

GLUE GLOE

A META-MEMOIR
A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

GLUE
GLOE

2

IMPROBABLE



OCTOBER 7-8, 2016, CALGARY, ALBERTA

I don't want to be here. I don't want to go inside this room. I don't want to say *hello*, and *goodbye* for the first time; this wasn't supposed to be part of my story. The first time I penned this, my mother wasn't dying again. Now, she is.

It's fucking freezing outside, unseasonably cold. Snow is dusting Calgary, bringing with it a clean slate. This moment of life is heart-wrenching. I need to do this alone; whatever the hell, 'this' is?

I am alone; my mother is dying,

6 I need to find meaning, closure.

I need to stop fucking crying.

I need to stop being scared.

I need to stop being alone.

How did I get here, this place, this moment of darkness-needing to be turned into light?

What is my purpose?

What compels me to write, to share stories?

When I finished writing *MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE*, a volume of my life slammed shut. I had worked my way through forty-six years of deception by taking my story from mind to page (computer screen). I accepted my familial truths would follow me closely for my entire life. *They have nowhere to go*. We all have pasts collaring us – for some, our leashes are long. If burdened with a long, kinked leash, I think you have a responsibility to let others know they're not alone.

I don't want to go into the room.

I don't see the point. I'm not sure who entering is for – *my mum – me?*

It's all bullshit.

But it's not; it's the cards dealt.

I need to play them.

I figure I have two choices:

- 1) Whine about what's not, or —
- 2) Share my trials and tribulations, with a smile decorating my face.

Later in my story, as I'm desperately trying to piece together my past, I become a crucial witness in a hate crime, + I suffer a stroke.

How could these stories not be included in **GLUE**?

The biggest challenge in surviving a stroke: you still must pay your bills.

I never planned on becoming a writer — it found me — and I can't stop. *MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE* took ~~twelve~~ years from the first keystroke to publication. It would have been easy to quit after a seemingly infinite number of rejections + revisions. I couldn't. I needed my past to catch up to the present for my soul to be cleansed.

7

THERE ARE A LOT OF LOST SOULS MISSING VITAL PIECES OF THEIR LIVES

Even if my story offers an ounce or two of comfort for a fleeting moment — at least I'd be offering something selfless to the world. Life can be troublesome, lonely, filled with trauma.

WHY GLUE?

1. Because some people come into your life bringing joy in short bursts, only to drift away because the bond with them is temporary.
2. Because sometimes people come into your life who you want the *craziest of glues* to cement the bond forever as you flirt your way through living, both good and bad.
3. And because, sometimes, because of your lot in life, you find yourself the center amongst a group of people. You are the **GLUE** for many. You fill their social calendars. You can't help yourself; you constantly bring people together, **JUST BECAUSE!**

I need to enter my mother's hospital room. But not yet. I need to go backward to the end of *MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE*, *continue* picking up more of the shattered pieces, and then cobble them together.

Anger and comedy share the same veins.

My life pages keep turning.

I *ball* my eyes out regularly.

I fake strength and laugh, often.

Where does my anger come from, from inside?

From the human propensity to blame?

There's no one to blame.

I begin bombarding the publishing industry with queries.

A train pulls up to my home, filled with rejections.

My query letter sucks.

I'm pissed at the industry.

I think they're fools.

8 How could they resist the brilliance of my story?

I blame.

I want to quit; I can't.

I revise. Revise. Revise. Revise

I fire out more queries, this time, I'm positive I've perfected perfection.

The train pulls up to my home again.

I quit.

But I can't.

A MESSAGE FOR WRITERS

I crawl into my pain again and revise. *Revise. Revise. Revise.* After the trainload of rejections arrived, a light blasted on in the form of being honest with myself. Sure, my story is outstanding + tantalizingly original, but the honesty light shone brightly on the realization the writing was putrid. The revelation forced me to pry my eyes open and to walk a mile in the publishing industry's shoes. It must be painful reading the works of countless authors who may be slightly deluded.

The publishing world is going through a revolution of sorts. The doors are nearly impossible to crack open. Writers bombard publishing professionals with crap, with

prose not ready for consumption. So, writers, get over yourselves, look inward, and revise. *Revise. Revise. Revise*

Time to revise again.

I WILL.

The rejections build strength; the *last line might be a lie.*

The rejections bring me closer to success.

My leash pulls me backward. I don't know who I am? *The glue is weak.*

My dad Nicholas dies – comes back to life as Elmer; he's not my father.

My mum Rebekah dies – comes back to life as Bernice, inflicts more pain, and denies our blood.

Another page flips.

A movie studio rejects me – not really, they do what so many before have: *Brilliant story, love the style, but, but – you're an unknown, don't be discouraged, we love the story, we want to produce it as soon as someone else bites, we're in!*

I KEEP CHASING THE CARROT.

9

A week goes by; I'm out with a dear friend; a stranger approaches us, he drops from the sky –

Why are you here?

He tells us he was drawn in by our energy and weaves his story between beverage and bite.

Who are you?

What do you do?

He's a location scout for the studio that recently rejected me. *Coincidence?*

The carrot is reachable.

Who am I? Where am I from?

I'm about to lose everything. I'm fucking broke + broken.

The rejections have cemented my reality. My mother often told me while assuming another role: *I will never be good enough; that is my destiny.*

Fuck her. Fuck them. They're all wrong!

I press forward.

I'll revise. Revise. Revise. Revise.

I'll find a home for my books.

I'll find my father.

Work is a necessity until I can sustain my life with words. On a blazingly sunny Friday afternoon, during payroll, a cheque is lying on the dispatcher's desk, emblazoned on it:

BREWERS DISTRIBUTION BRANCH

The cheque is payable to the Picture Butte Hotel.

Picture Butte is a thousand miles away. It's a small town, with the main street, a school, and a population dwindling to extinct. A thousand miles is light years from where I'm standing; however, it is where my journey began.

Why's the cheque on the counter?

Justin, the owner of the company I work for, just so happens to own the Picture Butte Hotel. Justin grew up in North Vancouver. Justin has lived in North Vancouver his whole life.

I tremble. Out of all the small towns in the world, Picture Butte just happens to be where my mother, who denies my existence, and my invisible father, conceived me.

10

I must continue telling my story to glue the missing pages in place. I must *revise*. *Revise*. *Revise*. *Revise*.

I must enter my mother's hospital room. It's been twenty-six years in the making. **I NEED TO TRIP BACKWARD** before I find the courage to chase the elusive closure. The leash may be tightening, but I still have a lifetime to catch up with, to figure out who I'm to become.

The reading may be choppy at times. The stories may seem out of place; this is a memoir.

Life is choppy.

I must eventually rewind my way to my dying mother's hospital room.

I must say "hello."

I must say —

NORTH VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER

1000 MILES



PICTURE BUTTE
PAY TO THE ORDER

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

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.

11

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.

12

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.