

Etoonin' Incorporated - All for the Lord

2018.06.17

The All Digital Etoonin'

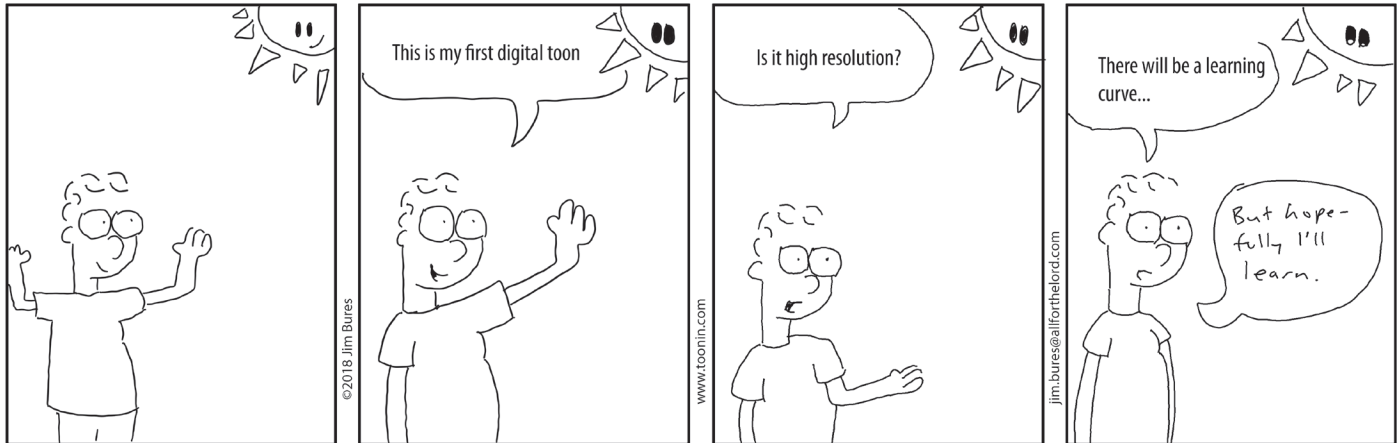
XIX/151

My new Dell Inspiron 7573 has an UHD touchscreen. Well, my new Dell is now 3 months old. I'm finally experimenting with it. I believe it'll lead to a paradigm shift in how I draw cartoons: without paper. This welcome change means no trips to Paperclips to scan cartoons. The labor of adding text is also

gone since I can add text in Paint 3D. Lines of different widths, color and the paint bucket lend themselves to more creative art. I can cut and paste art as well. There is so much to explore. One problem with the Dell is the screen flickers off / on. I don't lose what I was doing, but it's annoying. Any thoughts?

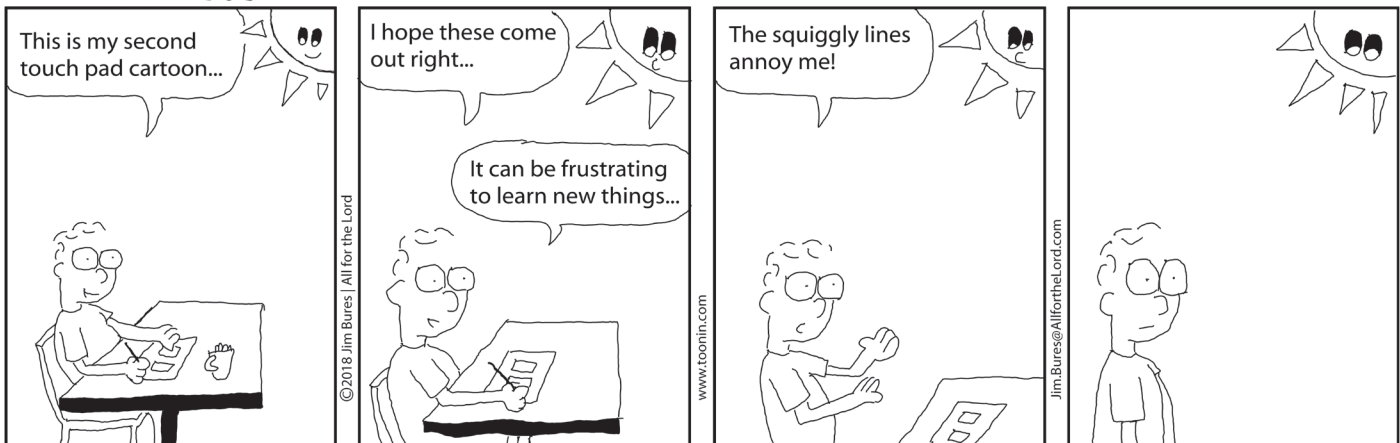
toon in'...

