

## Expectant Bending

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ONCE UPON A TIME <sup>1</sup> I became born-again. And as a born-again-er, I was told to expect a personal relationship with Jesus. I was even told that “Christianity is not a religion but a relationship.” For awhile, I would literally talk to the void before me. Sometimes openly, sometimes surreptitiously. Sometimes on my own, and sometimes with others. Always bending towards the light of expectancy for something relatable.

I was taught that the loud silence I heard was my fault. That I was weak and sinful. Or that my faith was still too small. Or that my rational mind too stiff. I needed to bend more. And so times of worship became mental bending sessions, hypnotically arching to locate that elusive voice of Jesus.

But that voice of Jesus never came, sadly. The bending was to no avail. And any relationship with Jesus remained ever simplex, one-way, never duplex. In other words, no real relationship. Real people and real animals are always duplex, never simplex. They’re straight up  $A$  to  $B$  to  $A$  to  $B$  and so on. So with real people and animals, there is opportunity for real relationship.

Once upon a later time, I became un-born-again. And now I stand up straight.

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<sup>1</sup>I declare this to be my own work, entirely. In particular, no AI was used in any research, analysis, synthesis, writing, nor typesetting of this work. In short, AI was not recruited at any time in this work. Errors and inaccuracies are therefore proudly my own.