

Etoonin' Incorporated - All for the Lord

2018.01.28

What the Heckfire?

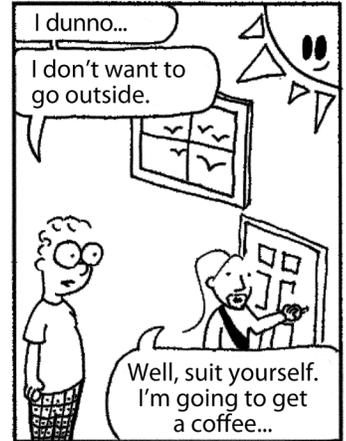
XIX/146

This issue explores deeper themes in terms of what is going on with the way God works. Ultimately, I can not figure it out, but I try to. Sometimes it is best to just sit back and let everything unfold. Right now we see the back of the tapestry, but in Heaven we will see the finished work. Now we know in part, but then we will know in full, just as we are fully known. These cartoons came quickly to me as I explored the things I think about. Drawing one or two even made me cry. Enjoy.

toon in'...

Mt. Zion

Jan. 14th, 2018



toon in'...

The Green Mountain...

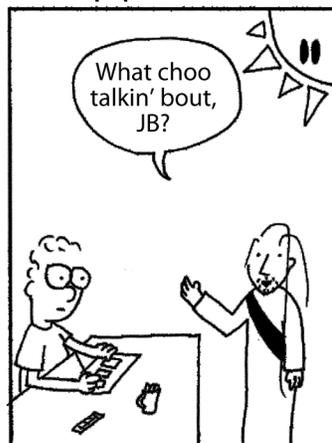
Jan. 14^{1/2}, 2018



toon in'...

Gallup poll...

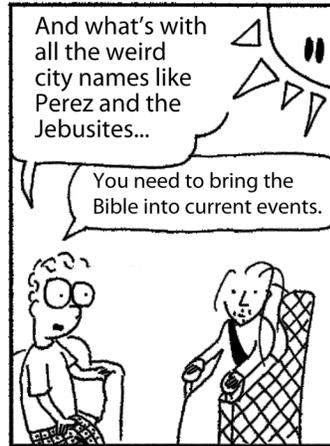
Jan. 22nd, 2018



toon in'...

Jedidiah & Company

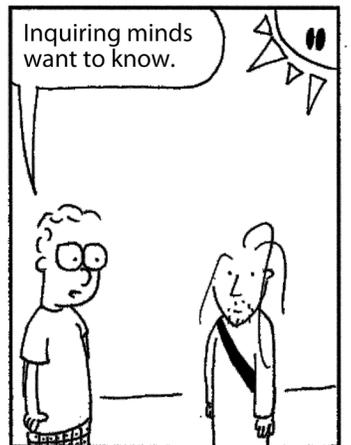
Jan. 22^{1/2}, 2018



toon in'...

Walks with Jesus...

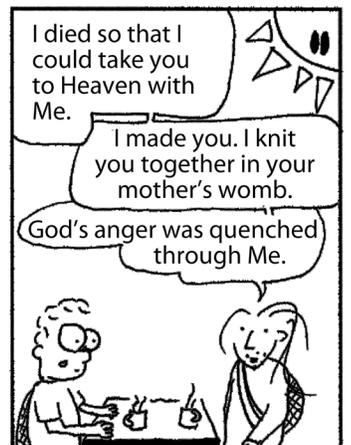
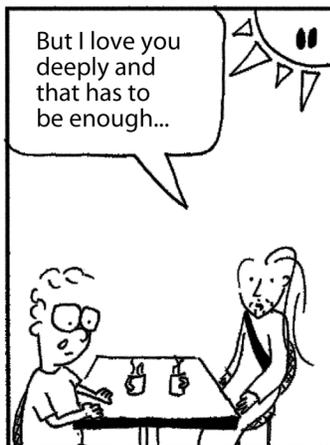
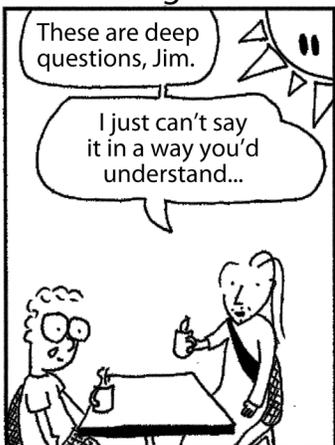
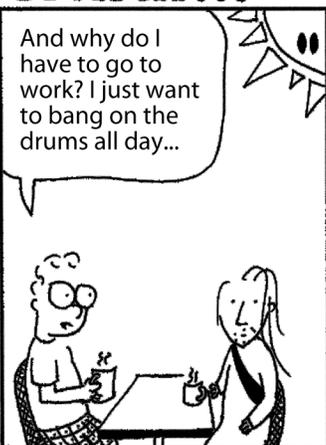
Jan. 22^{2/3}, 2018

