

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



LONDON CALLING

LONDON ENGLAND

13-14 OCTOBER 2003

My story is entirely true. It contains far more than one million shattered pieces of my life, needing to be put back together. Yes, *one million.* ⁽⁶⁵⁾
Lindsay, now that I've gotten to know you, it appears you have an enormous brain.

Hey, thank you, I'm not sure about its size; what I do know is I've done my best to sabotage it chemically over the past few years. But all that has seemed to have done is amp up creativity.

I'm curious, how did you write the dialogue for this book?

Well, I dig deep into my mind, and as much as it is impossible to remember every snippet verbatim, I promise you I have recreated the dialogue to the best of my recollection. I find the most troubling moments in life tend to be tattooed onto my hippocampus, waiting to be retrieved. So, I am in the process of retrieving it. Sharing them with you, I must thank you for this: it is freeing.

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DAY 6

HEATHROW

LONDON

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 2003

Beads of moisture had formed on my brow. The taste of her sweet lips was fresh on mine. I lay naked. Spent from a night of mile-high-passion. I wanted more. More of her silky legs. More of her flavourful skin. Her arousal had completed me.

My well-muscl'd loins were covered only in her essence. I longed for a repeat of the previous night. I will keep a spot open in my heart for her to burst in and consume me. For now —

— Welcome to London. The current London time is 11:30 AM. We hope you've enjoyed your flight. The current London temperature is a haughty +15 (C).

LONDON CABBIE

Welcome to Jolly Old England: The USA of Europe.

We were only six days into our living like rock stars experiment, and like so many rock stars before us, we were marching toward early graves.

Our caskets opened ever so slightly. The grim reaper was peeking at us from behind a pole. Like Montreal, vultures were circling in the morning sky.

Like JFK, Heathrow was a dump.

We had lost our words in the onslaught of exhaustion.

Get over here now. Get your hefty gluttonous bags off me. I beg of you.

Hold on a second, Luggage Carousel. How heavy could my bags be? 200-lbs. 200-lbs is the answer.

The beautiful blonde from JFK approached, and in a tantalizingly soothing voice, she whispered in my right ear.

"Why don't you hot, virile, sexy men, cum ⁽⁶⁶⁾ join me for a night of bliss at the place I am staying in Paddington? It has always been my fantasy to be fulfilled by two powerful young gods at once. You two would suffice nicely."

And we drop the ball.

Dave replied, *"Are you fascinated by kangaroos? I sure am."*

I spun in a circle four times + when I attempted to speak, I could only beep.

THE END

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It was time to storm London + perhaps, find a way to Amsterdam.

"Let's go to Paddington, Dave."

Blankness

"Let's go to Paddington, Dave."

Blankness

"Let's go to Paddington, Dave."

Blankness

I screamed, "BOSTON."

A blip blipped past.

"Lindsay, how big could London possibly be?"

"Big Dave. Do you think we should grab a cab and head into London?"

THIRTY MINUTES PASS

"Do you think we should grab a cab and head into London?"

We started moving. We stepped out into London's energy-infused air.

"Dave, doesn't the fragrance of the London air remind you of Bellingham?"

It was time to drag my 1,300-pounds of luggage into the lineup for taxis. London was calling our names.

IMPORTANT READING INSTRUCTIONS

Please read the dialogue in this section with a *meaty* English *accent*.

Breathe in. Exhale. Gruff it up, lower an octave or two. Now imagine a mouth full of scotch and tobacco. Be pleasant at first. Up the intensity, directly, speak British.

Cabbie

Where to lads?

Me

Take us to a hotel or a pub. Either, would be fantastic.

259 The cabbie looked crazed; he began doing brain crunches, squeeze + release. Squeezing + releasing until veins protruded from his skull.

His face turned beet red. *I placed a blood pressure sleeve on his right arm.* Our words disgusted the cabbie; seventeen veins were now blasting out of his cranium. His head was about to explode. Our first impression of London was being gutted. He wanted no part of welcoming us. Instead, he rasped up his voice and barked.

Cabbie

You must be fucking kidding? Don't you know where you're fucking going?

Me

We'll pay you, I said blushing.

He vanquished us from his *ride*.

We *squirrelled* out of his cab.

The next in the cab queue

Your cab didn't move. Was the fare expensive?

I kicked him in the nuts.

FIRST IMPRESSION OF LONDON

You suck.

"BOSTON."

No luck.

Dave and I needed sweet slumber to come and arrest us in its purple cloak. Unfortunately, our minds were vacant.

Logic, unfortunately, was lagging *three time zones* behind. So, we'd have to make our own decisions.