June 6th, 2018



toon in'...

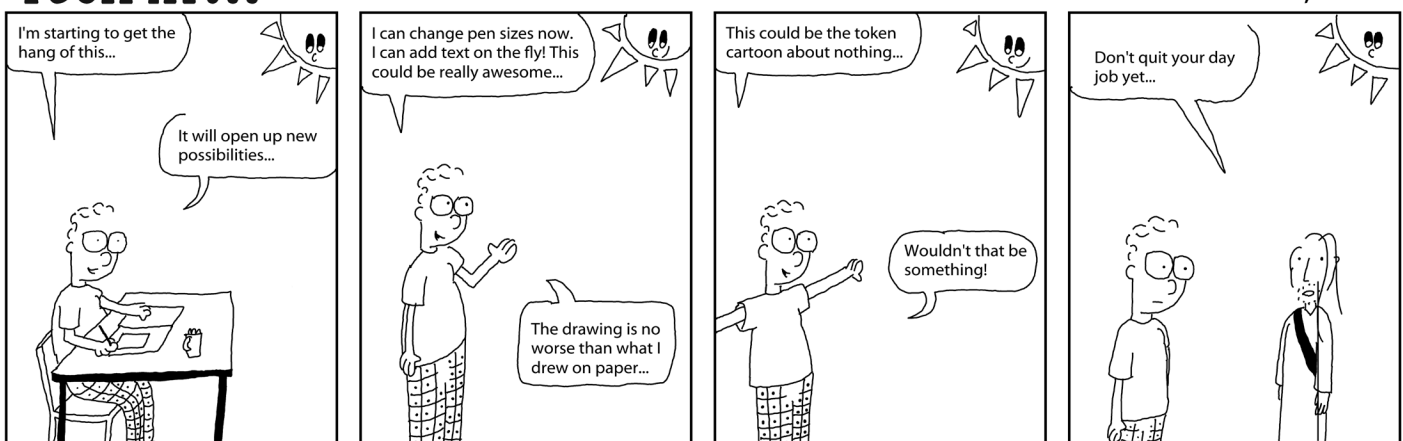
June 6^{1/2}, 2018



toon in'...

Best Foot Forward

June 16th, 2018



toon in'...toon in'...

OLD RASTER LOGO NEW VECTOR LOGO

I used skills I learned at Mt. Wachusett Community College to create an Adobe Illustrator version of my logo. This is a mathematical depiction of art that can be scaled large or small with no loss of image quality. It will be a great billboard someday.

I've finally realized my dream to make music. I took an Electronic Music Production Class at MMMMaven.com in Cambridge. I produced four songs. They are available at www.zedek.com. The 003 one is my favorite: I nailed it. When I finished, I hooted and hollered at God in praise. It was one of the most fulfilling things I've done. I'm proud.

I've been a Product Engineer at EndoEvolution for 10 months now. It's going great. My boss is wonderful and my coworkers are nice. The work is easy and I am valued. I work part-time right now, but it amply pays all the bills. I'm grateful.

Because of my income, I got off SSDI (Social Security Disability Income). Only 1% of the population on SSDI ever gets off it. It took ten years, lots of sorrow, lots of minimum wage jobs and lots of help. I'm off Section 8 too. I'm proud.



Thanks to all my donors, we raised \$1,710 for the Boston based Walk for Hunger. This supports food pantries and nutrition programs throughout Massachusetts. We also raised \$310 for the Boston Center for Pregnancy Choices, a non-profit that helps women choose life during unplanned pregnancies in a non-preachy way. Thank you for your support. Next, in September, I'll raise money for the Big Brothers Big Sisters of Central Mass / Metrowest. When I lived in Worcester, I realized a big problem in poorer communities is Fatherlessness. It'll help.

I moved into a new apartment with a friend named Roger, who moved up from Charlotte, NC. It's nice to have someone else around. This will save me \$4,500 / year too. He brought a cat named Mandy. He is also a believer. The light shines in the darkness, but the darkness has not understood it. Though one may be overpowered, two can defend themselves.





