

OPINION

A SUGGESTION TO SHOULD TO SOLITUDE

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(546 Words)



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I wake up scared. I wake up strange. I wake up wondering if everything in my life is going to be okay.

The last sixteen months have been emotionally devastating.

I must believe in myself. We all must believe in ourselves.

Life got turned upside down, placing me on the outside looking in. The door was slowly shut. Lies beget more lies.

Stand up for yourself – I must – pain is sent my way. It's meant to break me, quite literally.

I wasn't part of the family; there is no family, only greed, ego, only deception.

Never give up.

I won't. I can't. My effort is tireless; I bang on hundreds of doors and continue to shout my stories out to the world; one will land, leading into another and providing me with hope, a future, more life.

Rejections come. Some are softened with encouragement. I know I'm on the right path. Doors are slamming shut all around me. Some of them are slammed shut by those who are trying to break me. My suffering doesn't matter to them; the only thing that matters is if my suffering destroys me. I can't let it. I won't.

I want to give something back to the world; I move to fight the depression lurking in the

shadows. I keep moving and moving and moving. Movement leads to perfect blood pressure and shrinking girth, optimum health. The action allows me to make a difference and raise funds for **The BC Children’s Hospital Foundation**. Something those who are willfully hurting me don’t want to let me do. I must only look forward + keep moving + doing good.

I keep working tirelessly on my craft, sending out queries, facing rejections, sending out more queries, waiting. I must believe in myself. I can’t tire. I’m making it onto the radar; a publisher asks me to collaborate with them on this year’s **Read for The Cure (Cancer Fundraiser)**. I’m honoured.

I’m confident the people who started my challenges think me doing good is about them doing the opposite. It’s not. I’ve always tried to give back.

I wake up scared.

A suggestion comes in from someone I’ve rarely spoken with, it’s a job suggestion for a position I would not qualify for, nor would I have any interest in doing. The person doesn’t know what makes me tick. The person doesn’t know what I’ve been dealing with emotionally. But somehow, the well-meaning person has taken the time to think about me and begin to impose their will on what I should do next. Which, to me, sounds like giving up. Suggestions are almost always masked as judgement.

I avoid responding to the kindness. I must believe in myself.

A crack forms in my home life. Is it patchable?

You should apply for subsidized housing for artists.

I sink. Another nail is hammered into my coffin. This time, not by those hoping to destroy my life.

I express my upset. I think I’m in a safe place where I can share my emotions. I’m not.

I feel defeated. Broken. I feel like quitting. I feel like I’ve been betrayed. I feel like a failure. A loser. Lost.

I must believe in myself.

I think I’m alone.

I must find the strength to remain tireless.

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!