We came to a sign offering a possible solution.

HOTELS. ALL PRICES. ALL SHAPES. ALL SIZES. ALL —

"Hey, gents. Welcome to Jolly Old England. What's your desire? What's your budget? We are here to help you find a hotel."

Three blocks later, we hopped off the bus at the Airport Sheraton: 20£ lighter —

SHERATON = FOUR STARS = MUST BE NICE

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Dave fell asleep while checking in and I set out looking for adventure.

The fucking airport was only fifteen miles shy of London.

AIRPORT HOTEL = NO EXPLORING

It was noon.

Dave, choose to hibernate.

I explored. I searched for a pool. A gym. A pub. **NO. FUCKING. LUCK.** I gave up.

I decided to take a nap.

I woke up at 10 PM. Angry.

I left the room and started searching once more. **NO. FUCKING. LUCK,** I gave up.

I lay down again, trying not to think about my life. Unfortunately, my life stormed back to annihilate me. For the next four hours, I lay still, crying, as my past came rushing back to torture me. I needed to distract myself.

I stepped out into the hallway + spent the next fifteen-minutes childishly knocking on hotel room doors then running and hiding.

"Hey front desk guy, does the hotel have a coke machine? No. What is this place, a concentration camp?" ⁽⁶⁷⁾

I hated concentrating.

MY TRIP STATS TO DATE: DAY 6

Distance Travelled = 11,055.1 KMS
MEALS ATE = 8
DIFFERENT TOILET FLUSHES = 2
DISTANCE WALKED = 104 KM
PHARMACEUTICALS INGESTED = 4
DRINKS CONSUMED = 75 (approximate)
HOURS SLEPT = 24

Whether it is a death pace, a slow pace, or somewhere in between, will it be determined by stories to end?

I invite you to flip the pages with me to find out!

DAY 7

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LONDON
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 2003

I wrapped my hands around David's neck. He had been sleeping for twenty-four consecutive hours. I kept wringing until he began gasping.

Thirty minutes later, we spent 13£ on shuttle tickets to London. Fifteen minutes later, we arrived at Paddington Station.

HEY HEATHROW

How can a shuttle ride a few blocks to an airport hotel coast the same as a sixteen-mile ride into the city?

We'll wait here for your answer.

"Look, Dave, Paddington has coke machines!"

"Seed, you hungry? I'm famished. But you know what, I think I could use a nap?"

I wonder how much time I'd spend in jail if I kill Dave? Seriously.

CLANK. CLANK. CLANK.

My luggage was up to a ton.

Seventeen steps into Paddington on this sparkling midday, we spotted two ninjas and a zombie. They were carrying banjos. Odd.

"Dave, should we find a hotel?"

We blinked.

A Strongbow and Guinness were in our hands when we opened our eyes.

Gulp. Farewell, sobriety; your visit was painful.

I took a sip, and my reflection was, once again, reflecting.

I said, *"Eat?"*

"What are you, Linds, stupid?"

Liquids were providing clarity; two drinks later, we began heading that-a-way.

One-hundred-fifty paces later, we staggered into an internet café. Ten minutes later, we exited, we had found the hotel for the night, + our Amsterdam flights were booked.

Out on the street, a soft cuddly bear brushed my left arm. We guessed a direction. One-hundred-paces, the other side of the Fountains Abbey, we arrived at our hotel, the Hotel Ascot.

"Sorry, chaps, the hotel is overbooked?"

"Excuse me, how is that possible? We booked our room five fucking, minutes ago?"

"This location is popular. Paddington and all. We have a two-star hotel next door. I can set you up if you'd like. Is that okay?"

"Wicked, Dave, the shower curtain touches your bed!"

OXFORD STREET

On the edge of Hyde Park, we took a deep breath and paused.:

We were in London, Baby!

Left foot. Right foot. I'd stumble. My regular moments of imbalance signalled the need for beverages.

I said, *"Eat?"*

At the 3 Tons Pub, we met a couple from Budapest.

I said, *"Goulash tasty,"* in my best Hungarian ⁽⁶⁸⁾ accent.

Booze took London from a sad two to a whimsical playful five.

Our Hungarian friends handed me a *few pieces* from my life they found in their stew.

A denizen of shoppers packed world-famous *Oxford Street*.

Oxford Street shares threads with Bellingham, + Vancouver's Robson Street, only with more character and oldness.

I paused.

Like Robson, Oxford Street is one giant commercial circus. The difference is when in a foreign land, the same *crap* becomes *fascinatingly different*.

