

My **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

Knock. Knock. Knock. Is Your Mother Home? - Aftermath

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE



A story about finding yourself after accidentally discovering your life started with a lie.

Not every day do you meet someone who watched both of his parents die from The Big C and laid them to rest, only to discover sixteen years later that they weren't his parents after all!

It's like being reborn as a whole different person.

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ABOUT A BOY



*A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.
His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.
His Father is his Grandfather.*

His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.

His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.

That turned them into Brunkles.

His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.

That turned them into Sisaunts.

The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.

How could any of them be, okay?

Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?

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HELL + ESCAPE + MORE HELL + LOVE
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AFTERMATH

SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN

12 DECEMBER 1987-MARCH 1988

For a fleeting moment, our family was whole again, stapled together in the misery of death.

The Tank family took me in, offering me a place to collect my emotions. Gord Tank had become a fantastic friend during this horrendous time, often visiting my mother on his own.

With the hospital trips cancelled, eight years of routine were about to change.

Mum's funeral was a blur. Most of my siblings and relatives retreated to their lives the day after. Bernice and Sadie lingered behind. With the relatives gone, I could return to a home that was no more.

Bernice and Sadie's lingering came filled with large doses of chain-smoking and judgment.

A few days after Christmas, I was offered a job with Federated Insurance. I'd have to move to Brandon, Manitoba, within two weeks if I took it. Federated gave me two hours to decide.

"Lindsay, we'd like to offer you a position in Brandon. I'm sorry to hear about your mother. But I think it would be good for you to pour yourself into a career. It will help you to take your mind off things."

That sure sounded like sage advice, eat your emotions to make money for a large corporation. I am positive there have been studies showing how bottling up traumatic events never come back to manifest themselves negatively.

I don't believe in sarcasm.

Hey, Lindsay, I don't think you are being truthful.

I rushed up the stairs after the call.

"Bernice, Federated, made me a job offer. What do you think I should do?"

Bernice's brown eyes somehow turned icy cold.

"Well, Lindsay, if the decision were up to me, I wouldn't hire you. You have too many friends. People with too many friends are unreliable. If it were up to me, I'd hire someone like Brian, long before, I'd ever hire someone like you."

What are the words I'm looking for? Oh yeah, that advice fucking sucks. Get out of my house. Go home. Go home. Go home. Let Brian and I start healing. Bitch.

I swallowed my words and retreated to my room to cry.

Bernice and Sadie finally left at the end of January.

LOVING SUPPORT

Lucky Number 7 turned into nothing more than a fallacy at best, with vacant family support.

I needed my family to step up to the plate and support me more than ever before.

I wished reality could be different.

I wished my parents were younger.

I wished I had heard the words *I love you* from them even once.

I wished my parents could have had better lives, with an easier path through golden.

Did they love me?

I need to believe the answer would be **YES**.

With most of my family now gone, it was time for Brian and me to pick up the pieces and try to move on with life. My parent's home was quickly becoming ours, at least to maintain until it would eventually be sold.

In the meantime, the vision of a loving family completely evaporated. Our family splintered apart. I was left alone once the monthly hospital visits of my siblings came to an end.

I was *Lucky Number 7*, and now I was wondering:

WHERE IN THE HELL HAS EVERYONE GONE?

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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.

431

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.

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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.