

The 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN Who Walks/Runs/Plays Tennis to the tune of about 15 miles per day to ward off depression + to give something back to children.

On March 12, 2020, right at the start of COVID-19, Lindsay Wincherauk told the company he worked for the pandemic was freaking him out. The next day he was dismissed, put on hold—ending an almost 15-year career.

He was devastated. He sank into sadness, teetering on the edge of depression. His life was cruising along in his fifty-ninth year of life, and finally, he had managed to start putting \$\$\$s aside to give him a chance to have manageable golden years. His job had required him to rise each morning at 3:30 AM, and due to the nature of his work, he either ate heavy caloric lunches with clients or grabbed fast food each day around 10 AM, when his body and mind started crashing.

Lindsay's life had never been easy. As the youngest of seven, he watched his father, Nicholas, die the day after his twenty-fifth birthday (1985). Less than two years later, just before Christmas (1987), he said goodbye to his mother, Rebekah. The morning after she died, Bernice, his oldest sister, hugged him and said, "*Moms gone,*" broke the embrace, maybe their first, and Lindsay has been on the outside of family ever since.

Sixteen years later, in 2003, in two months, his relationship ended. A young friend committed suicide. His closest relative, Aunt Priscilla, died. Another friend told him he was dying from cancer, and his boss's sister was found dead in her apartment and, the day after his Aunt Priscilla's funeral, his sister Bernice called to tell Lindsay his last remaining uncle, Jim, died in his sleep the previous night.

He kept living with his ex, *always a good idea*, and began tripping perilously close to his demise as he used party drugs + alcohol to numb his pain.

Lindsay was a mess. He needed to escape. He decided to travel to Europe with his friend David or drown in misery.

David quit his job for the trip. There was a delay in their plans. Lindsay needed to renew his passport, but there was a small tear in his birth certificate, and he had to acquire a new one to renew his passport.

The renewal process should have taken two days. Two weeks later, David was getting antsy. So, Lindsay contacted vital stats in Alberta, the province of his birth, to inquire about the delay, only to be met with a civil servant telling him they could not issue Lindsay a new birth certificate.

When Lindsay asked why they told him the information he provided didn't match his birth record. Lindsay pressed and asked the uninspired civil servant on the other end of the line what they needed from him. To which he was met drably in the same monotone timber, "*Could you phone your parents and ask them who your real parents are?*"

Lindsay had watched both of his parents die.

He travelled to Europe. It may have saved his life. Despite this life-shattering news, Lindsay kept pressing forward. He's always been a pseudo leader, bringing people together. He intuitively knew, as much as the two months prior and this life-changing familial news, none



of it was his fault, and he was blessed to share moments in life with brilliant friends + acquaintances.

Pick yourself up, pick yourself up, get up off life's canvas.

He had started the career he lost to COVID, September 1, 2005. He was fantastic at his work, an undeniable reality. He generated tens of millions of dollars in revenues for the company as the company's most senior and top-performing employee during his career.

In November 2006, Lindsay met his birth father, Elmer, for the first time in the parking lot of Earl's on Fir Street in Vancouver. Their meeting was going to be covered by the local media. However, their meeting fell during 'Windstorm 2006,' and all camera crews were filming the wind. Elmer welcomed Lindsay into his family with open arms. Wincherauk went from youngest of seven to an only child to youngest of three, only later be told by his brother/uncle Jim, his mother had a daughter three years after Lindsay. A daughter she gave away. Anyway, one week after meeting Elmer, Lindsay had to phone him to tell him Bernice had lied on Lindsay's birth record and Elmer wasn't his birth father after all. Elmer cried. Lindsay cried. Lindsay's birth father figuratively died for a second time, and Lindsay was now the oldest of two.

Lindsay's longest-in-duration relationship, at the time, had been with an adopted girl three years younger than him—a girl who didn't know the identity of her birth parents. She couldn't be, could she?

On March 9, 2009, after another exhausting week of work, Lindsay stopped by his favourite local watering hole on an early Friday evening. Lindsay glanced to his left, looking toward the pool table where he witnessed construction worker Shaun Woodward, who was in his thirties, unprovoked smash Lindsay's friend Richard Dowrey, a sixty-two-year-old father of two, in the face. Ritchie fell with such force, hitting his head so hard a 'sickening thud' could be heard throughout the bar. Wincherauk stopped Woodward on the street. He then used his media connections to draw attention to the case, resulting in the Woodward case being tried and convicted as a 'Hate Crime.' Lindsay was a crucial witness in the case. A story for another time.

As Wincherauk's career pressed forward, on Good Friday, 2016, his youngest niece/cousin Allison was found dead in her parents' basement.

At the start of October, he found out his birth mother, remember his oldest sister Bernice — his birth mother, was on her deathbed. Lindsay travelled to Calgary to say hello to her as his mother and goodbye when he left her bedside.

And in December, his youngest sister/aunt, Beverly, died.

Lindsay never missed a day of work.

In April 2017, debilitating pain rolled like a steamroller from joint to joint through his body, a level 10 pain. Lindsay was diagnosed with Sarcoidosis, a rare inflammatory disease believed to be caused by work environment.

Lindsay never missed a day of work.

Loaded up on a plethora of drugs, including chemo pills, Lindsay kept pressing forward, eating with clients, and eating fast food. He started packing on the pounds, and he found himself exhausted all the time because of his work hours.

