

# GLUE GLUE

A META-MEMOIR  
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BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

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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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SPIN



**I**t's impossible to avoid the realities of tomorrow. I must find a way to spin positive out of heartache.

I needed to catch my breath.

*I want to wallow in misery.*

I don't want to wallow in misery. I need to hide my emotions. What I really need to do is find a way to spin. The next fifteen minutes of writing is an experiment in survival.

*How do any of us take life-shattering news and find the way to move on?*

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I've decided to rant for fifteen minutes — I've decided to spin.

GO

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 2007 - 6:52 P.M.

*I'm emotionally fucked.*

I'm going to share. I'm going to leave myself open to judgement. I'm going to leave myself vulnerable.

*Have you ever felt so messed up you didn't know what to do or who to talk to, to get past whatever was bringing you down?*

That is precisely where I'm at. So, I write. I share my hurt and pain. I know you don't know me, but likely, we all suffer heartache from time to time. I want to be okay. I'm not. I'm going to follow in the footsteps of my family and *act*. I'm going to con myself. I am going to become my *mark*.

I went out on Saturday night fuelled with the truth about my non-father and got royally fucked up.

I teetered on the precipice of self-destruction.

I wanted to escape.

I failed.

On Sunday, while drowning in a state of toxic destruction, I replayed the last four years over and over and over—eventually depositing myself on a perilous edge where I thought I would die. I didn't care if I did. My heart raced. It felt like it was about to explode.

*You're an amazing man.*

*You have a powerful voice.*

*You can change the world.*

*You deserve happiness.*

*Who are you?*

*I deserve nothing.*

*This is my destiny.*

34 *My pain defines me.*

*I hate it.*

I mask my emotions; I smile when I need to cry.

At work, a fucking co-worker named Michael, when I shared an amusing story to hide from my realities, responded by saying, "You sure are full of useless information."

Michael is an asshole. I need to remove him from my life. I can't; I work with the prick.

*Elmer wanted to be my father!*

Perhaps, that is all I need.

I don't believe it; my family never wanted me.

I need to keep typing. I need to keep sharing my vulnerabilities. I need to share my challenges to grow. I need to tell strangers I can survive. I need to be able to count on you.

*You know Lindsay, when you're suffering, then and only then you will discover who your true friends are.*

I need my family—they were never my family.

My fifteen minutes are almost up. How do I find positives from four decades of lies?

## TWO MINUTES LEFT

- I'm an amazing man.
- My challenges haven't destroyed me.
- I always find a way to rise, much like the sun on a new day.

There's a chance I'm related to Stuart Smalley.

- I'm good to others.
- I'm uproariously funny. (*Who says that about themselves?*)
- I'm uproariously amusing.
- I may make odd mistakes, but I try to be cognizant of my errors.
- I don't blame. *I really want to blame.*
- I love. I'm terrified love will always leave.
- I have a hefty dose of the 'Save the World' virus.

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*Do you sound like a Superhero?*

## ONE MINUTE LEFT

*Do you want more?*

I'm a guinea pig, I'd prefer to be a teapot.

Sometimes, it is nearly impossible to see the light through the relentless darkness.

Tomorrow is coming; tomorrow is fucking, coming.

Maybe it will bring peace.

Perhaps it will deliver more trauma.

Maybe it will –

*Keep fighting.*

Love life, love others, be good to yourself.

**MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 2007 - 6:52 P.M.**

**ONE MINUTE TO SPARE!**

## 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.

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.

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.