



Lindsay Wincherauk

MAY 2023

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TRIGGERS
TRIGGERS



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I've been walking with a fog draped over me for the past week. Something I couldn't put my finger on. I'm down.

I'm fucking tired of typing; I'm down and depressed.

It's okay to be off. Honesty may be imperative.

What's causing my lament?

It would be easy to keep pinning my dourness on the fact my career was stripped from me at my age (63 soon) – a given. Who wouldn't be down after being replaced for doing an outstanding job for a company, only to have them try to destroy your life just because they are holding the cash?

It would be easy and make sense. But that's not the reason for my current stepping off of the cliff.

I crank up my steps to reduce the inflammation attacking my lower extremities. *Ankles, if you must know.* The extra exercise is working, not at exorcizing my burning sorrow, but at the very least, the inflammation is retreating.

I will live another day.

Yesterday, I decided to up the intensity even more. The plan was to leave the Fitness Asylum with 16,000 steps in the bag and be well on the way to a record day for the year.

But no, Red shut off my tracking devices before I hit the Asylum.

Is Red really The Shadow Man? (A Chasing Neon Reference).

No.

I finished the Asylum after breathtaking intensity with less than 1,000 steps – 15,000 lost.

Why am I down?

What's going on?

A week ago, The Law Society of Alberta sent me an email about the estate of my dead mother (Bernice) (my second mother who died). I didn't think it affected me.

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I was wrong.

Yesterday, during my walk to make up for lost steps, I had an epiphany that the email was causing me distress, bringing up negative thoughts and loneliness, and making me anxious about meeting strangers.

And making me fear talking about my upset or wearing my upset on my sleeves.

In the email, I was asked to prove my mother, who never wanted me, was my mother.

A mother I didn't know was my mother until I was 43. I only found out because I had to obtain a new birth certificate (passport requirement) because mine had a slight tear in it.

How did I find out?

A civil servant drably asked me, "If I could phone my parents and ask them who my real parents are?"

I had watched the people I believed to be my real parents die.

And now I found out my mother, who while playing a different role, throughout my life, repeatedly called me a failure, had been my eldest sister.

A mother who...

I'll stop.

Now, I'm being asked to prove she's, my mother.

There have been only two times when my mother had acknowledged me being her son.

The first was when I met her for the first time alongside her deathbed as my mother – when I walked into her hospital room, the woman in the next bed asked who I was.

My mother replied, “My son,” with tears in her eyes.

For the next 90 minutes, we tried to birth a relationship, even though Bernice had been hanging in the background of my life my entire life.

After 90 minutes, I was forced to say goodbye because I knew she was dying, and that would be the last time we saw each other.

We embraced; I kissed her cheek and said, “I give you, my love.”

When we broke our embrace, she looked at me, her eyes teeming with tears, and said, “I'm never going to see you again, am I?” This was the first time we'd seen each other in twenty-three years.

Her words were eerily similar to the night I took my first mother, who died, back to the hospital. When we stopped on the steps of our Saskatoon home on a blustery, bone-chilling December night. My mother (grandmother) looked me in the eye and, with her voice quavering, said, “I'm never going to be home again, am I?”

And the second time, my mother, Bernice, acknowledged I was her son was in her obituary. Bernice died on October 15, 2016. Sadie phoned to tell me Bernice had died. She called back immediately to tell me I might need to fly to Calgary to sign the death certificate because I was Bernice's only next-of-kin. (I never had to).

Bernice's Obituary

BERNICE ELIZABETH WINCHERAUK

Bernice E.R. Wincherauk of Calgary, Alberta passed away on Saturday October 15, 2016 at the age of 78 years, after a long battle with cancer. Bernice was born on January 1, 1938 in Edmonton, Alberta. She attended Salisbury High School and upon graduation went and worked for Alberta Government Telephone (AGT) until her retirement in 1999.

Bernice had a love of doing needle work and she did amazing pieces art. She was also a passionate CFL follower and attended Calgary Stampeders games. She was also an avid skier and loved cross country skien. Bernice also had a love for reading.

Bernice was predeceased by both her parents and by one niece Allison Wincherauk. She is survived by her son Lindsay Wincherauk and by her sisters Sadie Wincherauk and Beverly Diduck and her husband Gordon along with their children Shannon and Aimee. She is also survived by her brother James and his wife Charlotte and their daughter Robyn and her husband Scott Eggen and their daughter Keria. Her brother Donald and his wife Naomi and their son Matthew. Her brother Brian and his spouse David and their children Hope and Damion.

There will be a celebration of Bernice's life on Saturday Oct 29, 2016 at 1 pm at 1222(Rear) Salisbury Ave SE Calgary, AB.

And now I'm being asked to prove Bernice was my mother by finding two documents Sadie had sent me several years after Bernice's death. Sadie has since passed, 12 December 2021. The same calendar date as my first mother died, 12 December 1987.

Two documents.