BACK TO MY PRESSING LIFE ISSUES

- I found a chunk of shag carpeting. Mauve, I might add.
- I stole a broom from a janitor.
- I sprinkled my problems on the next room's linoleum.
- I lifted the corner of the shag and swept *them* merrily underneath.
- It was time to avoid, have more booze, and hopefully: do some shagging.

Dave and I began popping in and out of stores. We were carrying on. The heavenly sounds of accented voices fluttered in the crisp air seducing it. The inflection in the voice made my pants strain with happiness.

THE LARGEST SELECTION OF STUFF

"Dave, we must go in. They have the largest selection of stuff!"

We entered + hopped the escalator down one flight, where we were greeted by a stunningly gorgeous salesclerk. We pressed flesh. Our hands became intertwined, shooting a spark to my heart.

"Hello, it's a pleasure to meet you," I said coyly.

"The pleasure is all mine," she returned. *"Interesting, you are half-tucked. I love that."*

I came.

She continued, *"I love what the half-tuck stands for. I read an article in a local rag that stated the half-tuck screams of originality, sexiness, and a long + hard oversized dick?"* ⁽⁶⁹⁾

Our hands were still clamped in a loving grip. *Rub me. Bad brain.*

"What do you think we should do later tonight in your royally enchanting city?"

I know she was thinking to DO ME, which came out as, *"I think you would have a brilliant time in Leicester Square, you cheeky monkeys."*

Our hands parted, and my pants, though sticky, dried.

We walked one block up Oxford and looked left down a laneway. NEON beckoned.

It was time to chase.

BRADLEY'S SPANISH BAR

The warmth of the flickering lights from *Bradley's Spanish Bar* bagged us.

We bellied up to the bar. I confessed my sticky sins to an unsuspecting bartender.

A lovely thing about *Bradley's* is if you have an ample belly, you could, belly-up by just setting foot inside. But, you see, *Bradley's* is infinitely charming, two levels. On this night, only one seat sat vacantly.

From door to bar was only five steps: with the heart on both levels accommodating a maximum of fifteen patrons. The atmosphere is wicked. A perfect selection of tunes filled the air. Their jukebox was voted one of the five best things about London in *Time Out Magazine*.

Natalia, the bartender, and her friend Benito greeted us. They were both from Spain. They barely spoke English.

We discounted barriers by sharing "*Hola, beer,*" and "*Vancouver*" and smiling.

That was enough and perhaps a foreshadowing of what we'd find in Spain.

"*Hello, Robert, Helen, and Andy.*"

We had just introduced ourselves to a gaggle of sophisticated Londoners. The artistry of language flowed freely between them. I needed them to fall in love with Canadians. I attempted to conquer sophistication.

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My madness worked. Our globetrotting rock star ways, along with a smattering of depth and our obliterating charm, enthralled them. They became friends.

Dave and I became liquidly obliterated as Andy plied us with drinks.

They invited us to join them at their next stop: a wine bar with a *one-billion-year-old tree* growing right through the bar.

A billion-year-old is old.

What's that dirt?

Dave and I looked at each other to discuss their kind offer. We looked back, only to have a time vortex swallow us. Our surroundings changed; *Bradley's* had morphed into a much larger establishment. We were chatting with a bartender from Ontario. We looked at each other and shrugged.

Apparently, we took a wrong turn leaving *Bradley's* washroom and presto, new surroundings.

"*Where are you from, fair maiden?*"

Ontario explained the missing accent.

As pleasant as our vixen⁽⁷⁰⁾ bartender was, Ontario depressed us. We never came all this way to talk to someone from Ontario. Talking to people from Ontario can be painful at the best of times.

A QUICK BURST TO THE READING PRESENT

Ontarians, before you get your panties in a bunch, I'm from Vancouver, half of Ontario, and all-of-the Quebec squeegee kids eventually tire of the east and end up setting up shop on the left coast. Therefore, cut me some slack.

Hey, aren't you from Saskatchewan?

We drank up and decided to return to the hotel to ready ourselves for the night. After fifteen kilometres of walking and drinking, we didn't have a clue where the hotel was. So, we picked that-a-way.

Dave could still walk. On the other hand, I lay down and started rolling like a log.

REMOTE TRIBE

Imagine being the only person that spoke English. Who would you teach the language?

I rolled fifteen blocks that-a-way when we came to the *Cambridge Pub*.

It was a good thing since I was 'staring' agony down, I needed liquids, or misery would prevail.

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A beautiful woman stood outside the pub; *talk to her now*, I did.

English was no longer my first language. Instead, I discovered a dialect of my own shared only with a remote tribe in the recesses of my brain.

She politely nodded.

I fell to the ground, jumped back to my feet, and slurred, "I'm okay."

