

He led captives in his train and gave gifts to men.

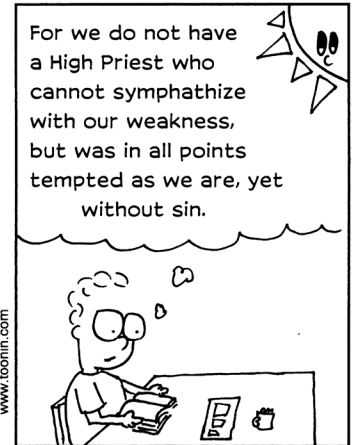
toon in'...



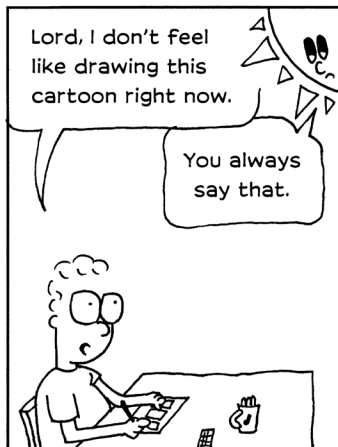
Stricken...



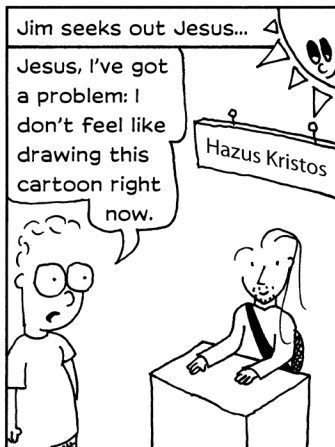
June 29th, 2020



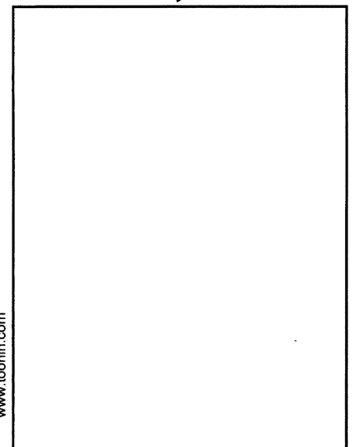
toon in'...



The Token Cartoon



July 14th, 2020



toon in'...



Singing to Jesus...



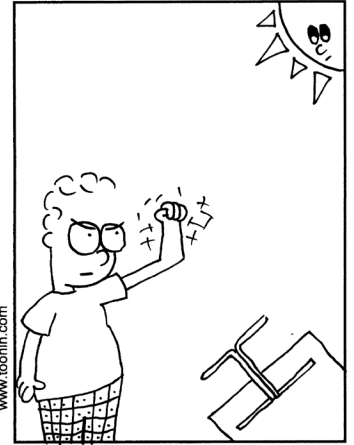
July 14^{1/2}, 2020



toon in'...

Natural Born God Hater

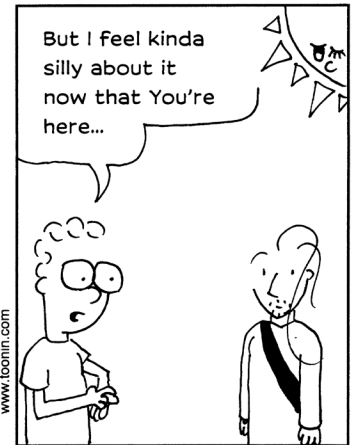
July 29th, 2020



toon in'...

Goin' down now...

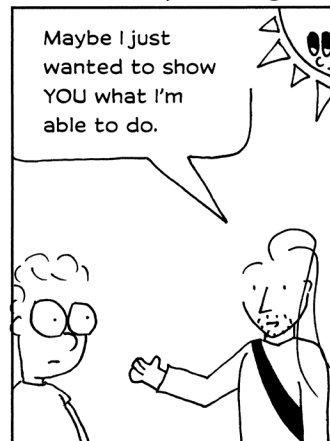
July 29^{1/2}, 2020



toon in'...

