

Etoonin' Incorporated - All for the Lord

2021.02.07

Navigating the Unknown

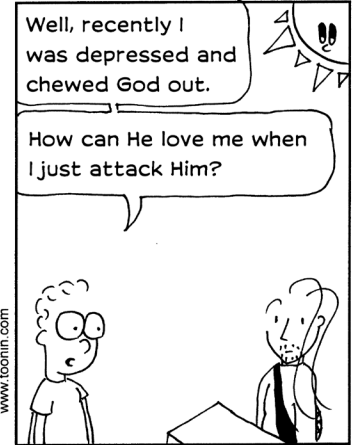
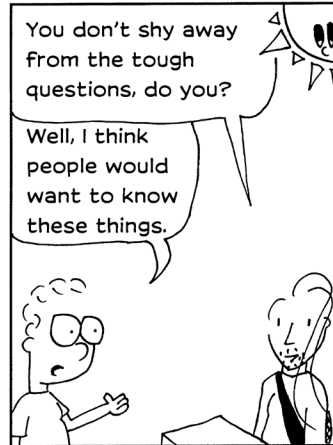
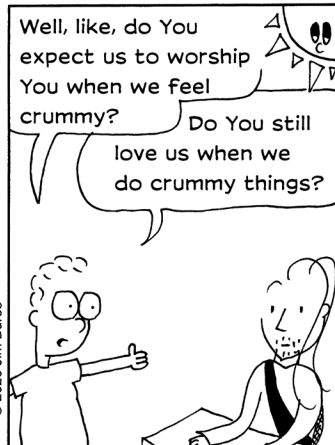
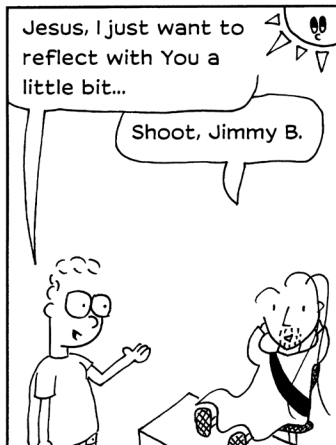
XXII/166

Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart,
as working for the Lord

toon in'...

If I told you my story...

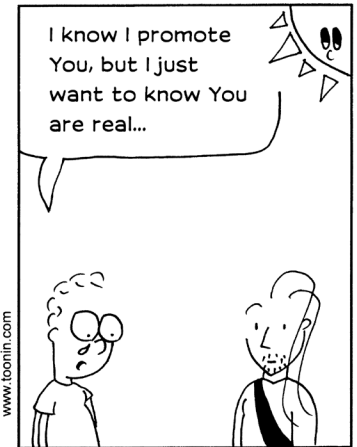
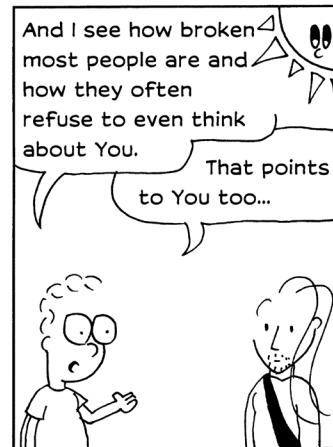
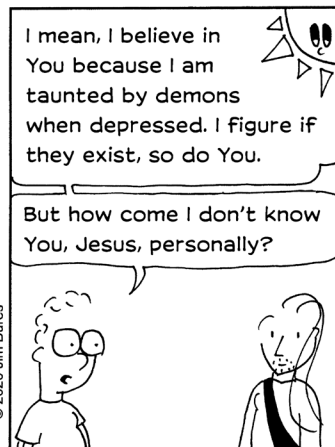
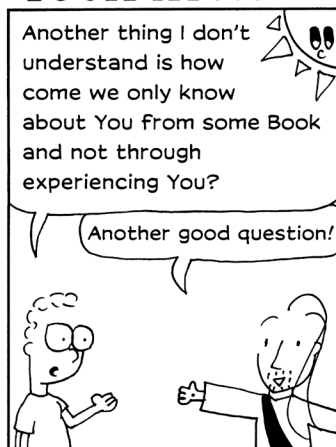
Jan. 21st, 2021



toon in'...

