

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

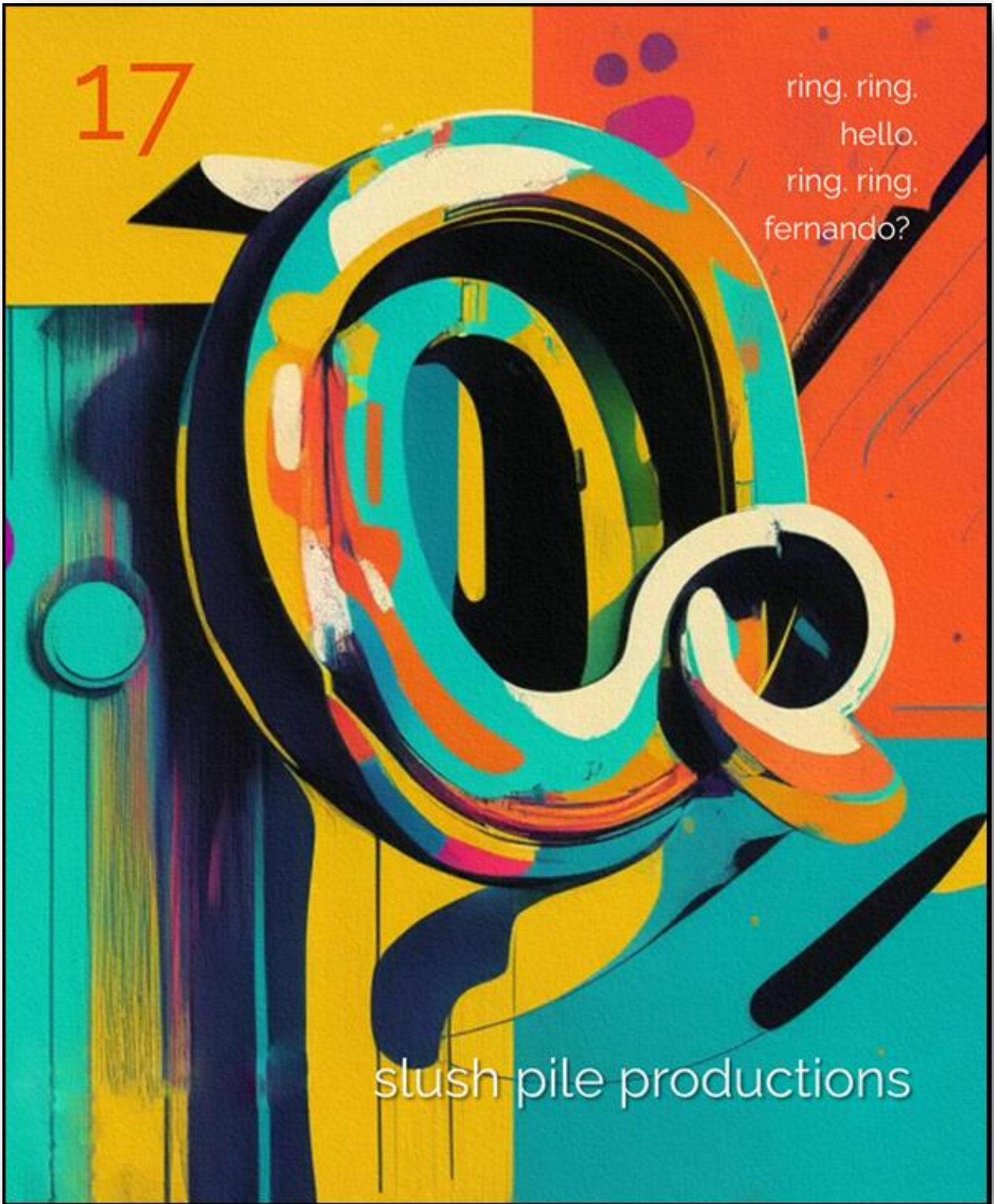
LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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RING. RING. HELLO. RING. RING. FERNANDO?
RING. RING. HELLO. RING. RING. FERNANDO?



I had an absolutely fantastic birthday. Instead of going to the Fitness Asylum, I decided to take a walk in the scorching heat with J.

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We made a stop at Denny's for their so-called birthday deal, which honestly isn't much of a deal.

Later on, I met up with some friends at the FH.

The usual crew was there - The Postman, 2G, Karl, and The Mayor.

They surprised me with some thoughtful gifts, and we all had a great time, drinking and chatting.

Karl and The Postman often say things I find disgusting, upsetting things, but I realized listening more carefully sheds light on perspectives I hadn't considered before.

Today, I'm feeling a bit weak, because of yesterday's festivities, but I might still go to the Fitness Asylum. A BIG MAYBE.

It's also a significant day for my dying friend Dean, as it's his birthday.

Happy Birthday, Dean!

Today also marks the anniversary of my first father's passing, 38 years ago.

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The Day My Dad Passed Away
Saskatoon City Hospital
July 17, 1985

How on earth will I ever find healing?

It was the day after my 25th birthday.

The previous night, I had gone out to celebrate the gift of life.

Then, at 2 PM, the phone rang incessantly. The hospital urgently called, asking me to pick up my mother and brother and rush to the hospital. My dad was finally reaching the end of his journey. Over 1,500 visits to that sterile, unpleasant hospital were coming to an end.

