



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.

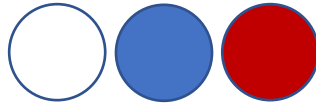
And then →

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

press play
press play



DOTS: PART 1
DOTS: PART 1



PART 1

THE UNIVERSE SPEAKS

GRACE IN THE SHADOWS

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W

e must be the voice for those who've screamed loudest, so loudly they can no longer find words. Their screams become deafening encrusted in silence. Silence brings peace – noise distracts to clarity.

We must share our wings with those who have fallen. Broken by the weight of solitude and the pressure to be. Our wings must lift up, allowing the strength to fly again to be found; never losing sight, some aren't meant to soar – our wings provide humility.

We must provide light from the sight of one eye – our vision offers tranquillity as purpose becomes pure.

Grace lay with ego in the darkness of shadows – masked as humble sharing spirit with calm. The shadows are draped in safety as darkness closes and then bursts into dawn.

We must provide warmth to those burdened by cold – cold brings with it meaning; warmth comforts the soul.

We must embrace who we are, believing the mystery of self will unfold in the simplicity of living.

We must never allow the path to break – as we all bellow loudly; accepting our voice, wings, and light, will evolve into one.

CAREER CHANGE: JANUARY 2008

Hello, again. It's been a while. I hope you enjoyed a few of my Opinion Editorials. I've managed to escape my misery for a bit by writing about the things I see, as for my life challenges: I put them in the cupboard. I opened it today, and they all came blasting out once more.

The break may have been months, but it was only a few reality pages.

Fuck, I need to change jobs. Work has slowed. Financial pain is knocking on the door again.

You should be happy; family drama is no longer the only thing on your plate.

If you read my previous memoir, you'd know I drive workers to job sites for a labour agency. Driving lost souls, many of which suffer from alcohol, drug, or mental issues, only to be used up and spat out by their realities — is no longer paying the bills as the economy collapses. It has also grown tiresome.

I have inside information, and I think you'll be working for the same company in 2019.

Never.

"Seed"

"Yes, Greg."

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"You do know there is a reason your life has brought you to this job? Your patience + understanding + life experience offers light."

I appreciated the sentiment.

Most of our workers live in the squalor and destruction of a few square blocks of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. Many are trapped in a never-ending drug-fuelled escape.

Never-ending is a lie. Death often brings ~~closure~~, emptiness, reminding us of society's failures.

Would you like to read another one of my Opinion-Editorials?

Of course, you do!

DTES: EYESORE OR OPPORTUNITY

The Downtown Eastside is a cancerous eyesore that will not just fade away. Instead, it's filled with the tweaked-out. The lost and forgotten that have been warehoused in the area to live out their lives in altered states.

Driving through, *Night of the Living Dead* quickly comes to mind.

Open drug usage is rampant, young girls frothing at the mouth close to overdose, injections taking place — visible to even the blind.

Unlike American cities, where super expressways allow mainstream society to avoid seeing the destruction and despair; unless they take the wrong off-ramp, we must face the problem and find solutions.

Why?

Because this area epitomizes our failure, framing it for the whole world to see, even our American neighbours are appalled, "*We've never seen anything like this before.*"

I thought like most others for the longest time and showed little compassion. The chant, "*Get a job,*" comes to mind.

But over the years of driving temporary construction workers to work, they show up at 5 a.m., hoping to get work, either for extra cash or to support habits; three workers have changed my views.

Ryan, Patrick, and Mary, surprisingly, never complain and rarely tell tales of hardship; instead, they're cheerful, supportive, and encouraging.

They are just people like me and you.

Ryan offers little insight into his world.

Life has left him guarded.

Mary has had a tough go of it. She has medical disorders; however, getting up and working gives her a sense of dignity.

Patrick - 5' 11", 119 pounds, is fighting a dark demon.

"I'm 119 pounds. I have to get off the dope."

I naively asked if it was easy to do?

"Not when your dealer is waiting outside when you cash your cheque."

Patrick's story is somewhat tragic, much like the stories of most in the area. Though unique, they all blend together with common threads.

Why talk about this area?

Because it will not go away –

On some level, we've failed, and we must find a way to cleanse the problem. These fine individuals have been warehoused; with their support networks long gone, they're trying to escape reality, which is difficult at best.

