

22 May 2022

It's a beautiful day.

I'm out for a walk.

Depression is crippling me.

Thoughts are rattling through my head.

I fight them.

I swallow my emotions.

I'm scared.

I'm almost 62. I used to never think about my age. Then, a pandemic lambasted the world, and I found myself on the outside looking in at a lengthy career tossed away like garbage because I got old → and *users* decided I was no longer *useful*. They may try to say differently. Their penchant for lying is never-ending.

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Anyway, I spend every day trying to tamp down the depression by writing, creating, experimenting, pitching, and never giving up. My dedication to my craft mirrors what made me the best employee (manager) the people I worked with had. Others may argue that fact, they'd be wrong. They'll continue the argument because that's what entitlement does. Entitlement equals a life in denial.

This site represents my heart, soul, and relentless pursuit to thread the needle into a hole where the hole for the thick thread is shrinking with every breath of life. Those who tossed me out with the trash don't understand the emotional turmoil their decision has inflicted upon a great man.

I'm bleeping turning 62. And a (blank) who has been commissioned to "hit" me and send me to destitute filled streets *by calling me a failed writer who has no business chasing his dreams + I should do as I'm told to soften the blow for those who tossed me to the curb in the first place*. Well, these are disgusting humans, and evil should never be left off the hook for their participation in the destruction of a life. I'm turning 62.

I continue walking.

I swallow my thoughts.

I think when the long weekend ends, I'll put my head to the grindstone and make my dreams come true.

about

stop

Most days, I wake at 2 AM and work incredibly hard at building my future. I will never quit.

Remember, the needle and the thread → 62 is an age usually reserved for 'feel-good stories.

I want to feel good.

I've thought about suicide.

Don't worry. It's not in my DNA to quit trying.

I want people from my past to know they've hurt me immensely.

That's okay.

I don't blame them.

What's the saying, "*they are who they are.*" I think that is sad.

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my site

It's me.

It's fluid.

It changes daily.

I love producing it.

I love creating.

I love trying.

I love dreaming.

This section (the FOOTER; where you found the link to this writing) used to be filled with links to the pages. Eventually, I didn't like the look. So, I've changed it. You can find all the links at the top of the front page of my site. I didn't like the redundancy being in the FOOTER.

One day, all my efforts will come to fruition.

When they do: First, I will thread the needle.

lindsay wincherauk

about

Then, when I pull the thread through → the celebration will be epic, well deserved, and reflect how much better of a human I am than those who use → and how tossing me aside was more a reflection of the ineptness of others who are incapable of breaking my spirit, than a reflection of the man I've become.

I'm lucky.

I've been blessed with a life full of struggle.

why am i lucky?

Because somehow, the challenges have turned me into a fantastic man.

I am not driven by greed.

I understand life is hard for many, if not most, people; therefore, every day, I strive for understanding to bring light, not darkness, to the world for as long as I'm blessed to be here.

I am going to stop swallowing my emotions; my efforts are undeniable.

Oh my, the thread is almost through the hole!

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Enjoy the site!

