

The Dopamine Disciple

Following Jesus with an ADHD mind

Simon Cornwill



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About the author

Simon Cornwill is a writer, pastoral voice, and emerging Christian teacher shaped as much by lived experience as by Scripture. His work is marked by honesty, gentleness, and a deep respect for the slow, faithful work of God in ordinary lives.

After walking away from the church for more than twenty years, Simon found himself drawn home again not through certainty or performance, but through grace. His return to faith has been quiet, reflective, and deeply personal. It has been shaped by prayer rediscovered, Scripture revisited with fresh eyes, and a renewed awareness of the Holy Spirit's patient presence. This journey back has informed both his writing and his calling, grounding them in humility rather than answers offered too quickly.

Earlier in life, Simon served in church leadership and youth ministry, including preaching and pastoral care. Today, he senses a call to ministry again, but in a different form. His focus is no longer on platforms or crowds, but on community, one-on-one conversations, small groups, and digital spaces where people feel safe to question, heal, and grow. Through writing and online ministry, he seeks to create room for faith that holds doubt, transformation that takes time, and spirituality that is sustainable rather than performative.

In addition to his writing, Simon shares short pastoral reflections and devotionals through digital platforms, offering steady, Scripture-shaped encouragement to those navigating faith in a complex world. His voice resonates with readers who are wary of noise but hungry for depth, who long for God without needing to pretend.

Simon lives in Australia and continues to write, pray, and serve from the conviction that God is faithful in the long work of transformation, and that no one is ever too far gone to be gently found again.

Contents

I Thought It Was Just Me	7
The Day the Fire Came	16
The Crash After the Fire	22
The Cycle	28
The Lie We Were Taught	37
The Dopamine Brain	44
Wired For Intensity	51
Why Quiet Time Feels Impossible	57
Autism, Sensitivity, and Overload	64
Following Jesus, Not a System	70
Interest Is Not the Enemy	76
Short Bursts, Real Connection	83
Movement-Based Faith	90
Speaking it Out Loud	96
When You Feel Nothing	101
Breaking the Guilt Cycle	106
Rhythms, Not Routines	113
The Power of Small Faithfulness	120
Community That Understands	126
Your Fire Has a Purpose	132
The Dopamine Disciple	138

I Thought It Was Just Me

Some days I feel like I could change my life in a single moment. There is a clarity that settles in, a kind of internal alignment where my thoughts, emotions, and intentions all seem to move in the same direction. Energy is not something I have to chase in those moments, it is simply there, steady and available. Everything feels within reach, not because circumstances have changed, but because my capacity to engage with them has shifted. It feels like standing on the edge of something new, something open, something full of possibility, and for a brief time, I am completely convinced that I can step into it without hesitation.

And then there are other days where I cannot even open my Bible.

It is not a lack of desire that stops me. That is what makes it so difficult to understand. The intention is still there, the awareness is still there, and even the longing is still present. I can pick the Bible up, hold it in my hands, and fully intend to read it. But something happens internally that is hard to explain. My attention begins to drift before I can anchor it. My thoughts move elsewhere without warning. What felt alive and deeply personal the day before suddenly feels distant, almost inaccessible. It is like trying to connect to something that has not disappeared, but has moved just out of reach.

For a long time, I did not know what to do with that contrast, because it felt like two completely different versions of myself were trying to live in the same space.

The day before, I was on fire, and I do not use that phrase lightly. This was not manufactured emotion or surface-level enthusiasm. It was not something I could switch on for the sake of appearance. It was something deeper, something that felt rooted and real. Scripture did not just read like words on a page in those moments, it felt alive, active, and personal. Passages I had seen before carried a different kind of weight, as if they were meeting me exactly where I was. There was a sense of being seen and known, of being understood without having to explain myself.

Prayer in those moments was not something I had to discipline myself into. It was not structured or forced. It flowed naturally, almost as if it was already happening and I was simply stepping into it. Words came easily, but even beyond words, there was a quiet awareness of presence. I did not feel like I was reaching out into silence. I felt like I was responding to something already there.

In those spaces, I was completely engaged. I could read for hours without distraction. I could write with clarity and depth. Ideas connected in ways that felt meaningful and cohesive. There was a strong sense, almost an internal knowing, that this was what I was made for. It did not feel like effort. It felt like alignment. It felt like I had stepped into something that was always there, waiting for me to meet it.

And then, without warning, it would be gone.

There was no gradual fading, no signal that things were shifting. It was not something I could anticipate or prepare for. One day it was present and real, and the next day it felt like I was standing outside of it, looking in. What remained in its absence was confusion, and often, a quiet sense of loss.

I found myself asking questions that I could not easily answer. Was that real? Was that actually God, or was it just an emotional high that I had mistaken for something more? Was I experiencing something genuine, or was I simply getting carried away in the moment again?

Those questions lingered because they were not just about a single experience. They connected to a much deeper pattern that had been present in my life for years.

I have lived most of my life in that tension between intensity and inconsistency. There have always been moments of high energy, deep emotion, and strong conviction, where everything feels clear and purposeful. In those moments, I can think deeply, engage fully, and move forward with confidence. But those moments are often followed by periods of distraction, fatigue, and a noticeable drop in consistency. The same mind that can focus intensely one day can struggle to hold attention the next.

Beneath that pattern was a message that had quietly shaped the way I saw myself.

You could be more if you could just get yourself together.

That message was not something I consciously chose, but it was reinforced over time. I heard it in school, where my potential was acknowledged but my lack of focus was always highlighted. I felt it in work environments, where consistency was valued above all else. I carried it into different areas of my life, where the gap between what I was capable of and what I was consistently producing felt impossible to ignore.

The message always came back to the same point.

You have so much potential if only you could focus.

And so I believed that the solution was to become someone who could.

When I returned to faith, I carried that belief with me without even realising it. I assumed that following Jesus meant becoming more consistent, more disciplined, and more structured. I believed that spiritual maturity was reflected in daily routines that were steady, predictable, and uninterrupted. In my mind, a proper walk with God looked like a well-maintained quiet time, something that happened every day, in the same way, with the same level of focus and engagement.

So I tried to build that.

I set alarms to wake up earlier. I created structured plans for reading and prayer. I told myself that this time would be different, that I would follow through and finally establish the kind of consistency I believed was required. And for a while, it worked. I would wake up,

sit down, read, pray, and write. It felt right. It felt like progress. It felt like I was becoming who I was meant to be.

But eventually, it would break.

Not because I stopped caring, and not because I chose to walk away from it, but because something in me shifted again. The same pattern that had always been there resurfaced, and suddenly the structure that had felt meaningful became difficult to engage with. What had once felt alive now felt heavy. What had once drawn me in now required effort just to begin.

And when that happened, the guilt followed.

It was not loud or overwhelming, but it was steady and persistent. A quiet internal voice that questioned my commitment and my character. You should be better than this. You were doing so well. Why can you not just stay consistent?

Over time, I began to associate my walk with God with that cycle. Moments of deep connection followed by periods of silence. Engagement followed by withdrawal. Fire followed by what felt like failure. And without fully realising it, I started to believe that the silence was my fault.

I told myself that I was inconsistent, undisciplined, and spiritually immature. I believed that if I could just try harder, focus more, and be more disciplined, then I could finally break the cycle. But no matter how many times I tried, the pattern remained.

What I did not understand at the time was that the issue was never my love for God. That was never in question. The issue was that I did not understand how I was wired.

I did not have the language for it back then, but I was living with an ADHD mind. A mind that does not respond to discipline in the same way others might. A mind that is driven by interest, by engagement, by a sense of meaning and connection. A mind that can focus deeply when something feels alive, but struggles to sustain attention when it does not.

It is a mind that feels things intensely, thinks deeply, and connects quickly. It can move into depth with ease, but it does not always follow predictable or linear patterns. It does not respond well to pressure or rigid structure, especially when that structure does not align with how it naturally engages.

Instead of learning how to follow Jesus with that kind of mind, I kept trying to force myself into a model that was not designed for me. I tried to shape my faith around expectations that did not take my wiring into account. And when it did not work, I blamed myself for not being able to sustain it.

But everything began to shift when I started asking a different question.

What if the problem was not my discipline, but my understanding?

What if I had been trying to follow Jesus in a way that did not align with how I was created to engage?

That question did not remove the tension overnight, but it reframed it. It opened the possibility that my experience was not broken, just misunderstood. That the moments of deep connection were not unreliable, but real. That the inconsistency was not a failure of faith, but a reflection of how my mind moved between engagement and rest.

This book comes out of that realisation.

It is not a guide to fixing your attention, and it is not a system designed to make you more disciplined. It is not another structured approach that promises consistency but leaves you feeling like you have failed when you cannot maintain it.

It is an invitation to approach your faith differently.

An invitation to follow Jesus honestly, with the mind you actually have, rather than the one you think you need. An invitation to engage with Him in ways that are real and sustainable within your own rhythms, rather than forcing yourself into patterns that do not hold.

It is an invitation to stop fighting your wiring and begin understanding it. To recognise that your intensity is not a flaw, and your inconsistency is not disqualification. To see that the way you engage deeply in moments is not something to question, but something to learn from.

Because what if the problem is not that you are bad at following God?

What if you have simply been trying to follow Him in a way that was never designed for you?