How can we judge what we don't understand?

Lindsay, I thought this chapter was something about dots?

It is.

Remember my co-worker, "*Book of useless information, Michael?*"

Michael left our company to start a competing company in the same industry. Michael did this to steal business. Michael had zero regards for the effects his leaving would have on his former co-workers.

Paul is a useless crackhead.

I hate him.

I hate all the workers.

A gaggle of geese began walking across the street in front of my Audi. I slammed on the brakes. If it had been Paul or any other worker, I wouldn't have stopped.

- Words by Michael

DONNIE + LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Donnie is a sixty-eight-year-old drunk.

He lives outdoors.

Social Services moved him indoors.

He couldn't handle it.

He felt the walls were closing in on him.

He returned to living outdoors.

He works for us.

Donnie is a genial drunk.

Donnie stinks.

Lindsay, we need you to drive Donnie to Coquitlam. It's about thirty kilometres.

Donnie once told me if he'd won the lottery, he'd be dead within a year. He said he would drink himself to death. Donnie currently consumes in the neighbourhood of thirty beers a day.

He's been homeless for thirty-years.

He may have only showered twice in that time.

A Hudson's Bay delivery truck drives by.

Donnie freestyle raps the store's name and slurs every word.

Donnie rides a shotgun.

I can't stand the stench.

I roll the windows down.

I gag.

We stop directly behind a waste disposal truck at the first set of lights. Then, we roll up the windows. I gag. We roll the windows back down.

We drive past Ikea, and Donnie drops another beat.

We finally arrived at the Coquitlam job site.

I don't feel like working today, and I should have stayed home.

Donnie, you're homeless. You're home now.

Forty-five-minutes later, I arrived home.

I pulled into my parking spot on P3.

I headed to the elevator.

I was alone.

The elevator door sat open, waiting for my arrival.

Later that afternoon, I went on a long, mind-clearing walk.

Do you think we should build a spacecraft?

I glanced to my right. A gruff, unkempt man was standing beside me.

The week before, a sexy angel from Los Angeles stopped me on the street and asked me if I knew where there was a gym around here?

The sexy angel worked for an airline and picked me out of the throngs of people strolling the street.

Follow me. I'll show you the way.

Anyway, back to the gruff man. Much like the sexy angel he picked me out of —

No, we shouldn't.

I flashback to LA.

You love my eyes. You think I have beautiful legs. Oh my.

What should I do in Vancouver?

Well—

You'd like to spend time with me. You find me hot. Anyway, I gotta run. Here's my card.

You're an idiot.

I think that went well. Don't you?

Went well. Let's see. Gorgeous. From LA. Thinks you have beautiful legs. Lindsay, you're daft.

I somberly stumbled home.

I entered my building.

The building's lobby was empty.

I checked my mail.

I walked to the elevator.

The door opened.

Nobody was inside.

I hadn't seen my friend Danielle in three-years.

We met at a local pub.

We sat on the patio.

We caught up on life effortlessly.

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I read passages from my memoir to her.

She loved it.

One man sat alone on the patio with us.

Your voice is loud. Could you keep it down?

Danielle suggested he was fucking rude.

I read another passage.

Danielle excused herself to go to the washroom.

Mr. Solitary glared at me again.

Are you an actor?

No, I'm a writer.

You have a brilliant voice.

It's amazing.

Danielle returns.

Did he just say you have a brilliant voice?

I flip through my manuscript.

Danielle, read this.

We took it under advisement and ventured to an internet café: "must get to NYC!"

The internet will surely be our saviour. At least the beer while at the café will be.

"Excuse me, sir."

Trying to get the attention of the guy sitting next to me.

"Excuse me; I'm having trouble logging on. Is there a secret code?"

Larry was his name. "Your voice is exquisite; it turns me on."

Okay, Larry, where are you going with this? I just need to log on.

"If you use your voice over the right channels—voilà—you will be a star."

I must accept I have a powerful voice.

Danielle and I stroll back to my place to retrieve her wheels from P1. When we arrived at the elevator in the empty lobby, the door sat open for us.

We hugged.

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Lindsay, I forgot to tell you, I had a dream about you. It was crystal clear. I pinched myself. I dreamt your Life Story had been picked up by a major studio, + you opened a funky lounge to celebrate your success.

