

My **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

Driving Lessons

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE



A story about finding yourself after accidentally discovering your life started with a lie.

Not every day do you meet someone who watched both of his parents die from The Big C and laid them to rest, only to discover sixteen years later that they weren't his parents after all!

It's like being reborn as a whole different person.

ABOUT A BOY



*A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.
His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.*

His Father is his Grandfather.

His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.

His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.

That turned them into Brunkles.

His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.

That turned them into Sisaunts.

The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.

How could any of them be, okay?

Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?

DEVELOPMENT
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Driving Lessons
DRIVING LESSONS

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SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN

A FARMER'S FIELD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN

JULY 1976

*"Dad, I just turned 16; I want to learn how to drive.
How hard can it be? You drive."*

*"Stop the guff boy. Okay, son, pick a car from the fleet (a
fleet of two), and we can hit the open road."*

We ambled to the front yard. Resting, waiting for its
cylinders to be sparked to life, sat a dusty white 1963
Epic Envoy – a car resembling stacked boxes.



We strolled to the back yard, sitting there, anxiously,
as if cars can sit in anticipation, parked within white lines painted on the lawn, rested a
burgundy Oldsmobile 98, a huge automobile. An automobile unduly large to the point
where I struggled to see over the hood. Being blind in my left eye wouldn't help.

Oh yeah, I'm blind in my left eye.

I chose the stacked boxes.

The Epic screamed babe magnet.

Dad hopped behind the wheel, drove twenty miles out into the countryside, + turned off
the highway onto a gravel road. Dust billowing in our wake.

"Dad, do you know the owner of this land?"

"No."

Dad drove for three more miles, turned right, and between two signposts decorated in
barbed wire, crows perching on the top, Dad finessed the beast into an unknown land.
Then, another mile later, he hammered on the brakes grinding the Epic to a stop in the
middle of a well-rutted field.

Dad barked at me, *"Get out, get into the driver's seat. It is your turn to drive."*

Eager for my first lesson, I fastened my seatbelt, threw the gearbox into first and finessed
the gas pedal and clutch. Then, we lurched forward, sputtering out in a few feet.

Dad screamed at me again, *"Not forward."* I gave him a stunned look. *"Reverse, I learned
how-to drive-in reverse; you will do the same. Unless, of course, you want to whine all the way
home sitting in the passenger seat."*

I shifted into reverse. Three times per week, for forty minutes per lesson, I never drove forward. Then, with my father intensely staring my way, without uttering a word, we plowed a stranger's fields, swathing my way around a wheat maze, laughing inwardly each time I ground the gears.

After two months of training, I was ready to tackle my driver's test.

DRIVERS TEST 1

Failed. Being blind in one eye required the car to have two outside mirrors. The Epic only had one. The instructor never even let me get in the car.

DRIVERS TEST 2

Failed. I killed at parallel parking, but I laboured when looking through the front windshield for some reason.

DRIVERS TEST 3

Passed.

The Epic was going to provide me with a causeway to freedom.

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEs appear in major commuter newspapers. Lindsay wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father (who wasn't his father) worked as a mechanic. His mother (who wasn't his mother) worked as an excellent chef in a diner. In fact, his birth was in a secret place where | society deemed | unfit mothers were sent to give birth in isolation – shading families from shame. If the babies survived being born, usually, they were sold to wealthy Americans or adopted out to farm families.

Lindsay's life began with a lie.

Despite Lindsay's perilous beginnings, starting with deception, Lindsay knew no better and went through life excelling at things, usually in two-year stints. Be that athletics (hall of fame, record holding, one-eyed quarterback), scholastically, career-wise (generating more than \$70 million in revenue for one company), socially, + without question: creatively!

Lindsay's challenging beginning instilled in Lindsay heaping doses of compassion and empathy. Lindsay's life starting out as a lie gave him a keen sense to spot BS from miles away. It also provided him with a dry sense of humour and an understanding those born with silver spoons in their mouths will never be self-aware enough to understand (or admit) their good fortune.

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During Lindsay's work career, he was well-liked by all coworkers. Lindsay was also well respected by his diverse collection of clients, developing several fantastic friendships, primarily because Lindsay is known for his unflinching integrity and ability to hold conversations on most topics.

Lindsay's life mantra is:

The most valuable part of life is the fabulous people we meet during our journeys. If you treat people with respect (leaving judgment at the door), and more importantly, by opening doors for those less fortunate or who can't speak up for themselves, you are living a good, compassionate life. Making money at all costs is not the only thing mattering. Life can be difficult + devastatingly unfair.

Lindsay believes sharing vulnerability is what makes us human. Lindsay will never shy away from being honest about his pain.

Lindsay also believes we must stand up for ourselves, + more importantly, for those who are too burdened by the injustices of life, they can't find the strength to stand up for themselves.

SOME THINGS LINDSAY IS MOST PROUD OF ARE WHEN:

- A sixty-year-old employee of his, who had entered a point of life where life had become more struggle than joy (it happens to all of us as we age), said to Lindsay, “I must thank you. I’ve listened to how you treat people, + by listening, I’ve learned so much about compassion and patience. Thank you. I consider you a great friend.”
- Another employee who was struggling with addiction thanked Lindsay for his kindness, presenting Lindsay with a Christmas card from him and his girlfriend. Tucked inside the card: lottery tickets.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK, compassionate, empathetic, well-read, kind, blessed with unflinching integrity, humour in balance, loved by coworkers + friends alike.

Lindsay will always stick up for the underdog. Lindsay understands there are countless older people suffering job loss because COVID gave some companies an opportunity to – Lindsay thinks it is essential to draw attention to this life-threatening issue by being the voice for those too broken to speak up for themselves.

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Lindsay is currently pitching four manuscripts to publishers and literary agencies. One of the manuscripts (he can’t talk about) will blow the roof off the predatory practices of – Lindsay is writing relentlessly and is also pitching OPEDs and short stories, fiction, + non to literary magazines around the globe.

Lindsay has appeared on Breakfast Television, radio programs in Montreal, + several others in the Vancouver area. Lindsay has also been a featured guest on CKNW + CBC, both on several occasions. And Lindsay was a vital witness of a Hate Crime. This led to the first Hate Crime conviction in Canadian legal history, resulting in him being a speaker at an Enough is Enough Rally (anti-violence rally) with dignitaries, politicians, law enforcement, and community leaders in front of a crowd of approximately five thousand.

Lindsay was the **#1 MIXED-TAPE DJ** at the **UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN** for most of the nineteen-eighties, a fact bringing him joy.

Lindsay resides in Vancouver.