

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE  
ALL FILE ON THE 2022 LIFE → GLUE



22 FEBRUARY 2018  
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# GLUE GLUE



A story about a **man** trying to find himself after his parents come back to life.

And then, he witnesses a gay-bashing.

And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.

And then →

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# press play

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STROKE  
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I may steer clear of my ER visit in this part of the story. I will tell you: I have been battling *not-well* since last April. It's February 22, and everything that has been transpiring since has increased *not-well* to *troubling*. *More than troubling*.

With one exception: my book is live, and the reviews have been outstanding.

In the words of my editor after reading the latest praise:

**Lindsay,**

*This one made me cry! Your people are out there - they need you to speak for them!!*

**Bless you, K**

*I have people!?!*

I visited my doctor because he thinks it is important to monitor my vitals to keep them vital. He checks my BP on my left arm. 130/20 good news. He asks about my family history, stroke + heart, + cancer. Like many, I inform him, family, in my case, is a bit confusing. I share a short story. He tells me what I've shared is intense, compelling. I tell him about my book. He says he'll buy a copy!

The Doc slips the BP sleeve on my right arm: 220/100. He suggests maybe it's not the best idea to talk about my family before the test. He adds another prescription + increases the dose of another. I'm now up to six medications. I resist getting a pill caddy. I'm sad. I laugh. The list of side effects = infinity.

At work, I don't want to whine. *I whine a bit*. I can't help it. I have felt like a word starting with "sh" and ending with "it" for the past nine months, amplified with my recent near demise. *I will be okay*. I don't want to appear weak. Or share too much about how I feel with work colleagues. *I'm stupid*.

I have decided to inform the Head Office of what's going on health-wise. *I don't think they are in the know*. So, I bust out an email sending it upward.

MR. CHIEF OPERATING GUY  
MR. CHIEF OPERATING GUY

I thought I would bring you up to speed on my current health, and there is some good + some uh – to be determined.

## THE GOOD

The condition the doctor diagnosed me with and then undiagnosed (not a word) and then again diagnosed me with (started last April – heavy meds since – chemo pills + some other toxic shit) will likely resolve itself in the next few months.

Sarcoidosis is a phantom ailment. The Doc's know little about. It attacks the joints causing debilitating pain; it rolls through the body like a steamroller systemically visiting my joints – attempting to rid the body of something not there, hence, PHANTOM.

The PHANTOM is apparently leaving in the next six months, hopefully taking the meds with it!

## THE SO-SO

On January 5, I went to the ER: the days before, I felt lightheaded (*more than usual*) and started having problems with the right side of my body. Leaning right freaked me out. It also freaked out the people in restaurants I passed by when I used the window for balance, pressing my face against it and drooling onto the glass.

In the ER, they told me: if I had not come in – I might not be typing *this*. But, of course, the Doctors and ER personnel couldn't have possibly known I'd be typing *this* or any of the other words in this sentence – so this makes no sense.

In the ER, they administered a plethora of tests – *plethora is a funny word* – including a CAT scan (*my cat Hana performs a scan on me daily*) and then a visit from three Neurologists (Neurosurgeons). The *gist* of the examination is my brain is rather large!

Unfortunately, something is hindering the delivery of blood to my cranium – this is troublesome. The doctor's considered admitting me but decided *Nah*. *Instead*, they sent me on my way with instructions if any of the symptoms return, call an ambulance immediately, stressing the immediacy of immediately.

*Hey, what are you eating? It looks tasty. What? I can't hear you through the window.*

To admit or not to admit?

Since I visited the ER, I have had umpteen, I think twelve doctor visits, including a brain MRI + being wired up like I was going undercover + now instead of the two toxic medications: I'm on six. *They all suck and don't come in tasty flavours*. However, they make me feel like vomiting most of the time. I've asked Kyle to take half of them for me, at least the Chemo pills – he declined. *Kyle sucks*.

Anyway, I am sure I'm fine; my doctor seems somewhat concerned but optimistic – which in turn makes me somewhat concerned but optimistic as well.

My doctor is monitoring my situation closely. I will be seeing the Neurologists again soon – worst case: they may have to reduce my brain size, luckily; I have extra – if they must remove; hopefully, they take away parts I'm not using.

I asked the doctors about physical activity (gym etc.), and they said to go as hard as I normally do!

That's reassuring because I'm sure if I were to collapse on the treadmill, one of the gym's memberships professionals would know what to do?

I will keep you posted on any updates.

ME

I don't want to go back to the ER visit today, so I won't.

Instead, come with me to **Breka Café** to read. What to order?

The server at the counter is *pretty as a picture*. You may giggle now. She really is *cute as a button*; she really was. And she had a delectable English-South African-Australian accent to boot.

*I'll have a coke*; I say politely with a hint of shyness.

She goes to the cooler and collects a bottle.

*Would you like me to open it?*

She pauses.

She blushes a wee bit.

*I'm scared.*

*I've never opened a bottle before.*

*It's 2018, cute as a button!*

JT approaches the counter at work. JT struggles with addiction. He tells the dispatcher he's been kicked out of rehab for being too cheerful. He's clean on this day. He's dispatched to work. Before he exits, the dispatcher says, *JT, stop smoking crack.*

Sounds like a logical solution to a complex problem.

*I don't smoke crack. I do meth*, JT states with an air of confidence.

I try to suppress a guffaw; I *chortle instead*, I pick up a toad and lick it.

I will be okay.

I will return to the ER on January 5, in JEFFBO.

Before I leave for the day, I will leave you with this: I believe *a comma* should be shorter than a *coma*.

*Tootles!*

Oh, I just about forgot about the PSA. If you ever have any of the following symptoms:

1. Light-headedness.
2. Blurred Vision.
3. Coordination Problems.
4. Speech Problems.
5. Strength Issues.

Do not ignore.

Go to the ER immediately.

If you don't go in an ambulance (preferable) tell them, you think you are having a Stroke or Heart Attack. Make this perfectly clear. It literally could be a matter of life or death.

After my yet-to-be-fully diagnosed medical event: for several days, my brain sent commands to my hand encouraging it to write – all I could muster was squiggly lines.

## 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.

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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.

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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.