This is for those who burn bright and then feel like they disappear. For those who love deeply but struggle to maintain steady rhythms. For those who know God is real, not just intellectually but experientially, and yet feel disconnected when they cannot sustain that experience.

If that is you, I want you to hear this clearly.

You are not broken. You are not failing. And you are not alone.

There is nothing wrong with the way your mind engages when something feels alive. There is nothing wrong with the way you connect deeply and intensely. What matters is not forcing yourself into a different design, but learning how to walk with God within the one you already have.

Because following Jesus was never about becoming someone else. It was always about walking with Him as you are.

And maybe the way you are wired is not an obstacle to that journey.

Maybe it is part of it.

You might not be the kind of disciple you were taught to be.

But that does not make you any less called.

You might just be a different kind of disciple.

A dopamine disciple.

The Day the Fire Came

I did not expect anything to happen that night. If I am honest, I had already made peace with the idea that maybe that part of my life was simply gone. It was not a dramatic conclusion or a moment of defiance. I was not angry at God, and I was not making some bold declaration that I no longer believed. It was quieter than that, almost unnoticeable at first. It had formed slowly over time, layer by layer, until it settled into something that felt almost natural. It was a kind of resignation, not forced, but accepted. Something I once had felt like it belonged to a different version of me, a different season of life, and I had gradually learned, or at least convinced myself, that I could live without it.

Life had continued, as it always does. Years had passed, and in that time I had built routines, taken on responsibilities, and shaped a version of myself that functioned well enough on the surface. From the outside, everything looked stable. I could work, I could manage expectations, I could carry the weight of daily life without drawing attention to any cracks. There was nothing visibly wrong. But underneath all of that, there was always something slightly out of place. It was not overwhelming, and it was not disruptive enough to stop me from moving forward, but it was there. A quiet absence. A subtle but persistent sense that something essential had gone missing somewhere along the way, and I did not know how to name it.

Most of the time, I could avoid it. Busyness helped. Work helped. Filling my time with responsibilities and commitments created just enough noise to keep that feeling at a distance. Even relationships helped in their own way, providing connection and distraction in equal measure. There was always enough happening to keep me from sitting still long enough to fully acknowledge what was underneath. But every now and then, usually in moments of quiet, it would surface again. Not loudly, not urgently, but gently and persistently. A thought that lingered a little longer than usual. A memory that carried more weight than it should have. A faint but undeniable sense that there was more than this, more than what I was currently living in. It was as though something I had once known had never completely left me, even if I had no idea how to return to it.

That night itself was not significant on the surface. There was no sense of build-up, no emotional preparation, and no internal moment where I decided that something needed to change. I did not walk in expecting anything. If anything, I walked in with a quiet uncertainty. It felt unfamiliar to be there again, in a space that once felt normal but now felt distant. The language was familiar, but it did not land the same way. The environment carried a sense of recognition, but also a sense of separation. I was aware, more than anything else, of the distance that had grown between where I was and where I had once been.

I did not feel rejected, and I did not feel unwelcome. It was not that kind of experience. It was simply awareness. Awareness that I had been gone. Awareness that I did not quite know how to re-enter this

space. Awareness that even though I was physically present, part of me was still standing at a distance, unsure of how to engage again. And if I am being completely honest, there was a part of me that questioned whether anything would happen at all.

I had been in similar situations before. Moments where I thought maybe something would shift, only for nothing to change. Times where I tried to reconnect with God and found myself reaching for something that felt just out of reach. It often felt forced, like I was trying to recreate something that no longer existed. Those experiences had shaped my expectations. So that night, I stood somewhere between openness and caution. I was present, but guarded. I was willing, but I was not anticipating anything significant.

And then something changed.

It is difficult to describe exactly how it happened, because it did not arrive in a way that demanded attention. It was not loud or overwhelming. There was no sudden rush of emotion or dramatic moment that marked a clear beginning. It was quieter than that, but also unmistakable. It began as awareness. A simple but profound awareness that God was not distant. He was not an idea, not a memory, and not something I had left behind in another chapter of my life. He was there. Present. Close. Closer than I had allowed myself to recognise.

It did not overwhelm me all at once. It felt more like something within me stirred back to life. A part of me that had been quiet, perhaps even dormant, began to recognise something deeply

familiar. And in that recognition, something shifted. The room itself did not change. The people around me did not change. But my perception of what was happening changed completely. Words that I had heard before suddenly carried weight again. Scripture that had once felt distant now felt alive. Not because the words themselves had changed, but because something in me had.

What began as awareness did not remain there. It deepened into connection. It was not something I had to create or sustain through effort. It did not require discipline or focus in the way I had previously tried to approach these moments. It was simply there, steady and present, as though I had stepped into something that had been waiting for me all along. The distance that I thought existed between me and God seemed to collapse instantly. Years of silence did not need to be worked through or unpacked. They simply lost their weight in the presence of something greater.

Questions that had once occupied my thoughts became quiet. Doubt, which had lingered in the background for so long, seemed to lose its hold. Not because I had resolved every uncertainty or found answers to every question, but because those questions no longer felt central. Something more real had stepped into the space they once filled.

It was presence. Real, undeniable presence.

And I felt it, not just in an emotional sense, but deeply, in a way that reached into parts of me that had been inaccessible for a long time. For the first time in years, I was not analysing whether God was real or trying to convince myself of something I could not feel. I knew. Not because someone had explained it to me, and not because I had

reasoned my way to a conclusion, but because I was experiencing Him directly.

Everything in me responded to that.

Something that had been dormant came back to life. Hunger returned. A genuine desire to engage with Scripture, not out of obligation, but out of longing. A desire to pray, not because I felt I should, but because I wanted to. There was clarity again, a sense of direction that had been missing for so long. I wanted to understand more, to grow, to speak, and to move forward in a way that felt aligned with what I was experiencing.

It felt like something in me had been reignited, something I had assumed was gone for good.

In that moment, I believed that this was the beginning of something steady. I thought I had finally found my way back, and that this time it would last. I imagined a kind of faith that would now carry forward without interruption. A consistent, stable connection that would not disappear the way it had before. It felt like the struggle had been resolved, like whatever had been missing had now been restored.

But what I did not understand then was that while the fire was real, I did not yet know how to live with it.

I did not understand what it meant to carry that kind of awakening within a mind like mine. I did not understand how something so genuine and powerful could coexist with the patterns I had lived

with for so long. And I had no awareness of how those patterns would begin to interact with what had just been reignited.

At that moment, all I knew was that something had come back to life.

What I did not yet know was what it would require to sustain it, to understand it, and to walk it out in a way that was honest, not idealised.

And I had no idea what would come next.

The Crash After the Fire

It did not happen all at once, and that is what made it so difficult to understand. If it had disappeared overnight, I think I would have been able to process it more easily. I could have pointed to a single moment and said, that is where it changed, that is where I lost it. There would have been something concrete to hold onto, something clear to examine. But it did not unfold like that. It did not break sharply or collapse in a way that demanded attention. Instead, it shifted slowly, almost quietly, in a way that was easy to overlook at first.

In the beginning, everything still felt strong. The connection I had experienced did not immediately fade. I was still reading regularly, still thinking about God throughout the day, and still talking about what I was learning with a sense of clarity and conviction. There was a natural momentum to it, something that did not feel forced or constructed. It felt as though something had finally aligned internally, as if the pieces had settled into place after being out of sync for a long time. For a while, I genuinely believed that this was the new normal. I thought something permanent had shifted within me, that I had crossed an invisible threshold into a version of faith that would now remain steady, focused, and consistent.

But over time, almost imperceptibly, something began to change. It did not arrive with warning signs or clear indicators that something was wrong. There was no moment that made me stop and take notice. Instead, it showed up in small, subtle ways that were easy to

dismiss. I would sit down to read and notice that my mind was not as settled as it had been. It was not a dramatic distraction, just a slight wandering, enough to break the sense of flow I had once experienced. I would begin to pray and find that the words were not coming as easily. Where there had once been a natural rhythm, there was now hesitation, a searching for words that used to arrive without effort. I would open Scripture, and although I still knew it was true and meaningful, it no longer felt alive in the same way. The weight was still there intellectually, but the connection felt thinner, more distant.

At first, I did not see this as a problem. I told myself it was normal. Everyone has off days. Everyone experiences fluctuations. Faith is not always going to feel the same. That is what I had always been told, and it made sense. So I kept going. I pushed a little harder. I tried to lean back into what I had experienced before, to reconnect with that sense of clarity and depth that had once come so naturally. I assumed that if I stayed consistent, it would return.

But the more I tried, the more I became aware that something had shifted. It was not just a temporary dip. The ease that had once been there was no longer present. The flow that had carried me forward had slowed, and what had once felt natural now required effort. It was subtle, but it was real. And once I noticed it, I could not unsee it.

That is when the questions began to surface.

What changed?

Did I do something wrong?

Did I lose it?

The connection had felt so real, so certain, that I had not questioned it at the time. It had not felt fragile or temporary. It had felt grounded, secure, something I could rely on. And now, as that sense of connection became harder to access, I found myself questioning whether I had somehow stepped out of it without realising. I knew, at least in theory, that God had not moved. That was something I could say with confidence. But it felt like I had. It felt like I had drifted from something I could not fully define, and the harder I tried to return to it, the more distant it seemed.

So I responded in the way I had always been taught to respond.

I tried harder.