Cryin' won't help ya, prayer won't do you no good.

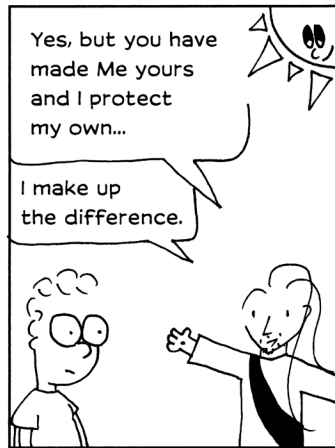
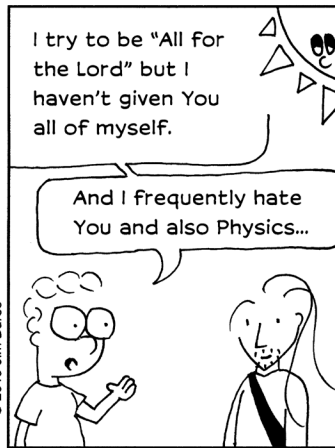
July 29^{2/3}, 2020



toon in'...

The Neverending Story...

July 29 ^{3/4}, 2020



toon in'...

Nobody likes a quitter...

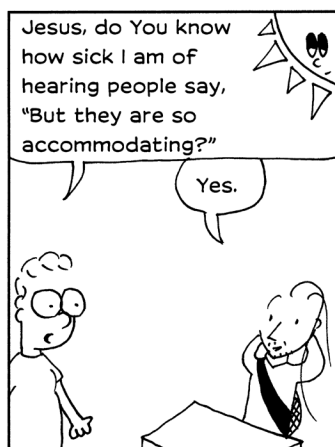
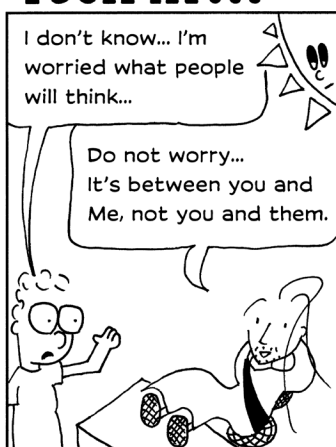
July 29 ^{4/5}, 2020



toon in'...

When the Jim Bures Breaks...

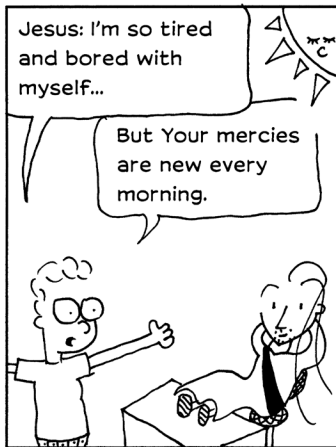
July 29 ^{5/6}, 2020



toon in'...

Great Gonzos...

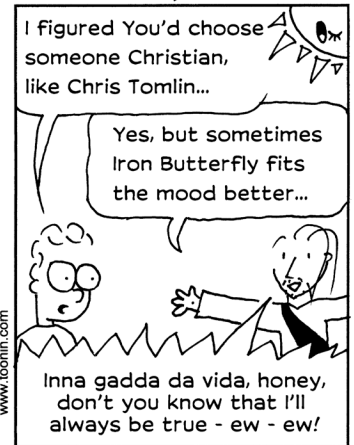
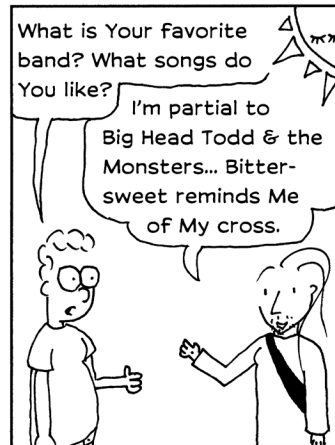
July 29^{6/7}, 2020



toon in'...

