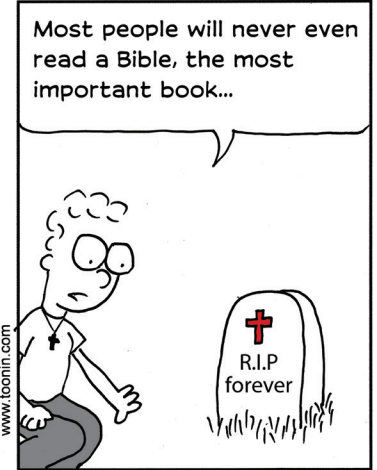


## toon in'...

### Signs of Life, part I

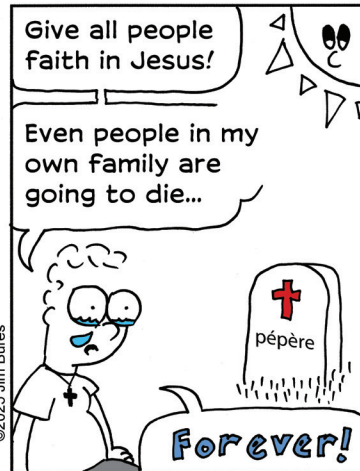
Aug. 24<sup>th</sup>, 2025



## toon in'...

### Signs of Life, part II

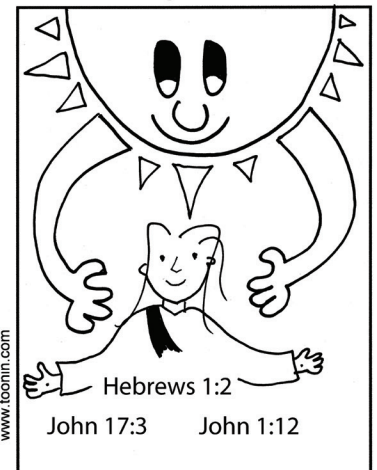
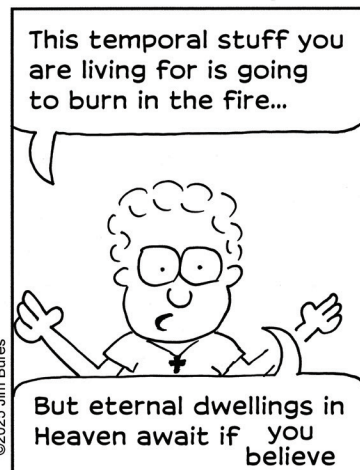
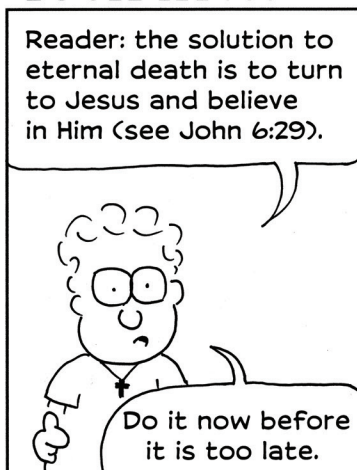
Aug. 24<sup>1/2</sup>, 2025



## toon in'...

### The Germinating Seed...

Aug. 24<sup>2/3</sup>, 2025





# The Gospel Message of the Bible...

And now in these final days, he has spoken to us through his Son. ~Hebrews 1:2 (NLT)

Now this is eternal life: that they know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom you have sent. ~John 17:3 (NIV)

But to all who did receive him, who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God, ~ John 1:12 (ESV)

---

Well, most of you who read Etoonin' are already Christian, so I do not need to repeat the Gospel message over and over. A week ago, I had so many verses swimming through my head and I was going to write about the Gospel and then share this Etoonin' with my family. But now, I have lost motivation to do that. The Gospel is: believe in Jesus Christ and you will have life.

Today I sent all my nieces and nephews a pocket NLT Bible and a Snoopy enamel pin, sharing my love of God and my love of cartoons. I hope these Bibles are well received. The Snoopy enamel pin cost more than the Bible! Below are some El Guapo photos of yours truly, Jim Bures. To the left: me at the National Cartoonist Society Reubens and right: after a job interview.