I told myself to be more disciplined, more intentional, more focused. I set times, created structure, and pushed myself to follow through regardless of how I felt. I approached it with a sense of determination, believing that consistency would bring me back to where I had been. And for a short time, it appeared to work. I could make myself sit down. I could read. I could pray. From the outside, it looked like I was doing the right things.

But something within it felt different.

It was no longer alive in the same way. It felt controlled, managed, almost mechanical. I was doing the actions, but the connection behind them felt weaker. It was as if I was trying to recreate something that could not be recreated through effort alone. The

more I tried to hold onto it, the more I became aware that it was slipping.

Over time, that effort began to take its toll.

Forcing something that once felt natural is exhausting. It creates a kind of internal tension that does not feel life-giving. Instead of drawing me closer, it began to feel heavy. What had once been a source of energy and clarity now felt like something I had to push through. That weight built slowly, and eventually, it began to affect my consistency.

One missed day did not seem significant at first. It was easy to justify. I will pick it up tomorrow. But then another day passed, and then another. What had been a steady rhythm started to break apart, not all at once, but gradually. The longer the gap became, the harder it felt to return. Not because the desire had disappeared, but because something else had entered the space alongside it.

Guilt.

It started quietly, almost as a whisper in the background. A subtle reminder that I had been doing well and had now slipped. But it did not stay quiet for long. It grew stronger, more defined, more persistent. You were doing so well. Why did you stop? You should not be like this. If you really cared, you would not let this happen.

Those thoughts did not motivate me to return. They created distance. Because now, returning was no longer just about reconnecting with God. It also meant facing the reality that I had lost

something I believed would last. It meant confronting the gap between where I thought I would be and where I actually was. That is not an easy space to step into, and without fully recognising it, I began to avoid it.

It was not a conscious decision. I did not wake up one day and choose to step away. It happened gradually, almost passively. The Bible remained closed more often. Prayer became less frequent. The conversations that had once come naturally became quieter, then eventually stopped. What had begun as a small shift turned into real distance. Not because God had moved, but because I no longer knew how to engage with Him in the way I had before.

Somewhere within that distance, a new belief began to take shape.

Maybe that moment was just a moment.

Maybe that fire was never meant to last.

Maybe this is just how it works.

You experience something powerful, something real, and then it fades. You have the high, and then you return to normal. And if that is true, then maybe this is simply what my faith will always look like. Inconsistent. Unpredictable. Strong in certain moments, but unable to sustain itself over time.

For a while, I accepted that explanation. Not because it brought comfort, but because it seemed to make sense of what I was experiencing. I did not yet have the language to describe what was

happening. I did not yet understand that what I was going through was not random, and it was not a failure of faith or effort.

It was a pattern.

A pattern that had been present in other areas of my life, now showing up in my spiritual life in a way I could no longer ignore. But at that stage, I could not see it clearly. I could only feel the effects of it. And without understanding the pattern itself, I found myself stuck inside it, repeating it, questioning it, and trying to fix it in ways that were never going to address the root of what was actually happening.

Until I could see it for what it was, I was always going to experience it as confusion.

And until I understood it, I was always going to believe that the problem was me.

The Cycle

It took me a long time to realise that what I was experiencing was not random. For a while, I explained it in the way I had heard others explain their faith. People spoke about seasons, about highs and lows, about times where things felt close and times where they felt distant. On the surface, that made sense. It gave a framework to understand variation, and it allowed space for fluctuation without immediately assuming something was wrong. I held onto that explanation because it was the only one I had.

But the more I paid attention, the more I began to notice that what I was experiencing did not quite fit that description.

This was not just variation.

It was repetition.

It was the same pattern, playing out again and again, with a level of consistency that became impossible to ignore. It was not just similar feelings or comparable moments. It was the same sequence, unfolding in the same order, each time with a different trigger but the same underlying structure. Once I began to see it, I could not unsee it.

It always started the same way.

With fire.

Not a mild interest or a passing curiosity, but something far more intense and engaging. There would be a moment, sometimes small, sometimes significant, where something would catch my attention in a way that immediately felt different. It might be a passage of Scripture, a message I heard, or a moment of clarity that seemed to cut through everything else. And suddenly, everything would come alive again.

Reading was no longer something I had to make myself do. It pulled me in. The words landed with clarity and depth. I could feel meaning as I read, not just understand it intellectually. My mind would stay with it naturally, without effort, without distraction. It would carry into my day, sitting in the background of my thoughts, shaping how I saw things, how I responded, how I processed what was happening around me.

I would talk about it freely, almost instinctively, with anyone who was willing to listen. Not because I felt obligated to share, but because it felt real, and when something feels real, it is difficult to keep it contained. There was no sense of forcing it. It felt like my whole mind had locked onto something that mattered, something worth paying attention to.

In those moments, everything felt clear.

This is what it is supposed to be like.

This is how faith works.

Alive. Engaged. Real.

Because it felt so right, I would lean all the way in. I would give it more time, more attention, more energy. Not because I felt pressure to do so, but because it felt like the most natural response. It did not feel excessive. It felt appropriate, like I was finally stepping into something that had always been available to me, but that I had not fully accessed before.

But then, without warning, something would begin to shift.

It was never dramatic. There was no clear moment where I could say, this is where it started to change. It was subtle, almost unnoticeable at first. Just enough to feel different. The same passage that had felt full of life would no longer carry the same weight. The focus that had once come naturally would begin to slip. The energy that had driven everything forward would feel slightly diminished.

I could feel it, even before I could explain it.

Something was moving.

Something was changing.

And because I could feel it slipping, my instinct was to hold onto it.

I would push a little harder. I would try to give more time, more effort, more attention, hoping that if I leaned in further, I could recover what I felt was starting to fade. But that effort never recreated the fire. It only made me more aware that it was no longer there in the same way.

That is where the tension began to build.

Because now I was no longer just experiencing something. I was trying to maintain it.

And eventually, the drop would come.

Sometimes it happened gradually, almost like a slow dimming of the light. Other times it felt more sudden, like something had simply switched off. But either way, the result was the same. The engagement would disappear. The desire would fade. What had once felt easy and natural now felt heavy and difficult.

It became harder to start.

Harder to stay present.

Harder to care in the same way.

The same actions were still available to me. I could still open the Bible. I could still sit down and pray. But the internal drive that had once made those things feel alive was no longer there. And without that internal engagement, everything felt different.

And when that happened, something else would step in.

Guilt.

Not immediately overwhelming, but present. A quiet awareness that I was no longer where I had been. I knew what it had felt like to be engaged, to be connected, to be alive in my faith. And now I was not there anymore. That awareness created pressure, a subtle but persistent sense that I should be doing better than this.

You have already experienced it.

You know what it feels like.

Why can you not stay there?

That voice did not motivate me. It did not draw me back into connection. It shifted the entire posture of how I approached my faith. I was no longer returning out of hunger or desire. I was returning out of pressure, trying to recover something I believed I had lost.

And pressure does not create connection.

It creates resistance.

The more I felt that pressure, the less I wanted to engage. Not because I did not care, but because engaging now meant confronting the gap. It meant facing the difference between what I had experienced and where I currently was. That is not an easy thing to do, and without consciously deciding to, I began to avoid it.

It happened gradually.

A day would be missed.

Then another.

Then another.

And before I fully realised it, there was distance.

Real distance.

The Bible stayed closed more often. Prayer became less frequent. The conversations that had once come naturally became quieter, then disappeared altogether. It was not a sudden withdrawal. It was a slow drift, one that felt almost passive, but had very real consequences.

And the longer that distance remained, the harder it felt to return.

Not because I did not want to, but because I did not want to face what the distance represented.

So I stayed away.

Until something sparked again.

Another moment. Another passage. Another experience that reignited that same sense of fire. And as soon as it did, everything would come alive again, just as it had before. The engagement would return. The clarity would return. The desire would return.

And the cycle would begin again.

Fire.

Engagement.

Energy.

Then the shift.

Then the drop.

Then the guilt.

Then the distance.

And eventually, the return.

Over and over again.

For a long time, I believed that the solution was to break that cycle by becoming more consistent. I thought the goal was to stay in the fire, to avoid the drop, and to remove the inconsistency altogether. If I could just hold the line, if I could just maintain the level of engagement I had at the beginning, then everything would stabilise.

But no matter how hard I tried, I could not hold it.

No matter how sincere I was, no matter how committed I felt in those moments of fire, the pattern remained. It did not respond to effort in the way I expected it to. It did not stabilise simply because I wanted it to. And the more I tried to force it, the more frustrated I became.

That frustration led to deeper questions.

If my desire for God is real, why can I not sustain it?

If my experience of Him is genuine, why does it not last?

If I know what it feels like to be connected, why do I keep ending up back in the same place?

At the time, I did not have answers to those questions. I only had the experience of the cycle itself.

What I did not understand then was that the issue was not my desire.

It was not my sincerity.

And it was not a lack of faith.

The issue was that I was trying to live a consistent, linear spiritual life with a mind that does not function that way.

I was trying to follow God through a model that assumed steady attention, predictable engagement, and sustained focus. A model that worked for some, but did not account for the way my mind actually engaged with the world.

My mind does not run on consistency alone.

It runs on interest.