Then WHAM, January 2018 (5), Lindsay suffered a stroke. On a Friday. He was back to work on Monday. He never missed a day, nor was it suggested he take time off to heal.

Fast forward to March 12, 2020 – Lindsay’s career, like many, ground to a halt.

As depression set in, Lindsay stopped moving. One day, he managed to only walk nine steps, an accomplishment in itself.

On April 7, with his friend Jay, walking lockstep beside him, they both started moving, 13,000 steps. They liked it. What Lindsay didn’t like were the 205.9 pounds he’d packed onto his once 170-pound svelte frame.

Both Jay and Lindsay liked movement, so they started walking every day, sometimes for as many as 20+ miles in a day. And almost always more than 20,000 steps. What was Lindsay moving towards?

Weight loss, it wasn’t a goal, but it became a reality. Lindsay + Jay wasn’t obsessed; every day they’d stop and grab a take-out burger during the COVID-19 lockdown, + they’d often quaff an ale or two or three at the end of their strolls.

Rain or shine, every day they hit the streets of Vancouver, quite literally walking every one of them in – in one of the most stunningly beautiful cities in the world.

Walk. Walk. Walk. Walk.

The pounds started falling off Lindsay + Jay. Combined, they dropped 47.6-pounds by the start of July. They’d also tried around 70 different beers + burgers.

Lindsay set a goal: to virtually walk to Saskatoon from Vancouver and back. The goal added motivation, and soon 20,000 steps per day had increased to 25,000.

The now 60-year-old Wincherauk, born in Edmonton and grew up in Saskatoon, had committed himself to move to the tune of about 15-miles per day (running/walking/tennis and maybe, the odd dance) for the rest of his life.

Being besieged with living, remarkably, snippets of life almost snuck by him. He had emergency life-saving surgery to remove a benign cyst from his esophagus in late September. Before the surgery, his doctor said, *“There’s a 1 in 100 chance you won’t survive the surgery, shall I proceed?”* Lindsay thought: *When was the last fatality?*

And on October 15, the same date his mother Bernice died, one of his dear friends Scotty Larin died, leaving him reeling in an emotional wasteland.

In October 2020, Lindsay completed his virtual trip. The next day he kept moving. For the rest of the year, he dropped back to around 20,000 steps per day.

His career and future are still facing daunting uncertainty. As Lindsay often puts it, *“After 15-years at one company, and now 60, WTF am I supposed to do? How do you reinvent yourself when your most valuable qualification is being alive?”*

So, to fend off depression, he keeps moving.

In January 2021, Lindsay once again upped his step-count, 25,000, 30,000 and even 40,000. Lindsay decided that regardless of personal circumstances, he’s going to keep moving, and if he’s going to be moving anyway: **IT IS TIME TO GIVE SOMETHING BACK.**

That is where the Virtual Walk to Palm Springs and back comes in. Approximately, 6-million



steps, 3-thousand miles, “*Why not raise money for a great cause, I’m going to be moving anyway,*” he’d say. So, he decided to start a GoFundMe me page to raise money for **The BC Children’s Hospital Foundation**.

Lindsay really believes we’re all supposed to make a difference no matter what is transpiring in our lives. None of us are immune to life traumas – some are just challenged more frequently.

There is a saying: What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger.

Lindsay thinks what doesn’t kill you brings you closer to an inevitable end, so why don’t we try to make the world a bit better while we are here.

It’s now April 2021, Lindsay’s future is uncertain, Covid-19 is still racing around the globe, but Lindsay believes with kindness, and an open heart, whatever is meant to be – will be.

Lindsay shares his stories because he believes we all have fascinating life stories, and if we share them, we’d all realize there is no reason to hate, and none of us are truly alone.

Lindsay used to write Opinion-Editorials for **24 Hours Vancouver**, a commuter paper with a large circulation back when newspapers...existed? His articles ran a gamut of topics from relationships to politics to addiction to the gap between rich and poor.

Lindsay has done stand-up comedy two times; *comedy comes from pain*. He holds the record for the longest touchdown pass (108 yards) in Canadian Junior Football League history (amazingly, Lindsay is blind in his left eye). And he was the top mixed-tape DJ at the **University of Saskatchewan** for most of the 1980s.

Lindsay is currently in the process of finding an agent (publishing home) for two completed memoirs: 1) **YOU - My Life on the Slush Pile (a meta-memoir)** and 2) **GLUE (a meta-memoir)**. Inside the pages of these memoirs, you will find the stories above in greater detail. Lindsay is also in the process of finishing a work of (non)fiction stories: **A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN-RUNNING IN FLIP FLOPS - STORIES**.

When some people go to the store, that’s all they do, go to the store. When Lindsay goes to the store, the world unfolds in front of him in abundantly absurd glory.

Wincherauk has written his thoughts on more than 140 books, many of which were sent to him by major publishers. His Instagram has around 10,000 followers. And his website www.lindsaywincherauk.com has garnered more than 100,000 visitors.

Whichever literary agent or publisher picks up Lindsay as an author will gain someone who hates when authors say, “*In the book...*” because he prefers to let his words do the talking for him.

If you are interested in representing Lindsay, he’d be happy to send you copies (email) of his manuscripts.

You may reach him at:

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