Being Real, Real E

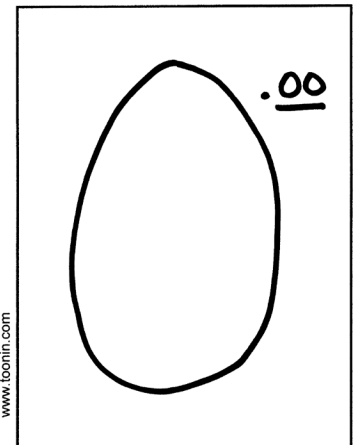
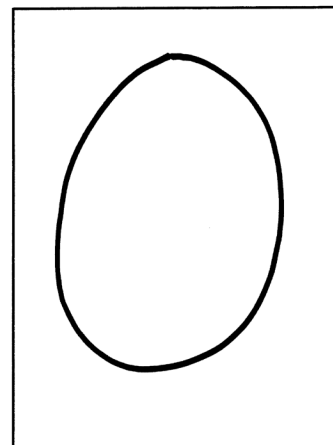
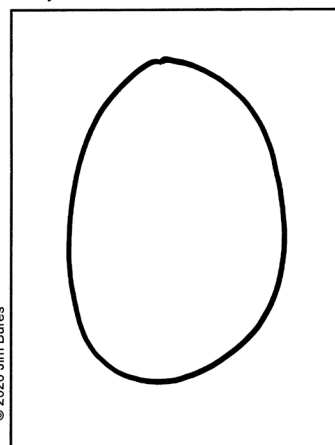
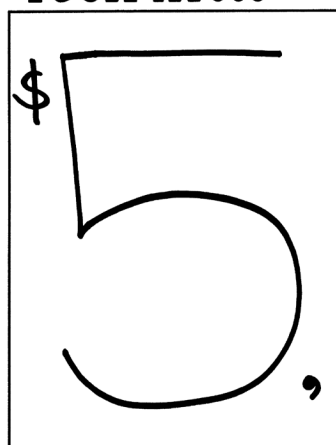
Jan. 21^{1/2}, 2021



toon in'...

My Dad sent me:

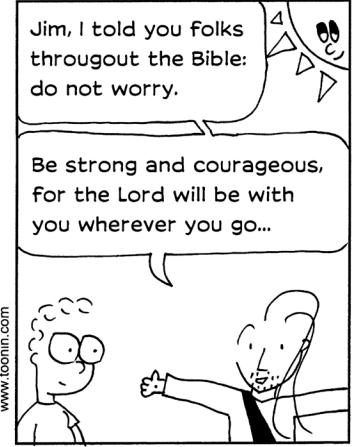
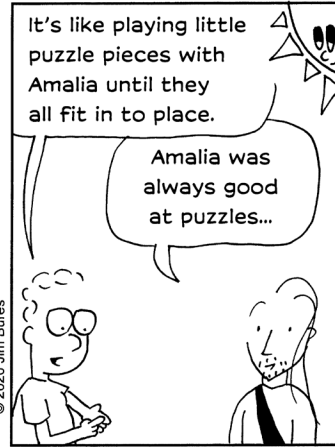
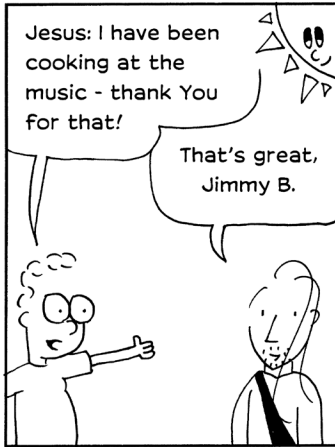
Jan. 23rd, 2021



toon in'...

Help me be a good Uncle...

