

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
ALL FILE ON THE 2023 LIFE → GLUE



GLUE GLUE



A story about a **man** trying to find himself after his parents come back to life.

And then, he witnesses a gay-bashing.

And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.

And then →

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press play
press play



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MUM



FINAL NOTICE FOR PICK-UP

PARCEL

LAST DAY FOR PICKUP: 16 DECEMBER 2007

The season of obligations has arrived.

Bernice has known I've known the truth for almost four-years. She still hasn't acknowledged that fact. But for some reason, she sends me a meaningless gift every Christmas.

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Don't be a whiny jerk; she sends you a gift. And she's dying.

Thanks for that, GUILT.

Have any of you ever experienced family members laying it on thick to protect their own feelings of guilt?

It must suck having to live a life full of lies. I'm angry. I might be a jerk; I don't care what she went through. I only care about my own situation. I know I'm an adult – but she hid the truth from me, abusively at times. I need to scream.

Are you going to fix things with her? She's your mother.

I don't think you understand; I'm not your uncle; we're cousins.

MUM

A LETTER TO MUM A LETTER TO MUM

17 DECEMBER 2007

Dear Bernice,

Bernice, I don't know where to start or what to say. The last few years have been devastating. They have been filled with confusion.

Robyn informed me of your health issues. I'm sorry for what you're going through. Your problems don't subtract or soften the forty-six-years of lying, including the last four-years of silence. I've been left on my own to pick up the pieces shattered by the secrecy. Just so you know, when Robyn told me, I lay on the couch and cried for several hours.

I'm pissed off.
I'm pissed off.

I don't want you to be sick.

I don't want you to be my mother.

Why did my life have to be a secret?

Do you care what impact the secrecy had on my life?

Don't you owe it to me to help understand what happened?

Your silence indicates you likely don't care.

Bernice, a civil servant, told me my truths about mum + dad not being mum + dad after the worst two months of my life. The fact devastated me.

Afterward, my mind raced, trying to figure out who my "real parents" might be? When I found out you were my mother, my life changed instantly.

Why was I a secret, a fucking embarrassment?

I hate you for that.

I hate being angry.

How could our entire family participate in the lie?

Please help me understand, but I know you won't.

As much as I want to blame everyone, the fault lies only with you. I wasn't supposed to find out from a civil servant.

Why did you stay in my fucking life?
WHY DID YOU STAY IN MY FUCKING LIFE?

Every fucking year you send me an emotionless card + gift. What's the point?

I cry every time I receive them. My friends tell me I should send them back unopened.

Every year, I'm hoping there will at least be a letter with an explanation...but it never comes...instead —

Maybe I should hate you.

Why didn't you find the strength to tell me the truth?

I'm tired of crying.

When I finally found the strength to let the rest of the family know I knew the truth, they didn't allow me to kick and scream. They didn't offer comfort. Instead, they left me on my own.

Was I ever part of the fucking family?

Not even one of them helped me pick up the pieces.

Not even one told me they loved me.

Not even one acknowledged everything in my life changed.

I'm lucky I have friends.

I spent my youth watching your parents die. Speaking to my father for the first time, eighteen-years after watching "my father" take his last breath, I'm lost for words.

Robyn asked me if I was going to fix things with you.

What the fuck, would I say to you?

How would that conversation start?

As much as my heart is filled with rage, I want you to recover.

When you do, please stop sending me meaningless gifts.

Your Son,

Lindsay

EMPTY

I picked up the gift today.

Send it back.

I tore off the wrapping, no fucking card, no fucking letter, no fucking explanation, just a gift.

She'd reached out to you. It's the thought that counts.

Please define thought.

I don't want to be a fucking obligation.

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

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Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEDs 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.

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.