

Etoonin' Incorporated - All for the Lord

2018.02.25

Emergency Has Passed

XIX/149

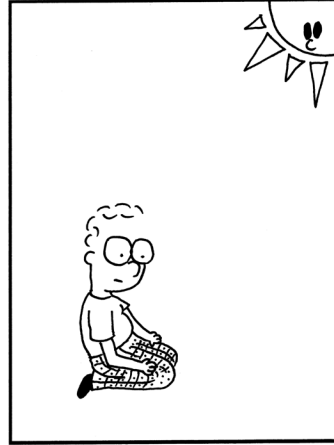
There was one day this week that I came home feeling exhausted. Not in a bad way, but very comfortable, slow and relaxed. I drew three cartoons that night, and talked to a friend for our Monday Night Phone Call. I told him that

I felt content, safe, and secure. He replied that this was his wish for me for a long time, and that I needed healing first. I greatly enjoy safety from the outside, and feel like a regular person who sometimes gets up and can relax before work.

toon in'...

Thankful

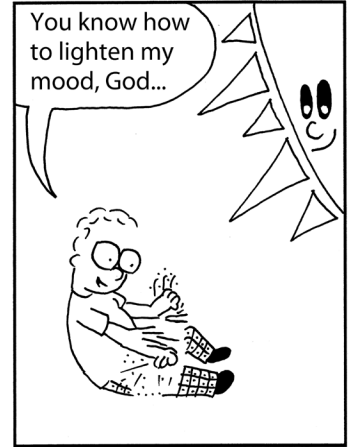
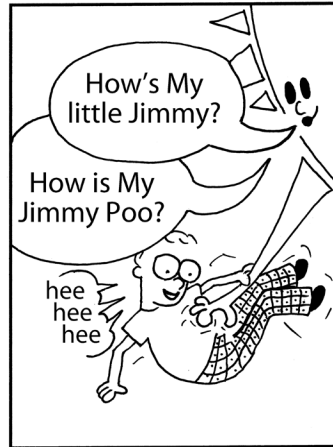
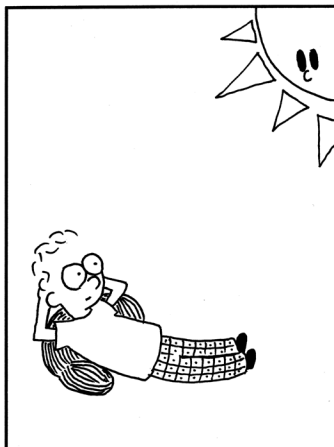
Feb. 19th, 2018



toon in'...

The Pensive Mood...

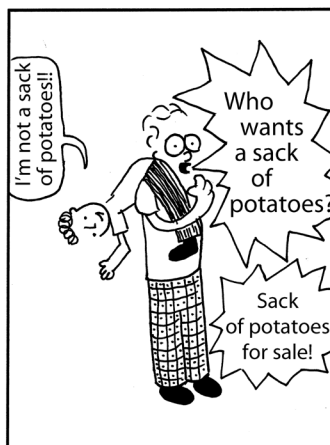
Feb. 19^{1/2}, 2018



toon in'...

About Bruno...

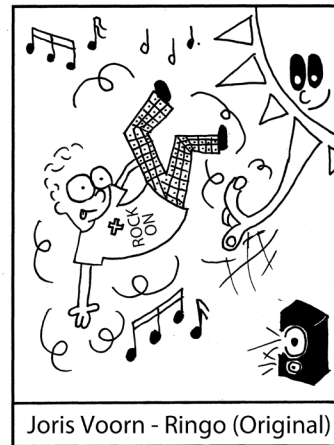
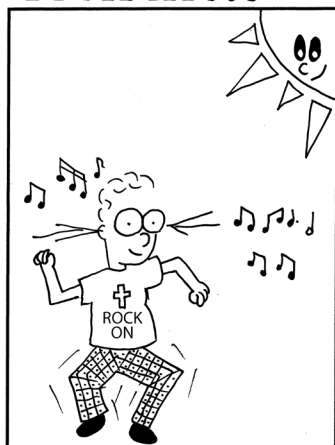
Feb. 19^{2/3}, 2018



toon in'...

Dancing with the Divine...