THE WHITE SUITED STRANGER

"Just write," she said.

The detective nodded, opening his note pad.

"Where were you going?" He asked.

"I remember the orange sun was streaming through the trees, reflecting off the windows of nearby buildings. I thought to myself, if I could only drive like this forever..."

"Where were you going?" He asked again, growing impatient.

"I was going where we all will, eventually, I guess. I just didn't realize how close I was to that final journey."

"Answer the question, Pearl!" He growled.

"I was going to the supermarket. I wanted some ripe peaches. They taste so sweet and I love their watery texture."

"What happened next?"

"Well, I turned my left blinker on. As I did so, the ground lurched up before me. The stop light twisted downward and the power lines tugged on the telephone poles. It was then I saw something I'd never seen before.

"I could see the nearby trees shaking and the ground swallowed a pedestrian in a brilliant white suit. Just as soon as it had, the

earth burped him out and the ground closed underneath as he flew through the air. It was like gravity reversed itself. The man held fast to the stop light, but, like trying to resist a magnet, he eventually let go and flew up in the air 60 feet. The wind whispered and moaned and took him off."

"What happened next?" The detective asked with a look of misbelief.

"Everything happened in reverse for the next ten minutes, except for me. My car started driving backward, away from the intersection. While the car was going in reverse, I looked around in panic. I couldn't slow the car. I couldn't hit the brakes. My foot tried, but the pedal was hard as stone. My car backed onto the interstate and I thought for sure another car would crush me. However, all the other cars were going in reverse too. I could see people spitting their coffee back in their cups instead of drinking from them.

"When I got to the interstate, cars drove backward past me and cut across lanes to get behind my car. It was so odd. I'd never seen anything like it."

"What happened after the ten minutes?" The detective asked.

"At that point my car backed up an on-ramp, turned sharply twice and arrived at the bank I had just left. My key turned in the ignition and the car stopped. My door opened and I saw the ATM door open too. I was too scared to move, but then a whirling wind

blew. It beckoned me into the ATM. I looked around furtively, but no one else was present.

"Finally I got out of the car and walked over. I noticed the ATM was spilling out \$20 bills one by one after another. I was shocked, but I'm no fool: I grabbed as much as I could and stashed it in my purse. I looked around again, but nobody noticed.

"Eventually the ATM stopped. I couldn't keep all the bills in my hands. I took as much as I could. I ran back to my car and jumped in. I turned the ignition and the engine rumbled back to life."

"Nobody saw you?" The detective asked.

"Nobody! Everyone else was in their own zone; they didn't look at me at all. It was like everyone was wearing headphones and couldn't hear or see what was going on. I drove the car back on the interstate, retracing my steps. By this time the sun was going down quickly. The sky was lit, but the ground was dark. Street lights flickered on. I drove to exit 20 and turned down the street. I wanted to see what happened to the man caught up in the wind. I wanted to be sure of what I saw.

"When I got there, the ground opened again and wind sucked papers and trash down into it. The ground shut up as it sucked in. The white suited man flew back out of the sky. At the final suck from the ground, he landed on the sidewalk, firmly on his feet.

"He just kept walking. I opened my door and jumped out. I ran to him. I wanted to see if he was alright, but he seemed unalarmed. I asked him what just happened. He just said, 'I think you were meant to have that,' and pointed to my bag. How could he have known about the money? I walked with him a little while, arguing. How did he know?

"It was then that he handed me a sealed envelope. He told me to put it in the nearest mailbox, but warned me not to open it. I went back to my car. The woman behind me was livid, leaning on her horn. I jumped in my car and took the left to make a U-turn. I drove home with his letter in my hand. I couldn't resist! I needed to know what it said.

"I got home and sat at my desk. I examined the letter; it was bright white with no visible markings. How could I mail it? I took a steak knife and curled it up the back flap and through the letter. I drew the knife through the envelope and pulled out a single, trifold page. It was bright white.

"I unfolded it and read the single sentence hand written in blue ink, 'You are the next winner of the Publishers Clearing House Sweepstakes.'

"I flipped the page only to see one hand written work in blue: 'Psyche.'"

"Lady, you are making this all up," the frustrated detective said. "You're wasting my time."

"No! I am not! I swear!"

"What happened next?"