Me and my girl... we got a relationship.

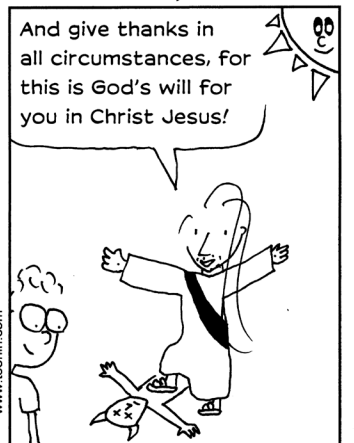
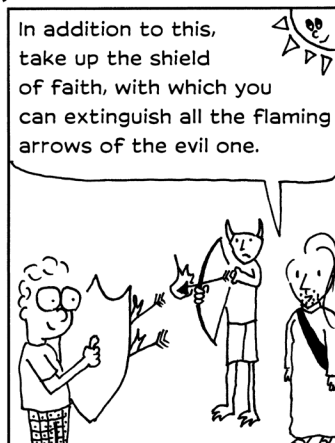
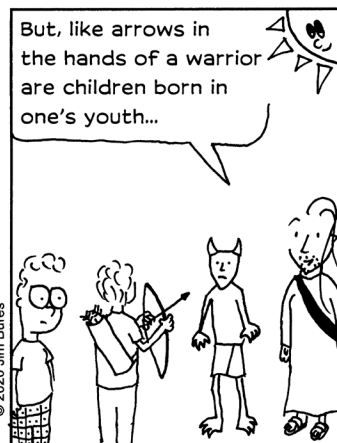
July 29^{7/8}, 2020



toon in'...

Go where the toon leads you...

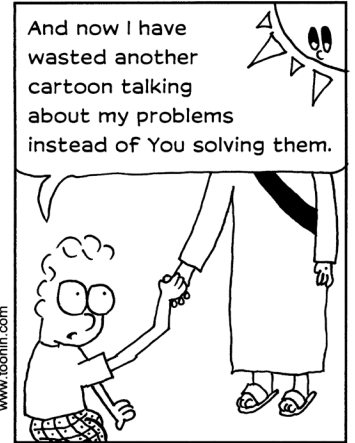
July 30th, 2020



toon in'...

Nobody checks themselves

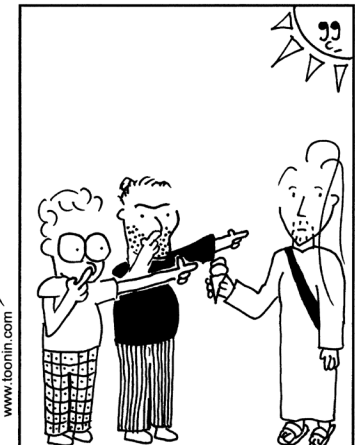
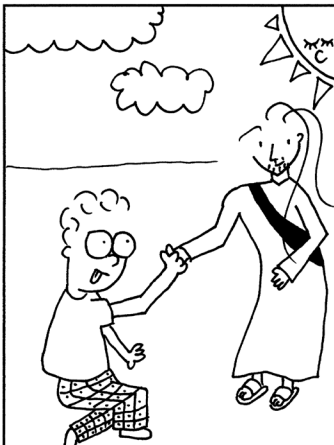
July 30^{1/2}, 2020



toon in'...

