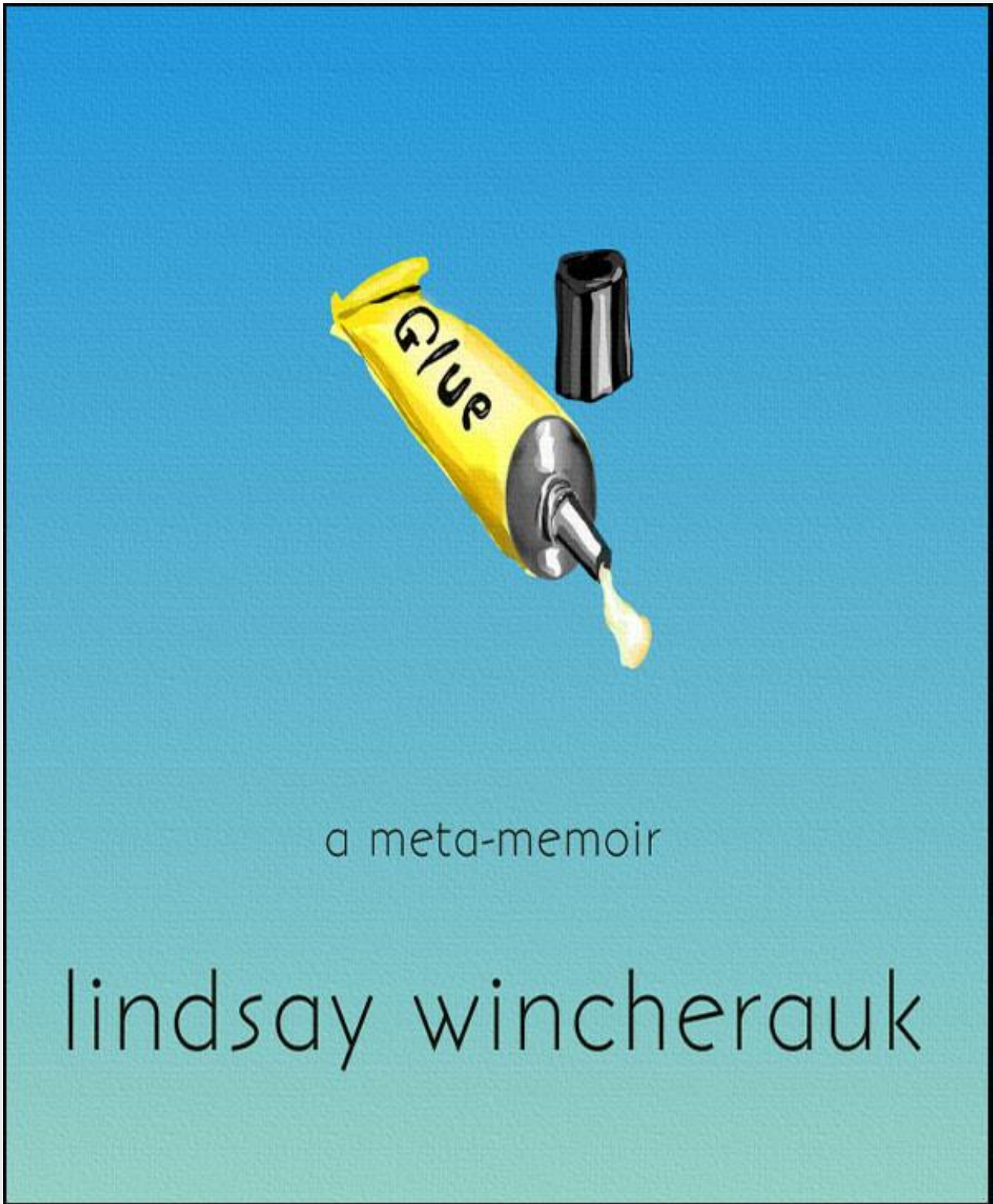


Glue Synopsis



Lindsay Wincherauk

## Glue Synopsis

### GLUE SYNOPSIS

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

**Glue (a meta-memoir)**, like **Lindsay (My Life on the Slush Pile)**, is an epic story about my life. Like **Lindsay (My Life on the Slush Pile)**, I wrote it in a conversational style.

In **Lindsay (My Life on the Slush Pile)**, my mother dies figuratively and returns to life.

And then my father dies and miraculously and figuratively comes back to life.