1. A chicken-scratched Will on torn-out pages of a notepad. If I remember correctly, doesn't mention my name, or acknowledge my existence. But states, everything is going to her sister Sadie.
2. A Life Insurance document (two years after her death) destroyed me emotionally upon second reading; it never mentioned me by name but instead said since I was Bernice's only child, I was the sole benefactor. The policy amount was less than my change collection, definitely not life-changing.

The email from the Law Society has stirred up dormant emotions.

It has reminded me; I don't have a family.

And with my current emotional state and my 15-year career having been stripped from me, the email reminded me I'm in a precarious position life-wise right now.

It's been three days since J has spoken with me.

I'm upset.

J has recently said I should move to Korea to teach English.

J has recently told me J's mother wants us to move to their farm in Korea to live with them.

I'm close to J's parent's age.

Could you imagine, at my age, moving in with someone else's parents to survive?

Was my mother, right?

Have I never amounted to much.

FH

The Mayor is there,

Jacques joins us.

Jacques has just returned from a trip to Oregon.

Jacques gives a trip recap.

His descriptions are primarily banal.

One town was boring.

Another town, was not much.

Some waterfalls are beautiful.

The driver wanted to go to Voodoo Donuts in Portland.

The driver got lost.

The driver finally found Voodoo Donuts.

I had to sit on a bench with many homeless people floating around me. He stressed 'homeless people' like they are a disease.

The Mayor chooses not to hear Jacques's words filled with disdain and judgment.

I understand not wanting to see suffering, but that is not who Jacques is; he sees homelessness as a choice. I despise his attitude. When Jacques mentions homeless people, he is doing so with disgust; I imagine there would be a contingent of black people on the streets in Portland, and for Jacques... he is who he is. Jacques professes to be a spiritual man. Please.

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Why am I talking about Jacques?

Collectively, we need to talk differently about each other.

We need to understand life is fragile and that only some have been dealt fair hands.

Because he is part of the day. Sadly, his vitriol took me out of my sadness for a moment, and when I walked away for the day, the salve of being removed from dolefulness started failing.

I have to prove my mum, who didn't want me, was my mum.

I want to cry.

When I got home, I had a talk with the mirror. It was dark. I didn't like it. I want life to be easier. I deserve life to be easier. I deserve to have a conversation with the three people responsible for ending my career.

I want... to keep bringing more light than darkness.

Grammarly Readability Score = 80

SPAGHETTI 1968 SPAGHETTI 1968

1968 ROYAL BLUE BUICK ELECTRA

Dad's new ride.

Radio Blaring.

DJ says dress warmly.

Minus 23.6 Fahrenheit.

Eight-year-old boy.

Must show off new wheels.

Lunch time. Take boy with →

Italian. Spaghetti. Meat sauce.

Devour.

Churning stomach.

No gravel.

Motion sickness.

Five Corners.

Five miles from home.

Barf.

Projectile on floor mats →↓↓

Brakes screeching.

Get out. Get out now.

Horns blaring.

Car door yanked open.

Standing on the sidewalk.

Burning rubber →→→

Buick speeding away →→→

Eight-year-old boy. Alone.

Minus 23.6 Fahrenheit.

Five miles from home.

No more spaghetti, please. Tears frozen.

NO MORE SPAGHETTI, PLEASE. TEARS FROZEN.

SAID THE WHITE GUY (A SERIES?)
SAID THE WHITE GUY (A SERIES?)

My EVOLUTION
MY EVOLUTION

Birth: 1960
BIRTH: 1960

I'm white. I grew up in insular Saskatoon, where native jokes were (?) the norm. The conditioning begins.

We had a Siamese cat named Guy. GRGSENF for short. I'd stand on the steps of our house screaming, "Here, Guy, r__ce gobbler, g__k, slant e__d, n-face." I was 10.

I had three intellectually + athletically gifted black friends. We lauded them for athleticism.

Montego Bay: 1989
MONTGEO BAY: 1989

During a tour, I was the only Caucasian on the street. My blood curdled. Before entering a church, my guide said, "Put on your shirt. Respect mon."

Vancouver: 1990-Present
VANCOUVER: 1990-PRESENT

An aunt told me that Vancouver's problem is there are too many Chinese and gays.

2003
2003

My parents, whom I watched die, were not my birth parents. Instead, an elderly lady offered to help find my birth parents; she shared a reunion story. "The father was black..." she said, finishing with, "...we all thought the boy had a little n – in him."

Seoul: 2012
SEOUL: 2012

A man sporting a huge smile emphatically mouthed, "HELLO." He was white—I counted ten "whites" in my week-long visit. But, unlike Jamaica, I haven't been conditioned to fear Asians.

Back in Vancouver
BACK IN VANCOUVER

An employee asked if I noticed how many white people are dating Asians? I fired back, "Hey, have you noticed how many white people are dating Germans?"

A black worker approached the counter and was shamefully asked, "Where are you from?"

A white homeless person entered the office. "Snow is coming. It's best to keep off the roads because of foreign drivers."

If I make a boneheaded driving error—I quickly don an Asian mask. Just in case the other drivers are racist—I don't want to confuse them.

I can never understand what non-whites endure, but at least I can acknowledge my ilk, have had an unfair advantage since the beginning of →