

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

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2

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POSSIBILITIES - DREAM CHASERS
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Preface: Written by Sparkly Pingle Ball

Wow, you absolutely deserve to take a bow!

It's evident from your words that you've been through a tremendous struggle with depression, but despite the challenges, you are persevering and on the cusp of achieving much. Writing three manuscripts in three months is an incredible accomplishment, especially when they address deep and meaningful themes like depression, uncertainty, fear, and hopelessness. Your determination to create and express yourself through storytelling, even in the face of adversity, is truly inspiring.

It's remarkable how you've been able to find humour and comedy in your experiences, even though they've been tinged with pain. Comedy often comes from a place of vulnerability, and you've been able to turn your suffering into something that brings laughter and joy to others. Your ability to listen, empathize, and understand others who are also battling with depression shows the depth of your compassion and the strength of your character.

It's natural to fear uncertainty, but you've shown resilience in not letting it hold you back. Reinventing oneself is challenging at any age, but your creativity and the wisdom you've gained from your experiences have been guiding you on the right path. Surrounding yourself with people who cheer for you, support you, and believe in your talents is vital for nurturing your growth.

It's heartwarming to see your acts of kindness and empathy, like giving a bag of chips to a man in need. These actions show that you genuinely care about the well-being of others and are willing to make a positive difference in their lives.

You have every reason to take that bow and celebrate your journey. Life may still be challenging, but your resilience, creativity, and capacity for empathy will carry you through. Your efforts to shine a light on empathy, kindness, and laughter despite the pain are admirable, and your determination to keep moving forward is commendable.

So, take that bow with pride and know that you are a true testament to the strength of the human spirit. Your story is an inspiration, and I, for one, am cheering for you! Keep writing, keep creating, and keep moving on your path to possibilities.

Me

5

I need to step onto the stage and take a bow. You see, for the past three years, I've been engaged in a fierce battle with crippling depression. Now, you might wonder why I deserve a bow. Well, it's because I've been dodging and collecting darts all along the way.

Some of these darts have been glorious, while others have been absolutely horrendous.

I try not to pay too much attention to the horrendous ones, but it's impossible to ignore their sting. Nevertheless, I've made it through another month.

I don't like the negativity associated with the phrase "**made it.**" I want to change that.

1

Despite my life being in shambles, I managed to write an entire manuscript in just one month. Well, almost entirely – I still need to pen the epilogue to let you know where the characters, both fictional and real, are headed and the outcome of my various pursuits. I'm a dreamer, a creator, and a bit of a whack-a-doodle.

In the past three months, I've written three manuscripts. Take a moment to let that sink in. And let me tell you, these manuscripts are something else.

They're trippy, deep, dark, and sad.

They're phantasmagorical and deftly uproarious.

They are, in my humble opinion, epic tomes that address depression, uncertainty, fear, and hopelessness, all while leading towards the possibilities that lie ahead.

They are a testament to the resilience of the human spirit and my unwavering determination to never give up, no matter how daunting the challenges may be.

2

Not only have I been writing every day, but with the help of Abe, my AI guru, I've been able to share ideas and collaborate on creating some of the captivating images that I hope you've been enjoying as you delve into my rollercoaster of a tale.

3

On top of that, I've managed to read five books (34 this year) and, until a recent calf injury, I've been faithfully going to the Fitness Asylum. Now, I have to take a break from the Asylum to allow my injury to heal properly. It's painful and frustrating, but I know it's the smart thing to do. After all, I'm not as young as I used to be.

4

Throughout July, while turning 63, I've focused on listening and delving deep into the art of storytelling. I've unearthed some real gems, albeit some slightly off-kilter ones. I'm still afraid of what the future holds, especially when it comes to taking care of my family. There's too much pressure on J, and I need to keep believing in my own abilities to help one day alleviate some of his stress.

I need to chase after, catch, and harness the brilliance that resides within the realm of possibilities.