LA phoned, and LA is smoking hot!

We strolled Vancouver's streets, engaging in effortless conversation. My heart skipped a beat.

I resisted my feelings, and when it came time to end the day, I was asked to meet for lunch the next day!

The following afternoon I headed out to the gym. The elevator was waiting open for me on my floor.

LA was at the gym.

I'll be checking into a hotel for the weekend. Close by. Do you mind stopping by the hotel to drop my stuff off?

Alone in the room, I pondered a kiss. I didn't. I didn't want to be too forward.

You're an idiot.

I think I'm falling in—

We start off on a long walk. Hand in hand.

After meandering for hours, the day came to its conclusion.

Lindsay, I loved this day. Would you like to come back to the hotel and nap with me?

I can't. I'm meeting a friend in an hour.

Too bad.

Screw my friend; he can wait.

ADULT NUDITY BREAK

Napping completed; I rise to leave.

Lindsay, why are you attracted to me?

Your smiles, eyes, grace + your gorgeous body!

Same question. Why are you attracted to me?

You're easy to be around and have a calming spirit.

Why don't you stay at my place for a couple of nights?

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ADULT NUDITY BREAK

The next night I meet a man named Bill at a pub.

We engage in small talk.

The conversation turns to my memoir.

We talk over several pints.

I think your story would make a better movie than a book. The story is fascinating. Would you like George Lucas to read it?

What? Excuse me?

George Lucas, Star Wars, Raiders of the Lost Ark. I'm a close friend of his assistant. I will deliver a copy to him.

Keep dreaming, Danielle.

LA and I spent the next few days getting to know each other better.

Lindsay, you're blind in your left eye. You are lucky you can see out of your right eye.

You're right; that way, I can drink in your breathtaking beauty.

I just gagged.

Who are you? Why are you walking with us?

NAP TIME

Be careful. The Soup is hot.

I'm in Love; the long walks saw to that!

You look exhausted – we should go to bed.

Those loving words from an angel from LA helped me erase insomnia. So, I stopped thinking about what I no longer or never had.

The following morning at 5 a.m., I left for work, and when I returned, my television, stereo and cat were all gone.

LA left a note.

Lindsay

Thank you for your hospitality.

Sorry about your stuff. Does your cat like tuna?

BYE FOR NOW

My cat does like tuna.

Time raced by during our final day together, and we had time for one last nap.

Lindsay, I think I love you.

I drove LA to the airport.

I began balling my eyes out.

We kissed.

Lindsay, be happy.

THE FOLLOWING DAY

A mother with three-toddlers dissected the sidewalk in front of me. I stopped dead to avoid running into them. They were oblivious to my presence. They jaywalked. An Audi came to a screeching halt to avoid hitting them. They were still clueless.

It's incredible how many people are so wrapped up in their own lives others no longer exist.

The man next to me nods in agreement.

~~Conversation~~ *is a lost art. So, let's walk together, shall we? Whichever way you're going, I'll tag along.*

I overshot my home by two blocks.

My name is Trevor, and I'm visiting for a week LA.

We chatted for another twenty minutes before I headed home. I walked through my building's lobby alone. When I arrived at the elevator, the door was open. I went to press FLOOR 4 – it was already lit up.

Four days later, I walked out of a store; a couple passing me walked hand in hand.

He was Australian.

She was from Eastern Europe.

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She stared at me. I looked away.

I looked back.

She was still staring.

Why are you staring at me?

Because you are a fascinating man.

I flashed back one week.

I fell.

Thank you!

DOT NUMBER 1: JUNWOO – FEBRUARY 2008

For eleven-months ending in April of 2007, I worked two jobs.

1. Twelve-hour shifts working security for a developer. 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.
2. Trades Labour Corp: Driving construction workers to job sites. 6 a.m. to 10 a.m.

Sixteen-hours total. Six-days per week.

That certainly seems excessive.

I didn't realize it at the time; when the security job ended, it was a blessing.

Lindsay, that's it. We won't be needing you anymore. Starting today.

What about severance?

There's no fucking severance.

Slumber, embrace me in your purple cloak. For the next ten-months, I qualified for Employment Insurance. Then, in February, it ran its course. As a result, four-hour driving shifts were not going to cover living expenses.