It locks in deeply when something feels alive, meaningful, or urgent. It engages with intensity, with focus, with depth. But when that sense of aliveness shifts, it does not maintain the same level of engagement simply because it is supposed to.

That is not a failure of effort.

It is a difference in design.

I thought I was failing to follow God.

In reality, I was trying to follow Him in a way that did not align with how I was wired.

And until that changed, the cycle was not going anywhere.

It would continue to repeat, taking on different forms on the surface,
but remaining the same underneath.

Because the pattern was not random.

It was consistent.

And it was waiting to be understood.

The Lie We Were Taught

I did not learn this pattern on my own. What shaped me more than the experience itself was the way I learned to interpret it. The pattern was real, but the meaning I gave to it is what carried the weight. Looking back, I can see that the experience was not the problem. The way I understood it was.

For most of my life, I had been given a picture of what a strong and healthy walk with God was supposed to look like. It was consistent, daily, structured, and predictable. You read your Bible every day. You pray every day. You spend time with God in a steady and uninterrupted way, and over time that consistency produces growth. It sounds right, and in many ways it is. It sounds mature, stable, and worth aiming for. And for many people, it genuinely works.

But without realising it, I had taken that picture and turned it into something more than a helpful framework. I turned it into a standard. Not just something that could guide me, but something that defined whether I was doing well or not. It became a measure of my faith, not just a method to support it.

So when my experience did not match that picture, I did not question the picture. I questioned myself. According to everything I had heard, if your walk with God is real, it should be steady. If you are serious, you should be disciplined. If you love Him, you should show up consistently. And when I could not maintain that, there was only one

conclusion that made sense to me. Something must be wrong with me.

Not my effort, because I was trying. Not my desire, because I genuinely cared. Me.

That belief created a deep tension. It sat between what I believed and what I was actually experiencing. Between what I wanted my faith to look like and what I could realistically live out. And instead of resolving that tension, I carried it. Quietly. Because no one really talks about this part.

No one stands up and says that sometimes faith is not steady. That sometimes it comes in intensity rather than consistency. That sometimes it feels strong and then disappears, only to return again later in a way that is just as real. Most of what we hear is the ideal, the steady and consistent picture of daily faith. And again, that picture is not wrong. But it is not the only way people experience God.

When that becomes the only model we are given, it leaves people like me in a difficult place. We find ourselves trying to live up to something that does not match how we are wired. So we push harder. We try to force consistency. We attempt to discipline ourselves into something that feels unnatural. And when it does not hold, we do not question the method. We question ourselves.

That is where the distortion begins. Not in the idea that consistency has value, but in the belief that if you cannot sustain it in a specific way, then your faith must be Weakness is where the damage begins

to take shape, but not in the way I once thought. It is not the initial drop in energy or the loss of focus that causes the real issue. It is what happens after that. It is the way something that was meant to bring life slowly begins to create pressure. What once felt relational, open, and alive starts to feel measured. It becomes something to maintain, something to manage, something to get right. Without noticing it at first, connection is replaced by expectation, and what began as something deeply personal starts to feel like something that needs to be performed.

For a mind like mine, that shift does not lead to growth. It does not create maturity or depth in the way I was told it would. Instead, it leads to cycles. The same pattern begins to repeat itself with increasing familiarity. Effort comes first, often driven by a genuine desire to reconnect or to hold onto something meaningful. That effort eventually gives way to what feels like failure, not always because something has truly been lost, but because the experience no longer matches the expectation. Failure then gives rise to guilt, and that guilt fuels another attempt to restart the process. Over time, this cycle becomes predictable. It begins to feel like the natural order of things.

And the longer that cycle continues, the more it begins to shape how you see yourself. It stops being something you experience and starts becoming something you believe about who you are. You begin to internalise it. You tell yourself that you are inconsistent. That you lack discipline. That there is something in you that prevents you from sustaining a real and lasting connection with God. Those

thoughts do not arrive all at once, but they build gradually, reinforced by each repetition of the cycle.

But what if that conclusion is not actually true?

What if the issue is not that you are incapable of following God properly? What if the issue is that you have only ever been shown one way to do it? A way that works well for some, but quietly excludes others. A way that assumes a certain kind of mind, one that can maintain steady attention, predictable rhythms, and consistent engagement over time. A way that presents itself as universal, but is actually shaped around a specific way of functioning.

If you do not naturally fit that, you are left in a difficult position. You find yourself trying to adapt who you are to match something that was never designed with you in mind. You begin to measure yourself against a standard that does not take your wiring into account. And no matter how sincere your effort is, it never quite aligns, because the foundation itself does not fit.

That is where I found myself.

I was not lacking desire. I was not lacking sincerity. I cared deeply, and I wanted to engage with God in a real and meaningful way. But I was trying to force my life into a structure that did not suit how I actually functioned. And the more I tried to make it fit, the more resistance I experienced. Not because I did not want it, but because it was not sustainable in the way I had been taught it should be.

The result was that I was being pulled deeper into the very cycle I was trying to escape.

Because without realising it, I was not learning how to follow Jesus.

I was learning how to perform consistency.

And those two things are not the same.

Following Jesus is relational by nature. It is not static. It is not confined to a single structure or rhythm. It is alive, responsive, and deeply personal. It meets you where you are, and it moves with you as you are. It allows for variation, for intensity, for quietness, for movement. It is not something that needs to be maintained through control, but something that unfolds through connection.

Performance, on the other hand, operates very differently. It is rigid. It is measured. It is driven by the need to maintain a certain standard. It relies on consistency as proof of success, and when that consistency breaks, it immediately feels like failure. When performance becomes the lens through which you view your relationship with God, everything changes. You begin to believe that your connection with Him is only as strong as your ability to maintain the structure you have been given.

That is a heavy weight to carry.

It means that every break in rhythm feels like a personal failure. Every gap feels like distance. Every moment of inconsistency becomes evidence that something is wrong, either with your effort or with you. It creates a constant pressure to hold everything

together, to maintain something that was never meant to be sustained through effort alone.

But what if that weight was never yours to carry?

What if the goal was never to become someone who could perfectly fit into a predefined system? What if the goal was not to reshape yourself into a version that aligns with someone else's rhythm, but to learn how to walk with God in a way that is real, honest, and aligned with how you are actually wired?

That question shifted something fundamental for me.

It gave me permission to stop striving to become someone else. It allowed me to step away from the constant pressure to perform and instead begin the process of understanding how I actually engage. It reframed my inconsistency, not as failure, but as information. Not as something to eliminate, but as something to pay attention to.

For the first time, I began to consider the possibility that following Jesus did not have to look the way I had always assumed it should.

It did not have to be perfect.

It did not have to be consistent in the same way.

It just had to be honest.

And that honesty opened the door to something new.

Not just moments of fire that came and went, but a deeper understanding of what those moments meant and how they fit into a

broader picture. It allowed me to move away from forcing myself into a mould that never quite held and toward discovering a way of walking with God that actually fit the way I was designed.

That shift did not remove every challenge. It did not eliminate variation or suddenly make everything steady. But it changed how I understood those things. It replaced pressure with curiosity. It replaced guilt with awareness. And in doing so, it created space for something more sustainable, not because it was controlled, but because it was real.

And for the first time, I was no longer trying to hold everything together.

I was learning how to walk.

The Dopamine Brain

I did not grow up thinking there was anything particularly different about how my mind worked. There was no moment in my early years where someone clearly explained that I processed things differently or that my patterns of attention did not follow the same rhythm as those around me. Instead, I simply noticed, over time, that there were certain things I struggled with that others seemed to handle more easily. Focus was inconsistent. Follow-through was unreliable. Consistency, especially over long periods, always felt just slightly out of reach.

I could sit in a classroom and understand everything that was being taught. I could grasp concepts quickly, often faster than expected, and I could engage in discussion with clarity and depth. But when it came time to complete the work, to carry that understanding through to a finished task, something would break down. It was not confusion. It was not a lack of ability. It was something else entirely, something harder to explain. The intention was there, but the execution did not always follow.

The same pattern showed up in other areas of my life. I could start something with genuine energy and enthusiasm, fully convinced that I would see it through. There was no hesitation in the beginning. I would engage deeply, think about it constantly, and invest time and attention without needing to be pushed. But then, often without warning, that energy would disappear. The interest

would drop. The drive that had once carried me forward would fade, and I would find myself unable to continue in the same way.

What made it more confusing was that I could care deeply about something one day and feel almost nothing about it the next. Not because the thing itself had changed, and not because I had decided it no longer mattered, but because my internal sense of connection to it had shifted. That inconsistency did not feel intentional. It felt like something was happening beneath the surface that I did not understand.

For a long time, I interpreted all of that through a very simple lens.

Lack of discipline.

That was the explanation that made the most sense within the framework I had been given. If I struggled to stay consistent, it must be because I was not trying hard enough. If I lost focus, it must be because I was not applying myself properly. If I started things and did not finish them, it must be because I lacked control or structure. So the solution, as I understood it, was straightforward.

Try harder.

Be more disciplined.

Create more structure.

That message was not something I questioned. It was repeated often enough, in different ways, that it became part of how I saw myself. I carried it into school, into work, and eventually into my faith. I

believed that if I could just become more consistent, more focused, and more controlled, then everything would fall into place.

What I did not understand then was something that would later shift everything.

My brain does not run on importance.

It runs on interest.