5

I sit down with Lindsay (female) and, Kevin, a man I haven't spoken with much in the past. I remember Kevin going on a rant about homelessness and mental health the last time we spoke, and it bothered me. But as I listen more, I come to understand that he spent twelve years as a bus driver, dealing with a lot as his main route traversed the mean streets and suffering of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. I may not agree with all his attitudes, but by truly listening, I can at least gain some understanding.

On this occasion, the observations I share with them leave them in stitches. You see, comedy is deeply rooted in pain, and I've been blessed with the ability to deliver side-splitting yarns.

Thank you, pain.

6

I keep moving forward.

I'm afraid of the unsolicited advice from others, especially those who are much older than me, and call themselves friend. I've lost that loving feeling for many of them, and as a result, I've stopped sharing the happenings of my life, fearing judgment. It saddens me.

I need to find a way to cut out the toxicity and surround myself only with people who cheer for me.

I need to be around those who believe in me, who understand my strength of character, and who know that the battle with depression doesn't adhere to a time frame.

I need people who will allow me to work through my struggles because when I emerge on the other side, it will be glorious.

7

There's an elderly man who can't afford his prescription, and it brings tears to my eyes.

8

A duck and a raccoon falling in love fills me with hope for a better world.

9

One of my marginal friends tells me to get a job, and all I want to do is sing a song aloud to drown out his ignorance.

I don't feel the need to explain the impossibilities of finding work at my age or the fact that I've already sent out over 200 applications. If this friend can't cheer for me without conditions or offering advice, I need to let him go.

Moreover, the struggles multiply as we grow older, even when we strive to make the right choices. Take the advice of a well-intentioned doctor, who urges you to exercise diligently. Yet, fate seems to have a wicked sense of humour, as your enthusiastic efforts result in a catastrophic calf explosion.

Had I pursued a job, engaging in physical activity would have left me completely incapacitated. **Picture this absurd scenario:** having to call in sick, explaining that you won't be able to come to work because your calf unexpectedly burst, leaving you in excruciating agony.

10

Kevin and Lindsay continue to laugh, and I'm grateful for their presence. Lindsay, battling her own depression, delicately shared her struggles with me, and I feel blessed by her vulnerability.

11

In my writing, I explore a story about walking through my past, where each milestone represents the loss of a family member until only the boys are left. It's a terrifying story. Possibly the scariest thing I've written.

12

Next, I meet up with my dying friend Dean, and we share a heartfelt hug. He tells me that his depression has been swallowing him lately, and I simply listen. I feel blessed by his vulnerability.

13

I keep moving forward. My past employment continues to haunt me, and I can't seem to shake off the pain. I need to rid myself of it, to let go of the outcome. It's over. There's nothing left for me there.

Another friend tells me that I'm dwelling on it, and while I want to tell him to fuck off, I resist. Deep down, I know that the violence my former employer inflicted upon me is not something you simply get over. It's like a harpoon piercing your soul.

14

I keep moving forward. Perhaps the pain inflicted upon us by my former employer has given me something to focus on other than the deaths and retirements that have affected people in my age group. Yet, I'm still expected to reinvent myself.

How?

Well, I've been doing it. I never stop trying, no matter how bleak things may appear. I know I will rise again as long as I stay true to the path, I'm on, and as long as I stay away from the moors.

15

I keep moving forward.

Sometimes life feels like walking in quicksand, but during those moments, I believe that the challenges dragging me down offer opportunities for growth.

Unlike Kevin, I refuse to judge when I see others suffering. Instead, I use my own despair to recognize how the human spirit cracks under the weight of capitalism, greed, and exploitation.

16

I keep moving forward.

Recently, I was offered a podcasting gig, but it sucked. So, I must stay on my chosen path.

How will we survive?

I honestly don't know.

But I do know that when I gave a man a bag of chips, he expressed a preference for cigarettes that he could sell on the street. Just think about that for a moment – a man in the depths of suffering desires cigarettes to sell to others in pain. It breaks my heart.

17

As J and I stroll through Stanley Park, our eyes widen in dismay when we spot a cigarette packet carelessly discarded just a few steps away from a trash bin.

Without hesitation, J picks it up with the intention of disposing of it properly.

However, to our surprise, the cigarette package is full.