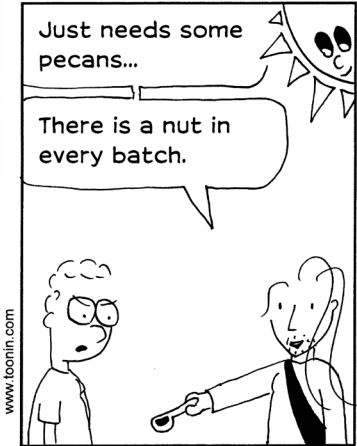
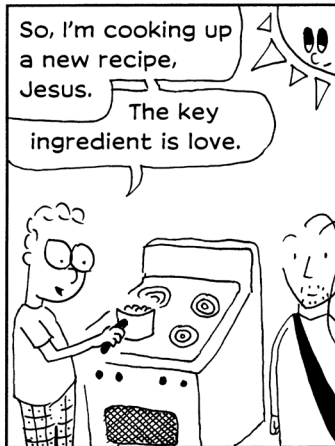
Feb. 3rd, 2021



toon in'...

Bliss Alive

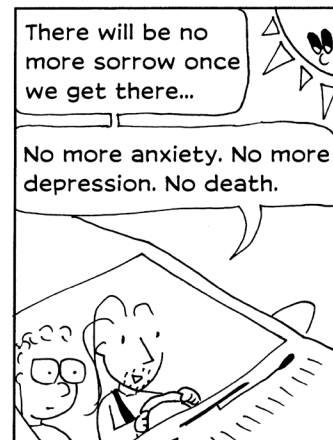
Feb. 3^{1/2}, 2021



toon in'...

16B Feat. Morel

Feb. 3^{2/3}, 2021



These are a shadow of the things that were to come;
the reality, however, is found in Christ.

The LORD will fight for you; you need only to be still.

~ Exodus 14:14



Some Q's have A's, some don't. The latter are the kinds of questions I asked Jesus in the beginning of this Etoonin'. I wish I had better answers for you, but I don't. God remains a mystery to me, as I am sure He does to you, too.

I am on Week 4 of my 12 week electronic music class at Berklee Online. The class, entitled Ableton Live Fundamentals, teaches me how to compose music using the DAW Ableton Live. This is a powerful program used for composing and performing music. I've produced my first song, available at www.zedek.com. I'm a Berklee student!

While taking this class, I've struggled with intense anxiety. I never know if I am actually going to do the class until I do it. I struggle with motivation. Part of my anxiety fears my future, too, for I have no long term game plan. I should receive SSDI benefits again, but don't know if I'll return to Raytoonin' or to some other career position. I'd like to, but I suffer. It is unrealistic to think music will become my living.

I have to give props to my lawyer, Corrie, from Rosenfeld & Rafik, P.C. She has won me over \$18,000 that MetLife denied paying me, all without going to court.

My Dad also sent me a check for \$5,000, even though we've got a rocky relationship. I could buy a used Fiat. They're cute.



Today is Super Bowl Sunday. I am feeling fine now, but felt somewhat depressed since Thursday night. It stinks to be depressed: I wouldn't wish it on an enemy. I have been sleeping a lot. MetLife also denied my claim, again. They are so frustrating. They wrote a list of all my depressive symptoms, but then refused to pay anyway. Grrr.

However, when I woke up today, I had music on my mind! I got started on my Week 4 homework (due today) right away! It was like a sign from God: He just had me do it. And you know what? It was fun! My assignment was to record in sounds, convert them to MIDI and use them as a sample. I recorded myself singing the refrain to How Great Thou Art. It worked perfectly. I was so pleased. And now it is done. I love when God directs, helps and motivates me to do things.

I noticed, once I was done, that satan started attacking with depression again: "You didn't really enjoy that." "God doesn't really love you." And other depressive thoughts. More than anything, I hate satan. If only I could hear Jesus so clearly.

