



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 →

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

press play
press play



MY CONTINUING MEDICAL FILES
MY CONTINUING MEDICAL FILES

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

STROKE
STROKE

MY CONTINUING MEDICAL FILES
MY CONTINUING MEDICAL FILES

LET THE GOOD + BAD FOLLOW CLOSELY BEHIND

IN THE BAGGAGE CAR

RON (DEUTSCH) DEUTSCHER

MARCH 2018

Cam Hutchinson, proprietor, and reporter for the Saskatoon Express Newspaper, interviewed me for a feature piece the paper had decided to run about my memoir: *Driving in Reverse – The Life I Almost Missed*. At the time, I was twenty-eight-years removed from Saskatoon. The interview brought with it reminiscing. Cam used to cover Sports for the Saskatoon Star Phoenix. He covered my High School + Junior, + University Football Days. In the conversation, the name Ron Deutscher was dropped. Ron used to work for the Star Phoenix. The following is a story about Ron.

SEPTEMBER 1977

308

The Holy Cross Crusaders + the Evan Hardy Souls were the powerhouses of Saskatoon High School Football for most of the 70s and – forever. In Grade 12, I found the courage to try out. I made the team – third string. Quarterback. My best friend, Tony Gagnon (Grade 10), was second string.

Ron Deutscher was in his final year with Holy Cross. He was the league’s messiah, the league’s number one field general, heavily recruited for a fruitful career after High School. Ron’s (Deutsch’s) pigskin prowess made him legendary. A legend Tony would surpass one day.

GAME TWO OF THE SEASON: SOULS VERSUS CRUSADERS

The crusaders were dominating the game.

Our starting QB struggled.

Coach Knoll pulled him, replacing him with Tony.

As much as the Crusaders were crucifying us, like a hungry pestering rodent, we hung around, one score away from victory. Tony struggled. Coach Knoll called my number with less than two-minutes remaining. First down on our own thirty-four-yard line. I fired completion after

completion dissecting the Cross defence, marching our team down the field. We reached the Cross thirty-two-yard line with six-seconds remaining on the clock, a murmuring hush shrouded the stands.

I stepped behind center barking out: *Green 32. Green 32. Hut One. Hut Two. Hut Three.*

The ball slammed into my hands. I sprinted right. Our star-running back Danny Servetnyk slashed through the seam of the Crusader defence, breaking for the corner flag in the end zone at the five-yard line. I cocked my arm and fired a laser aimed ten yards deep in the end zone, directly at the corner flag. Two behemoth Cross linemen crushed me, slamming my head into the turf. I picked myself up, peeling the damp grass from my facemask. Pain shot through my body.

The crowd roared.

Danny dove and made an acrobatic catch.

The referees' raised their arms, signalling touchdown.

We had beaten the mighty Crusaders.

309

A star was born!
A STAR WAS BORN!

Tony replaced me the next game and became one of the greatest quarterbacks in Saskatoon High School History.

Deutsch hung his head in defeat. Cross returned to annihilating opponents without mercy—until—we met again in the Semi-Finals. Tony was in control of the offence. On the last play, Tony fired a twelve-yard touchdown pass hitting Jeff Sopatyk in the numbers, tying the game. Overtime. Deutch staked the Crusaders to a 14-11 lead with time for only one play. Tony dropped back, stepped up into the pocket and tossed a tight spiral over the middle. Don Chomyn came down with the ball. Touchdown. We crucified the Crusaders once more, moving on, to become City and Provincial Champions!

As for Ron Deutscher--
AS FOR RON DEUTSCHER--

5-YEARS LATER
5-YEARS LATER

GRIFFITHS STADIUM SASKATOON

30 OCTOBER 1982

U OF C VERSUS U OF S

Deutsch was destined for gridiron greatness, heavily recruited by the University of Saskatchewan Huskies, deemed the future of the Huskies. Injuries + perhaps, football politics derailed what was supposed to be a storybook career. Deutsch was a gifted athlete, eventually transitioning from signal-caller to receiver (slotback). Not only was he a talented athlete, but he also became a better friend, teammate, brother.

Griffith Stadium basked in glorious sunshine on this mid-fall day, the air crisp, the weather perfect for football. Both the Calgary Dinosaurs and the Huskies were about to play out the string, both teams missing the playoffs; only pride was left hanging on the line.

Hey Deutsch, this is it, brother, the end of five years, your final game, I said to Ron as we were having our ankles taped by the trainers before we hit the field.

Deutsch, have you ever scored a touchdown?

No, Winch, I haven't.

You will today? I guarantee it.

Why did I say that? I'm a quarterback and could facilitate the reality, except for one major factor – I wasn't scheduled to play.

