



Lindsay Wincherauk

**MAY 2023**

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DEAN  
DEAN

**D**ean is dying. It's an inescapable fact.  
I have seen Dean twice this week, last Sunday and yesterday.  
On Sunday, he met J—Dean has wanted to meet J, since September.

Dean has a disease attacking his body; with every passing day, things most people take for granted become more difficult and often disappear, like walking and speaking. Eventually, Dean will disappear.

Dean uses a cane. His gait is troubled. On Sunday, J and I were walking behind him. When I noticed Dean struggling with every step, I said, "Hey, can you pick it up a bit?"

I didn't think before speaking.

I hope that is okay.

Dean laughed. He was happy to see us. "This is J," I said. They shook hands and seemed genuinely delighted to be meeting each other. We exchanged pleasantries, with Dean trying to find his words, stuttering; he grew flush, flustered. "My stuttering is getting worse; I'm having more and more trouble talking." Dean looked as if he might cry. He asked what we were up to? "Just walking," I said.

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After we parted company, J said to me Dean is a great, likable guy.

I met Dean in September, and we hit it off; he told me about his sickness. I didn't run. Our friendship started growing. I'm honoured when he's out and sees me; he seems to seek my company.

I'm learning how to be friends with a dying man.

Yesterday, Dean told me as his sickness progresses, people are scattering. I won't.

Yesterday, Dean told me, and the Mayor, his Markh toward death seems to be speeding up. The Mayor and I tried to act as if this was an everyday conversation without expressing cliches or treating Dean as anything but a friend.

Dean's tone became emotional. He wants to live life to the fullest. He's scared. I'm afraid for him. I don't want to say the wrong things. I don't know what is okay to say. So, I say whatever comes to mind, even if it might be wrong.

I try to treat Dean like I would anybody else. I don't know if that is possible. I don't know if I will succeed.

Dean is going on a trip to Europe in August; he's excited but simultaneously terrified because he will probably need a walker by then or may even need a wheelchair. I hold my thoughts inside.

Dean asks if he orders nachos, will I eat half of them.

Usually, I would decline. But with Dean, I accept. Is my behaviour, okay?

I stayed an extra hour to eat nachos with Dean. I stayed an extra hour with Dean to simply hear him talk.

I met Dean in September. He's becoming a good friend. I won't run. I will just listen. I hope with every fibre of my heart I learn how to be.

Dean told us he wants his care providers to tell him the truth; they are always so cheerful and upbeat – he just wants to know how bad things are getting – he just wants to know.

Don't speak. I speak.

I tell him it must be hard for the care providers because you are a great man. I'm sure they care deeply for you, and as much as they see heartache and pain daily, they want more than anything for the way it is to be wrong.

Why am I talking?

Dean doesn't seem to mind.

I'm trying to learn how to be a friend to my dying friend.

I don't want to identify him that way.

It's impossible... just be honest and cherish every moment we have.

I don't know if anything I do is right; I think Dean, like the rest of us, simply wants to share his story. Listen.

## IN THE NEWS IN THE NEWS

**T**wo serial gropers are running around the Lower Mainland (Vancouver area). This has made the news. A big story. Apparently, they've grabbed some butts and stuff. I'm not making light of the seriousness of unwanted touching.

Meanwhile, the ex-President of the USA was found guilty of sexual assault, and his supporters' approval of him rose.

Grammarly Readability Score = 86

HUMAN SNAPSHOT  
HUMAN SNAPSHOT

CAUCASIAN WOMAN  
CAUCASIAN WOMAN

NEIGHBOURHOOD GROUP TO FIGHT HOUSING FOR THE HOMELESS  
NEIGHBOURHOOD GROUP TO FIGHT HOUSING FOR THE HOMELESS

**A** news story comes on, some white woman has formed a neighbourhood group to fight social housing being built in her neighbourhood. *Think about the children she screams. I'm worried for their safety.*

You're right lady, people struggling to survive – eat children.

*I have a suggestion, kill all struggling people.*

THE BOTTOM 10?  
THE BOTTOM 10?

Precisely.