

OPINION

I'M A MESS

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Father's day has come and gone another year. I almost made it through unscathed. I didn't.

Everything was going well, and then, BAM. Friends. Conversation. And the talk sank into darkness. First, a friend started referring to a Korean friend by making fun of her name. Her name is Summer. My friend fired out, said, *If you wanted to extend your Covid-19 Bubble, you could add Fall, Winter and Spring to it.*

I didn't find this particularly funny. *Hey, friend, do you think my Korean friends are making fun of our names? Do you think they are saying that you could add Scott, Bill, and Tony to your Bubble if you want to add to your Bubble?*

That's what I thought. We, white people, are too stunned to realize people already change their names from their real names to something we can stomach, and then we are disrespectful enough to make fun of their new North Americanized names. This upset me. Maybe I'm hypersensitive. I'm not.

Another friend at the table who thinks I'm too sensitive these days because of an unresolved legal matter started to get upset at my calling out the name mocker.

I turned on him; *you know Su-Jin's name is Su-Jin, not Seagull. You do not know her. She wouldn't like being called Seagull. She likely wouldn't say anything - but stop it. I will not be complicit in your lame humour.*

You may ask: What's the big deal?

You might not care, but the big deal is I am pondering leaving friendships. We don't seem to be able to go a day without one of us disparaging others.

EXAMPLE

A friend said, *The convenience store really needs to clean up the scum.* He went on to say, *The homeless guy who sits on the sidewalk in front of their store. He's disgusting.*

Words shared by a friend...?

You know it's not the store's responsibility, don't you?

Still, they need to do something.

This same complainer once called the people running the store: brown people and dirty. I wonder if he can see the irony in expecting brown people to clean up, his words not mine, the scum (that happens to be white), from the front of the store.

My friend sees poverty as a choice. He doesn't see society's failings in the suffering of others. I do.

WHY AM I, A MESS?

Because every time I raise my voice, I feel I'm the only one. Because of this, I no longer know how to be me.

Am I supposed to speak up?

Am I supposed to be swallowed by the shadows and accept the world will never change?

When I call out people, I feel are being ignorant, am I ignorant myself?

What, does it, fucking, matter?

Speaking up, feels overwhelming, and laced with judgmental darts being fired back at me.

Do I need to find new friends?

Would I be happier, not being anymore?

I don't want to keep fighting for the same things if I'm alone.

I give up.

Maybe I need to close my eyes and cover my ears. Perhaps I'd be happier if I didn't care.

I almost made it through father's day unscathed. And then, I was called entitled. I don't know who my father is?

Fire me a message on the TALK PAGE of my website: www.lindsaywincherauk.com if you have more suggestions on making our world a better place!