On the surface, that might seem like a small distinction, something subtle or even insignificant. But underneath, it changes everything about how engagement works. Most people are taught that importance should be enough to sustain attention. If something matters, you should be able to focus on it. You should be able to stay with it, even when it becomes difficult or less engaging. Importance is meant to carry you through.

But for a mind like mine, importance alone is not always enough.

Interest is what drives attention.

When something feels engaging in the moment, when it carries a sense of meaning, curiosity, or aliveness, my mind responds immediately. Focus locks in quickly and deeply. It does not need to be forced. It does not require effort in the way I was taught it should. It simply happens. Time begins to disappear, distractions fade into the background, and everything narrows to a single point of engagement. In those moments, I can focus in a way that feels strong, clear, and even effortless.

But when that sense of engagement is not present, something shifts.

Focus becomes harder to access. Attention begins to drift, sometimes subtly, sometimes more noticeably. The effort required to stay present increases, and what once felt natural now feels like work. It becomes difficult to maintain that same level of engagement, not because I do not care, but because my brain is no longer responding in the same way.

That difference is often described in terms of a dopamine-driven system. Dopamine is commonly associated with pleasure, but its role is much deeper than that. It is closely tied to motivation, anticipation, and the way the brain decides what is worth paying attention to. It influences how we engage with tasks, how we sustain focus, and how we respond to what is in front of us.

In an ADHD mind, that system functions differently. It is not broken, and it is not lacking. It is simply more dependent on factors like interest, novelty, and immediate engagement. As a result, attention is not steady in the way it is often expected to be. It is responsive. It moves toward what feels alive and away from what does not, regardless of how important something may be in a broader sense.

When I began to understand that, it started to explain patterns in my life that had never made sense before.

It explained why I could sit with Scripture one day and feel completely absorbed, deeply connected, and fully engaged, and then the next day struggle to read even a single chapter. It explained why I could talk about God for hours when something had captured my

attention, and then find it difficult to engage at all when that sense of connection faded. It explained why the fire felt so real in those moments, and why it seemed to disappear just as quickly.

Not because my faith was false.

Not because my desire was weak.

But because my brain was responding to what felt alive in the moment, and when that sense of aliveness shifted, so did my ability to engage.

For years, I interpreted that pattern as inconsistency, as a lack of discipline, as something that needed to be corrected. I believed that if I could just force myself into steady engagement, I would finally overcome it. But what if that pattern is not something to fix?

What if it is something to understand?

Because when you begin to understand it, the questions you ask start to change.

Instead of asking why you cannot stay consistent, you begin to ask what helps you engage.

Instead of asking what is wrong with you, you begin to ask how you are wired.

Those are not small shifts in language. They represent a completely different direction of thought. One approach leads to pressure, to trying harder, to forcing yourself into something that may not fit.

The other leads to clarity, to curiosity, to a deeper understanding of how you actually function.

For me, that clarity became a turning point.

It allowed me to see that the pattern I had been living in was not random, and it was not a reflection of failure. It was connected to how my brain responds to engagement. It also made it clear that trying to force myself into a system built around steady, linear focus was always going to create tension. I was working against the natural rhythm of my mind, and that tension was not producing growth. It was producing frustration.

As that understanding began to settle, something shifted, not immediately in my behaviour, but in how I saw myself. I stopped viewing my inconsistency as a personal flaw and began to see it as a signal. A signal that something had changed in how I was engaging. A signal that what I needed was not more pressure, but a different approach.

That shift did not solve everything overnight. The patterns did not suddenly disappear, and the challenges did not instantly resolve. But the direction changed. I was no longer trying to become someone else. I was no longer measuring myself against a standard that did not account for how I was wired.

Instead, I was beginning to understand who I already was.

And that understanding opened the door to a deeper question.

What if following Jesus is not about overriding how I am wired?

What if it is about learning how to walk with Him through it?

Not in spite of it.

Not after I fix it.

But with it, as it is.

If that is true, then the goal is not to eliminate the way my brain works. The goal is not to force myself into a version of consistency that feels unnatural and unsustainable. The goal is to learn how to follow Jesus within the design I have been given.

And that is a very different kind of journey.

One that is not built on pressure or performance, but on understanding, honesty, and a willingness to engage with God in a way that is real.

Wired For Intensity

For a long time, I only saw one side of how my mind worked. I saw the inconsistency, the drop, and the inability to hold things steady over time. That was the part that stood out because it was the part that caused the most visible problems. It disrupted plans, created frustration, and reinforced a quiet but persistent belief that something in me was not functioning the way it should. Because of that, my attention was almost entirely fixed on what I could not sustain. I measured myself by what slipped, what faded, and what eventually broke down. That became the standard I used to evaluate everything.

What I did not see, or perhaps did not know how to see, was that there was another side to it.

The same mind that struggles to stay engaged with something that feels flat or disconnected is also capable of going incredibly deep when something comes alive. That is not a small detail. It is not a minor offset to an otherwise difficult pattern. It is a significant capacity, one that operates with a level of intensity and focus that is not easily replicated through effort alone. When something captures my attention in that way, it is not surface-level engagement. It is immersive. It is full. It is focused in a way that feels almost complete.

I do not just read in those moments. I absorb. The words do not pass by me; they settle, they connect, they linger. I do not just think about an idea briefly and move on. I turn it over, examine it from different

angles, explore what it means and how it connects to other things. And I do not just feel something lightly. When something resonates, it does so deeply, in a way that is difficult to ignore or dismiss.

That level of intensity can feel overwhelming at times, especially when it arrives suddenly or carries a weight that is hard to process. But it is also powerful. When that intensity is directed toward something meaningful, it creates a depth of connection that cannot be manufactured through discipline alone. It is not something you can force by trying harder or by simply deciding to engage more. It happens when alignment occurs, when attention, interest, and meaning come together at the same time.

That is what was happening in those moments of fire.

It was not just emotion, and it was not simply excitement. It was alignment. My mind, my attention, and my sense of interest were all locking onto something that mattered. And when that alignment took place, everything came alive. Scripture was no longer just something I read. It became something I experienced. It felt active, personal, and relevant in a way that stayed with me long after I had stepped away from the page.

I could see things I had not noticed before. I could make connections that had not been clear to me previously. I could feel the weight of what I was reading, not just understand it conceptually. That kind of engagement is not a weakness. It is depth. It is the ability to connect in a way that is rich, layered, and meaningful.

But because I had spent so much time focusing on what I could not sustain, I had overlooked what I was capable of when I was fully engaged. I had measured myself almost entirely by consistency and had given very little attention to intensity. And in doing that, I missed something important. The way my mind works is not only a challenge to manage. It is also a capacity to recognise and develop.

It is a capacity for deep focus, for strong connection, and for experiencing things in a way that is vivid and real.

The problem was never that I lacked the ability to engage.

The problem was that I did not understand how that engagement functioned.

That distinction matters, because intensity is not the same as stability. It does not operate in a straight line. It comes in waves. It rises, it peaks, and it falls. And if you expect it to remain at the same level all the time, it will always feel like it is failing. It will always feel like something is being lost when, in reality, it is simply changing form.

But when you begin to recognise it for what it is, it starts to look different.

It is no longer something you need to control or maintain at a constant level. It becomes something you need to understand and work with. Those moments of deep engagement are not random spikes that happen without meaning. They are not accidents that cannot be trusted. They are windows. They are moments where

everything aligns in a way that allows for clear, strong, and deeply felt connection.

And instead of trying to stretch those moments beyond what they are designed to be, the better question becomes, what do I do with them while they are here?

That question began to change how I approached those experiences.

Instead of trying to live at that level of intensity all the time, which is not sustainable, I started to see those moments as opportunities. Opportunities to go deeper than I normally could. Opportunities to learn, to connect, to reflect, and to build something meaningful that could carry beyond the moment itself. Rather than trying to hold onto the feeling, I began to focus on what I could take from it.

Because the quieter moments are coming.

They always do.

But they do not come as proof of failure. They are not evidence that something has gone wrong. They are part of the rhythm. And once that becomes clear, the drop does not feel as disorienting as it once did. It still feels different, and at times it can still feel difficult, but it no longer feels like everything has disappeared.

You begin to recognise that the intensity has not been lost.

It has shifted.

And that shift does not necessarily mean disconnection. It may simply mean that you are moving into a different kind of

engagement. One that is quieter, less intense, but still present in its own way. That was something I had to learn gradually, because my natural instinct was always to chase the intensity. I wanted to return to that place where everything felt alive, clear, and compelling. But the more I chased it, the more it seemed to move further away.

Eventually, I had to accept something that I had been resisting.

Intensity is not something you can force.

It is something you respond to.

Once I began to understand that, my perspective started to shift. I stopped viewing my experience as unstable and began to see it as dynamic. I stopped seeing it as something that was broken and began to recognise that it was something that moved. And if it moves, then the question is no longer how do I stop it from changing.

The question becomes, how do I walk with God through that change?

That is a very different question, and it leads to a very different way of living. Because if I can learn to walk with God through the changing nature of my attention, then intensity is no longer something I need to control or fear. It becomes part of the way I connect. Part of the way I grow. Part of the way I follow.

Not in a way that is perfectly even or consistently steady, but in a way that is deeply real.

And maybe that depth is not something to minimise or mistrust.

Maybe it is something to steward.

Something to understand.

Something to use well.