I blasted out resumes. Nothing.

My cash reserves dried up.

My personal doomsday clock was about to hit midnight.

Insomnia became the norm.

Fuzzy, it's looking like we may have to move into the car.

Meow.

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Then it dawned on me. Where's Ben?

CRAIGSLIST AD

20 FEBRUARY 2008

SUNROOM IN YALETOWN

Me

- Easy going.
- Work starts at 6 a.m., so early to bed.
- I'm a writer.
- I won't put sticky notes on the juice/milk/toilet paper.
- You must not be a meth-head.

You

- Must be easy going
- Must not be racist, sexist, misogynistic, homophobic, or presidential.
- Tidy. Preferably not a neat freak.
- Cat friendly.

- You must enjoy life.
- You don't have to try to impress me.
- It's okay to live.
- It's okay to have friends.

Rate

- Fair. We can talk.

Perfect for

- An exchange student from a land far away.
- A traveller.

I'm not looking for someone who is looking for a long-term flatmate, and I'll stress again, you must not be a racist or homophobic, and you must be pet friendly.

Thank You!

Fifteen-responses blew up my inbox, and Response 2 was all I needed.

Hi!

Now, I'm interested in your share house AD!! I'm looking for a share house on the website, and I could find yours.

Let me introduce myself.

My name is Junwoo.

I'm a 24-year-old Korean ESL male student.

I came here to improve my English fluency. So, I'm in language school downtown.

I'm easy-going, respectful, of course; I'm not racist, sexist, or homophobic at all (I do love pets!)

Because my next school is in Yaletown,

I want to get rent a house near my school.

(your apartment location is fantastic for me!!)

But I can join your house on March 8 exactly.

Is it acceptable? If you allow me to come to your house on March 8.

I'll be able to give you some deposit in advance.

And probably want to stay for around "three months" (I'll go back to Korea before June 20!!)

If my suggestions sound good to you, send me an e-mail ASAP.

I want you to tell me about the rental fee in detail.

You didn't include the rental fee in your AD!

I can introduce myself in detail in this letter, but I know it's not enough to get to know each other.

If you are interested in my proposal, I want to visit your house as soon as possible!

I'll wait for your response! Bye.

Junwoo sounded perfect.

ME TO JUNWOO

I'm Lindsay.

Sounds good.

March 8 would be fine.

\$400 per month

I'm easy going

JUNWOO TO ME

Wow! Quick response.

\$400 is fair and reasonable.

I live in homestay. I need to inform them.

I hope to visit you soon.

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ME TO JUNWOO

Sunday is good for me. Let's meet.

If you like you can move on March 1.

JUNWOO TO ME

Oh, sorry for the late reply. I had exam.

~So sorry.

I am really interested in being your roommate! 😊

What time can I visit Saturday?

I don't care about time! Just tell me when! 😊

And I don't know where your house exactly is.

And I'm looking forward to seeing you soon!

ME TO JUNWOO (FEB 22)

No need to be sorry 😊

Let's meet around 2 p.m.

FEBRUARY 23 - 2 PM

Hello, Junwoo, welcome to my home.

Hello, this is my friend Kay.

Junwoo slumped to the floor.

Ahhhh, your place is nice

It's my home. Here's your room. You may install a curtain for privacy.

I like it the way it is. Why so little for rent? It's too good to be true.

What I'm charging is fair. I don't want to get rich off you.

I looked at dumps and they wanted \$1100. Moving in with you is my destiny. Thank you!

Junwoo, I only have one rule: when you move in it is your home as much as mine.

ME TO JUNWOO (FEB 23)

It was a pleasure meeting today!

I look forward to you living here.

You are right, destiny

Take care.

See you soon. 😊

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JUNWOO TO ME (FEB 23)

It was good to see you too! 😊

You are such a nice, easy going, & cool guy~!
(No doubt about it~yeah~)

As I told you, I didn't expect I could get a
awesome house and kind roommate (It's you!
:D)

Anyway, I am so thankful for your kindness.
I was so impressed when you introduced
your sweet home ~ I look forward to moving
into your home March 8

See you later! :D

NEXT UP

Finding more work.

I want to eat more than just instant noodles, Spam, and Kraft dinner.