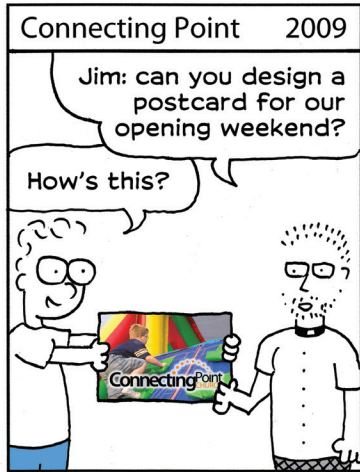




**toon in'...**

## The Mighty Pastor E !!!

September 7<sup>th</sup>, 2025



Marlborough, MA



Southborough, MA

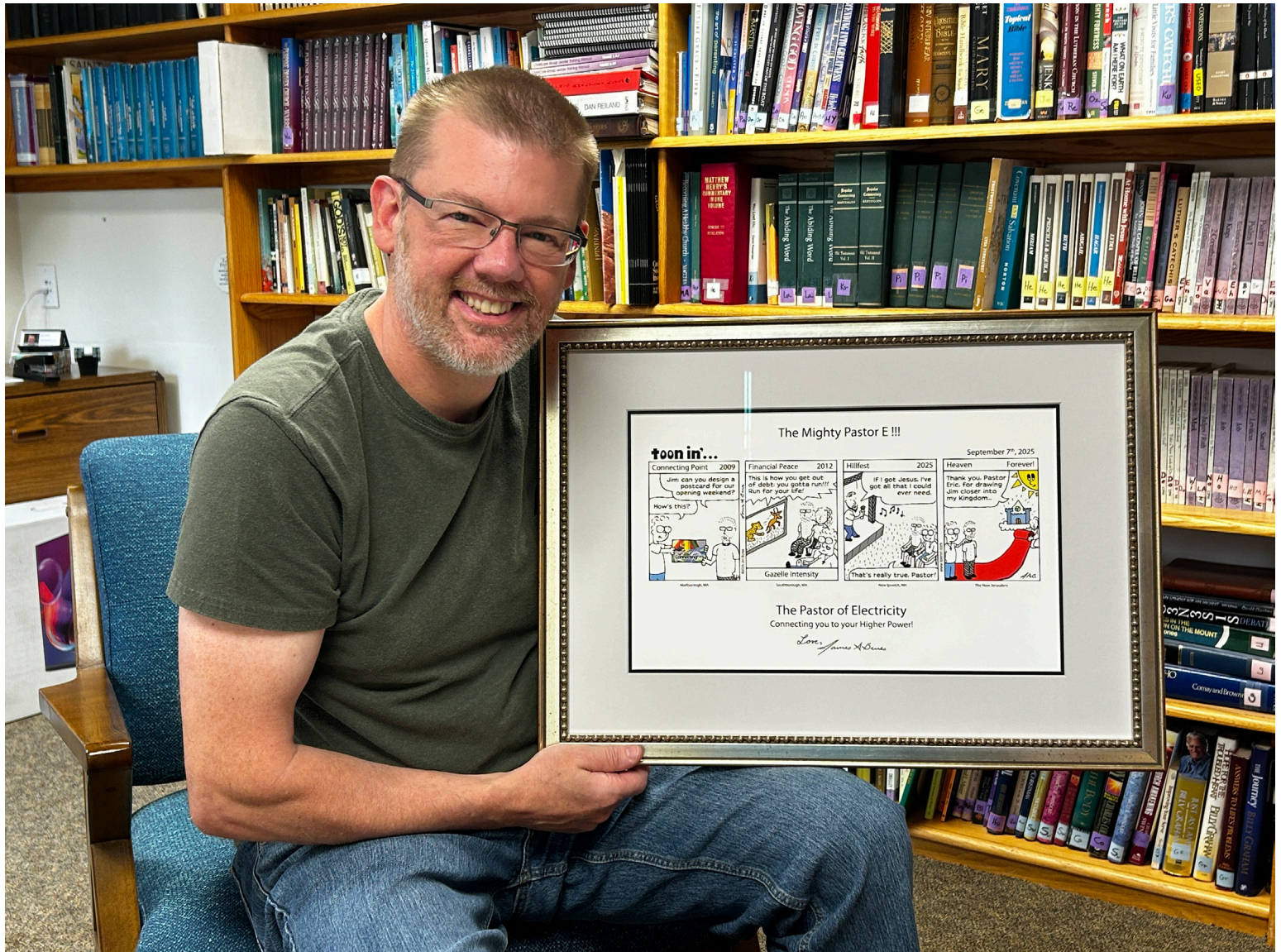


New Ipswich, NH



The New Jerusalem

**The Pastor of Electricity**  
Connecting you to your Higher Power!





I was in kind of a zany mood when I wrote my last Etoonin'. That is something I like about hypomania: it makes me really funny. Or, I think I am very funny anyway. It is nice to have something special or insightful to say, but I don't know. This time I am a bit more introspective. My Pastor is leaving Mt. Calvary — Sept. 7, 2025 is his last day. He is moving to Florida to plant 20 Churches in 10 years with the Florida-Georgia District of the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod. I am really struggling with this. I tend to get very nostalgic in the fall, mourning the passing of summer. I love fall, but perhaps the change of season reminds me of the unknown of starting a new school year as a child. Anyway, with God's help, I drew a commemorative cartoon of Pastor Eric, framed it, and presented it to him last Friday. He loved it! Every Pastor who leaves gets a custom cartoon. Pastor Knapp will serve us through the interim. Pastor Knapp was the last Pastor to leave, but we've drawn him out of retirement!

