

MY  
DAYS



JULY  
2023

LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**JULY 2023**  
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HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME  
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Today is a momentous day, for it is my birthday. It holds immense significance, regardless of whether or not I choose to celebrate it. Why, you may, ask?

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Because on this day, I came into this world, and I have contributed to making the world a better place, unlike individuals such as Hitler or Trump, who exemplify the epitome of evil.

However, I must admit that my examples of detestable figures may be a tad lazy. What are your thoughts on this matter?

Nevertheless, today marks my transition into a new phase of life as a 63-year-old. To commemorate this occasion, I decided to take a break from my usual routine at the Fitness Asylum and spend the day with J. We indulged in leisurely activities like reading and taking serene walks amidst nature's beauty. During our stroll, we captured the usual snapshots of the natural wonders surrounding us.

Interestingly, J managed to capture a poignant image of a homeless person's makeshift dwelling. A tarp served as a roof, while an office chair and an alarm clock occupied the entrance.

It made me realize that sometimes, there is no alternative but to make do with what is available.

In that moment, a brilliant idea illuminated my mind. I pondered upon the fact that in Beverly Hills, people sell guided tours to the opulent homes of movie stars.

Why not offer similar tours, but this time, showcasing the homes and encampments of the homeless?

By accepting donations for these tours, we could not only showcase the stark disparities in life but also evoke a sense of empathy and guilt among the participants.

The tour could even pass by the Gastown Steam Clock, where the guide could shed light on its historical purpose of preventing unhoused individuals from seeking warmth on its steam grates.

In the end, all proceeds from these tours would be directed towards charitable causes.

Today, as I turn 63, I pause to spend some time with my friends, British William, and The Mayor, over refreshing beverages.

I recount an incident from the previous night that left a bitter taste in my mouth. Three individuals callously remarked to my friend Dean, who is battling a terminal illness, that we are all dying.

I express my disdain for such lazy and insensitive remarks, which dismiss the pain and struggles of others. It angers me when people resort to banal and vapid statements like **“we start dying the day we are born.”**

If one must be an asshole, they should at least strive for originality.

In the midst of our conversation, William shares a heartwarming story about his friendship with Ewen MacGregor.

The anecdote emphasizes the notion that even famous individuals are ordinary at their core.

Apparently, whenever Ewen visited Vancouver, he would reach out to William, expressing a desire to meet for a meal or drinks. This tale touched my soul, reminding me of the beauty of genuine connections.

During our interaction, William casually mentions the word **“heterosexual,”** leaving me momentarily perplexed. I find myself laughing at my own confusion, questioning the true meaning and existence of this word.

As the day draws to a close, I make my way home, stopping to treat myself to a birthday pizza. Perhaps the indulgence with William and The Mayor has left me feeling slightly tipsy.

The past year has been arduous, filled with challenges that I am still navigating.

Nonetheless, I persevere, striving to bring laughter to others and to grow as an individual. Now, you may wonder, what made this past year particularly challenging?

Well, I believe you are already familiar with the story. Just over three years ago, three despicable and greedy men initiated a plan to destroy me and my family. I had dedicated almost 15 years of my life to working for them, only to be discarded during the pandemic, just as I was about to turn 60. Their actions displayed a complete disregard for the impact it would have on my life and the lives of my loved ones.

The primary perpetrator ceased to see me as a human being and vowed to inflict financial and emotional devastation upon me, simply because I sought legal advice.

Unfortunately, their vile plan has succeeded to some extent. But I refuse to let them triumph. I will rise once again.

Who in their right mind exploits someone for nearly 15 years, only to dismiss them callously when an opportunity arises to line their own pockets?

The question is rhetorical, for the answer is undoubtedly an act of cowardice.

However, today is my birthday, and I am determined to revel in its joy. I must.

Resilience courses through my veins, for it is the only way I can thrive in the face of adversity.

I take solace in sharing stories with you. As a source for these stories, I believe listening is often more valuable than speaking.

How will I survive, you may ask?

Well, I have traversed a treacherous path throughout my life, enduring countless hardships. Yet, each time I have been knocked down, I have found the strength to rise and steer my ship back on course, no matter how devastating the circumstances.

However, let me share a glimpse into the physical challenges I have overcome. I have undergone five surgeries on my left knee, one on my right, as well as surgeries for my appendix, eye, right shoulder, exploratory cancer, a cyst removal, some form of facial surgery, a stroke, life-saving throat surgery, and a cardiac event that necessitates me taking five medications. All of this has occurred in my adult life.

Truly, enough is enough!

But I have risen, every single time.



Oh, and let's not forget that I witnessed the deaths of both my mother and father, not once but twice.

Additionally, the identity of my biological father remains a mystery to this day.

On top of it all, I was diagnosed with Sarcoidosis, an inflammatory disease linked to my work.

How did my employer respond upon learning about my condition?

They further drained me, dehumanizing me in the process. These spineless individuals view suffering individuals as mere commodities to be exploited for their own financial gain.