Because a mind that can go deep is not a liability.

It is a gift.

It simply needs to be lived out in a different way.

Why Quiet Time Feels Impossible

There is a moment I know well, and it has repeated itself enough times that I can recognise it almost immediately. It always begins with intention. I sit down, the Bible open in front of me, time deliberately set aside, everything arranged the way it is supposed to be. There is a quiet sense of readiness in that moment, a belief that this is where something meaningful is about to happen. This is what I am meant to do. This is the space where I connect with God. For a brief moment, it feels right, as though I am stepping into something that carries weight and purpose.

And then, almost immediately, something shifts.

It is not dramatic. There is no obvious interruption that explains it. It begins subtly, with a small movement of attention. A thought enters my mind, unrelated but persistent enough to pull me slightly off centre. I notice it, acknowledge it, and try to bring myself back. I refocus, return to the text, and begin reading again, telling myself that this is normal and that I just need to settle into it.

But it does not take long before it happens again.

Another thought appears. Another small shift. Another break in attention that interrupts the flow before it has a chance to fully form. What should feel like a steady engagement begins to feel fragmented. Instead of being absorbed in what I am reading, I become aware of the effort it is taking to stay present. I am no longer

just reading. I am managing my mind, trying to hold it in place, trying to keep it from drifting.

The longer I sit there, the more noticeable that effort becomes.

What should feel natural begins to feel forced. What should feel connecting begins to feel like work. And it is in that space that frustration begins to build, slowly at first, then more clearly. Questions start to surface, not just about what I am reading, but about myself. Why is this so hard? It should not be this hard. Other people seem to do this without struggle. They sit, they read, they pray, and they remain focused. Why can I not do the same?

Those questions do not stay neutral for long. They begin to carry weight. The moment shifts from simple engagement to something more loaded. It is no longer just about spending time with God. It becomes about proving something. Proving that I can do this. Proving that I am capable of staying focused. Proving that I am serious, committed, and disciplined in my faith.

And when it becomes about proving something, everything tightens.

I begin to push harder. I try to block out the distractions with more force. I try to create focus through effort, to hold my attention in place through determination. I tell myself to concentrate, to stay present, to not drift. But forcing focus does not create clarity. It creates strain.

And strain is exhausting.

Eventually, something gives. Sometimes it happens quickly, sometimes it takes longer, but it always happens. The engagement begins to drop. The words on the page start to blur together. The meaning becomes harder to hold onto. I am still reading, still moving through the text, but something essential has shifted. What began as intention has now become obligation.

I am still there physically, still doing what I set out to do, but I am no longer connecting in the way I wanted to.

And the most difficult part is that I am aware of it.

I can feel the gap between what I am doing and what I want to experience. I know what it feels like when it is alive, when it flows, when it connects. And now, sitting in that moment, I can feel that it is not happening. That awareness adds another layer of frustration, because now I am not just struggling to engage. I am aware that I am not engaging the way I believe I should be.

At that point, the moment usually goes one of two ways.

I either push harder, trying to force something to happen, or I give up, stepping away with a sense of frustration that lingers longer than the moment itself.

Over time, those repeated experiences begin to shape something deeper.

Quiet time, which is meant to be a place of connection, begins to take on a different meaning. It becomes something I know I should do, something I recognise as important, but also something that

consistently feels difficult to sustain. It begins to carry pressure instead of life. It becomes associated with effort, frustration, and the quiet sense that I am not doing it properly.

And slowly, without consciously choosing it, a resistance begins to form.

Not a resistance to God, but a resistance to the process.

Even when I intend to sit down again, even when I genuinely want to engage, something in me hesitates. I know what it has felt like before. I know the pattern. And part of me, even if I do not fully acknowledge it, does not want to step back into that same experience.

For a long time, I assumed the problem was me.

I believed I lacked discipline. I told myself I needed to try harder, to push through the resistance, to build the kind of consistency that would eventually make it easier. I believed that if I could just hold the line long enough, it would become natural.

But what if that is not the issue?

What if the difficulty is not a sign of failure, but a signal?

What if it is pointing to something deeper, something about how I am engaging, rather than how much I care?

The traditional idea of quiet time carries certain assumptions. It assumes that you can sit still for extended periods without your attention drifting significantly. It assumes that you can maintain a

steady level of focus, even when what you are engaging with is relatively low in stimulation. It assumes that attention can be held in place through discipline alone, that if something is important enough, you should be able to stay with it consistently.

For some people, that works.

But for a mind that is wired for movement, for responsiveness, for engagement that is driven by interest rather than obligation, that environment can feel unnatural. Not wrong, not invalid, but mismatched.

And when something does not match how you are wired, forcing it does not create connection.

It creates resistance.

That was something I had to come to terms with slowly, and not without tension. I did not want to let go of the idea of quiet time. It felt important. It felt like something I should be able to do. It felt like a standard I was meant to meet. But I could not ignore the reality of my own experience. Every time I approached it in the same way, I found myself in the same place. Trying, struggling, pushing, and eventually disconnecting.

That repetition forced me to ask a different question.

Not how do I get better at this?

But is this the only way?

Because if it is not, then maybe the goal is not to force myself into a structure that does not fit. Maybe the goal is to discover a way of engaging with God that actually aligns with how I am wired. Not as a way of avoiding Him, but as a way of meeting Him more honestly, more naturally, and more effectively.

If God created me as I am, then it makes sense that there would be a way to connect with Him that does not require me to become someone else first.

That thought was both confronting and freeing.

Confronting, because it challenged something I had accepted for a long time without question. It meant reconsidering what I believed about how faith was supposed to look. It meant letting go of the idea that there was only one right way to engage.

But it was also freeing.

Because it opened the possibility that I was not failing in the way I thought I was.

That maybe I was not struggling because I lacked discipline, but because I had been trying to engage in a way that did not fit.

And if that is true, then there is another way.

Not a way that removes effort entirely, but a way that aligns effort with how I actually function.

Not a way that forces stillness, but a way that learns how to connect within movement.

Not a way that depends on holding everything together, but a way that allows connection to happen in a way that is real.

And that is where something new begins.

Autism, Sensitivity, and Overload

There were times when the challenge was not just about focus. It went deeper than that. It was about everything arriving at once, without any clear boundary or filter. Sound, movement, people, emotion, expectation. All of it layering on top of each other in a way that did not seem to affect others in the same way, but that I could feel deeply and almost immediately. It was not always visible from the outside. Most of the time, it looked like a normal environment, a normal moment, a normal interaction. But internally, it was different. It was fuller, heavier, and at times, overwhelming.

For a long time, I did not have language for that experience. I could not explain it clearly, even to myself. I only knew that certain environments drained me more quickly than they appeared to drain others. Certain conversations carried a weight that felt disproportionate to what was being said. Moments that seemed simple on the surface could feel like too much underneath. Too much input, too much to process, too much to hold at once.

When that kind of overload began to build, something in me would start to shut down.

Not completely, and not in a way that was always obvious, but enough to change how I functioned. My ability to stay present would weaken. Engagement would become harder to sustain. Thinking clearly would require more effort than usual. It was as though my

internal capacity had been stretched to its limit, and there was no room left for anything else.

In those moments, the last thing I could do was sit still and focus on something abstract, even if that something was God.

That added another layer of confusion to everything I was already trying to understand. Because now it was not just about attention or discipline. It was about capacity. There were moments where I genuinely wanted to engage, where the desire to connect was still present, but I simply did not have the internal space to do it. And I did not understand why that was happening.

I would come out of certain environments feeling drained on multiple levels, mentally, emotionally, and sometimes even physically. And then, without considering what had just taken place internally, I would expect myself to sit down and have a clear, focused, meaningful time with God. When that did not happen, I interpreted it in the only way I knew how. I assumed I was doing something wrong. I told myself I was not prioritising Him properly, or that I needed to push through the feeling and be more disciplined.

But pushing through overload does not create clarity.

It creates strain.

When your mind is already processing too much, adding more demand does not help. It does not suddenly create focus or engagement. It increases the pressure and makes it even harder to connect. What I was doing, without realising it, was layering

expectation on top of exhaustion, and then feeling confused when the result was disconnection.

This is where sensitivity begins to come into focus.

Not weakness, but sensitivity.

The ability to pick up on more than what is immediately visible. The ability to notice subtle shifts, to feel emotional undercurrents, to process multiple layers of input at once. That capacity can be incredibly valuable. It allows for depth, for awareness, for connection that goes beyond the surface. But it also comes with a cost.

It is exhausting.

It means that you are rarely starting from a neutral place. There is almost always something being taken in, something being processed, something being felt. Even when things appear calm externally, there can be a quiet level of activity internally that does not fully switch off.

If you do not recognise that, it is easy to begin holding yourself to expectations that do not match your actual experience. You assume your internal world should be quiet, steady, and ready to engage at any moment, when in reality it is often active, responsive, and already full. That mismatch creates pressure, because you are asking yourself to function from a place that you are not actually in.

This was something I had to learn slowly.

I kept placing spiritual expectations on top of mental and emotional overload, and then wondering why I could not meet them. I kept interpreting my inability to engage in those moments as resistance or lack of discipline, when in reality it was a matter of capacity. My mind was not refusing to engage. It was already carrying too much.

Once I began to understand that, something shifted.