Fifty years of love and companionship, and my mother was about to lose the love of her life. I felt a shameful sense of relief - I had silently prayed for this to happen over 300 times. What does that say about me?

Dad had wasted away from a strong 200 pounds to a mere 80.

I had just turned 25 the day before. And now, my father was forever stamping his mark on my birthday.

I apologize if my recollection of this horrific day stirs up any painful memories in you.

Who am I speaking to?

Everyone.

Guilt tried to...

I told guilt to go to hell.

DAD. WAS. DYING.

I couldn't remember the last time he was truly alive: The industrial accident. The collapsed lung. The constant fights. The never-ending financial struggles. Him slamming his fists into his head. And now, the dreaded C-word.

Since Brian and I were the only ones still living at home, we bore the brunt of the hospital visits and the rollercoaster of emotions - the ups and downs.

"How is dad today?"

"He ate."

... ..

The Next Day **“How's dad?”**

He couldn't even remember my name.

I don't want to talk about it.

After six years of visits, I shamefully found myself yearning for this torture to finally end. I had already said goodbye to Dad a thousand times over. Dad's spirits would soar whenever my siblings would visit from time to time, while our countless visits were met with indifference.

Anyone who has ever visited someone in a medical prison knows that conversation is nearly impossible and often forced, with the most pleasant visits being when the patient is asleep.

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Last Gasp: 4:45 Around 4 PM, I turned onto Seventh Avenue from Warman Road. We were only seven blocks away from the inevitable conclusion, hurtling towards death. I heard sirens and glanced at the rear-view mirror. A police car was tailing me. I was pulled over.

The Police Officer

Son, do you know how fast you were going? License and registration, please.

My mother was sitting beside me, crying and vacant.

Me

Mum, could you hand me the –

She couldn't find the strength.

“Sir, we are on our way to watch my father die,” I explained.

The Police Officer

I'm so sorry, continue on your way.

I parked the car in the massive hospital parking lot, with Brian and I supporting our mother by her arms - Brian flanked Mum's left and me on the right. We walked, and Mum trembled with every step. Each stride brought us closer to the end.

Once inside the hospital, the familiar smell of antiseptic filled our nostrils. We rode the elevator, ascending to the floor where my father lay. It felt like we were descending into darkness.

My poor mother, after fifty years of struggles, was about to face her darkest moment. In that moment, I wished I had never been born. My parents' lives would have been so much easier without me, crossed my mind.

During Dad's final years, Brian took care of Mom at home.

I, on the other hand, would escape the heartache by seeking refuge at Corrie's house. I failed Brian.

The elevator halted on the fourth floor. We stepped out and turned left. As we approached the nurse's station, my father's doctor and a nurse met us. They led us into Dad's room.

At 4:43 PM, we entered the room. Brian stood by Mum's left side. I stood by her right. Dad's skin was pale, devoid of color. He looked even weaker than the day before. He opened his eyes and reached out for my mother's hand. He tried to say something. And then, he was gone.

I witnessed the exact moment his life slipped away.

I saw his spirit leave his body, and I collapsed as tears poured out of my eyes.

For the first time, I realized that my mother and father were truly in love. He held on just long enough to say goodbye. And as soon as her touch freed him, I swear I saw The Big C slink out of the room from the corner of my eye.

The fucker, was smirking.

... ..

Ring. Ring.

Hello.

Ring. Ring.

J, can you answer the phone?

Ring. Ring.

J?

Ring. Ring.

Fernando?

Why the hell are you calling me: I'm not allowed to talk to you?

What, are you trying to do, mess with my head even more?

Do you want to continue hurting us?

Why?

Because I wrote some harsh things about you?

Do you really believe that you're the only greedy bastard in the world?
You do? I thought so.

I'm hanging up now.

You'll never break me. Fuck off. Don't ever call me again, you spineless coward.

SLAM

Phone back on the receiver.

... ..

Linds?

Yes Sparkly.

Phones don't have receivers anymore.

I know.



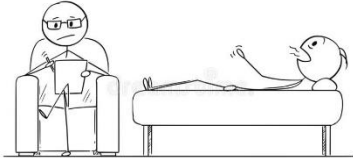
I had a wonderful birthday.

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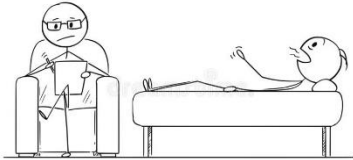
A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Talks to a Shrink about Depression



Hey, Doc.
Hey, what can I do for you?
I'm feeling, blue, depressed, hopeless, lost.
The last year has done that, to most of us.



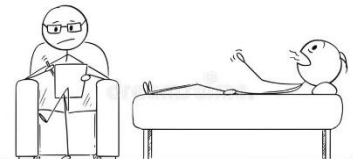
I know. But at my age the future looks bleak.
Can you be specific?
I'm not working. My only qualification is being alive.
You're lucky. Don't you have a creative outlet?



I do. But I'm concerned about my demographic.
You know, us 45+ who Covid ended our careers.
Was it just Covid?
No. But it was used by many as an excuse.



What is my demographic going to do?
We don't have technological savvy.
And the few jobs out there...
...we have to compete with youngsters.



It's terrifying, Doc.
You can't worry about everyone.
Like said, you're lucky. You're creative.
But Doc, creativity is a curse.



As soon as something is created...
...of course, there is a rush.
The rush is quickly replaced by doubt.
You're lucky, you have a creative outlet. Go for it!