

My **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

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.

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?

HELL + ESCAPE + MORE HELL + LOVE
HELL + ESCAPE + MORE HELL + LOVE



**A MAN WHO COULD NAME ALL 197 COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD,
AND PLACE THEM ON A MAP**

WHEN ASKED ALONGSIDE HIS DEATHBED

IF HE HAD ANY REGRETS

HE CALMLY STATED

"I WISH THERE WAS, ONE MORE, COUNTRY."

LOVE & LOSS

SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN

SUMMER 1987-FEBRUARY 1988

During the middle of Mum's fight for life, Corrie and I broke up. "Going through" became too much. My egregious list of challenges removed the legs from our relationship.

FORMULA TIME

TOO MUCH SHIT = DEATH OF LOVE

We fought, cried, made up, fought some more, and fought more, and then we broke up. I loved her feisty attitude. I loved she was a borderline vegetarian who loved McDonald's cheeseburgers and minute steaks.

84 I loved she didn't laugh too hard when I made her stuffed baked potatoes without cooking the potato first.

We were too young to handle the pressure of being a couple.

After we broke up, we decided to remain friends.

That makes a lot of sense.

LESSON TIME (PERHAPS WITH A HINT OF SARCASM)

After a healthy breakup, it has been said, the split couple will always have much more togetherness ahead of them. But, trying to remain, friends, is always the best medicine, only if the attempt is made at a distance.

We tried to remain friends together.

"Corrie, do you want to go to a movie?"

Her phone rings.

"Lindsay, I must cancel, Vern called."

"Hey, Corrie, would you like to grab dinner?"

Her phone rings.

"Lindsay, I hate to cancel, but Vern just called."

This friendship thing certainly seems to be unravelling brilliantly.

In September, Guy, my Siamese cat, died of kitty cancer.

Corrie and I were on the verge of switching from love to hate.

I poured myself into my bartending job. And I was rebounding meaningfully to cloud reality.

Corrie and my mutual friends started piling on the pressure.

"Come to my party," Bub asked.

Will Vern & Corrie be there? I'd ask back.

I went to the party, and Vern and I hit it off.

Three hundred are you OKAYS later, and my relationship with Corrie officially died.

THE MORNING AFTER BUB'S PARTY

Corrie's parents called.

"Lindsay, we have upsetting news; Corrie suffered a Brain Aneurysm last night in her sleep. She's in intensive care."

For several months, Vern and I became great friends as we passed each other daily at the hospital. Life had been put into a bizarre perspective.

FEBRUARY 1988

Life was finally taking on a semblance of normalcy. AND THEN, I blew my left knee apart playing basketball.

"I don't care if you can't walk." The bill collectors stated. *"We want our money."*

Pressed for survival, after three months on crutches, I cast the crutches aside out of the desire to remain living indoors.

Three shifts into my return to work, I went out with Bub and Jeffbo to see a movie after work. Then, on the way to the theatre, my appendix exploded. I required emergency surgery, or I would die.

The following day, I woke up in the same hospital where my mother had died just months before.

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.

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 WINCHERAIK, 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.