Satan has really affected my life so profoundly. I often think it mars my witness, how I suffer. I try to proclaim that Jesus is real, and faith in Him is the Way. However, why would someone come to a God that allows their suffering? God powerfully asserted Himself into my music today, but what will next week look like? Nevertheless, I will praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. If I can remind myself, the good does outweigh the bad. And I am going to Heaven because of Him, so there is that. I wish I could give you hope as well. Satan does not have the final answer: he will be destroyed. If you put your faith in Jesus, you will go to Heaven too: no questions asked. There is no sin you have committed that is not atoned for by Jesus' death on the cross. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. May God bless you today: you and your household.

This part of Etoonin' is just for fun: non-essential Etoonin'...

I love to write about myself. I love to be read. Part of me believes that no one is really interested, but writing Etoonin' is my favorite part. I draw the cartoons so that Mindy will read Etoonin', but secretly, writing is my favorite part. I also kind of figure that, if I'm ever to become famous, the personal elocution of my words will have to stop. We'll see. Thankfully my readership is kinda small right now. Which reminds me, if you are reading this right now, take a moment to smash that like button! Just kidding. That is what Roman Balmakov says all the time on his Facts Matter videos.

So, I am working on this Berklee Online class that I mentioned. It is going pretty good so far. I don't know if I have explained my *modus operandi*, but sometimes I just kind of let God do things through me. It can get pretty hairy at times, but ultimately I believe that God has already decided what He is going to have me do, and that He can do those things through me. Basically, it is my way of just goofing off. I figure, if it is really important, God will have me do it. If you have ever read my Etoonin's from around 2009, you know how I am against worrying about things, like if I will get up for work if I don't set an alarm clock. I pretty much have one mode of operation. Some people have a work personality and a home personality. I can completely understand that, but I have only one personality. Fortunately, I am a pretty good person, so that one personality rarely gets me in trouble at work, but it is pretty much WYSIWYG with me. My main interest in work is to be around other people to talk to and relate with. While I do enjoy my work, my main goal with work is to just make a lot of friends. Unfortunately, COVID-19 eliminated this because we all work from home now. But that is my goal: to win friends and influence people.

Unfortunately, I can never get enough. At Raytoonin', people seem to stick to themselves, even though they could have fun talking to me. I think people hide in their cubicles. It is always walking a tightrope to determine who would really like to talk for a bit. I kind of come in and say a few things; see if I get a nibble. If the person doesn't seem interested, I'll walk out. Jesus said to let your peace return to you if you are not welcomed. Ha ha. Scotty used to be my favorite, because I could often get him talkin'. Jo was another one. She always seemed up for a 5 minute convo. And Kevin was good for some candy. I secretly think people don't like me because I am an overt Christian. I don't know why, but most people don't seem to like Christ. I think He is great. I'd love to talk

about him to pretty much everybody, but people don't seem to like Jesus, at least not up here in the Northeast. I find it so bizarre that Jesus is real, but nobody wants to talk about Him. That's gotta be frustrating as God. Nobody from my family wants to talk about Him either. It is so weird. Anyway, God is one of my favorite things to talk about, especially if there is unity, but if I have to talk about other things, I just try to find ways to incorporate love. Anyway, for some reason I think people dislike me because I represent Christ so openly. I'm not saying it is true, but it is how the demons make me feel.

Anyway, so I just kind of let things happen naturally. So far, so good, as I have done all my music homework. I won't call my music "the best" but I'm still an amateur. I guess I do have to force myself to do some things sometimes, but ultimately I like to leave it up to God. I have like no hope of making money with music, but it is the main thing I want to do. If I could determine what the purpose of my life is, it would be to make music. I have no idea what God's purpose for my life is, but if I had to define my own, it would be making music. The way I figure it, only God could make something of my life, because I am very lazy. So many prominent Christians seem to say, "Let go and let God," but what does that really mean, anyway? I think it means that God can get it done, no matter what I do about it.