DOT NUMBER 2: 649

I accepted an offer to work at a map publishing company and would be working two jobs totalling approximately seventy hours per week.

Vancouver is expensive.

Sunday night arrived. Insomnia time was upon me. I had done everything I could to secure work. Dreamland came easily.

MONDAY MORNING @ 5:45 @ TLC

Lindsay, come into the washroom with me.

Larry is flamboyantly gay. Sweat was dripping off his forehead.

Why is Larry firing me?

Can you work my afternoon shifts? Indefinitely. I sort of won the lottery!

Yes.

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My mapping career was over before it began.

—

JUNWOO CONTINUED

JUNWOO TO ME (MARCH 3)

How are you doing?

My moving day is coming soon~

I have 5 days left until I move into your sweet home.

Actually, I don't know what I have to buy such as plates, rice cooker, small container.

Do you have a rice cooker in your house?

I even don't know what you eat. I am considering buying a bicycle. Do you have a place to park bicycle?

I can't wait to move into your home.

ME TO JUNWOO (MARCH 3)

I have lots of plates and stuff.

I don't have a rice cooker. I will pick one up.
There is a bicycle storage.

JUNWOO TO ME (MARCH 6)

How's it going?
Kay is going to help me move.
I will be there around 6 p.m.
I will let myself in. Thanks for the key.
We will have a good time.
See you Saturday!

ME TO JUNWOO (MARCH 7)

Feel free to let yourself in.
Make yourself at home.
Welcome home!

MARCH 8

Hello, Lindsay! I'm excited to be here. Thank you!
Welcome home. Your friends are welcome anytime.

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I was still sporting gym clothes.

I like your arms. Can you teach me how to make mine like yours?

SUNDAY LUNCH

Lindsay, when I came to Vancouver my dream was to have many Canadian friends. It's hard. They don't seem to have the time. You are my first real Canadian friend!

Thank you.

Did you pick up a rice cooker, yet?

No.

I eat a lot of rice. Almost every day. With every meal. All the time.

I'll pick one up tomorrow.

DOT NUMBER 3: BREWERS DISTRIBUTION BRANCH

Please go back and reread the end of **BEFORE FACE!**

What's that Universe?

MORE JUNWOO

It was comforting having a flatmate. When I came home from work, Junwoo greeted me.

But, hey, Junwoo, it's great to see you. Eat whenever you like. You don't have to wait for me.

I went for a two-hour walk. When I returned home, I asked Junwoo if he had eaten.

No, but I'm so hungry?

Why haven't you eaten?

Lindsay, we share a home; we are not supposed to eat alone.

For the duration of his stay, we alternated making dinner.

I told Junwoo I am, blind in my left eye. When we walked together, he'd run around to be on my right.

84 He joined the gym to work out with me.

Friday became movie night; the first movie we watched together was Juno.

Junwoo is not gay, but we held hands while watching the movie.

Lindsay, men, don't hold hands in Korea. We don't show much emotion.

I told him he had a beautiful spirit.

Call me handsome. I want to be stunning.

Junwoo, do you know what homophobic means?

No. I answered the ad because it was inviting.

Junwoo, I asked because I didn't want anyone who'd hate for any reason living here. It wouldn't have mattered if you were gay.

I like a beautiful girl.

I'm not gay.

I'm not homophobic.

I watched Juno with Junwoo. Juno is about a mother who gives up her baby at birth.

Can you speak louder, Universe?

DOT NUMBER 4: 24 HOUR ARTICLE

Junwoo was excited to hear I wrote for a newspaper. He desperately wanted me to be published during his stay; a sign on the side of a hotel gave me an idea for an article, and I was published!

WE MUST KEEP US ALL IN MIND

"Unlimited growth increases the divide."

- Del Mar Hotel

These words are emblazoned on the front of the Del Mar Hotel on Hamilton Street, suggesting our way of life may be hanging precariously close to the point of instability.

I can't help but think, have we finally reached a breaking point where something must give – our wallets have thinned to the end of absurdity.

THE FACTORS AT PLAY

Housing, fuel, and food costs – all necessities for continual indoor living. The messages are mixed. We are told in Vancouver, 74 percent of household income is needed for our mortgages, while at the same time, articles claim it's a myth to think the market is going to crash and come tumbling down.