Not immediately in what I did, but in how I interpreted what I was experiencing. I stopped seeing those moments as personal failure and began to recognise them as signals. Signals that something internal needed attention. Signals that I needed space, not more pressure. Signals that stepping back was not avoidance, but awareness.

That shift changed how I approached my faith in a very practical way.

Instead of forcing engagement in moments where I had no capacity, I began to ask a different question. What does connection look like here? Not in the ideal setting, not in a quiet, structured environment where everything is aligned, but here, in this moment, with this level of energy and this level of internal load.

Because connection does not always look the same.

Sometimes it looks like stillness.

Sometimes it looks like movement.

Sometimes it looks like silence.

And sometimes it looks like nothing more than a quiet awareness that God is present, even when I cannot engage in the way I would prefer.

That awareness matters.

It removes the pressure to perform. It allows for honesty. It acknowledges that I am not always operating from the same baseline, and that my relationship with God needs to be able to move with that reality, not against it. It creates space for connection to exist in different forms, rather than forcing it into a single expression.

It also helped me recognise something I had previously overlooked.

The same sensitivity that can lead to overload is also what allows me to experience God deeply.

It is what enables me to notice things that others might miss. It is what allows Scripture to carry weight in a way that lingers. It is what makes emotional connection feel real rather than distant. That sensitivity is not something to remove or suppress. It is something to understand and to steward carefully.

Because if I only focus on the overwhelm, I miss the depth.

And if I only focus on the difficulty, I overlook the capacity.

Both are present.

Both are real.

And learning to live with both is part of the journey.

Not trying to eliminate one to protect the other, but learning how they interact, how they influence each other, and how to move within that space without creating unnecessary pressure.

As that understanding began to settle, the question shifted again.

Not how do I stop this from happening?

But how do I walk with God through it?

How do I recognise when I need space and give myself permission to take it? How do I engage when I have the capacity to do so? How do I stop forcing something that is not there and instead respond honestly to what is present in the moment?

Those questions lead to a different kind of faith.

One that is less rigid, less driven by expectation, and more grounded in awareness. One that allows for movement, for variation, for honesty about where I actually am. It is not perfect, and it is not always easy, but for the first time, it feels possible.

Because I am no longer trying to override how I am wired.

I am learning how to walk with God within it.

Following Jesus, Not a System

For a long time, I believed I was trying to follow Jesus. That is how I would have described it, both to myself and to others. But if I am honest, what I was mostly doing was trying to follow a system. It was a structure I had been shown, something that had been taught, modelled, and encouraged as the way a strong and healthy faith should look. Daily quiet time, consistent Bible reading, structured prayer. These practices were presented clearly and confidently, and I adopted them without much question because they made sense. They offered clarity. They gave form to something that can otherwise feel intangible.

And to be clear, none of those things are wrong.

They can be helpful. They can create space. They can provide a rhythm that supports growth and reflection. But somewhere along the way, without fully realising it, I made a shift. I stopped seeing them as tools and began to see them as the thing itself. They moved from being a means of connection to becoming the measure of it. It became easy to assume that if I was following the structure, then I was following Jesus. And if I could not maintain that structure, then something must be wrong with me.

It is a subtle shift, but it changes everything.

Because a system can be measured. It fits neatly into categories. You can track it, maintain it, succeed at it, or fail at it. There are clear indicators of progress. You either did it or you did not. But a

relationship does not operate that way. It is not linear, it is not predictable, and it cannot be reduced to a checklist of completed actions. A relationship is responsive. It moves. It changes. It deepens in ways that are not always visible or measurable.

Following Jesus is not about performing a consistent set of actions. It is about walking with Him.

It is about responding, engaging, noticing, and becoming aware of His presence in the middle of real life. And real life does not unfold in a controlled or predictable way. Some days are open and quiet. Others are full and demanding. Some days carry clarity, while others feel heavy or scattered. If your approach to faith only works when everything is calm, structured, and aligned, then it will always feel fragile, because life rarely stays in that space for long.

This was something I had to come to terms with.

I kept trying to build a consistent structure inside a life that was anything but consistent. And every time that structure broke, I interpreted it as failure. I believed I had not done enough, not tried hard enough, not been disciplined enough. But what if the structure was never meant to carry that kind of weight? What if it was only ever meant to be one way of creating space, not the only way?

That question changed something for me.

It allowed me to separate the idea of following Jesus from the method I had been using to try and do it. And once I made that separation, something began to shift internally. I stopped evaluating my faith

based on whether I had completed a particular routine, and I started asking different questions.

Had I been aware of God today?

Had I engaged with Him in any way?

Had I noticed His presence in the middle of what I was doing?

Had I responded when something stirred within me?

Those questions are not measured by time or structure.

They are measured by awareness and response.

That shift began to reshape how I approached my faith on a very practical level. Following Jesus was no longer confined to a specific time of day or a particular environment. It was no longer something that only happened when everything was quiet and controlled. It became something that could happen anywhere. In conversation. In thought. In reflection. In movement. In the small, unplanned moments that I would have previously overlooked because they did not fit the structure I had been taught to prioritise.

This did not mean I stopped creating intentional space.

It meant I stopped believing that intentional space was the only place where connection could happen.

And that distinction removed a significant amount of pressure.

Instead of trying to fit my life into a system, I began to let my relationship with God move with my life. It became more flexible, more responsive, and more alive. It was no longer confined to a single expression. It could adapt to the reality of what my day actually looked like, rather than what I thought it should look like.

That matters, especially for a mind like mine.

Rigidity creates resistance.

Responsiveness creates engagement.

When something feels alive, I lean in. When something feels forced, I pull back. For a long time, I saw that as a problem. I believed it was something I needed to correct, something that needed to be disciplined out of me. But what if it is not a flaw?

What if it is a guide?

What if the moments where I feel drawn to engage are invitations?

And what if the moments where I feel resistance are not signs to disengage completely, but signals that I need to approach things differently?

That perspective changes how you interpret your experience.

You are no longer trying to force consistency in a single form. You are learning to recognise connection in many forms. You are no longer measuring your faith by whether it looks the same every day. You are learning to engage with God in real time, within the actual conditions of your life.

Following Jesus becomes less about maintaining a system and more about walking with Him moment by moment.

That is not less intentional.

It is more aware.

More responsive.

More aligned with how life actually unfolds.

It also does not remove discipline.

It redefines it.

Discipline is no longer about forcing yourself into something that does not fit. It becomes the ongoing choice to stay aware, to respond when something stirs, and to return again and again, even when it looks different each time. It is not about maintaining a perfect rhythm. It is about maintaining a living connection.

That is a different kind of consistency.

Not built on repetition.

Built on relationship.

And relationship moves.

It adapts.

It meets you where you are.

That was something I had to learn slowly, because I was so used to thinking that if it did not look a certain way, it did not count. If it was not structured, it was not real. If it was not consistent, it was not valid. But once I began to let go of those assumptions, I started to notice something I had been missing the entire time.

God was not only present in the structured moments.

He was present in all of it.

In the movement.

In the interruptions.

In the conversations.

In the thoughts that surfaced unexpectedly.

In the quiet awareness that would come and go throughout the day.

And when I began to see that, following Him stopped feeling like something I had to maintain.

And started feeling like something I could actually live.

Interest Is Not the Enemy

For a long time, I believed my problem was that I could not stay interested. That was the simplest way to explain what I was experiencing. It felt like something in me was too easily distracted, too easily pulled in different directions, and too dependent on whatever felt engaging in the moment. If something held my attention, I could go deep. But if it did not, I struggled to stay with it, no matter how important it was. Over time, I came to see that pattern as a weakness.

Because of that, I began to distrust interest.

It felt unreliable, inconsistent, and unpredictable. It did not behave in the steady, disciplined way I had been taught to value. So I started to treat it as something that needed to be controlled. Something that got in the way of consistency rather than supporting it. If I could just push past it, ignore it, and stay focused regardless of how I felt, then maybe I could finally become the kind of person who could sustain a stable and disciplined faith.

So I tried.

I tried to override what I was drawn to and force myself to stay with things that did not feel engaging. I told myself that this was what maturity looked like. That real faith meant staying committed even when it felt dry, even when nothing seemed to be happening, even when my mind was pulling me elsewhere. And while there is truth in

the idea of perseverance, the way I was applying it created something different.

The more I ignored interest, the more disconnected I became.

It did not make me more consistent in the way I had hoped. It did not suddenly stabilise my attention or deepen my engagement. Instead, it created distance. What I was doing became harder to hold onto. It felt heavier, more effortful, and increasingly difficult to stay present with. And when something consistently feels difficult to engage with, something shifts internally.

You begin to avoid it.

Not as a conscious decision, not as an act of rebellion, but as a natural response. The mind moves away from what feels draining and toward what feels alive. That is not a character flaw. It is a response pattern. And for a long time, I misunderstood it.

For a mind like mine, interest is not just preference.

It is engagement.

It is the mechanism that allows me to connect, to focus, and to go deep. Without it, everything becomes harder to access. Attention becomes fragmented. Meaning becomes more difficult to hold onto. The effort required to stay present increases, and over time, that effort becomes unsustainable.

So the question began to shift.

Instead of asking how I could ignore what I was interested in, I began to ask whether interest was actually the problem at all. What if it was not something to suppress, but something to understand? What if it was not the obstacle standing in the way of connection, but the very entry point into it?

