

# MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

# MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE



*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?*

**ESCAPING THROUGH TRAVEL**  
ESCAPING THROUGH TRAVEL



# TODAY + THAT PLACE

OCTOBER 2003

*If you build it, they will come.*

Sounds reasonable.

Hmm. I'm missing love in my life. Perhaps, the logic above will work when it comes to matters of the heart?

You might as well try; I need to pause for a moment before landing in London. I know.

*If I write it, it will come.*

## TODAY

*If I walked with the crowd  
I'd have never come to this place  
Our eyes met from across a crowded room  
We knew in an instant  
A smile. A wink. A Nod  
I found you standing next to me  
We kissed. My knees weakened  
A touch of your hand + a caress of your silky skin brought life to my world.  
Each day we learn from each other.  
The more I learn about you, the more I become lost in your beauty  
Every imperfection perfects you. You're beautiful. I love you.  
We both like to please. We do without order; the intensity grows, we climax together.  
Each time we make love, the music sounds sweeter.  
I sleep in your arms, you hold without restraint, you bring safety to my heart.  
I'm the luckiest man alive; I have found my tomorrows.  
One day when I wake, I will go to that place.  
When our eyes finally meet, the world will make sense.  
As I said once before, I'll repeat it once more.  
I love you, my dear, with every ounce of my heart.  
Today I met my true love, and today my world became brighter.  
Today I became complete.  
Is my true love real?  
My dear, it must be – it is now part of this story.*

## THAT PLACE

*I stepped out into the world, once again all alone.  
I walked away from the crowd and entered That Place.  
As written, our eyes met, and I knew in that instant.  
I found my love. Fiction turned into reality.  
We hugged + kissed, chills shot down my spine; you swept me away.  
I became vulnerable.  
Next was no longer in my control.  
As the night progressed, the passion intensified.  
The music indeed did become sweeter.  
In the morning, you slept in my arms, and I held onto you without restraint.  
I could not find sleep, yet; peacefulness embraced me.  
My eyes were mesmerized by your beautiful body, consuming every inch.  
You truly are beautiful, my dear.  
I'm grateful to have met you.  
Sadness fills my soul as it struggles to hold onto happiness.  
You've entered my life; your visit will be fleeting.  
I long for you to feel the same way as I understand you may not.  
I don't want you to leave; you've helped replace my frowns with smiles.  
I can't thank you enough.  
I will miss you deeply.  
I hope one day our paths cross again.  
When they do, I hope we become lost in each other once more.  
Thank you for brightening my world.  
Thank you for being real  
Thank you for becoming part of my story.  
The next time I write you into my life, I will make sure you stay.  
I hope wherever destiny takes you, happiness fills your heart, and you continue to share your  
beautiful smile with the world.  
In the brief moments, I shared with you, your smile warmed my heart.*

*Thank You*

**I LOVE 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 – 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.

431

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.

432

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.