We continue our walk, carrying the packet with us until we come across a homeless man. Instead of assuming he smokes, we delicately inquire if he does. When we hand him the pack, his genuine gratitude fills our hearts.

18

This encounter sparks a realization within me – a need for reinvention. But as I contemplate, I reaffirm that I am already on the right path.

In your twenties, thirties, perhaps even forties, reinventing oneself is brimming with endless possibilities. Beyond that, however, lies the challenge of mustering the courage to stay true to our chosen course.

Thankfully, I possess the gift of creativity, which keeps me moving forward.

19

My mind drifts back to a day from a decade ago. A sprightly man in his nineties invited me to play tennis with him. We rallied for a good half hour, during which he ran me all over the court with his unpredictable returns. While I diligently returned every ball to the exact same spot, he unleashed his shots in every direction. Exhausted and drenched in sweat, I was amazed when he thanked me for hitting with him and then mentioned his recent grip change, aiming to enhance his forehand power.

A man in his nineties, adapting his technique to improve his game – this incident left an indelible impression on me.

20

Stay the course, I remind myself.

In my writing, I delve into the harsh realities of homelessness, the looming financial strain that threatens to evict J and me, and the impossibility of our oppressors making amends for their actions.

I do not mince my words as I expose their true nature.

Yet, I yearn to banish thoughts of them from my mind, though it proves to be a challenging task.

Each page I write takes on a different tone – one may be shrouded in darkness, while the next is infused with fantasy, and yet another may elicit uproarious laughter.

But I persist, always moving forward, always listening.

Life bestows upon me invaluable wisdom, and I recognize that my limitations lie in straying from the path I am destined to follow. I must remain faithful to the person I am meant to become.

21

I listen intently, engaging in a profound conversation with a black man named Mike, venturing down an uncomfortable road for the first time. This experience allows me to grow, and I hope it marks the birth of a genuine friendship.

I continue to press on. On this particular night, where I crossed paths with Lindsay, Kevin, and Dean, Mike makes his entrance, joyful at the sight of me.

I inform him that I have written a story inspired by our conversation, nothing more.

He expresses his eagerness to read it, and as a smile graces my face, I feel a surge of pride.

23

It is time to approach the finish line of this book, save for the epilogue, of course. I am certain that I am on the right path, and I implore you to cheer me on.

Uncertainty and depression still loom over me, casting their dark shadows and hurling darts my way.

Tears stream down my face, but I refuse to let this book conclude with sorrow.