Hangin' with Jesus

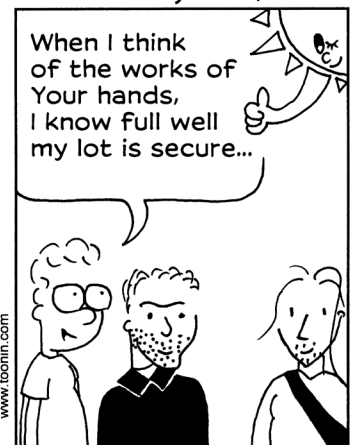
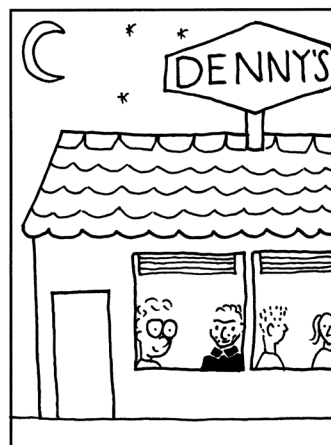
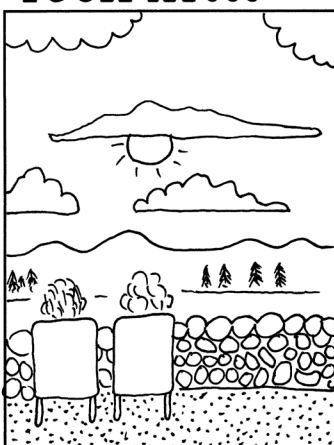
July 30^{2/3}, 2020



toon in'...

Epiphany Symphony

July 30^{3/4}, 2020



But blessed is the man who trusts in the LORD, whose confidence is in Him.

~Jeremiah 17:7 NIV 1984



Tiger Lilies



Magnolias

Relationships are the joy of my existence. Relationships are also the bane of my existence. As you have read in my cartoons, I am considering resigning from Raytoonin'. It is impossible to describe the nefarious emotions I have gone through during my tenure at Raytoonin' so far. I have now suffered through three medical leaves of six weeks long each due to anxiety and depression. Two were completely unpaid. I don't know what evidence you want to believe that I need relief, but I fear that most people just don't care.

While I can't say for sure, I think my family accepts my lot in life, and loves me the way I am. Said a different way, I don't think they care what I do for and about work. I wish that everybody else felt the same. I am a Church going man and sometimes the Church going community is the worst. I get the most grief from them. Believe me, I was proud that I got a job at Raytoonin'. That represented the pinnacle of my career and my return to engineering. It showed the power of God, who restored me from all I had lost after my suicide attempt of 2005. But it is people from Church who seem the most critical when I leave a job. They are always so quick to point out how accommodating my employer is, totally neglecting the fact that my last employer was accommodating too. And the one before that. And the one before that. Companies are accommodating because I have a legit disability. I wish that Church goers were as understanding as my employers!

I'm no model Christian. It would be foolishness to assert that I completely trust Jesus Christ with my life and my problems. However, the Bible points out time and time again that the believer should not trust in their wealth or their own resources, but trust in the LORD. Even my own Pastor suggested that quitting my job was a big mistake, as if he hadn't seen God get me job after job in the past.

Another thing most people forget is that most times I try to resign my job, I am unsuccessful. Often the supervisor will see I am reacting to a certain problem that, perhaps, can be solved with a little managerial skill. My last professional job I tried to quit twice, and both times my supervisor talked me out of it. It is amazing how a little well placed empathy works. When I feel appreciated and understood, I become more willing to endure the hardships I face. I am not trying to quit because I want to be a jerk, but because I am suffering.

I am upset with the way people react to my job woes. Don't you think this is hard for me? Don't you think this was a hard decision to make? Don't you realize I have exhausted all avenues of support? I see a psychiatrist, take medication, see therapists, talk with the company nurse, call the EAP counselor. I'm the one who goes without income when MetLife refuses to pay my legitimate disability claims. I'm not doing this to interrupt your precious little hope that this time, the job will stick. I'm doing this because I am suffering. I just cannot force myself to work with all the psychic pain. Don't you see that this is not a normal working condition?

People see that I resign a job, and they don't like it. They feel compelled to comment. But they rarely see all the pain and suffering I go through. People don't see the emails I send to my support group. Even people that know me very well still don't understand it all. It is beyond frustrating. It is very painful and it is wrong. It is wrong to worship the job I have and not love me for me. Stop it.

