

Southern Circuit Tour '09



A Special Etoonin' Incorporated Report
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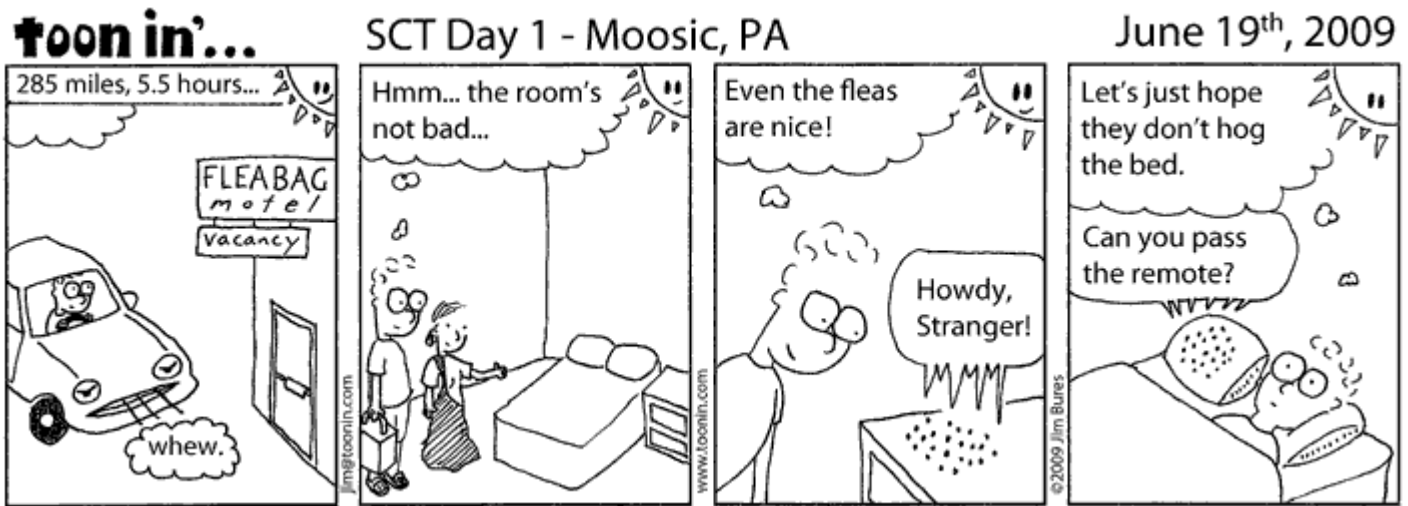
My latest adventure took me across 2,082 miles and 10 states in just 13 days. I bought 72 gallons of gasoline. I averaged 50 mph. I spend \$38/day. I visited 8 distinct people groups. I thought of 4 crazy plans. The Holy Spirit filled me twice.

The occasion for this trip was my Cousin Alex' wedding. He got married to Lauren in Laffin, PA. I don't really like weddings and I didn't really like this one, but it was my favorite cousin's wedding so I went. Here are some pictures:



It was a lavish affair. After the wedding I went down south to visit friends and family. I met college friend Liz and her fiancé Rick in DE. He is the sweetest man. While we were there he occupied himself folding her laundry. Then I drove to Granny's in MD. Initially in a foul mood, she calmed down to play Boggle, the family tradition. At age 93, Granny is losing her short term memory. This plagues me because I must repeat the story of my work life repeatedly. Each time it prompts Granny to ask, "Well, what are you going to do, Jimmy?" Then I drove to Richmond, VA for a Bible Study with my closest Christian advisor, Jeremy. It was simply awesome. We studied Hebrews 3, where many of my beliefs about life with God tied together. I felt intensely close to God and all present seemed swept up in the Holy Spirit. Ripples of the evening swept over me for the next two days. Time spent at Jeremy's was short, punctuated by the lack of proper air conditioning. However, Jeremy made some mean lasagna and tried to teach me all about birds. We saw a Tufted Titmouse. I drove to Charlottesville, VA to visit my paternal cousins Greg and Matt. Greg took me around town, where everyone knew him. He is very popular. We saw Matt, but he was pretty busy watching T.V. Greg runs a coffeeshop with some friends and Matt manages an Enterprise Rent-A-Car franchise. Matt looks like my brother, works like my brother, dresses like my brother and wears a similar watch. The next day I was off to Durham, NC. I stayed with Kim, my other closest Christian advisor, and her family of nine. Their house is big. My condo would fit into it eight times! They didn't use the A/C to full capacity either. Kevin Ginsberg's house had the best A/C. I visited him and cooked Chicken Parmesan. We went to Chick-fil-A for shakes. We played on drums. I posted on Facebook as his wife once. I determined Andrea likes me and it was great to see their boys. Back at the Welborn Ranch I made the family lasagna (it cost only \$3 per person), went to their Church, swam, and walked with Kim. It felt wonderful to escape the traps of my mind, which becomes an awful place when left to its own. What seemed like weeks ended as I drove back to MD. Granny and I ate at the Crab Shanty, our favorite. It amuses me that she eats the lemon wedges. She made me tons of ice cubes and packed a lunch for my drive back to MA. Ten hours later and I was home. My cat really missed me.

I had big plans to draw cartoons about my trip, a "working" vacation. It turned into a "real" vacation after just one cartoon. Thus ends my streak of 3 months of daily cartoons. I've never made it past 3 months. The comic below references some banter with a Facebook friend about staying at a "fleabag motel" for my cousin's wedding. It was an ultra cheap place, but a very nice one. The owners were very accommodating. It was a bit run down, but no fleas.



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And to the left is a picture of the motel. There were no phones in the rooms, so I had to borrow one. There were few people there. At one point I met another gentleman who complained of loneliness. He explained that he drove from Connecticut to meet a friend from Facebook. "So you know how that goes." he said. Every day I drove downtown to Scranton to a coffeeshop that had a free internet computer. Had to get my fix!

As mentioned, I had a lot of crazy ideas. These occurred right after I went to bed. My brain would light up in a flurry of energy. This symptom of bipolar disorder requires immediate activity. Most of my crazy ideas are just plain bad ideas. They focus on future events, ignoring the present reality. These ideas involve spending money and not making it. They are escapist ideas. One idea was to drive to Texas, and return through new states for me: OK, AR, KS, MO, KY and WV. Another involved a start up called "The 40 Guy Company" to employ all my underemployed, disenfranchised male friends. I figure we could pool our resources instead of working for the man. The business objective? Well, I could not stop thinking about that awesome name. I designed the perfect logo in my mind. Who knows what we'd do though.

The best crazy idea, which I'll attempt to pursue, is to sell my condo, give away my possessions and move to Wyoming for three months. I found the perfect reason: higher education! I just applied to Northwest College in Wyoming, with the best Graphic Design program in WY. Now I just need to sell my condo. I meet with the Realtor on Monday. I just can not control my bipolar impulses. The strength with which they possess me is incredible. The Glory of my life goes to God, because on my own I'd self-destruct. It is powerful giving myself over to Him and letting go any self control.

This Etoonin' sponsored by Hugh Oxnard. To donate, checks to: Jim Bures, 58 Spencer Road – 16K, Boxborough, MA 01719. Or online at: www.toonin.com. Fund a lifetime of Jim Bures! Thank you!!!