

IF IT ENDS WITH A TOWEL  
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IT'S NOT LOVE  
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21 DECEMBER 2008  
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A few pops with friends, and it was time to saunter home; turning a corner, a glance, turns into more, followed by conversation. Randomness trickles into connection, beautiful in spirit and physicality—a relationship starts.

Conversation folds into a kiss and caress—falling into an embrace—turning into warm—falling into my bed.

Passion turns into bliss. With the sweet comfort found in the breath on the nape of my neck, we drift into dreamland. The World makes sense.

Heat replaces sleep.

The nectar tastes sweet.

We became lost at the moment.

We find ecstasy in each kiss.

We writhe in pleasure—undressed in passion—intoxicated by the unlikely connection found by a meeting of souls delivered by a single glance on the street.

Danielle, from Hong Kong, recently removed from a love of nine years, visiting Vancouver over the holiday season, not looking, but if it were to happen, her search would stop at one. Our meeting was far from her norm – she needed to feel loved; I had no qualms with providing that as my offering. I, too, need to feel love.

Our passion and connection brought us to ease in conversation.

The family became part of it.

I skipped over mine.

I told her each year, I host an orphans Christmas. I asked her if she was spending time with her family over the holidays.

*No, I have an aunt here, but I'm not staying with her.*

*I'm staying with a man who lives in Burnaby. We met randomly through a friend via the internet. He offered to let me stay at his place. We're not having relations; he seems to be a nice guy. He's recently out of a relationship. His parents died over the past few years. I'm not sure what we're going to do for Christmas.*

I sensed an invitation was crossing her mind.

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*He used to live in San Francisco. His name is Patrick; we'll figure out something, we'll make the best of Christmas.*

Do I invite? Meandered through my mind.

The conversation drifted to dreamland; passion consumed us once again upon waking. *I wanted to invite you, but I couldn't find the strength or the words.*

You see... Vancouver is 791 miles from San Francisco and is 6,388 miles from Vancouver.

Hong Kong is about 6,388 miles from Burnaby.

Picture Butte is in the neighbourhood of 1000 miles from Terminal Avenue and the desk at the office where I work.



spin

## TO CONTINUE

Danielle last visited Vancouver fifteen years ago. We met randomly on the street by sharing a glance. The glance turned into a passion, and as random as our meeting was, she's staying with someone she met virtually.

Patrick lived in San Francisco, flashing back to my ex, Trish. Trish used to be a flight attendant with Air Canada – her standards on love had different rules for her than me.

*Why is this guy Patrick phoning you from San Francisco?*

*Sweetie, we're just friends. I met him at the club. He's a good guy.*

*You met him for twenty minutes while ↑high↑. How good of friends could you be?*

Eventually, that chance meeting strolled, then sprinted down a path into heartache and spun its yarn into uncovering the hidden mysteries of my life.

Originally from Vancouver Island, Patrick immigrated to San Francisco, eventually trekking to Vancouver, and after the collapse of his relationship, landed in Burnaby.

Patrick was dating Trish for a year while I was dating and living with Trish. Eventually, after our demise, he fell into her arms without regard for her deceit or the pain it brought my way.

And unfathomably, Patrick is sharing his home with an acquaintance lying naked in my bed.

Do you still think I'm crazy?

## EXCUSE ME, UNIVERSE: WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?



A Christmas invite was on the tip of my tongue. I just couldn't bring myself to allow the abstractness to enter my home.

## I IMAGINED

*Hello Patrick, you've been here before. Remember, after Trish and me, or shall I say: I had a meltdown, you know, after the breakup and all the deaths –*

*eventually leading to my parents coming back to life? So, you moved Trish out of ~~our~~ home and into yours. Would you care for white or dark meat?*

I never shared the connection with Danielle. I figured it was for the best. And as much as I don't hate, I can't conclude Patrick is a good man.

Long before this dot, I drew determined that it must be more significant than just self for a story to be good.

These pages have turned into a canvas, and with long strokes with brushes dripping with every element of living, the dots become numbers and the pages spring to life.

I've entered a stage in life where I see the World, not as it could be, but how we're supposed to behave.

We're all threaded together by blood and insights far beyond our grasp – we're often too distracted by things disguised as necessary. So instead of coming together, we have pulled apart, risking the destruction of all.

## TIME OUT

The last few paragraphs were spoon-gagable.

I'm confident "gagable" is not a word.

I don't care.

As much as I think the paragraphs are sappy, considering what is going on in the World today (Global Politics), I have changed my mind: I believe the words, although they may invoke vomiting, are now, more than ever, relevant.

## SAD

The concept of ownership has created competition and greed. We're all striving for things that, in the grand scheme of life, mean nothing. I believe we're supposed to come to a point in evolution where the realization screams to the forefront. We're supposed to help one another, regardless of past, and without judgment of present.

All of our moments are intricately tied together. We lost evil in the distractions that constantly cloud our days and erode our beings. Until all we have left is hatred and sorrow.

My mystery has shed light on me. The message is for me to be excited by whatever is coming next.

What happens *will* – the only control I have on the plot is to watch for the signs – I can't wait for the next dot to arrive.

In the meantime, my simple points of happiness are:

1. Friends.
2. Being in tune with oneself.
3. Accepting love.
4. Forgiveness.

If I offered a fifth and likely the most crucial point:

*Lindsay, why did you get along with me so well?*

## PAUSE

*Because I want nothing from you, I just want you to be happy, nothing more.*



5 I'm not sure where I'm going to be heading next. I just know how the turn leads me — this story is not about me.

I don't hate Patrick.

I may have once.

I think the right thing to have done would have been to invite —

I missed an opportunity to grow.



## 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.

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.

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.

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