We're left with 26 percent of our income for fuel, clothing, electricity, food, savings, leisure, charitable donations, and Canucks pay per view.

THEN BAM

Gas rises and every product relying on transport rises accordingly.

Can you feel it – our wallets/purses filling with air as the last coins are sucked out.

Where do we cut the fat?

Thanks to the Canucks, we start with charity.

NEXT

Climate change and the thirst for luxury in developing nations have placed a tremendous burden on the supply of our staple foods.

IN THE NEWS

Food riots have begun to break out in some impoverished nations, yet we just stick our heads in the sand, believing we're immune to these problems.

THEN BAM

Housing and gas prices rise again, and those who barely holding on fall or are pushed down another rung of society's ladder and become the working poor...change that...working homeless.

Don't believe me?

I transport several working homeless to construction jobs every day, the keywords: **EVERY. DAY.**

FOR MOST

The thoughts of living in one of the towers they've built are nothing more than a pipe dream as they have little fat left to cut.

Housing, fuel, and food, how much more can we take?

Have we reached a perfect storm of economic conditions where society fractures?

I think the Del Mar Hotel's pearls of wisdom are highlighted for all to see as we move toward the Olympics.

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We wonder why despair and drug addiction run rampant on our streets.

Isn't it obvious?

We need to start putting humans first over profit.

I suggest we start with family.

As the DTES gentrifies, despair is being spread.

Last year, the park across the street from my home was filled with homeless pot smokers.

This year, they're smoking crack.

A RESPONSE TO THE ARTICLE

I am the OP of Coming Depression-Reality, and I read your article with interest; while my post was about the financial mess, I am very involved in creating solutions for the addiction epidemic.

I, too, transport the homeless or addicted to work daily; I also give them paycheques and support them 24/7 as they attempt to break the cycle in which they are trapped.

My social business was started over fifteen years ago to help the less fortunate overcome their circumstances. For any hope in our communities, the key is a social enterprise that addresses addiction through employment programs while creating funding to further its

mission. I have spent a lot of time in L.A. Looking at some social enterprises that are really creating solutions through their work.

The reason for addiction and poverty begins with a child's most significant influence and teacher, their parents. The early years of a child shape all their perceptions, and most from dysfunctional families grow up seeing the World as a challenging and hostile environment.

Drug addiction in the individual is the most apparent symptom of a much larger problem, a living and life skill problem. Until they can see the big picture and make the changes, they need to make all the changes they need to make in all areas of their lives; there is little hope of escaping their past behaviours on a long-term basis.

I was abused in every way possible as a child, was addicted to heroin for over twenty years and was homeless for almost five, but I found a way out, and I have dedicated my life to helping others.

I enjoyed your article!

Keep up the excellent work!

Barry

MY RESPONSE TO THE RESPONSE

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Thank you for responding.

The World can be a very hostile place; therefore, it is good to hear others out there who understand the significance of hate and intolerance; and are committed to finding understanding and common ground.

It is also refreshing to read your comments; it is not necessary, but we share common thoughts – derived from experience.

I concur the number one problem and the root of most societies, ills, starts at home; we've become a lost generation of consumers and family was discarded to pursue this consumption.

As you said, it is paramount to understand the roots of a solution (partial solution) are not a possibility.

Most of the people I drive have been shunned, and few people treat them respectfully.

After interviewing countless individuals, it became clear; without understanding, what started the downward spiral – helping is just empty rhetoric.

The interviews led me to the conclusion, as evident as it may be – 90/95% of those who fall come from broken homes or some horrific dysfunction. This doesn't grant them amnesty for their choices, but it offers a source.

For example, one guy I drove for well over a year was a crack/heroin/whatever-else-addict, for over twenty years. At forty-five years of age – he looked sixty. He was friendly,

affable, pleasant, but broken; we got along well, there was something inside that highlighted we're all human.

Anyway, I have a dose of the "Save the World" virus, but I couldn't help but come back to one question over and over and over again; *what is at the other end of clean for him?*

Will his mother suddenly love him?

Will, whatever situation put him where he is, be gone?

This makes me sad; we're all human; we/I have no right to judge, except for how he acts in my presence, which has always been good.