The quarters passed by like lightning – we had taken a 23-13 lead. With 2:33 left on the clock, the Dino's failed on a third-down gamble, turning the ball over to us on their 45-yard line – it was time to run out the season and put a victory stamp on Deutsch's final game.

Coach Schneider barked out – *Lindsay, get in there, finish off the victory for us.*

FIRST PLAY FIRST PLAY

Deutsch flanked left in a slotback position, calling his number: a twelve-yard down-and-out, to the short side.

I howled out the cadence: *Blue 45. Blue 45. Hut. Hut.*

I realized the first steps of my drop-back: the Dino's were bringing the farm; Dino outside linebackers blasted past our slotbacks.

I screamed: *Hot, hot, hot!*

Deutsch broke his pattern slanting hard over the middle. I fired a perfect spiral over the top of the outstretched hands of the lineman just as a linebacker attempted to exterminate me. The pass hit Deutsch in the numbers – a twelve-yard gain. **FIRST DOWN!**

The clock slipped down to 1:34.

SECOND PLAY SECOND PLAY

I called a 55 full-back lead. I slammed the ball into Joe Manich's waiting breadbasket; he slashed between the guard and tackle, picking up three yards.

THIRD PLAY THIRD PLAY

Forty-eight seconds remained. We were sitting at second and seven from the Dino thirty-two-yard line.

*Okay, boys, Pro 55 fake, roll right, slotback corner on two. **BREAK!***

White 19. White 19. Hut. Hut.

The fake to Manich held the Dino outside linebackers for a fraction of a second. I managed to roll outside of the tackle. Joe slipped into the flat, running a five-yard out. Swatter flanked right; ran a hard out with the cornerback draped all over him. A star Dino's linebacker tracked me hard, frothing, inflicting pain pierced from his dark-steely eyes.

Deutsch hit the ten-yard line, his back to me; he had managed to create separation between himself and the defensive halfback. The linebacker dove at me. Before contact, I released the ball – aiming for three or four yards deep in the end zone, twelve-yards from where Deutsch was about to make a hard cut. *Deutsch cut.* My spiral was tight. Ron kept a step of separation on the defender. The ball began its descent. Deutsch chased hard; he cut forty-five-degrees + dashed after the flight of the perfectly rotating spiralling ball. He hit the one-yard line and leapt into the endzone; arms outstretched. He snatched the ball out of the air with both hands, his body slammed violently into the turf, grass spitting upward covering his jersey and face shield. He rolled, stopping on his back – he thrust his arms into the air, the ball secured in his grip. **TOUCHDOWN!**

Our bench unloaded onto the field, swallowing Deutsch in celebration!

Chills shot through my spine.

When I reached our bench, the clock had expired, a 30-13 victory for the good guys!

Coach Schneider patted me on the back and said, *Great play.*

To which I replied, *How's that for running out the clock!?!*

After unpacking this brilliant memory, I turned to GOOGLE to see what my friend and teammate are up to these days. I found sadness.

SASKATOON MAN'S BODY RECOVERED AT DAM SASKATOON MAN'S BODY RECOVERED AT DAM

RIP DEUTSCH

2 February 1960-29 June 2002

FINAL PLAY OF HIS HUSKIE CAREER FINAL PLAY OF HIS HUSKIE CAREER

Thirty-two-yard touchdown – Lindsay Wincherauk to Ron Deutscher!

At the time, I didn't realize it was also the Final Play of my football career.

PARTING ACCOLADES: I was inducted into the Saskatoon Sports Hall of Fame!

3-8 APRIL 2018
3-8 APRIL 2018

It's time to put the wrap on the real-life medical drama: **Maybe (When I Have Grandchildren: Season 1)**.

312

EPISODE 1 EPISODE 1

Vancouver Med, launched with a catastrophic brain event on 3-5 January 2018 – an event threatening my survival.

EPISODE 10 EPISODE 10

Let Good + Bad Follow Closely Behind in the Baggage Car draws to a close-by mixing profound sadness with a realization: I'm fortunate – my time is not up yet.

As the last keystrokes end this volume of my story with a difficult subject matter, I will stress the importance of remembering those whose time ended far too early. It is hard to spin positives of my survival with a heavy heart when others have not been so fortunate.

I don't know what to type next in the spirit of meta, so I will move on.

I'm three months into my journey to hopefully many more years. A journey bursting with doctors' visits + tests + medications to keep me going, to get my vitals under control.

I felt the need to update **WORK** on my condition, and I drafted an email.

