

Etooinin' Incorporated - All for the Lord

2020.04.19

A Mourning for Morning

XXI/161

Only a moment from now to eternity...

toon in'...

Snow Day

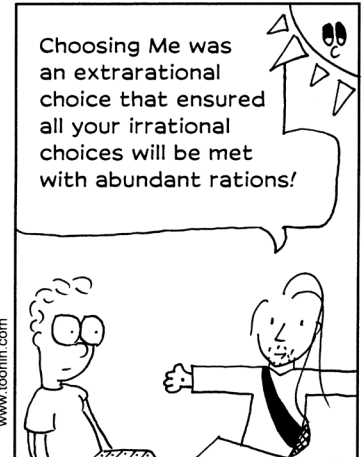
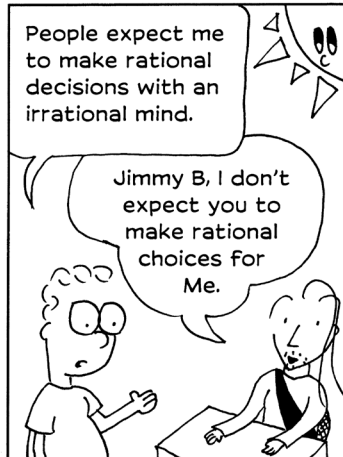
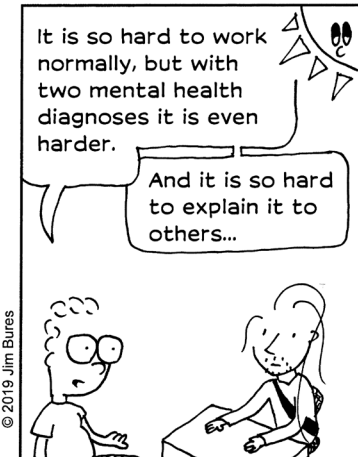
April 18th, 2020



toon in'...

God You Came... Down.

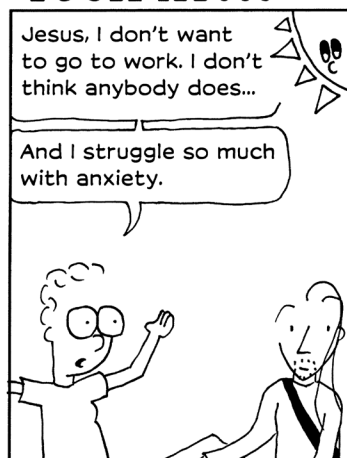
April 18^{1/2}, 2020



toon in'...

Ever Present

April 20th, 2020



toon in'...

Time Stand Still

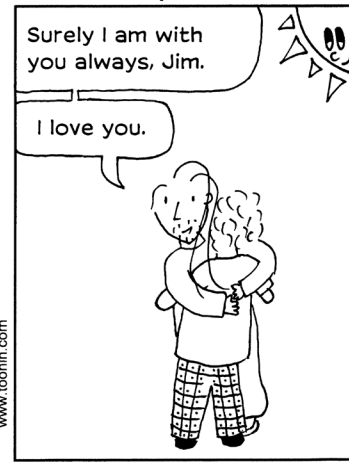
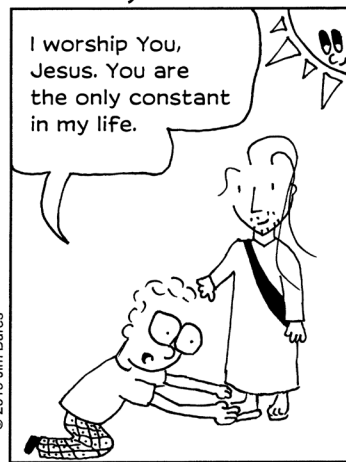
April 20^{1/2}, 2020



toon in'...