Feb. 20th, 2018

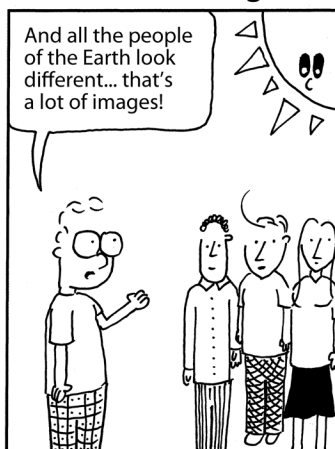
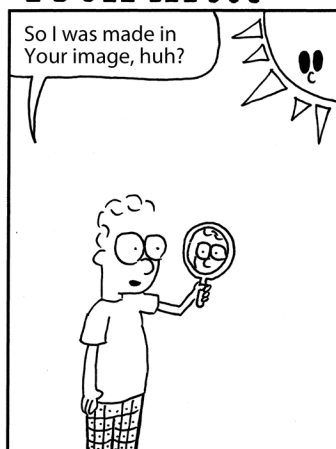


Joris Voorn - Ringo (Original)

toon in'...

TV Broadcasting

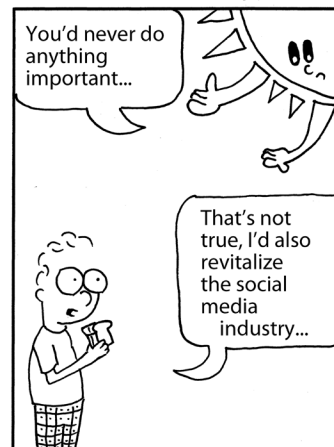
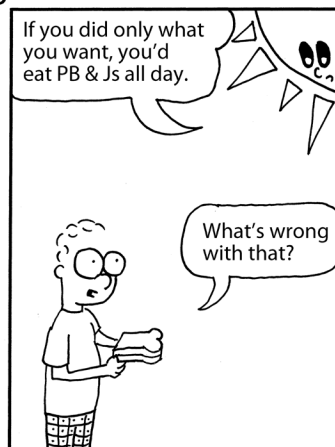
Feb. 24th, 2018



toon in'...

Something to Nothing

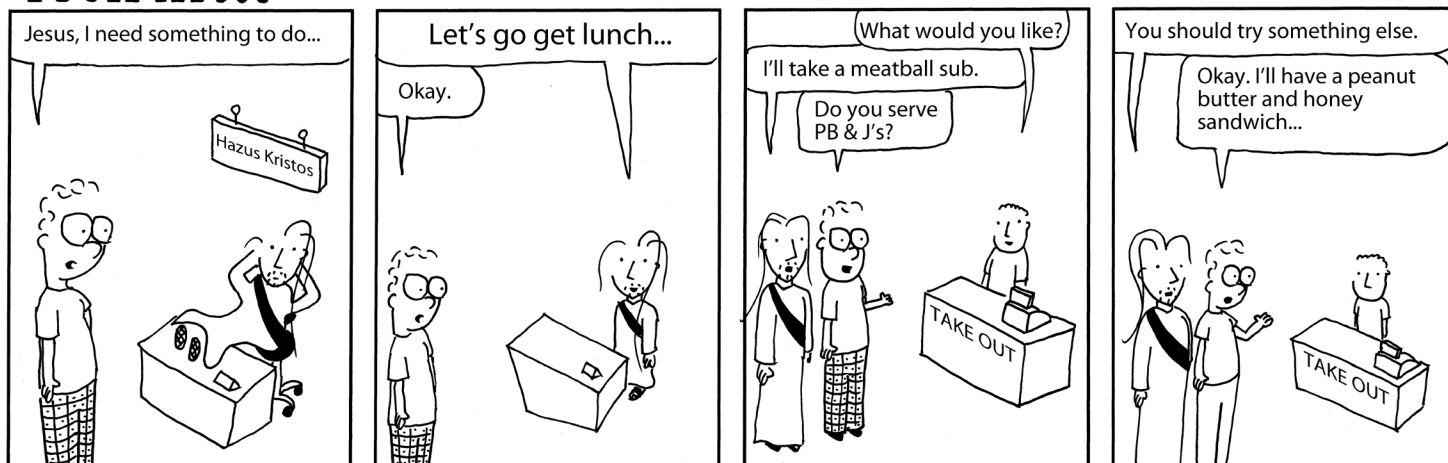
Feb. 24^{1/2}, 2018



toon in'...

Oh Jim...

