

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



HOLD
HOLD

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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 →

HOLD
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press play
press play



HOLD
HOLD

15
TO

HOLD
HOLD



HOLD YOUR OWN HAND
HOLD YOUR OWN HAND

MONDAY, 16 DECEMBER 2007
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“Hello, I’m going to have to cancel my appointment with Dr. Musial for tomorrow.”

“Hello, Lindsay, we haven’t seen you in a while. What’s it been – three years? Why are you cancelling?”

“I’m not feeling well.”

“Hmm, really? Are you seeing another doctor?”

I lied.

“I’m not seeing another doctor. Dr. Musial will always be my doctor.”

I was dealing with permanent-lung-damage pneumonia, + I was sporting a persistent arm rash. And I was two-timing Dr. Musial with Dr. Mitchell.

During my second visit for the rash, I said to Dr. Mitchell, “Doc, the rash won’t go away. Should I be worried? I think I may have leprosy.”

“Don’t worry. You do have leprosy. This cream should clear it up in no time.”

It’s been a tough week.

I’m feeling beaten down.

I’m scared.

I’m scared.

HOLD
HOLD

I'm pretending to be okay. I'm not. Not only did I lie to my doctor's receptionist, but I've also been lying to myself by hiding at the gym.

I feel like collapsing, I hate the fucking world, and I desperately try to spin positive once more.

What deposited me here?

Where has the hope gone?

Darkness arrived. If I died **NOW**, nobody would notice. I'm feel fucking alone. I swallow the words I need to share.

Lindsay, you suck at inspirational pep talks.

Why is it so hard to get past not having a family?

What are you, dense?

My near dad wanted the role.

A straightforward test freed him of the responsibility.

Here comes the Holiday Season. I'm not sure if I'll survive.

I rescheduled my doctor's appointment because I didn't want to show weakness. I wanted to be good enough for the first time.

I hate my job, + I may have to take a second job to survive financially.

I'm a forty-seven-year-old mess.

You look younger.

Thank you! And thanks, alcohol, and sleep deprivation.

Quit feeling sorry for yourself.

Quit feeling sorry for yourself.

What are you talking about?

I'm stuck. I'm trapped in my fucking recent past. I wanted my father to be alive again.

One year ago, during a phone call with Elmer, after he repeatedly apologized, he said, "Lindsay, what I want you to do from time to time, hold your own hands. I'm so sorry for whatever the lies have done to you. I want your pain to end. I can't imagine what this process is like for you. It can't be easy."

He was being a dad.

He continued, "Sit. Hold your own hands. 'Cause, if you're holding your own hands, it's impossible to lie to yourself. Lindsay, I'm honoured to be your father."

Christmas is coming.

My mother is dying.

I'm afraid to speak up.

I hate being around families.

I hate seeing their happiness.

I feel selfish.

Elmer is not my father.

He lives in another city.

Elmer has his own children.

He's seventy-two.

Our relationship is over.

53

I shared my story with my friend Stevie, "If it's crystal, you must boot him out." I told him that I was a mix of Romanian + Scottish for most of my life. For a bit, when my parents came back to life, I wasn't sure of my heritage. When dad was found, I became British + Scottish. Now, since dad isn't dad, I don't know what or who I am; maybe I'm Jamaican?"

"You're just, Lindsay. That's more than good enough."

I'm going to my doctor next week. When I'm feeling better.

He'll make me laugh.

He'll tell me I'm doing great.

I'm not, I just pretend.

I will hold my hand for a bit tonight while spinning positive thoughts. I'm no good to anyone if I'm feeling sorry for myself.

I will allow love, happiness, health, and prosperity into my life, I deserve it!

A BRIEF FLASHBACK
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I phoned my friend Danielle; I told her I was meeting my father for the first time today.

“Danielle, this is incredibly emotional. I’m meeting my father today. I hate my life at times. It’s so tiring when people ask what’s new? Sometimes, I want to lie. I’m meeting my seventy-two-year-old father today. Can you believe it? Why does it have to be about me?”

Danielle replied, “Lindsay, most of us just go to the store.”

54

Three years of preparing to meet my father and **BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE**, it’s over.

In an instant, by remaining unchanged, my life changed more than I could imagine.

Talking about it is the only way for me to heal + let others facing similar truths know they’re not alone.

I realized we all bleed the same, we all have the exact needs; we all need water!

BE KIND TO OTHERS BECAUSE PAIN MAY BE HIDING BEHIND THEIR EYES
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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 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.

387

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:
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- 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.

388

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.