Who fires a dedicated employee at the age of 60?

Rhetorical, indeed.

In an attempt to lift my spirits, I decided to share a hilarious incident from my past.

**Imagine this:** I once decided to don a ridiculously funny duck costume and pay a visit to a charming lemonade stand. With a mischievous smile, I playfully bothered the vendor every single day, persistently asking him if he had any grapes, much to his growing irritation. He even jokingly threatened to glue me to a nearby tree if I didn't stop with my silly inquiry. Unfazed by his warning, I turned my daily visits to the stand into a routine. And on the very next day after his tree-gluing threat, I couldn't resist asking him if he happened to have any glue.

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Born in a place of darkness, Beulah House in Edmonton, Alberta, I entered a family that never truly embraced me. I was a source of shame within my family, my religion, and my community. This has shaped my journey, molding me into the person I am today. And if I may say so myself, I am becoming an extraordinary individual. No matter how hard others may try, they can never strip that away from me.

Not even the lazy assholes who, upon hearing about my first encounter with my second mother on her deathbed, callously remark that many people hail from dysfunctional families.

Such friendships are better left behind, as I do not share my experiences seeking pity.

Instead, I share them because I believe it is our duty to do so.

Those who utter such twisted words, well, they would be more merciful if they just told me to shut up.

Every year as my birthday, approaches solemnity swallows me. I used to become sad hoping someone from my family acknowledged my existence. It never came. I cried.

As time passed, I watched my family undergo a series of losses. My father, mother, the man I once believed to be my father but wasn't, two of my aunts who were actually my sisters, and even a sister who turned out to be my mother - they all left this world. The unconventional rearrangement of my family tree brought some solace, as it somehow lessened the pain of being overlooked. Only the boys remain.

Am I completely fine?

No. However, I understand the importance of persevering and continuing to strive for a better tomorrow.

Unfortunately, my family has continued the tradition of neglecting my birthday. They only call me during times of illness or mourning.

Today marks my 63rd birthday. If I may say so, it is a momentous day in the annals of mankind.

Why, you ask?

Because today, I am blooming into an extraordinary individual, a fact that no one can diminish.

The world became brighter the day I entered it!

Cheers to my own happiness on this special day!

Happy Birthday to Me!

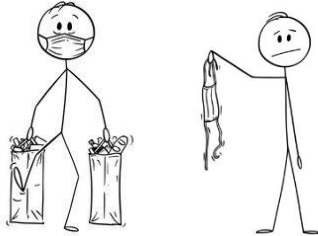


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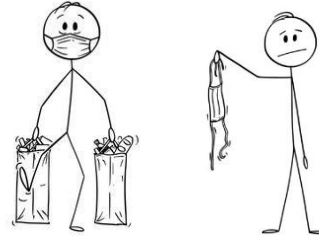
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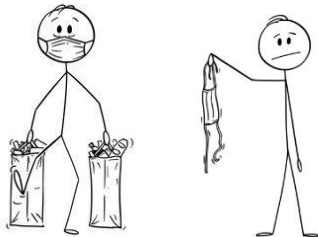
**A 60ish-Year-Old-Man** Tries to talk with an **Anti-Vaxxer**



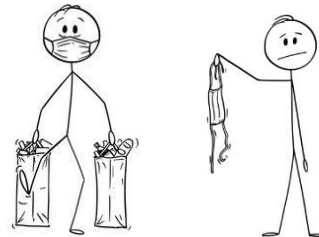
**Hello.**  
Are you trying to confuse me?  
**Here we go.**  
The vaccines aren't safe.



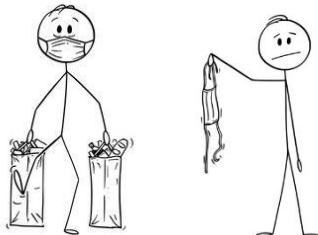
**What's your source?**  
Ted. Teds got the internet.  
**How long have you known Ted?**  
No, I mean know, Ted?



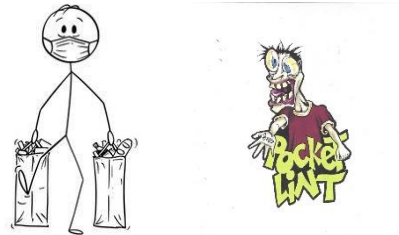
**It's a hoax.**  
**What is?**  
It.  
**You Mensa?**



911 + Sandy Hook + Parkland, all hoaxes.  
They are installing chips with the vaccines.  
They are trying to monitor us 24/6.  
**Do you have a cellphone?**



**You'll get Autism.**  
I'm 60ish. I already have PTSD. OCD.  
Elevated BP. HDTV. A blister on my foot.  
I give up. I'd rather talk with Pocket Lint.



**Hello.**  
**Hey Pocket Lint, how are you?**  
I got vaccinated today.  
I care about more than just myself.