It is wrong to not see that my hopes and dreams are dashed, over and over again, by the fact that I have a mental illness. It is wrong to blame my illness on me. I didn't cause it. My decisions may seem irrational, but they are due to an illness.

Okay, you get the point. So, I haven't completely decided to resign. I am praying about it. I am going to send my supervisor this Etoonin' and see if that helps anything. It can't hurt. If I end up leaving Raytoonin', this is my plan: 1) go back on SSDI, 2) get a part-time job and 3) take a music class at Framingham State University (MUSC111 - Intro to

Electroacoustic Music Composition). I had planned to take this class while working at Raytoonin' part-time, but with my psychic pain, I don't know if I can do both. My goal in life is to compose electronic music. I just cannot ignore this goal any longer. Then I would look for another engineering position in 2021. I would likely need to retool in Solidworks.



On to better things. As you may or may not know, I keep track of all the jobs I've worked. Raytoonin' is Job #44 (and also Job #18). I am trying to get to 50 jobs by age 50 (we do things a little differently here at Etoonin'). However, I realized, in my tracking, that I forgot several jobs: three businesses I've owned. I count anything that earns money as a job. It would hurt my system to renumber these jobs in the correct chronological order, so I am tacking them on after Job #44. This puts me at 47 jobs at age 47! 47 is my favorite number because I was saved while living at 47 Rice Street.

The first was a gas grill assembly and repair business I ran in high school. My boss at the hardware store had me assemble the gas grills for customers. But eventually, there were so many that he'd refer people to me on my own time. Very profitable at \$40 per grill. I also repaired gas grills, which mostly entailed cleaning or replacing grill burners. I even took out an ad in the local paper! I was very proud of this business: I recorded all customer info in a little notebook.

The second I don't really consider a business, but I did earn money as a cartoonist for a little while. I drew custom cartoons for people, mostly friends. However, I had one unrelated client for two cartoons. I also sold Etoonin' with voluntary subscriptions. Another time, I took donations as sponsorships and would dedicate portions of cartoons and newsletter pages to donors. I once trademarked the Toon in' logo with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.

The third was another legit business: All for the Lord Graphic Design. I was horrible at running this business, but it did make a few hundred dollars. I wanted to honor God for standing by me while getting my Graphic Design degree,

so I named it, "All for the Lord." I designed some t-shirts, a quilt, and a few other things. For my best project, I designed a brochure for the New England Amputee Association. I charged \$200 and earned \$10 / hour on it. I used my own custom photography for it! It was awesome. I printed it at a local Clinton press. I remember taking phone calls from this client while hiking in Colorado. Unfortunately, I quit this business after a mental breakdown in February of 2012. If I had a do-over, I would've just gotten a job as a Graphic Designer instead of starting a business. Hindsight is 20/20.

I'd like to thank my dear friend, Peter Shenanigans (as Joe Lib calls him), for his help during this time of depression and uncertainty. He constantly reminds me of the difference I make to him. I recently helped him through the anniversary of his Dad's death by making him Chicken Parmesan and treating him to ice cream. We go to Denny's frequently and visited Fruitlands to see the sunset and the comet Neowise. When I think of friends like Peter, I remember I am valuable and loved despite my job woes and suffering. My housemate also helps a lot. He understands me better than anyone and knows exactly what I am going through. I am thankful for the seven people I email my dark thoughts too, though I don't think this is quite healthy. It beats Facebook. Relationships are one thing that go with us into the afterlife. These things define me more aptly than my profession. The things I really want to do don't pay, like cartoons and music. God is always here for me too, of course, though I rarely understand Him. The LORD, the LORD, the compassionate and gracious God, slow to anger, abounding in love and faithfulness, maintaining love to thousands, and forgiving wickedness, rebellion and sin. In Him I place my fractured trust. Thanks for reading. I hope it helped. Take care, Love, Jim Bures. #47.