Once inside, "*Hello, Rachel, Garth, and Jessie (Manager) meet the Seed and Dave.*"

Garth and Dave looked as if they shared the same tribal roots.

Rachel was smashing.

Me drunk –

After rolling fifteen blocks, one would think that one wouldn't require more alcohol. One would be wrong. We did not appreciate the asinine opinion of ONE. Instead, we wisely decided to ignore one; we partook in witty banter with our new friends.

Garth's inner ear was funky; it restricted his movement. He'd never been out of his neighbourhood. Garth is nearly thirty.

Rachel draped herself over Dave's manly being. She was fascinated by his ability to understand me.

By this time, my tribe excommunicated me, sending me forth to a tribe of one.

Flying solo rendered my newfound dialect pointless.

If a tree falls in a –

Jesse took our vitals, which prompted a parade of shooters.

I said, “*Djojojfojjdjkhuuu.*”

We shot the shots; I became eyes open blind; my retinas gave up the ghost.

Dave asked Rachel to join us later in our journey, calling her “*Lovee.*”

She called him a strapping, virile, young bloke. What’s a bloke?

London managed to crawl, roll, and shoot, to a spirited &\$#, in English: 8.5.

ROCK. PAPER. SCISSORS.

“Take us to the hotel, Rusty.”

Our cab driver asked an interesting question, “*Which hotel, lads?*”

“In Paddington, we think?”

We then proceeded to work backwards through the alphabet, eventually settling on the letter A.

“You’ve got to be – ”

Before he could implode, I said, “*Ascot, Rusty.*”

“Bloke, my name isn’t Rusty; it’s Ace.”

Freshly drunk and showered, it was time for Heaven. Before we departed for the pearly gates, Dave tried to give me a tongue bath.

Rusty #2 pulled up in his cab to pick us up. During the ride, I peeked out the window. The guy I talked to in the NYC After Hours was following me.

What are you doing here? Why are you following me? Leave me alone.

When we arrived at Heaven, it was closed.

“Linds, do you want to go to the River Thames to watch David Blaine hovering off a bridge?”

“No., Dave, I’ve seen a river before. I think we need to focus on drinking.”

“Hello, Sarah. You’re waiting for your bus? You’d prefer to join us? You’d like us to ride the bus with you closer to your neighbourhood so we can – ? Dave, look, NEON. Sorry, Sarah, we must move on.”

ALCOHOL – BEAUTIFUL GIRL – FOOD

ALCOHOL WINS EVERY TIME!

LET DOWN

Gorgeous Bostonian + Hot Ontarian + Stunning Londoner

We chose to pay 5£ to enter a cheesy bar modelled after an eighties TV series.

Cheers sucked. It was tacky. It stunk like puke. Horrendous hip-hop blared from the sound system. The patrons were primarily testosterone-fuelled buffoons looking for conflict. It made London feel less like an international city and more like a suburb of Cleveland. (71)

We hated it, and we tried to drink ourselves sober.

DRINK. DRINK. DRINK.

We were only twenty blocks from dreamland.

LONDON TAXI MATH

Twenty blocks = 30£ – or roughly \$60 Canadian.

I checked the mirror in our room, and my head had **LOSER** tattooed on it.

Dave's, **SUCKER**.

I pledged to kill the next cab driver I saw and then drifted off to sleep.

DAY

GESTALT

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 2003

What's Davie's role on this trip?

Non-existent tongue bath aside, he was destined to act as my chaperone, + he was sanctioned to keep me alive.

Eight days provided pause.

Solemn needed a moment on the stage. I needed to face my realities. Unless I chose a different path, including a rice wine + crack-induced comatose state.

My dad died, my wife left me, and I developed an affinity for crack & down.

The combination was never an option.

Isn't avoidance the same thing as denial?

If I hadn't avoided it, I don't think I could have started healing. I need to step back from

trauma to realize life isn't all bad.

Life is rarely a cakewalk. It is usually filled with adventure. If you pay attention. I love getting the group together, yet; I prefer the individual. I love the performance. I fear the stage.

It is time for me to take the stage; my past was to be a massive part of my performance. It was time for fantasy to kiss reality.

I crave a happy ending.

But I wanted to crawl into a cave and hibernate at this moment. On this trip, the cave turned into pubs.

It was time for me to set new standards, higher standards. Unfortunately, untimely deaths of the aged and the all too early deaths of the young + heart-zapping infidelities made me feel that my existence was no longer necessary.

Seed, a little overdramatic don't –

NO.

It was time to define what to allow in and sort through the past's emotional baggage; I needed to set it aside, then kick-start ME into achieving greatness.