"I noticed a musty smell and I thought of the cash stashed in my purse. Quickly I reached for my bag and opened it. I watched as very tiny moth-like bugs finished eating the bills. I shooed them away, but they just left bits and pieces behind as they evaporated into the air. The money was ruined. I guess that was the price for opening the letter. I couldn't believe all that happened."

"What do you want me to do about it?" The annoyed detective asked.

"I don't know. There must be some way you can get my money back! I want you to find that pedestrian and ask him what he meant. Maybe he has more money. I drove back to the ATM, but the door was firmly closed. I couldn't get in even with my bank card. The ATM inside remained lifeless. I can't believe that all that money is gone."

"What comes around goes around, Ma'am," he said. "Now that I've listened to your story, why don't you move along?"

"But please! You've got to help me!"

"Lady, the only help you need is in a psyche ward."

Pearl turned and left the police office, distraught. Her heart was pounding as she reviewed all that had happened. What did it all mean? "What would have happened if I had just mailed the letter?" She thought. Pearl went home to find the coiffed letter and the purse full of dust. It was dark now, but Pearl had to drive back to that infamous intersection, parallel parking her car. The street lamps illuminated the sidewalk the stranger had walked on. The stop lights were all in place, but there was a noticeable crack in the ground. She looked around for the mysterious man. Nothing. Seconds turned into minutes. Minutes turned into a half hour. She examined the grocery store parking lot minutely. Suddenly someone tapped her on the back: she jumped! Ready to run, she turned around. There was the man!

"I have what you wanted." He said.

"You've got the money?"

"I've got the peaches. Here you go: eat them at home."

And the Lord said, "Let there be cloudy weather."

They were in a brown bag. She tried to argue, but he turned her on her way. She drove home, sorrowfully. When she got home, she found a plate. Putting the peaches down, she chose one to chew. Her mouth chomped down but hit the pit. She looked closely at her bite: there was a gold core inside! "Thank you," she thought toward the man. He must have known she lost her husband and that her house was underwater. She determined to drive down to the intersection one more time to thank the mystery man. When she had parked, she looked around. Hundreds of men walked to and fro in brilliant white suits. She looked among them for the man, but all the men had the same nondescript faces. They walked all directions. Some crossed the crease in the cement walkway. The earth didn't rise up like it had before. She went up to one man and asked, "Are you the man to thank?" But he brushed past her without a word.

The night was silent even in the city. She wandered back to her car and drove off. The white coated men all watched her as she went. They turned wearing large grins. In a moment they were all gone. She looked in the rear view mirror, but saw nothing. She was grateful, and kept the story to herself. In the morning paper was a story about a strange earthquake that split the ground, but amazingly healed up the same as before. Scientist couldn't figure out what happened and only knew a man had gone missing.

Just as she finished reading the article: a knock on the door. There on the stoop was a handsome man with a bronze tan on his face. She just knew in her heart that he was the pedestrian she'd seen. He asked her to coffee, and said, "Try to understand, I'm a magic man." Even so, they started a courtship that led to the altar and kicked off a marriage better than her first. She tried to question him about how he flew through the air, but he didn't seem to remember a thing. He was a doctor in a psyche ward.

The End



Bruno, Ruben, Amalia, Giulia, Deacon, Roman, Mariela

There was a Father's BBQ at my brother's. My nephews love my bulky stone cross necklace and pretend it's a whistle. Amalia introduced me to her best friend and said, "This is my Uncle Jim. We call him 'Tio Diego.' He is a cartoonist and an illustrator and I want him to go pro because he used my letter in his cartoons."

You are special just as you are. This is the message of Mr. Rogers and this is the message of your Heavenly Father. Sometimes I find it hard to love myself. I have regrets and I have my present faults. I often think hard thoughts toward others. But I have to love myself with grace and forgiveness just as God does me. Being a child of God makes everything okay. Through Jesus, we get everything we lack. We receive peace when we love ourselves the way Jesus loves us. Things stop going wrong and He protects us. We also become better people when we relax in the Father's love. We can always return to our Heavenly Father when we find ourself lost. I can speak to how God has quieted my concerns over the years and brought me from scary places to special ones through hard work and the love of family and friends. May God bless you and all that you love. Using Christ as a springing board, voraciously make your deepest dreams come true.

Thank you for reading Etoonin'. I hope you enjoyed it. Please forward the email to others who might like it. You can sign up for Etoonin' at www.toonin.com. More to come: stayed tooned!

Love, Jim Bures

Make Etoonin' Great Again

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