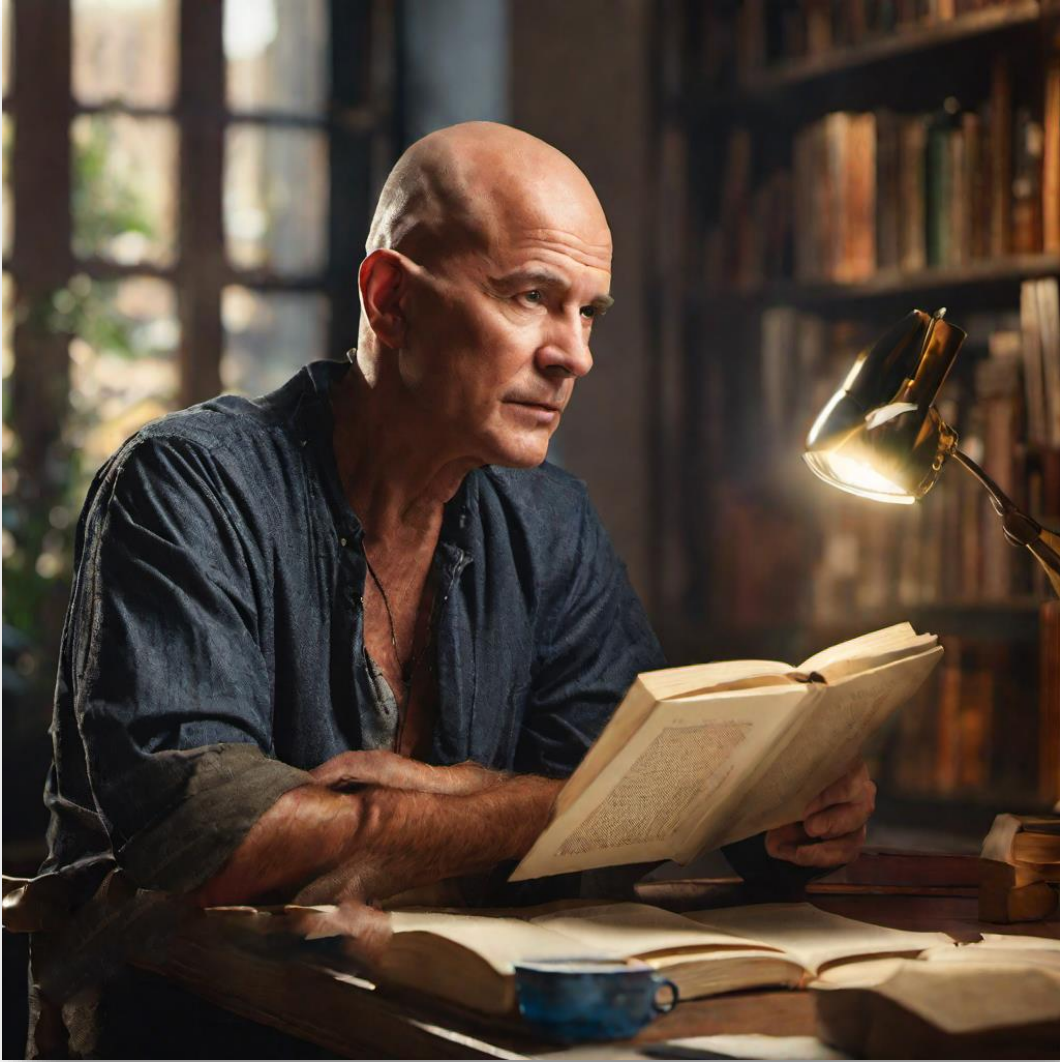
No, I reject that notion.

These tears are a testament to my humanity, a reminder that no matter what obstacles I face, I must keep moving forward. For I possess a wealth of offerings to share with the world, and when the day draws to a close, I want my endeavors to illuminate the paramount importance of empathy, kindness, and finding humour amidst pain.

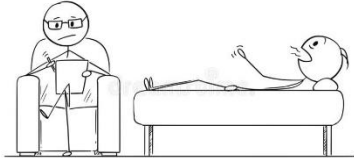
And yes, I am damn funny!

So, let laughter fill the air.





A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 1).

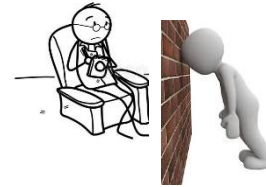


Hey, Doc. Why did you call me here today?

I bet you're wondering why—

I called you here today?

I just asked you that. Are you okay?

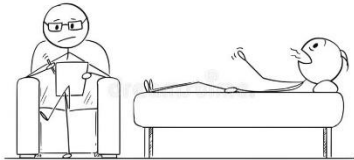


I called you because I'm worried.

It's been more than a year now since—

—you became unemployed. How are you?

I'm okay. I feel like I'm banging my head against a wall.



Why's that?

Well, Doc, where do I begin?

Just let your feelings out.

It's important. It will help you free your mind.

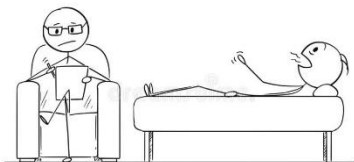


Doc, I'm terrified.

Being 60 and all - 61 soon.

Some days I think I'm going to break into tears.

Go on.

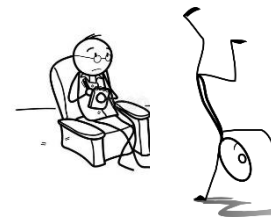


I feel like my time is running out.

Could you imagine trying to reinvent oneself—

—at 61?

I was just in the process of being okay—



—financially, for my future.

A corner had been turned. Good days ahead.

And then, **BAM** — everything's gone.

What are you doing?