

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



ALTHOUGH I'M CAUCASIAN
ALTHOUGH I'M CAUCASIAN

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
press play



ALTHOUGH I'M CAUCASIAN
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STROKE
STROKE

ALTHOUGH I'M CAUCASIAN
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ALTHOUGH I AM CAUCASIAN ALTHOUGH I AM CAUCASIAN

Although I am Caucasian – it is without question: the worst opening to a story I’ve ever read. It’s not profound – it’s ignorant. The writer of the vile words attempted to compare the challenges of a physical disability to being – I’m sure you get the gist.

The litmus test for writing about the sensitive subject matter might be best if you asked yourself a simple question before hitting post: Would it be prudent to start a story with: *Although I am black?*”

I vent.

I read the story containing those words this week.

They were the words of a friend (?) I wanted to see if I could possibly spin them.

Let’s spin.

WAYBACK: EARLY (FRIDAY @ WORK) 9:10-9:15 AM WAYBACK: EARLY (FRIDAY @ WORK) 9:10-9:15 AM

Jody G is a steroid-abusing, opioid-using, alcohol-swilling, profanity-spilling, violent racist. He scares me. At times he works for us as a temp worker. His strength is an asset on construction sites – when he keeps his trap shut.

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In our office, if a worker shouts out anything racist, homophobic, misogynistic or anything highlighting an “ism” –I do not hesitate to shut the conversation down. Stamping the worker unemployable for the day. When Jody espouses his disgusting *blame-the-world-for-who-I’ve-become* views –I shamefully cower.

The sun-scorched Vancouver on this late spring day, hinting summer would soon come. The morning rush ended. A rare calm engrossed the office. At 9:10 A.M... I was left alone; the next co-worker was scheduled to arrive at 10. I enjoyed being alone + being able to unwind from the frantic pace of sending over 100 workers to their jobs during the morning crush. So, I twisted in my chair in the empty office, not thinking.

I heard the office door open and then slowly creek shut. My desk is offset from our work counter, not allowing me a view of the entrance. I glanced up to see who’d come in – five-seconds passed –nobody arrived at the counter –I took a deep breath and relaxed – alone once more.

When I looked up again, a few seconds later, the counter gate opened. Jody G stomped behind the counter. He paced to within two feet from me, swaying. He pivoted and stumbled; I spun out of his way.

Sweat poured from his skin.

A toxic acidic stink filled the air.

He mumbled.

His cheeks pulsed in such a way it looked like his face was trying to swallow itself. He tweaked so violently his face looked pixelated. He mumbled more, stuttering, agitated, confused; yet, strangely full of purpose. The only words I could make out were — *I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I must; I must, I will. I'm sorry.*

I calmly leaned back in my chair.

Are you okay?

He had a sheen about him, caused by the sweat dripping from his face. He stood up, staggering toward me, and said once more — *I'm sorry.*

Don't be sorry. I will get you help. Are you okay?

I called for help. I thought Jody's life story was about to end by overdose. A man I feared had been reduced to a broken, hate-filled shell of himself. *I needed to be terrified. I remained calm.* Five minutes passed — it felt like hours. Jody apologized once more and spat out, "*I need to do this.*" His words splashed on my shirt.

I heard a tapping on the front door. I walked from my desk to the door, unlocked it, in marched two paramedics.

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Jody stood up, looked at the paramedics, his face swallowed by defeat, his twitching slowed. The paramedics knew him by name. They administered an injection that quickly brought Jody back to a semblance of living. They escorted him to the door, asking him if he'd like to go to the hospital. He declined, turned left, and began zigzagging north up Main Street.

Moments later, a friend and co-worker, returned to the office. I shared the morning story. We went to the video surveillance feed and replayed the event. When Jody had entered the office, he paused, scanned the room, slowly paced to the counter, glanced my way (without me seeing him), returned to the front door, and locked it.

A twinge of fear shot through my veins.

We rarely leave office staff alone in the office. Instead, we employ a diverse crew. I am Caucasian. I am not a small man.

Jody G is (was?) a steroid-abusing, opioid-using, alcohol-swilling, profanity-spilling, violent racist.

Although I am Caucasian —

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.