268 To this point of the journey, alcohol and avoidance seemed to be vital parts of the pursuit.

DAVID

It's time to shout out thank you to David!

David passionately desires knowledge.

Although different, our upbringings share parallel lines.

I was searching for something lost. David wanted to expand his horizons and see if what he left behind was meant to be.

Like said, he came to keep me alive. He may not have understood that when he signed up.

Wise beyond his years, he asked, *"Can I join you on your trip?"*

As we jumped from place to place, each time my world turned upside down, he oozed ⁽⁶³⁾ compassion. He found positive in my collapse.

He considered every stop to be a possible place to say farewell.

Fortunately for me, indecision kept pushing us forward.

Our fucked-up planet needs more David's.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST

The Ferris Wheel completed another revolution. The occupants dropped to the tray below only to be placed back in place for another round. Every rotation, the blazing British sun-bronzed them ever so slightly.

David and I are sampling refreshments from several countries. One day we will share our favourites with you.

Now, where was I?

I rose at 8 AM and immediately added a little shine.

When I made it home at 6 AM, I opened the door to our room, undressed, and dropped onto my bed.

"Hey. What the fuck?"

"What?"

"What the fuck? Why are you naked? Who are you?"

"Oops. Sorry. Wrong room."

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The Ferris Wheel made another revolution, fifteen thus far.

The sun was falling.

Thirty-seven turns later, and finally, my bread started resembling toast.

FLASHBACK TO CHECK-IN

Your room comes with a splendid hearty English breakfast.

Have they not heard of toasters in England?

Breakfast time allowed downtime for Dave and time for me to rediscover food.

Eggs, bacon, sausage, and hash browns excited me. The *English Breakfast Aficionados* would surely provide a feast to absorb the copious amounts of alcohol swishing around in my gullet.

When I entered the food area, the feast turned to famine tragically. A murder of annoying kids filled the breakfast café. The feast consisted of shooter-sized glasses of juice, and the fucking Ferris Wheel bread toaster.

Disillusioned, I exited the area, went outside, approached the first cab, and furiously snuffed out the driver's life.

LONDON ROUND 1

Took us down. Then slowly upward. Layered, pompous and disappointment on top of us, repeating the cycle, seemingly, endlessly.

London, you're allowed to hang onto your eight-point-five, but can you do us a solid or two?

1. Could you please fix your teeth?
2. While you're at it, could you get over yourself?

Amsterdam, please don't let me down.

I won't.

Who typed that?

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

I was dizzy from breakfast when I tried to wake David.

Dave looked at me dazed. He reached up, turned on the shower, and then fell back to sleep.

I did a workout in the communal washroom doing still-tipsy push-ups—
99, 100, 101.

Alcohol was somehow stoking my metabolic rate.

I thought about joining Mr. Blaine on the bridge for a brief snippet.

Go away sad—

At 10 AM, we set out to embrace London. Intense hunger meant we'd eat soon.

We had walked for three *fucking* hours before the next place was the only option. We crossed the street and once again were drawn to a PUB. A car u-turned in front of a bus, in front of us, we jumped out of the way.

I ordered.

- 3 cokes,
- 1 orange juice,
- 1 apple juice,

- 1 tomato juice,
- 3 more cokes,
- 1 traditional English breakfast, with double of every side.

Dave ordered breakfast and a Strongbow.

Our lovely server called us “*Love(ees)*” every time she passed our table.

Our server’s accent was infectious. London was rising once more.

TIME FOR GATWICK

We went to retrieve our luggage.

“*Sir, you must pay for an extra day. You are twenty-minutes late,*” the baggage clerk said.

“*Hey, where’s your accent?*”

“*I’m from Ontario.*”

“*We love Ontarians. We’re from Vancouver.*”

“*I’ll tell you what, don’t worry about the extra charge.*”

My luggage had gained a ton, and I had eaten all the bags stored next to it.

65. I may never have Oprah acknowledge me, but my book is not embellished, unlike the book with “*One-Million Little...*” in the title.
66. Yes, “*cum.*” Incorrect spelling, by the way.
67. In no way am I comparing the Heathrow Sheraton to a concentration camp, mainly because I think the comparison might be deemed offensive. Having said that, the Heathrow Sheraton is like a concentration camp, with a higher thread count.
68. I have just been informed: I do not have a Hungarian, or any other accent, for record’s sake.
69. There is an 83.95% chance the clerk’s half-tuck dialogue was fabricated.
70. It is 2003.
71. I have never been to Cleveland, and I heard Lebron James keeps leaving it for some reason.

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.