

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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FAMILIES MATTER
FAMILIES MATTER



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I hit the Fitness Asylum.

I read. I am still battling the Big D.

Maybe I should give him a descriptor other than Big, maybe Asshole D, Little D, or Vanishing D?

By the end of the day, I will once again surpass 30,000 steps. It helps.

I just heard Stanley Park is at risk of a significant fire. This is upsetting.

Walk

Where am I? I don't recognize this place. A couple walks by. Where am I? I ask them.

July 16, 1960

Who are these people?

Mother	Father	Sister	Sister	Sister	Brother	Brother	Brother
Rebekah	Nicholas	Bernice	Sadie	Beverly	James	Donald	Brian

A large family.

Walk

Love?

Sure. Maybe.

Walk.

I come to another year.

July 17, 1985

I'm standing with my mother and brother Brian beside a hospital bed. I've been here 1,000 times before. My father reaches for my mother's hand and then expires.

Mother	Sister	Sister	Sister	Brother	Brother	Brother
Rebekah	Bernice	Sadie	Beverly	James	Donald	Brian

Everything is changing.

Walk

December 12, 1987

I'm holding my mother's hand; she is struggling for air; the day before, she whispered in my ear, "Goodbye."

The devil was about to take her away.

Sister	Sister	Sister	Brother	Brother	Brother
Bernice	Sadie	Beverly	James	Donald	Brian

My life has just changed.

I run.

I'm alone.

I don't want to be alone.

I need to be loved.

I need to be held.

Run

October 15, 2003

I'm in Munich, Germany, with my friends Dave and Greg.

Wayne phones from Vancouver. He has the contents of my official birth record.

Your birth father is a man named Kirk Bliner. Your mother's name is Bernice.

Father	Mother	Aunt	Aunt	Uncle	Uncle	Uncle
Kirk	Bernice	Sadie	Beverly	James	Donald	Brian

Why?

Who am I?

I can't stop crying.

I keep moving.

November 8, 2007

I'm sitting in my car. There is a tap on the window. I'm meeting my father for the first time. His name is Elmer, not Kirk.

Elmer hugs me. He says he wants to welcome me into his family. He says he's sorry for what the adults have done. I now have two brothers.

We go for a DNA test.

Walk

November 23, 2007

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I phone Elmer. I'm bawling my eyes out. He hears the cracking in my voice and asks if I'm okay. I tell him he's not my father. Bernice had lied on my birth record. He cries. My father dies for a second time.

Mother	Aunt	Aunt	Uncle	Uncle	Uncle
Bernice	Sadie	Beverly	James	Donald	Brian

Run

I feel lost. Alone. Confused. I need to be held. I need to be loved. I need... a family.

November 8, 2016

I'm standing beside my mother, Bernice's deathbed; I'm breaking.

I ask her who my father is?

She says at least it wasn't that asshole, referring to Elmer. This upsets me. He wanted to be my father.

When I leave, I hug her, kiss her on the cheek and give her my love. Her eyes teem with tears. She looks at me and says, "I'm never going to see you again, am I?" I collapse when I leave her room.

My mind travels back to December 6, 1987, a bone-chilling night in Saskatoon, when I paused with my mother, Rebekah, on the steps of our home before taking her back to the hospital to pass away. She said, "I'm never going to be home again, am I?"

I lied and burst into tears.

On this freezing day in Calgary, twenty-nine years later, my mother said almost the same thing.

My mother died a second time one week later.

Sadie phoned to tell me. She phoned me the following day to tell me I might need to return to Calgary to sign the death certificate. These were the first times we had talked in twenty-six years.

I keep moving.

Walk

Aunt	Aunt	Uncle	Uncle	Uncle
Sadie	Beverly	James	Donald	Brian

December 21, 2016

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I received a call from a niece who is now a cousin; her mother, Beverly, used to be my sister, but it turned out she was an aunt, died.

I feel numb.

Aunt	Uncle	Uncle	Uncle
Sadie	James	Donald	Brian

Walk

All I ever wanted was to belong. I have felt like an outsider since my mother's death, Rebekah, with the ghosts of unwanted shadowing my every step.

December 12, 2021

This is a horrible calendar date. My first mother, Rebekah, died on this date, as did my friend Jason D. And now, my sister, an aunt, Sadie, died.

I had been swallowed in depression ever since my niece, a cousin, called to tell me Sadie was dying. I called Sadie to give her my love, but she didn't want to talk.

I'm devastated.

Now she's gone.

Uncle Uncle Uncle
James Donald Brian

I'm crying today, once again.

All the girls are gone.

I don't know what that means. I'm fucking turning sixty-three and I can't seem to get past my past.

I don't know what that means.

I don't know how to process my family.

I don't think I ever belonged.

I was never part of it.

I wasn't the black sheep.

I was simply nothing.

How would that make you feel?

I must keep pressing on.

Why did I write this today?

I don't know. Maybe its part of avoiding the certainty of becoming homeless.

Sparkly?

Yes.

A DNA site found my first cousin and one of her uncles would be my father. We talked. And then the trail went dry. Maybe finding me was too much for her family to handle?

Lindsay?

Yes.

You are remarkable.

Will I be, okay?

You will be the best you can be.

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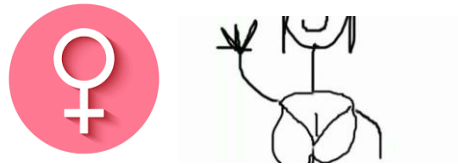
Grammarly Readability Score = 89.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

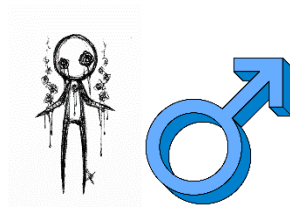


HELD YOUR HAIR HELD YOUR HAIR

I SAW



I AM



You were vomiting.

I grasped your flowing brunette locks → keeping it from the bowl.

Did you have a few too many?

What I did was heroic → I couldn't take my eyes of your rack.

Did you notice how speckled I am →

What?

→ athletic and tall?

Once you feel better, let's give it another try →

What?

→ drinks?

I SAW YOU → A MISSED CONNECTION
I SAW YOU → A MISSED CONNECTION



Happily, ever after!