Another individual, same scenario, not as far down the path, also rode with me for most of a year; they worked on the same site. Respect has led him to hope. He (Ryan) has risen and now is doing well, the first man (Patrick), unfortunately, has fallen and there is not much left as life has reached his core...

Thanks again for responding.

A RESPONSE TO MY RESPONSE

You asked, "*Will his mother suddenly love him?*"

In most cases, no, not suddenly, but many mothers who have been badly hurt by the addictive behaviours of their children will over time come to love them again. In many cases, the parent never stopped loving the child. Still, true unconditional love involves separating the person from the behaviour, always loving the person but having appropriate consequences for behaviours. Sometimes, that involves unloving things, yet is needed, as caretaking and enabling don't work.

BUT the hope and prayer for those suffering from addiction are that they overcome the addiction and get back the most essential things in life. Self-esteem, self-respect, a change in the self-centred thinking so, they ask – *What can I give? Instead, of, what can I get?*

Once we learn to function in a world and be responsible and productive, however, one can, then one is capable of all other wonderful things we can get out of life. When we can walk with our heads up. Without lights on. We are capable of all the love and goodness the World offers.

We learn to accept that we may have done so much damage that some can't forgive us, including mothers. We understand that helping others gives us feelings that drugs never could.

I was recently in East L.A., visiting an organization that helps gang members escape gang life, and I asked the program director what the secret was?

He looked me in the eye and said, unconditional love. Every program I visit where they have success, the answer is the same, and once people get the concept and apply it, some real miracles happen.

Addiction is a spiritual problem; the person suffering has a broken spirit; once you apply unconditional love and guidance, there is hope for the future.

Thanks for the reply, I wish you well, and I can see you have a good heart; more people like you are needed in this World.

SECOND MOVIE NIGHT: GRAND CANYON

Grand Canyon is about a woman in her forties out jogging who finds an abandoned baby in the woods and wants to keep the baby.

It has an ensemble cast.

The characters come from different worlds (colour + class).

It dives deeply into the randomness of their connections.

The first time I saw the movie was in 1992, for some unbeknownst reason, it resonated with me.

Who's talking to me?

You don't call me beautiful anymore.

I thought you preferred handsome.

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We held hands.

In one of my favourite scenes, Kevin Kline (a stranded motorist in the bad part of LA) is saved by Danny Glover (tow truck driver). Danny is hooking Kevin's car up to his truck. Gang bangers want to rob Kevin Kline.

Saturday morning after the movie, I had my cat Fuzzy and Junwoo act out the scene.

Junwoo played Danny in heavily accented Korean-English.

Fuzzy played the lead gang banger.

Junwoo

I have to aks you a favour. I have to aks you to let me hook this man's car up to my truck and take him out of here.

Fuzzy

Before I grant you that favour, are you aksing me out of respect or because I got the gun?

Junwoo

Man, the World is not supposed to work this way. This man is supposed to be able to go about his business, and I'm supposed to be able to do my job without being robbed. The World wasn't supposed to be like this.

Fuzzy

What's your answer?

Junwoo

If you didn't have the gun, we're not having this conversation.

Fuzzy

That's what I'm talking about, no gun, no respect, that's why I always got the gun!

Fuzzy turns toward her posse, circles her paw – crisis averted.

Fuzzy used my voice.

JUNWOO IS ABOUT TO LEAVE

I love Junwoo.

I'm grateful for his visit.

I enjoyed his quirkiness.

Fuck, shit, crap, bitch asshole, motherfucker – although practical, not useful in school.

He'd say while loading the dishwasher.

His friendship helped cement that we are all the same regardless of where we come from.

During our last trip to the gym, I had to fight back the tears.

I lost.

Our last night together at dinner, Junwoo asked a pertinent question.

Lindsay, why did you get along with me so well?

I paused for several minutes before answering.

Because I don't want anything from you, I just want you to be happy, nothing more.

JUNWOO'S LAST NIGHT: JUNE 18

I burned a disc filled with pictures of his time in Vancouver. Juno sang Happy birthday to me. I asked him why

Because I won't be here to celebrate it with you.

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He handed me a copy of the movie Juno.

At the airport, we hugged.

Lindsay, you are my soulmate, and I love you.

How lucky am I?

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

ED SHEERAN

Every collaboration turns into gold!

DOTS: PART 1
DOTS: LYKLT

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.