Well, I've spend a whole page talkin', but haven't really said anything! This is why I say this part is: "Non-essential Etoonin'." If I had it my way, the whole thing would be non-essential, but I fear that will scare people off. I always feel I have to be somebody with my cartoons. I feel I have to say something. I used to write 23 page Etoonin's. I suspect very rarely did people read all that. I look back and think: "Geeze, I shouldn't have used so many different fonts." Graphic Design school taught me to only use two fonts in a publication. However, once I used seven and the professor didn't catch it. Do people really practice what they preach?

I tried so hard to get into Graphic Design, but it just didn't work. I threw it all way on February 12th of 2012, but couldn't get it back when I wanted it back. I tried until 2015, but the pay was very low and no one hired me. Now I work for Raytoonin' again. It is just amazing how God got me back here! I wish I cared more about it. I was mostly hoping I could hang out and have more friends, like before, but I don't know. Somehow this time around wasn't like that.

The man, the myth, the legend once commented about how my goals for work didn't even include the work! He heard me talk all about how I wanted to make friends and bless people, but not mention anything about doing the actual work. True. What can I say? I'm just not interested in that kind of thing. Building defensive weapons just isn't something I naturally care about. And what is the difference between defense and offense anyway? I'll bet they are one and the same.

Believe me, when I worked for Raytoonin' last time, I shared Etoonin' with coworkers then, too. I'll bet this Etoonin' wouldn't go over with MetLife too well if they bothered to look it up. Know how I make funny names for things? Maybe I'll call it "MetHate" because that is how they treat me.

Now at this point, I'll bet you're wondering: when is Jim going to come to the point. I'm wondering the exact same thing! Thank you so much if you have read this far. I can't tell you how much I want to be read. Someday I'd like to write a short story that gets turned into a movie.

I don't know: what is God's point to my life? If I just did everything only that I wanted to do, I'd be eating an awful lot of PBJs. Oh wait, I already do that. But really, in some way, doesn't God get to define what my life is about? Sure, there are the bumper guards, like "Love God" and "Love your neighbor." But what does God really want me to do? I have little to no idea, but I kind of assume that if He wants me to do it, I'll find myself doing it. Because who can really resist the will of God? Even unbelievers do his bidding, like my boss hiring me despite the fact that my website is a billboard for God. I figure, if Tim Tebow can make a living and still be about God, so can I. I'm no Tim Tebow, however. Tim Tebow has to put up with a lot. Like one time, when he was at bat, they showed pictures of him crying on the jumbotron. Now that ain't cool! He must have the will of steel. I'd be crying along with the jumbotron. I'm so darn sensitive.

By the way, if You'd like prayer for any reason, let me know. God answers my prayers. And I take your requests seriously.

I don't know. What is the point of life? Have you figured that out? I know, from the Westminster Catechism, that man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. The enjoy Him part I think I could deal with, but glorify God? No thank you! I'd rather write about me, as I have told you so much about. I don't know. If I glorify God, it has to be accidentally. I just keep running off at the mouth. What do you think the purpose of your life is? Do you think you will know when you have completed it? How did you decide?

Oh, and just so you know: on 2/11/2021, I'll be a Christian exactly half my life (8,755 days or just under 24 years). It will be a new moon that night. When God saved my life on 2/22/1997, it was a full moon. God's got a pretty good sense of humor. I also think it is amazing God even bothered with me, because of what I am like. I am pretty much fine right now, but I was a right jerk a lot of that time after God saved me. He saved me knowing I'd be dead set against Him.

Well, I've run out of things to say, so here's a picture:



ABLETON PUSH

I bought an Ableton Push 2: a premium MIDI controller that works with Ableton Live. It cost \$775. I hope I use that sucker! If I continue in music classes it is likely. Music classes cost \$1,497 each. This is why I fear my future, because on SSDI, I can't afford that. We'll see what God's will is. It feels like stepping out in faith to pursue my true goals. I remind myself that God said not to worry about food or clothing, as our Heavenly Father knows we need such things.

Well, thank you so much for reading this, if you did. Please mention the number 47 if you write me: that way I'll know you read it all. I never know if my words are a blessing or not.



Love,
Jim Bures