DEAR WORK
DEAR WORK

I'm lucky. Although the doctors haven't come to a definitive diagnosis of what happened at the start of January – I'm fortunate the symptoms presented the way they did; if they hadn't, I wouldn't be here today. *Back away, Drama Police.*

WORK
WORK

I suffered a catastrophic brain event. The docs' found a blockage in my brain. This blockage is causing me to feel unstable. The docs' have skirted around saying *stroke*; however, what happened presented similarly. *Like guys do*, I thought of ignoring my light-headedness. Fortunately, my *floaty head* instructed me to quit being stupid.

My *floaty head* turned out to be correct: catastrophic would have turned fatal if I didn't go to the ER that night.

PSA
PSA

If struck by a lightheaded feeling, or just feeling off, don't ignore what your body is trying to tell you; go straight to the ER, preferably by ambulance. We've all lost friends and family members to things they or we often brush off as "*nothing*" and then hear the news later: "*Did you hear about so and so?*" – *Turning love + caring into tears + sadness.*

313

POSITIVE SPIN
POSITIVE SPIN

Three months into my new medical regime, I feel okay for the most part. Sure, the plethora of prescriptions knocks the crap out of me, mainly nausea.

I'm visiting my doctor + specialists at least once per week. Tests, tests, plus more tests. My doctor monitors me to assure the medications have the desired results. Apparently, he enjoys seeing me breathe. He cares.

On May 17, I saw a neurologist/neurosurgeon. He will be deciding what actions to take *to-surgery-or-not-to-surgery*, that will be the question –

If the *spin-of-the-wheel* lands on surgery, rumour has it: I won't be able to speak for a month or two – something about entering my brain through my neck.

As I wait, my system is trying to reboot. Up until a week ago, my gait tripped right. It's recently returned to balanced. Since January, my fingers had been tingling – not so much today, *un-tingling fingers crossed.*

I'm confident everything will return to normal, with or without surgery.

LAUGH
LAUGH

WORK
WORK

My Doc, said to me: "*Go about life normally. Except for, be careful when using hot tubs. And,*

oh yeah, get a Shingles vaccine."

I kid you not.

UNRELATED
UNRELATED

8 May

Book Warehouse

Driving in Reverse - The Life I Almost Missed

A Night With Me

Music + Talk + Books + Comedy + Food + Me

Update complete, **WORK**.

Now you're up to speed.

Warm Regards,

Lindsay

Transparency feels good. **WORK** now knows what's up. If I seem off or need medical care – they know not to ignore it.

Before the **Book Warehouse Event**, I was blessed to be the guest of a book club: **Lit + Libations League**. 8-wonderful ladies, who've all read, me!

Before I meet with the ladies, a message arrives from **WORK**:

Lindsay,

I appreciate you keeping us in the loop; I'm amazed at your positive take on scary things.

Thanks for sharing the advice in the PSA.

Full Stop. No. Work was not done.

It's also great that you can enjoy your writing *hobby* –

SIGNED: WORK

HELLO, LIT + LIBATIONS. BE KIND
HELLO, LIT + LIBATIONS. BE KIND

Your first memory is at age five. What happened before you were five?

Me

Well, I was born in a place where secret babies were born, a shame to the family – religion – community. The Edmonton Journal used to run ads advertising babies for Christmas. I usually adopted the babies to farm families or sold them to wealthy Americans. I must've been too ugly; my family members tossed me around like a hot potato.

Lit + Libations

As if you're not hot!

BLUSH

Me

Time to change direction.

Today I asked Google a question. Let me show you. 'Okay, Google – What is a fart?'

Google

Fart emits gas from the anus.

The night turned into a beautiful success – my *hobby* presses forward.

I'm lucky.

I'm loved. I have medical-induced life challenges ahead. I'm trying to unlearn things that have been following me for decades – I must unlearn.

Loved ones want to help.

Loved ones grow frustrated.

It's essential to understand **loved ones = loved.**

Sometimes being alone would be easier. Being alone is never best; it's selfish.

315

IT'S ESSENTIAL TO LET THE SELFISHNESS OF LOVE ERASE THE SELFISHNESS OF ALONE
IT'S ESSENTIAL TO LET THE SELFISHNESS OF LOVE ERASE THE SELFISHNESS OF ALONE

Another doctor appointment: My Doctor tells me he's retiring at the end of June.

I smile and then sadly congratulate him, still sporting the smile.

IN MEMORY
IN MEMORY

26 December 2017-24 March 2018

Dylan GIFFIN

Age 25

Employee

Kimberly FLETT

Age 51

Employee

Jeff VALLEVAND

Age 53

Friend

Denis GOUR

Age 53

Friend

Cherish life!

Let your loved ones know they're loved!

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEs 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.

387

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.

388

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.