Feb. 24^{2/3}, 2018

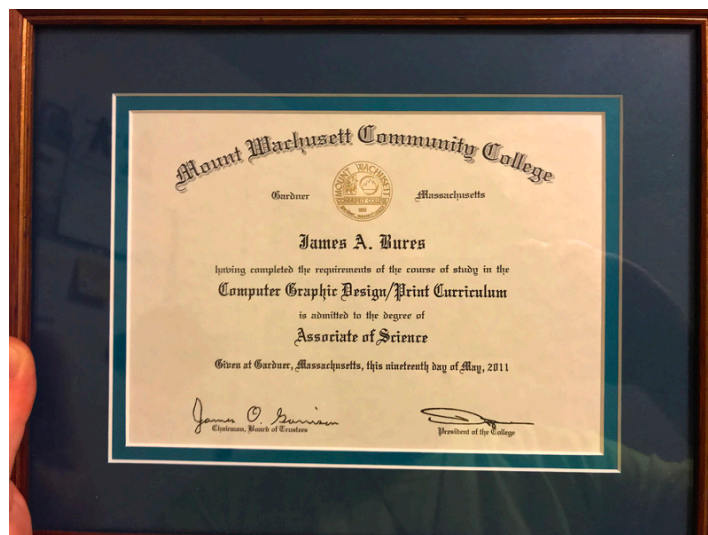


TUFTS + MWCC + TUFTS + MWCC + TUFTS



Bachelor of Science

Mechanical Engineering
Magna Cum Laude (3.40 GPA)
Tufts University College of Engineering
May 21, 1995



Associate of Science

Computer Graphic Design - Print
Highest Honors (3.84 GPA)
Mount Wachusett Community College
May 21, 2011

I attended W.P.I. Freshman year, but transferred to Tufts for their liberal arts programs and better social life (they had more women). I studied Psychology first, but returned to Engineering. It amazes me how God orchestrates life, for I had no idea how my choices affected my future. I met many friends I keep today and enjoyed the parties. I excelled at my studies. I worked for spending money; the #80 was my bus. I rowed crew. We took 2nd in New England's. I learned French and studied abroad in England. My education at Tufts cost \$100,000, provided by my loving parents. This led to an 11 year career and still opens doors for me today.

After abandoning my Engineering career, I enrolled in the Graphic Design Program (CGD) at MWCC. I enjoyed art more and the classes enhanced my Etooin'. I formed many loving relationships while struggling with mental illness. I dropped out after my first semester, but returned a year later. I lived in Gardner and walked to school. I enjoyed the surrounding nature. Times were tough, but looking back it was a favorite time of my life. This degree cost \$9,375, but meant more to me than my Tufts degree. That's the cost of a venti drink and breakfast for four years. I will always treasure the high quality art and photography I created while there.

Facing the Freak Showdown



The Tale of the Terrible Times of Two Thousand Twelve

My favorite part about creating Etooin' is the writing. Today I will put no limits on it, but I hope you read anyway. It is my time to talk about the subject I know best: myself.

I'll start with 2012, the worst year of my life. It started out exciting: with a road trip. I had a rental car paid by the insurance of a man who had cut me off. I just got paid my last paycheck by Target, where I worked a seasonal job. But upon return, I had about 36 cents left to my name.

My Church gave me money toward my living, but Pastor requested I ask for money only when really needed. At the same time, I started taking Financial Peace classes. The classes hit home. I realized how I'd been suckered into a bad mortgage, debt and other stupid financial problems. I could see myself in the videos. It made me cry. But I started living on my income only: \$2,000/month from disability. I stopped taking personal loans and focused on paying off current ones. I created budgets and they gave me peace. I'd be so anxious through it, but then I'd find that I could survive each month. I couldn't find a job. There was one month I had no more money and spent the last three days inside my apartment all day. I lived with a loser who forced his Dad to pay for him. I hated being in the house with him. He didn't work either. But his Dad gave me a really good deal: only \$300/month for rent. Utilities were minimal. Everything I owned fit into one bedroom, a closet, and a kitchen pantry. Roger sold the rest of my belongings.

On February 12th, 2012, I had a major breakdown that lasted three days. Just prior, I had some Graphic Design work, but got too angry doing it. It reminded me of all the depression I'd experienced at school. I gave up all my clients and started writing everyone emails to hate me. But Ken Schatte took me to karaoke at Chip Shots. I felt famous for the moment! I gave up on Graphic Design, and lost the ability to create good art. It stung, and hit close to home. I had done such excellent work at school.

After a few days, I found group therapy that really helped. I talked of my confusion about God, and how I had trouble wanting to honor Him. But they only let me stay one month before downgrading me into remedial therapy.

At one point I started volunteering at Tri Life Church. I did a Church ad: pitiful compared to what I was capable of. I had to use MS Publisher, a lousy, fake graphic design program. I went in just to talk to the receptionist about my problems. It was woefully inappropriate. I was so lonely without a job. I contacted the American Cancer Society to volunteer. Initially the PR guy seemed interested in my skills. But when I skipped our interview, he didn't reschedule. I told him what I thought, and got kicked out. I was collating papers for them. They kept me in a separate room from everyone else. I needed people so badly. I interviewed with Panera, but lost their interest when I said I was also looking for full-time graphic design work.

