

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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DO YOU KNOW MY FATHER?
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Tomorrow, I will reach the age of 63, and the question of who my father is still remains unanswered. Do you know him?

Yesterday was a whirlwind for me. I started the day by hitting the Fitness Asylum, pushing myself to stay active and fight off any assaults of depression.

Afterward, I indulged in a book called **"Walk The Darkness Down"** and managed to finish it.

And to top it off, I walked over 36,000 steps throughout the day.

However, I must admit that I may have slightly over-indulged in other aspects of my day.

As I take a sip of water, my thoughts drift to the Bistre brown man I saw yesterday. He's lying on his blanket in the sweltering sun today. His skin has almost fully cooked, just like mine, damaged from the sun. But I find solace in the fact that my skin damage is a result of walking under the sun, not lying in it. A weak justification.

Later in the day, I met up with my friends, 2G and The Postman, at Gummy Friday.

Dean, my friend who is facing a terminal illness, joined us.

Unfortunately, the presence of Dean seemed to bring out childish behavior in the other two. I won't delve into the details, but let's just say their actions disappointed me. They made a comment about all of us dying, and it made me cringe.

Dean, who needs a cane due to his deteriorating body, coughed a couple of times. The Postman, in an attempt to be helpful, barked at him to cover his mouth with his good arm when he coughs. I couldn't help but wonder if The Postman truly understood the purpose of canes.

When Dean went to the washroom, a man sitting at the bar turned toward him and rudely asked what was wrong with him and why he needed a cane. I was taken aback by the man's lack of tact. I felt frozen, unsure of how to respond.

Dean looked at the man and simply stated that he was dying. The man seemed bewildered and responded by saying that we are all dying. Once again, I cringed.

Unable to find the right words, the man added to Dean that he had cerebral palsy. It was a moment that left me speechless, realizing the insensitivity of others.

Throughout the evening, my two friends continued to make thoughtless comments aimed vaguely at Dean. Feeling a mix of anger and concern, I asked Dean if he was okay. He assured me that he was fine. I confessed to him that I was unsure of how to handle such situations, as I had never had a dying friend before.

I thanked him for guiding me and apologized for the hardships he had to endure.

As I made my way home, slightly tipsy from the evening's events, I couldn't help but wonder if I had made any poor choices along the way. Regrettably, I will never know for sure.

Meanwhile, J was attending a farewell party for a female friend named Lindsay.

It crossed my mind if we shared the same father, but I quickly realized the absurdity of that thought. Not all people named Lindsay can possibly have the same father.

Before J went J messaged me to let me know my dinner was prepared. I'm lucky.

This confusion about my father's identity has plagued me for years.

I thought I knew who my father was until I turned 43, only to discover that my parents were not my birth parents. I was born in a place that was meant to rid families of what society deemed as "**demon seeds.**"

My mother, whom I didn't recognize as my mother until much later in life, was sent to this place by a man named Nicholas, who I believed to be my father.

Initially, I was supposed to be sold or adopted out, but it seemed that nobody wanted me. Instead, I ended up with a family that was ashamed of me, a family that tried to get rid of me. I often wonder if this has left me with emotional scars.

Nicholas, as far as I knew, was my father. However, I never truly knew him.

Growing up, I witnessed countless fights between Nicholas and my mother Rebekah, who I would later discover was not my biological mother. These fights were often fueled by our lack of money, and I vividly remember my father's frustration leading him to repeatedly slam his fists into his head. It's an image that has left a lasting impact on me.

I can't say that I shared a strong bond with my father. The most time we spent together was during my late teens and early twenties, when he fell victim to a battle with cancer.

I visited him over a thousand times in the hospital, witnessing his final breath of life the day after I turned 25.

Just two years later, in 1987, I lost my mother, Rebekah, to the same disease.

Fast forward to 2003, when I accidentally stumbled upon the truth while obtaining a new birth certificate. Nicholas and Rebekah were not my birth parents, and I was the result of a dark family secret. This revelation explained why I was born in that horrible place.

My new parents turned out to be Bernice, my eldest sister, and a stranger named Elmer Kirk.

Through a series of events, I built a relationship with Elmer, who wanted to welcome me into his family with open arms, after we met for the first and only time.

Suddenly, I went from being the youngest child in a family of seven to a state of limbo, now one of three siblings because Elmer had two sons.

To confirm our connection, Elmer and I decided to take a DNA test.

The results arrived two weeks later, and with tear-stained eyes, I called Elmer to deliver the news that he was not my father. Bernice had lied on my birth records, shattering the illusion of my newfound family.

In that moment, it felt as if my father had died for the second time, this time figuratively.

But in the grand scheme of things, does it really matter?

As I grow older, I question the significance of knowing who my father is.
Is it a ridiculous question?

Perhaps it is, considering the word "**ridiculous**" is right there.

Maybe it's an unanswerable question, tied to the concept of infinity.

Regardless, I find myself once again an only child, as Bernice passed away in 2016. It wasn't until her final moments that I visited her, finally recognizing her as my mother.

The experience was surreal, to say the least. I asked her who my father was, to which she replied she was glad it wasn't that asshole, meaning Elmer. This hurt me.

In my never-ending quest for answers, I took another DNA test through Ancestry.

And just recently, a notice popped up informing me that a first cousin has been found.

I do the math in my head, realizing that if this cousin is indeed related to me, then one of her uncles must be my father. Could this be the breakthrough I've been waiting for?

Excitedly, I began exchanging messages with my newfound cousin. It seemed that the mystery of my father's identity was about to be solved. But then, without warning, she suddenly stopped responding. It was as if she had vanished into thin air.

Perhaps there are dark secrets within her family that were never meant to be uncovered.

And so, as I approach my 63rd birthday, the question of who my father is remains unanswered. But in the grand scheme of things, does it truly matter?

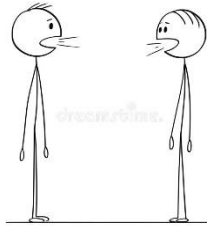


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Grammarly Readability Score = 93.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Spices Things Up!



How long have wee been together?
11 Years. Should we spice things up?
What do you have in mind?
Let's switch couch sitting sides.



Wow. This is nice?
I get a different TV experience over here.
You look different. You have a right side?
I know. And you have a left side.



How did we morph into women?
Everything's not about men.
It would be if they had their way.
This is nice, I can cross my leg better.



Look at this. Look at this. Look at this.
I'm trying to focus on the TV.
No, you're not. Do you even love me?
Arghh... Do you want to do it?



Sweetie, ever since the switch,
I can hear you now!
I think I may be deaf in my left ear.
Sounds convenient to me, Sweetie.



Whose kid is this?
Do you remember wanting to do it?
Not really. I was high and drunk.
He's your son, Botswana.