

**MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE**  
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**MY SISTER IS MY MUM**

**A META-MEMOIR**



By **LINDSAY WINCHERAUK**

*Passport*

# **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE**

МЯГКИЙ ГИБКИЙ ОН ЛЕДОВЫЙ ПОДСЛАДИК



*A story about finding yourself after accidentally discovering your life started with a lie.*

*Not every day do you meet someone who watched both of his parents die from The Big C and laid them to rest, only to discover sixteen years later that they weren't his parents after all!*

*It's like being reborn as a whole different person.*

# **ABOUT A BOY**



*A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.*

*His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.*

*His Father is his Grandfather.*

*His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.*

*His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.*

*That turned them into Brunkles.*

*His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.*

*That turned them into Sisaunts.*

*The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.*

*How could any of them be, okay?*

*Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?*

↑ FUCKED UP ↓  
↓ FUCKED UP ↑



Passport

# PASSPORT

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA

19 JULY 2003

## TIME OUT

**O**n March 3, 2003, it started with Trish dumping me, and it was now two weeks into July and four fucking months; only four fucking months had passed.

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- Breakup
  - Suicide
  - Cancer
  - Alienation
  - Infidelity
  - Cancer
  - Death
  - Death
  - AND fucking Death

HAD ENTERED MY LIFE.

I wanted to die. The medicine I was ingesting at the club was to provide the solution. The problem, the prescriptions were never potent enough. So, I continued spinning on the hamster wheel, mind deluded, demons nearing my core.

I was continuing to fall down this dark, lonely tunnel. The tunnel was narrow, but strangely, had no sides. The pace quickened. I passed *level after level* reaching out frantically, grabbing for relief, something to hold onto; I only grasped air. I flew by *Guilt*, *Logic*, and *Love*. They were reaching for me—an invisible force was keeping them at bay. The velocity reached a lightning pace. I wanted this to end. I imagined my body slamming into the ground with such force that it would explode, leaving nothing more than an unidentifiable stain on the cold asphalt, only to be washed away by the next rain. Everything changed overnight. I was optimistic I had reached the precipice, and falling down the tunnel and dying, was next.

## FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL

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It was time to fight for survival.

I decided to implement a **2 Step Plan**

**STEP 1:** Leave my environment.

Europe popped into my mind.

**STEP 2:** Escape the Club.

I failed miserably with Step 2.

### SHOWER — RINSE — REPEAT

I kept imbibing in illicit.

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My friend Dave had worked with me at the *Sandpiper*. He decided to come with me on my adventure to Europe. He quit the pub, eagerly anticipating our journey. The only thing slowing our departure was renewing my passport.

"*Sir, we can't issue you a new passport. Oh my, you have a tear on your birth certificate. You'll need to get a new one,*" a civil servant at the passport office said to me.

She continued.

"*If you'd like, you can expedite the process. It will take only two days. All you need to do is contact Vital Statistics in Edmonton and provide them with both of your parents' names.*"

I made the call.

## TWO WEEKS PASS

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"*Linds, any news on your passport? I want to hit the friendly skies,*" David anxiously queried.

I phoned Vital Stats to inquire about the delay.

In a drab manner, a female civil servant said, "*Sir, we can't issue you a new birth certificate. The information you provided doesn't match your birth records.*"

I confusingly responded with, "*What do you need from me?*"

Then in the same drab, emotionless manner as before, she asked me, "*Could you phone your parents and ask them who your real parents are?*"

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## FULL STOP

I stepped off the edge of a cliff, + my freefall continued.

I'm forty-three-fucking-years-old. I watched my parents die. WTF. Tears rolled over my cheeks.

I gasped and asked the civil servant, "Could you phone your parents and ask them?"

"What do you mean? What does this mean?" I asked. An eternity passed—in real-time, two seconds. "I watched them both die; take their last breaths. Up until seconds ago, they were my real parents."

Growing up in my family had been incredibly hard. Something was always amiss. Constantly hearing the chants, "Lindsay, you are not one of us," or having my sister telling me, "You will never be as good as your older brothers," slammed into me like a freight train. I didn't know any better. How could I? Every taunt. Every hate-filled word certainly must have been limiting my future? I was different than other kids. I felt isolated. I needed to scream out, **I'M HERE, I BELONG, I'M ONE OF YOU**. But now, the words of someone who I don't know. Nor does she care about me in any way; rocked my world to the core.

The civil servant continued in her empathy, lacking fashion, "Could you phone one of your older brothers or sisters and ask them?"

All I could find the strength to muster was, "I guess they wouldn't actually be brothers or sisters, would they? Could you make that call?"

"No," was her answer. It was also the only sign of understanding and compassion she showed.

I wiped away my tears and asked to speak to a supervisor.

The supervisor came on the line, seeming to care as she fired a plethora of questions my way.

- *What are the names of your siblings? What schools have you attended?*
- *What sports have you played?*
- *When did you masturbate for the first time?*
- *How many times have you masturbated?*
- *When did you get your driver's license?*
- *Who's Mark?*
- *How many rolls of toilet paper have you used?*

At least she could understand calling my older siblings would be heart-wrenching, if not impossible.

At least she seemed to understand how difficult it would be to call my older brothers.

*Hey Jim, while I was renewing my passport, I found out; anyway, who's my fucking father; and who the hell are you?*

The supervisor said to me, "Lindsay, once I can confirm your identity, I will need you to take the following steps:

- 1) Once you receive your birth certificate, send me a copy.
- 2) Once I receive it, I will send you your official birth records listing who your real parents are?

## **FLASH FORWARD TWO MONTHS**

I'M FORTY-THREE-YEARS OLD.

THIS IS MY LIFE.

I FEEL BETRAYED.

LIED TOO.

CHEATED.

I'M FORTY-THREE-YEARS OLD.

AND I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?

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I called Wayne for support.

"My god, Lindsay, this is the second time in the last couple of weeks you have shocked me.

Next up, I called Dave to update him on our trips delay.

Dave took the news in stride.

"I love you, man; your life is so not boring!"

*Hello, Lindsay, I see your support network has vacated. You seem to be in some disrepair. So, my friend, I'm going to do the driving for a while, if that's okay with you?*

*I'm not going to give you a choice. I'm going to fuck things up, causing immense emotional damage, you will become lonely. When I'm all done, you'll have only one way to go. Without most of your brain and your other allies, not present, you're going to have to trust me.*

*Hey, if you're here to help, why did you hit the down button↓?*

*And besides, who the hell are you?*

## 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—shielding 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.

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