic abuse, and all the other horrendous acts that humans are capable of, happening globally – then wouldn't one thing: maybe, just maybe, the stopping the bad people approach, is not working and we are destined to make it worse until we find a better way. Maybe, one country, for argument's sake, let's say: Sri Lanka should work diligently at keeping out the good people. That way, the rest of the world could send the tiny nation all of the bad from around the globe, significantly changing the media template for the NEWS.

Don't you have editors in Canada?

AND NOW FOR A FEW WORDS ABOUT PRIVILEGE

34 YEARS OF **BORDER** CROSSINGS

I was born in predominately white Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. Growing up in the white world shaped me – every thought, + perception of the world, my behaviour, + my profound underlying sense of entitlement.

How could I + all of my friends not be racist?

We had been conditioned: media + movies + books, all controlled by white people.

I am going to now announce something I don't think I am, I'm racist.

Although in many of my interactions with customs agents, the agents were dinks, my responses, in return, may have been funny to the core, but they were often dinkish as well. Being a white racist allowed me to get away with my abhorrent behaviour.

Why am I announcing this flaw? It's not really a flaw; it's our conditioning in this imperfect, advantage-skewing, white world. I'm sharing because I'm recovering every single day. I think every white person on the planet needs to accept their biases and vow to become a recovering racist.

How?

Self-awareness.

A friend asked me why is it so difficult to be anything but white?

Because it is challenging for us whites to break free of our conditioning and accept, the only path forward is to relinquish our advantages.

How?

Be active.

When a friend says to you, Some racist jokes are best told only to a certain audience.

Let your friend know there is no such thing as a racist joke.

When reading a book about walking paths in Norway, when the author writes:

When you walk, you don't need spandex pants or a headband or one of those strange upper-arm configurations that joggers often wear as if it were a defibrillator or pepper spray, and they were running through Baltimore's most dangerous alleyways.

Pay attention, and ask, what was the point of that passage + is Baltimore in Norway?

If you are honest with yourself, you will realize, we all play a role, and the only way we move forward is by exactly that, paying attention, and every chance you get, speak up and don't allow racism to fester.

My recovery is a lifelong ordeal, but I help make the world a better place every time I speak up.