I owed my Mom money. She canceled the debt when I worked with Mario. I felt inept at every step. Steve came over and knew so well what to do using the screw gun. It was painful around my family. They'd all talk about buying houses like they were popcorn. I cried at every family meal. It was the only good meals I got. Since I was unemployed, I got my food from the Friendly House Food Pantry and Great Brook Valley's Food Pantry. I never got enough protein. The pantries gave out pasta, rice and canned vegetables. I mixed rice with vegetables right out of the can. Once I made Bill and Eugene Chicken Marsala using egg noodles and pasta sauce straight from the food pantry. I did the Walk for Hunger, and raised \$680. I was so mad: people would contribute \$50 to charity, but not to me. It was so hard. I walked for the food pantries I frequented.

My house mate was a jerk. One morning, when I opened my door, the first thing he said was that he hated his sister. No good morning, nothing. He'd use up her laundry detergent and never replace it. His cat terrorized mine, but he'd never discipline it. He'd get mad if I spritzed it with water, and talked to it like it understood English. He was addicted to an online D&D game. He occupied the whole living room with his game. At night, he'd leave his bedroom door open while sleeping. I couldn't escape him, since I didn't have a job either. He lived in a prison of depression that spilled onto me. Nobody could tell him to get a job. He was my enemy, but I was his only friend. I told him I hated him, but surprisingly, he returned with compliments. I couldn't afford another apartment, and my family wouldn't help either. My Mom said she wouldn't rescue me this time.

To get away, I went to Panera on Gold Star Blvd to drink four large cups of decaf iced coffee. They gave free refills. I'd sit and write the same old anxious prayers in a crummy notebook. Anxiety defined me. It was a buzzing in my brain that never stopped. I'd pull the covers over my head and try to sleep all day.

I started going to the Genesis Club, which helped the mentally ill find work. They were no help to me, though. It felt worse to be associated with people who could barely function. I interviewed for their easy jobs, but they wouldn't give them to me. They wanted me to work their pretend jobs at the club, like writing a newsletter. I'd walk there in the heat of the morning and sing hymns out loud.

During the summer, I'd walk to the baseball field and lie there all day to avoid my house mate. One day, I sang How Great Thou Art as two teens necked nearby. It was the sound track to their romance! I swam alone at Bell Pond

too. I could barely breathe. I felt like I'd drown. I'd call Chris van Leer at the end of the day and complain as I lay outside on the postage stamp sized back yard while the sun set.

One day, as I drove home, I stopped at a rest area on Route 2 and gave some gay guy a back massage. He kept talking about the bulge in his pants before I fled. I was so lonely.

I would complain relentlessly to Bill on the phone while lying on the grass at the QCC parking lot. I couldn't relate to anyone. I told the Tri Life Pastors how they stunk. I'd go hiking with the Worcester singles: one guy gave me part of a good sandwich and didn't understand why I was so thankful. I spent a lot of time with Nick, who talked too much. I volunteered at the Cross, in Barre, MA. I swore at myself until some woman noticed and took a walk with me. I'd complain to anyone, but no one could help. They'd tell me to read this passage or that passage, but it didn't help. I didn't read the Bible for a long time because of that.

I was still painfully anxious all the time. At night, I'd walk around my neighborhood, afraid to face the next day. I listened to a tiny mp3 player. The weather was cool.

One person who brought me peace was Reverend Clyde Talley, from Belmont AMZ Church. I'd meet with him about once a month. I remember feeling better after I'd spent an hour with him. He listened and cared. He was amazed at my Graphic Design. He was an optimist, and told me that people would recognize my talent. They never did. Don Lance and I would hike frequently. I stayed over his house before climbing Mt. Greylock. My friend Evan would write me emails almost daily, praying for me. Kevin Borst, who I barely knew, did the same. These little things helped, though I continued to suffer.

I felt completely worthless. I'd go to Weight Watchers and cry. One time I drew cartoons of the leader, who passed them around to try and find me work. I couldn't stop crying. I never went to that meeting again. I needed people desperately, but couldn't be with them. It was horrible.