**Glue** starts with me, alongside my mother, Bernice's deathbed in October 2016, where I was meeting her for the first time as my mother and then burdened with having to say goodbye.

**ALL OF THIS HAPPENED** after I turned 43. When I accidentally discovered partial truths about my birth, which took place in secrecy in a place where religion attempted to fix wayward women. With zero regard for the damaged children left in the wake. As you discovered in **Lindsay**, I was one of these babies, and I brought my family shame from the day of my birth.

1

How could anyone survive? *Residential Schools spring to mind.*

**DESPITE THE TERRIBLE ODDS**, I found life had gifted me with amazing stories to share and fierce resolve. I kept uncovering and cobbling shattered pieces of my life together (my family abandoned me). I kept trying and trying, living, and desperately trying to survive. And I kept telling stories.

Knocked down repeatedly, it's unfathomable – I continued to get up.

I meandered through life; met my father for the first time, only to tell him that my birth mother lied about my birth registration. Two weeks after breaking the news to my willing father – after DNA results – my father died a second time, never to be known <sup>(1)</sup>.

But I got up again. I have *harvested a dry, sardonic sense of humour* from grief and the unknown. And I magically replaced bitter and jaded with empathy and compassion – becoming a thoughtful, kind man – understanding life is a precious gift.

As **Glue** expands, I connect the dots of my life, meeting fabulous people along the way, such as Junwoo, a Korean exchange student who shares my home. On our first night together, Junwoo said, "I will wait to eat with you every night. We are sharing a home."

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We are not supposed to eat alone.”

A strong bond and mutual love and respect were born on that day.

**I SLOWLY UNRAVEL** my sexuality as I venture into Gay Bar, where I meet a collection of colourful characters.

Unfortunately, one evening at Gay Bar, I witnessed a Hate Crime. I stopped the assaulter of 62-year-old Ritchie Dowrey (a father of two) on the street, only to have him bark in my face. “He’s a faggot. He deserved what he got.”

The case was Canada’s first Hate Crime designation. The assaulter received a 6-year sentence (out in 2)—as for Ritchie, he eventually succumbed to his injuries, his brain never resetting.

I was asked to speak in front of a crowd of over 5,000 (Harvey Milk) alongside politicians and dignitaries. And though never out, it forced me out as the story grew.

Later in **Glue**, I share stories of working at a predatory Temp Staffing Agency.

I share stories about suffering a catastrophic stroke + releasing a book.

And while my brain desperately tried to reset itself, I performed Stand-Up Comedy—and killed.

**AT THE END OF GLUE**, I return to my mother’s bedside, hoping to give her solace and snap more missing pieces of my life together. As I left my mother Bernice, I kissed Bernice gently on the cheek, calmly said I was giving her my love, and ambled out of her room.

I turned around a few steps before exiting and looked back. Bernice’s eyes were teeming with tears—she said, “I’m never going to see you again, am I?”

On a bitter December night (1987, 29 years prior), I helped the person I believed to be my mother, Rebekah, down the steps of our house in Saskatoon. Rebekah was in immeasurable pain and had to return to the hospital. On this night, with snow rioting in the air, with tears frozen on Rebekah’s cheek, she looked at me and said, “I’m never going to be home again, am I?”

**Glue** and **Lindsay** are vitally important stories—sharing a connection with countless individuals forced to live lives that aren’t entirely their own. Individuals desperately

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needing something to hold on to. Individuals who, no matter how traumatic life can be, might need a hug and the odd laugh along the way.

In the words of an editor, I had the privilege to work with, said to me, "I am confident your writing style will one day change the way memoirs are written."

One man, his mother and father, dies twice.

A catastrophic stroke.

A hate crime.

Stand-up comedy.

A man destined to share stories.

- 1) In June 2022. I discovered a first cousin on Ancestry. We bounced correspondence between us. I understand me finding her might be heavy for her family. If this journey progresses – I might meet my father for the third time.

In **Canned: Fired @ 59**<sup>(2)</sup>, I'm fired at 59 by a company that used the pandemic to terminate me (without severance), shattering my 15-year career.

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I sought legal advice.

The company's lawyer has dared to call me a 'failed writer' who has no business chasing my' dreams.'

I believe the only way I become a failure is if I quit chasing.

Wouldn't you want to represent an author with this kind of attitude!?!

- 2) Canned: Fired @ 59, is my third memoir (in the series of my life). At the time of this writing, I'm 62.