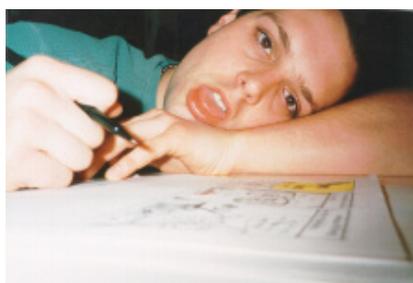
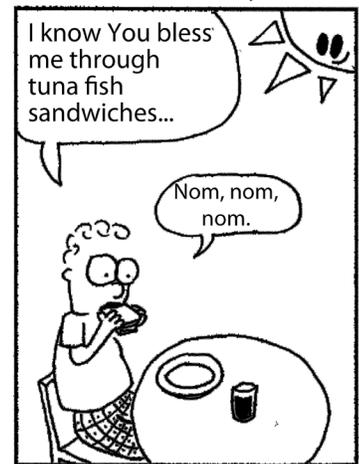


toon in'...

Wondering and Wonderment.

Jan. 22^{3/4}, 2018





I decided to write the story of how I became a Christian. It happened on Saturday, Feb. 22nd, 1997, with a full moon at night. I smoked five bowls of pot per day, and worked

late into the night on cartoons and other projects. I wrote in my journal around this time that I thought I was Jesus, which I didn't understand because I didn't believe in God.

On this particular day, it was very warm outside and the backyard turned to mud. I remember deciding to draw a cartoon without smoking pot. Then I went into our kitchen. I slammed a ruler down on the table and said to myself that this was my destiny. At some point, God started talking to me. At least, I thought it was God. I went out on the back porch and started smoking a spliff. I could hear God say not to do that, but I thought I'd earned it. Judith was there telling me about how her uncle died a violent death after falling off a cliff. It was scary, so I decided to stop smoking. Judith and I went for a walk. The sun was bright, and the trees looked iconic in a long row on the sidewalks. I wanted to hear a train, but couldn't find one. The clouds divided the sky in a long line in the middle. It looked just like train smoke to me. As Judith and I walked toward a little hill, she said, "This is what you wanted, isn't it?" Right then I thought that if we walked up that hill, I'd tell her exactly what I thought of her. So I decided to go back home. We stopped for ice tea, and then I started to feel really sick. I wanted to go home and sleep, since I stayed up so late. I found I could only shuffle along the sidewalk in a rolling motion. I lay down and tried to sleep, but every time I almost fell asleep, I woke in a panic.

I became convinced I was going to die, so I started praying like I never had before. The words of God, so I thought, were coming to me in cartoon bubbles in my mind. At some point, I thought I was dead and that when I opened my bedroom door, I'd see the Big Party in Heaven.

At night I called my parents to say goodbye. God told me to drive to Marblehead, and I told Him He'd have to carry me because I was sick. I kept the car very cold so I'd stay awake. My hands cramped up like rigor mortis. I drove up Route 2, which was nowhere near Marblehead. God told me to turn around, and when I did, the Universe swirled in my mind as I felt that history was unwinding in the exact reverse of how it had happened. When I got home and walked up my steps, I envisioned myself drawing cartoons forever in my dark bedroom. Later I knew this would have been my hell.

Eventually, I decided to call 911. The EMTs mocked me. At the hospital, I looked for the Eucharist, but couldn't find it. The next day I found myself in Cahill 4, the mental ward. I was talking to my roommate about what happened, and he ordered me to get the Bible, King James Version. I thought this Bible would talk about me, King James. I thought I was god. When my house mates visited me, I thought they were my disciples. The time of 3:00 and 9:00 really scared me for fifteen minutes. I'd block my ears and walk in a trance until it was sixteen past. My first meal that night was lamb, the Eucharist. Another roommate walked in after I ate and I started praying for fifteen minutes. When I was done, he said, "Now shut up" and left the room. It was all very scary and weird. I felt certain the devil was after me and wanted to kill me. I thought I'd be safe in the hospital, so I asked the staff for my red card, which would give me access to come and go anytime I wanted. God and the devil battled for me.