Someone asked for my forgiveness today. That is relatively rare that someone asks that of me. I left the Home Group several months ago for various reasons, probably the prime being that I suffer from a mental illness. It distorts the way I see things. Anyway, this person called and I explained the mental illness a little bit. Not many people really care to figure out what it is like for me, though some friends understand. It turns my mind against people over and over. You could also say satan is doing this, because he is. But I find that I try to be people's friend and then, after some period of time, I just cannot take it any more. I feel rejected and give up. I don't know why, but for the most part, I have to constantly reach out to people. They rarely think to contact me first. This might not be as much of a problem if I had a life and such, but because I am disabled I do not work and I have a lot of free time to brood. I had hoped to write some uplifting things this Etoonin', but oh well. This is all you get.

I have a neighbor that is smoking in our smoke free building. I have been complaining about it for five months, and still smoke gets into my apartment. Just last night, God gave me the idea to invite the suspect to dinner at Tiny's, a local diner. I figure we do not really know each other, maybe this will bring some humanity toward each other. Who knows if I will actually invite the person and who knows if they'd actually accept my offer.

I read 22 chapters of the Bible today. It really is such a blessing to read the Bible. I highly encourage you do it. Isaiah has some pretty famous verses in it. I guess the main gist of today's reading is that God was shepherding His people back to Israel after captivity in Babylon. It also spoke of how God would also extend salvation to the Gentiles, people that are not Jewish. He will also, somehow, give us hearts that really care for Him.

It is kind of weird to think about how God is real. I am a Christian, and I pretty much stay in Christian circles. We talk a lot about God, but do we really know Him? Do we live like He exists? I don't know why, but it seems very hard to know God. I feel like we kind of know about Him without really knowing Him. I am fortunate in that He has spoken to me a few times. That is always very nice when He talks to me. Once He told me that He sees all my sin and still loves me the same. Jackpot on that one!

Even after all the blessings of my life, I am still somewhat tempted to see Him as this harsh kind of God. I am sure I upset God more than I can imagine. I wish He would choose everyone.

I highly recommend all the videos I linked in the email, but especially the NO HEROES one. I love this video, because it lets me off the hook. Jesus let me off the hook. I do not have to be perfect, for His perfection covers me. He is the true Hero.

I don't really understand my purpose in life. I had thought my purpose was to make cartoons and make music, but now I've done both and I don't know what is next. I know, in a general way, our purposes are to love God with all our heart, mind, body and soul, and to love our neighbors as ourselves. But surely there must be something specific we should do? I have heard even people in their 70's talk about how they feel they still have a purpose to fulfill for God. I think of my precious friend, Paul, who wants to face death courageously and not with depression.

I just can't believe someone asked for my forgiveness. I, just last night, asked a younger woman for forgiveness. I remember I had asked her to marry me on social media. It was wildly inappropriate, and betrayed her trust. Anyway, when I mentioned this to her, she did not even remember it! Talk about good fortune for me. I always think everyone remembers these specific ways I sin against them. I apologized to a college girlfriend and she didn't seem to remember what I'd done either.

The cardinal sin, for me, is to be like my Father. My Father was very, very difficult in many, many ways. Unfortunately, I am a lot like him, and my mental illness can play out with the same sharp cutting bitterness that he had. I hate that I am so much like him.

But: I am not the hero, Jesus is. I don't even have to try to be the hero. I am forgiven, whether human people forgive me, or understand me at all. I guess it doesn't really matter. I looked at the photos of me I showed up above, and I hate how I look. I look like your standard, white, overweight, Protestant Church goer. I hate that, but I can't control it. I know that I could play a stereotypical role in a movie and this look would be fitting.

# **[www.AllfortheLord.com](http://www.AllfortheLord.com)**

©2025 Jim Bures - All for the Lord | Please like, forward and share | Subscribe to Etoonin' at [www.etooinin.com](http://www.etooinin.com)