The only Solution

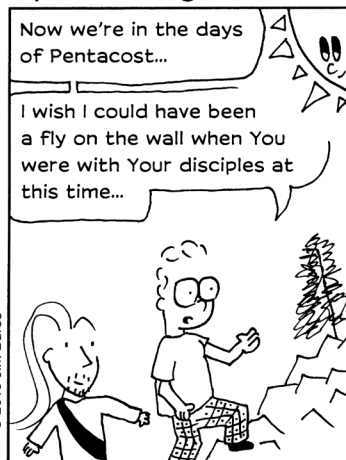
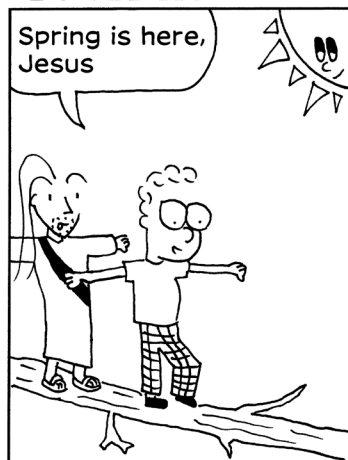
April 21st, 2020



toon in'...

Spare Change

April 21^{1/2}, 2020



For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven

~Ecclesiastes 3:1



In 2010, the Sanctus Real album, *Pieces of a Real Heart*, came out. This was my sound track to the year. I remember playing the song, Lead Me, for my girlfriend when we drove to Gap Mountain for a hike in the fall. I attended Mount Wachusett Community College and moved to Gardner, MA in August after declaring bankruptcy. It was hard, as I suffered depression frequently, but looking back, it was one of the most wonderful parts of my life. This was the year I traveled to Alaska for Summer Solstice. I saw the sun set at 11:30 PM and rise at 4:30 AM, with a continual dusk in between. When I returned to MA, I swam in the Sager's lake, fascinated by the evening sun. Ruth Terry brought me a home cooked meal, with three different color tomatoes, the night I moved. Three days later, I traveled to Denver, San Diego and Texas, my apartment a mess. I took digital photography at night with a friend from Hawaii. I went on walks around Gardner with Don Lance, who had been a Pastor. He listened to me complain about my woes, while patiently explaining how God was my Partner.

Memory is strange. Life was so hard, but I don't remember that. Now I look with fondness on that time. Youth is wasted on the young. I've had many good times since, but those times stand out the strongest to me. Memory is funny.

I still suffer from melancholy, but rarely from depression as severe. My finances are better and I have a good job. By all accounts, life is better, but something is missing. I think it is the fact that this life is not my home. I have a heavenly home where I'll never look back. Every day will be my best. I will be complete. Friends will remain friends, near or far. God will be present: no longer a mystery. I long for this day, though scared of death. I look forward to the Kingdom without end. This decaying earth is not my home. My heart aches for what I can't have here, to be made complete by God.

My job at Raytoonin' is a game changer for me. I had many of the best moments of my prior career at Raytoonin' (1999 to 2006). I had so many friends and would shoot the bull with them for hours. I'd share Etoonin' with them, drawing them into the cartoons. The pace of work was relaxed, which hasn't changed, but I'm older now. My friends at the time were ten years older. Now I am the one ten years older.

I just can't shake the nostalgic feelings. This pandemic isn't helping either. It is leaving me whacked out in ways I can't explain. I just can't wait for heaven, even with decades of life to go. Will these times be something I miss? What's the solution to time passing? Is this my mid-life crisis?

My only hope is our only hope: Jesus Christ. Somehow, He designed all this knowing how it would make us feel. He is our permanence. He is our rock, our greatest purveyor. Only through His life can we find permanence in our own. We are like the flowers in the field, here today and gone tomorrow. He holds us in His memory. He holds our legacy in His hands. In Him, we find our meaning and our being. I know He has told me over and over not to worry, but I still do. He is the only hope of a better way of living. And yet, He is ours. He gave Himself for us. He lives on for us. We are His greatest prize. You are a treasure in heaven's mind. Everything Jesus did, He did for you so you would live on forever. "May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace as you trust in Him, so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit." ~ Romans 15:13.

I wrote the 2010 part of this Etoonin' listening to the album *Pieces of a Real Heart* by Sanctus Real. The rest was formed by the self titled album *Matt Hammitt* by the former lead singer of Sanctus Real. This represents nostalgia to me. I return to work on 4/27 after a 6 week leave. Please pray for me.