After one week I left the hospital and tried to return to work. I remember telling a secretary to pray that the devil dies. When I walked around the parking lot at lunch, I noticed everyone was wearing red or purple jackets, the colors of the liturgy. I took it as a sign that people were rooting for me. I was totally unable to work. I thought people were talking about me because I was god. One day when I returned home, there was a UPS note on my door saying, "Lynch on the back porch." I thought the devil was going to kill me, so I decided to go back to the hospital. I thought lots of things were signs just for me. Later I learned these were called Ideas of Reference. This time, back in the hospital, they put me on heavy drugs. Eventually this beat my manic mood. I stayed in the hospital another three weeks, and in that time I lost the ability to draw good cartoons. All the ideas were gone. I did draw some about my time on the ward. I had absolutely no idea what was going on.

When out of the hospital, I drove to my girlfriend's the night before April 1st. There was a huge snowstorm; the sky was purple. The next day there was about three feet of snow. I was determined to get to work, because I was slacking at work. But I couldn't get my car out of the parking lot. I took it that the April Fool's Day storm was just for me.

After a while, I started to get really depressed. The signs that made me think I was god disappeared. I longed for them. I wanted to be God, but wasn't. My girlfriend left me as I had lost my spark. I was the bad boy boyfriend, which enticed her before, but now I was lost and depressed. She left me in May. I went to the partial day program, but didn't get any more signs. I remember the last sign I got was in a group therapy session. The therapist led me to talk about certain things, I don't know what, and then another man in the room was shocked! He hadn't believe in God before, but saw me as god! I enjoyed that, but next session a week later, he said he'd only believe if it was repeatable. It was not.

I was very disappointed that I lost the ability to be god. I was confused, and didn't know what really happened. Even though those times were so scary in darkness, I had enjoyed the feeling that God paid attention to me. Now I was just depressed. I didn't understand, but reasoned that God wouldn't save my life for no reason. As time went on, I resigned my job. I couldn't function anymore, and I was only working two hours a day, trying to read a book on C++. I didn't know what I should do, but I switched companies and took another job where I worked



more. I was so confused by it all. In September, I moved to an apartment in Inman Square. Eventually I was laid off. During my three weeks of unemployment, I found myself walking to Carberry's Bakery and enjoying their Parmesan bread. On one particular night, I happened to be reading my King James Bible, but not

understanding it. A woman looked over and asked if I was a Christian, and I said, "I don't know." Her husband joined her, and the two of them invited me to their Church, Christ the King, right across from the bakery. The very next Sunday I went there. I remember being impressed that there was a rock band. I grew up Catholic with just organs in Church. At the part of the peace, where you shake hands, this woman's husband hugged me! I thought this was great compared to stodgy Catholic Churches.

Through this Church, I got involved in Bible Studies. It was there that I learned who Jesus was, and how He had died for my sins. I realized, finally, that I was not Jesus, because Jesus never sinned, whereas I did. I grew really scared at how close I had come to hell, and being eternally damned. That really scared me. I became quite self-righteous and told everyone in my family about this, but no one believed. No one believed my experience. It didn't make sense to them.

In that week between my hospitalizations, I went to a Catholic Church with my Dad. The homily happened to be on John 3:16, which states, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son so that all who believe in Him shall not perish, but have Eternal Life." The priest said this was why you see 3:16 signs during sporting events. At the time I had thought this was talking about me, but later I realized it was not. Since it was such a powerful moment for me, I recognized that the Bible must be true, because this verse had proven true to me. The depression I suffered lasted a year and a half. God always provided for me and gave me job after job. At the end of the depression, I realized I had learned a valuable skill in ProEngineer. I had these new friends I'd made at Carberry's and eventually I made more Christian friends, some who became friends for life.

It took me over eight years and a suicide attempt to really understand in my heart about Jesus and God. At that point I started reading the Bible and actually understanding it. But that, my friends, is a story for another day. Toon in'...

Main Stream Dream Team

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