I met a 50 year old man named Mike. He was stuck in a nursing home. It smelled so bad in there. I'd take him to Dunkin' Donuts since everyone else I knew was working. He refused to quit smoking even though he was dying of emphysema. He needed dialysis. I couldn't stand him; he couldn't help himself. I kept imagining that I'd end up like him. I memorized his elevator push button code. I tried to remain independent in these stupid little ways. Once my brother got out of my car and reached around to lock the

rear door. I wondered how he could think to do that, since he had power locks. Little things like that depressed me.

My brother wouldn't even give me money for gas when I drove an hour to visit. I'd drive over and eat a meal while they listened to me talk and cry. I'd play with his daughters too. This formed quite a bond. Sometimes we'd skip to the playground together. Once Amalia ran down the hall right into my arms. That made me cry. Everyone in my family gave me bags of food when I left. I hated their leftover food. This continued long after I needed them.

My car started to have problems. I asked for a bike at Church, and someone gave me a good one. I feared losing my car on top of it all. It broke once and needed a new starter. It was depressing. But, using only my high school shop knowledge, I fixed it. It was close: the oil filter blocked the starter from coming out. So I drove my bike to the auto store to get a new one. I remember needing to ride that bike. I still don't ride bikes today because of how that felt.

Finally, Dan Jorczak hired me for his moving company. Dan really changed my life. He paid \$20/hour. This enabled me to buy a plane ticket to Greg's wedding. I got drunk at the rehearsal dinner because I felt so awkward. I went to his wedding and reception; I felt like a nobody. I had the urge to run in front of a bus. Roger and I shared a car and stayed at Greg's. However, I saved \$350 for the car rental, tux, bachelor party, etc. I even returned with \$50 left over! I didn't use credit: a sign of the financial peace I cultivated. Reverend Talley had me testify before our Church that I saved and paid cash for that.

I thought things would never change. I volunteered at the Red Cross near me, but was left alone in a cubical. I still needed people so badly. I'd email Chris van Leer until he got sick of me. Finally, after walking into the store four times, I got a part-time job at Staples. I remember making my own decaf dunkin iced coffee at home to calm me on the ride to work. No one would train me because there were only enough computers for two people, and I was the third. It was so competitive for a minimum wage job. Connor would train me though. He was nice. Everyone was afraid of me because of my bumper stickers, which read, "Jesus is Lord... John 3:16" in big letters. Worcester residents would leave notes about satan on my car. Once, someone left a book about the devil on my hood. My house mate wanted to read it.

I was so nervous all the time. At some points, my mouth would be dry all day due to meds I took. The GM who hired

me enjoyed taunting me. He was so mean. He threatened to fire me because I called out a lot. Who wouldn't? The job stunk. I wasted all nine of my SSDI trial work periods working there. Finally I had to cut my hours back so I wouldn't make more than the \$1,000 max per month and get kicked off disability. I'd walk to Barnes & Noble every night for my break and cried while texting three of my friends. I hated every moment of life. It was the worst year.

Anyway, life is way better now. I almost can't understand the difference. I don't know why I was so miserable then and how come I am so blessed now. Certainly the financial peace had something to do with it. Even though my Mom refused to help me finance a new apartment, it worked out for good. The financial peace I developed stopped me from asking for money. My family saw how hard I was working, and this pleased them. My family relationships got better than ever before. If I had known this was possible, I would have prayed for it! One good thing about the Genesis Club was that I applied for housing. Four months later I was approved! I got low income housing at Lincoln Village, which was right across from the Staples. In December of 2012, I moved in: free from the house mate!

I won't recount 2013, probably the second worst year of my life. But through it life kept getting better. I worked at Staples until 2014. My new apartment was very nice. In one week, family furnished me with a living room set. I now owned two rooms of stuff! Two people hosted my birthdays there. I saved up and bought a car for \$1,200 cash. It needed \$300 worth of work, but lasted two years. It had a lot of rust, but always passed inspection. The A/C was ice cold.

People at Staples eventually started talking to me more. The assistant managers were nice. One taught me what a "Jesus hug" is. The GM eventually got fired. The plow man always offered to snowplow me out. I taught a young black girl how to swim. My next door neighbor watched my cat for me. I saved up for a trip to Phoenix in 2013. In April of 2014, I moved into the Christian Community at Three Antrim Road in Framingham (FHOP): one of my better decisions. Three of my house mates got married from there. In 2014, I found medicine that prevented depression. I got a succession of jobs that led to a year with OfficeTeam. In 2015, the MRC started paying for engineering courses. In 2016, I got two manufacturing jobs. In 2017, I landed two engineering jobs. I've been a Product Engineer for six months. I'm debt free. I'm taking an Electronic Music Production class in April: my dream come true. The Lord, abounding in love and faithfulness! Thank you for reading this far.