That was a confronting thought.

Because it challenged everything I had assumed about how I was supposed to engage. It suggested that instead of forcing myself into a single way of doing things, I needed to pay attention to how I naturally connected. And when I looked honestly at my experience, I could not ignore what I saw.

Every time I felt deeply connected to God, something had captured my attention.

It might have been a passage that stood out in a way I could not ignore. A question that pulled me in and made me think more deeply. A moment where something felt real, immediate, and present. And in those moments, I did not have to force myself to engage.

I wanted to.

The connection felt natural.

The focus followed without effort.

The depth came easily.

Instead of dismissing that as inconsistency, I began to recognise it as a pattern.

Interest leads to engagement.

Engagement leads to depth.

Depth leads to connection.

That is not something to fight.

It is something to understand.

If that is how my mind engages, then the goal is not to eliminate interest, but to learn how to follow it in a way that leads me toward God rather than away from Him. That does not mean chasing every distraction or giving in to every passing impulse. It means learning to recognise the difference between what scatters my attention and what focuses it.

And that distinction is critical.

Because not everything that captures attention leads to something meaningful. Some things pull you in briefly and then leave you empty. Others draw you deeper, creating clarity, connection, and a sense that what you are engaging with matters. Learning to tell the difference between those two becomes part of the journey.

As I began to pay attention to that, I noticed something important.

The things that drew me deeper carried a certain weight.

There was a sense of clarity to them. A quiet recognition that this was worth staying with, worth exploring, worth returning to. It did not feel scattered or chaotic. It felt focused. When I followed that, I

found myself engaging with God in ways that felt natural and alive, not forced or constructed.

That began to reshape how I approached Scripture.

Instead of trying to move through it in a fixed, linear way every time, I gave myself permission to follow what stood out. If a passage caught my attention, I stayed with it longer. If a verse raised a question, I explored it rather than moving on. If something felt alive, I leaned into it instead of trying to maintain a predetermined structure.

And something unexpected happened.

I did not become more distracted.

I went deeper.

Because depth does not always come from covering more ground.

Often, it comes from staying with what matters.

The same shift began to happen in prayer.

Instead of trying to maintain a structured flow every time, I started responding to what was actually present in my mind and heart. Sometimes that meant speaking openly. Sometimes it meant sitting in silence. Sometimes it meant walking, processing thoughts as they came, allowing the conversation to unfold naturally rather than forcing it into a particular format.

It did not look the way I had been taught it should.

But it felt real.

And it was connected.

This did not remove intention from my faith.

It redirected it.

Instead of trying to force engagement, I began to create space for it. And when engagement appeared, I followed it. I responded to it. I stayed with it long enough for it to become something meaningful rather than something I moved past too quickly.

That is a different way of approaching faith.

It is not rigid.

It is not random.

It is responsive.

And for a mind like mine, responsiveness creates sustainability. I am no longer fighting against the way I engage. I am working with it. I am paying attention to where connection is happening and learning how to move within that rather than trying to override it.

That does not mean every moment is intense.

It does not mean I am always deeply focused.

But it does mean that when connection is present, I recognise it, I respond to it, and I follow it. And over time, that begins to build something more stable than forced consistency ever could.

Not because it looks the same every day.

But because it is real.

Because it is aligned.

Because it works with how I am wired rather than against it.

Interest is not the problem.

It is part of the pathway.

And when you begin to see it that way, everything changes. You are no longer trying to suppress how you engage. You are learning how to direct it, how to follow it wisely, and how to allow it to lead you into something deeper rather than away from it.

And that is where something sustainable begins.

Not built on control.

Built on understanding.

Short Bursts, Real Connection

For a long time, I carried a belief that quietly shaped the way I approached my faith, even though I rarely questioned it directly. I assumed that more time meant better connection. It seemed logical. If something mattered, then giving more time to it should deepen it. If I was serious about following Jesus, then I should be able to sit down for a significant period, stay focused, and engage deeply without interruption. That was the picture I had in mind. Long, steady, uninterrupted time that reflected commitment, discipline, and maturity. And anything less than that felt like I was falling short of what was expected.

So I aimed for it.

I set aside blocks of time, structured my day around it when I could, and approached those moments with the intention of doing it properly. I tried to stay present, to keep my attention steady, and to engage for as long as I believed I was supposed to. I followed the pattern I had been shown. On the surface, it looked right. It looked like I was doing what I should be doing.

But internally, something was not aligning.

What I experienced in those moments rarely matched what I expected them to be. The longer I tried to hold my attention in that steady, extended way, the more difficult it became. It was not that I did not care. It was not that I did not want to be there. The desire was real. But my attention did not behave in the way I was expecting it to.

It did not stay fixed. It moved. It shifted. It responded to what felt alive and drifted when that sense of engagement dropped.

And when I tried to force it to remain in place, something would eventually give.

Not every time, but often enough that it became a pattern I could not ignore.

Instead of feeling connected, I found myself feeling frustrated. I would still be sitting there, still reading, still trying to engage, but internally I could feel that something had changed. The connection had thinned. The clarity had faded. What I was doing no longer felt alive in the same way. And yet, because I had set the expectation that I needed to stay for a certain amount of time, I would remain there, trying to hold onto something that had already moved.

That created a strange kind of tension.

On the outside, it looked like I was being consistent. I was spending the time. I was doing what I had set out to do. But on the inside, it often felt stretched and diluted, as though I was trying to extend something beyond its natural point of connection. The longer I stayed, the less engaged I felt. And instead of leaving those moments feeling refreshed or grounded, I often left feeling like I had not done it properly.

That was something I had to recognise honestly.

Connection does not always match duration.

Something can be long without being deep, and something can be brief while still being real and meaningful. That truth seems simple, but it challenged the way I had been measuring my faith for a long time.

For a mind like mine, depth often comes in moments.

Moments that are clear, focused, and alive. Moments where attention locks in naturally, where engagement does not need to be forced, and where something meaningful takes place quickly but deeply. Those moments do not always last for extended periods, but when they are present, they carry weight. They stay with me. They shape how I think, how I respond, and how I move through the rest of the day.

So instead of trying to stretch those moments into something longer, I began to approach them differently.

I allowed them to be what they were.

Short, focused, and real.

If I had ten minutes where I was fully engaged, I started to treat that as complete. Not as a small beginning that needed to be extended, not as something insufficient, but as something whole in itself. That shift may seem small, but it changed the way I experienced those moments entirely.

Instead of leaving with a sense that I had not done enough, I began to recognise that I had actually connected.

Fully.

Honestly.

Without forcing it.

That removed a significant amount of pressure.

I was no longer approaching time with God as something that required a long, uninterrupted block or a perfectly controlled environment. It became something I could step into more naturally, more frequently, and in ways that fit within the rhythm of my actual life, not the ideal version of it.

These moments began to appear in different places.

In short windows of time.

In passing thoughts.

In moments where something caught my attention unexpectedly.

In times where I felt drawn to pause, reflect, or respond.

They were not always planned, and they were not always structured, but they were real. And over time, those moments began to add up. Not in a way that could be easily tracked or measured, but in a way that aligned with how I actually lived and moved through my day.

That matters, because sustainability is not built on what works occasionally.

It is built on what you can return to regularly.

For me, shorter, genuine moments of connection were something I could return to without resistance. They did not require me to force myself into a state I could not sustain. They did not carry the same weight of expectation. They were accessible, repeatable, and real.

This does not mean that longer periods of engagement have no place.

There are times when they happen naturally, when my attention holds, when connection deepens, and time seems to stretch without effort. Those moments are powerful. They carry their own kind of depth and significance. But I no longer try to manufacture them or expect them to happen every time.

Because when I tried to force them, I ended up back in the same cycle.

Effort.

Frustration.

Disconnection.

Now, I allow those longer moments to come when they come.

And when they do, I lean into them fully.

But when they do not, I do not treat that as failure.

I engage in the way that is available to me in that moment.

Short.

Focused.

Real.

That shift has changed how I experience my faith in a very practical way.

I am no longer measuring it by duration.

I am measuring it by connection.

Not how long I stayed, but whether I was present.

Whether I engaged.

Whether I responded.

Those are things I can do.

Not perfectly.

Not consistently in the way I once expected.

But honestly.

And that honesty has created something far more sustainable than any structure I tried to force before.

Because I am no longer trying to hold something beyond my natural capacity.

I am learning to recognise what is present and respond within it.

And in that space, even short moments carry weight.

Because they are real.

And real connection, even for a short time, is never wasted.

Movement-Based Faith

For a long time, I believed that stillness was the goal. Not just something helpful, but something essential. I carried the assumption that real connection with God only happened when everything slowed down, when the environment became quiet, when distractions were removed, and when I could sit, focus, and give my full attention to what was in front of me. That was the picture I held onto. A calm space, a settled mind, and a clear, uninterrupted connection.

And there is truth in that.

Stillness has value. Quiet has value. There are moments where stepping away from everything creates a kind of clarity that is hard to access anywhere else. When the noise drops, it can become easier to notice what is underneath. Easier to hear, to reflect, to respond. Those moments matter.

But over time, I began to realise something I had not considered before.

Stillness is not the only place where connection happens.

And for a mind like mine, it is not always the easiest place to begin.

Because sitting still does not always quiet my mind. In many cases, it does the opposite. It amplifies everything that is already there. Thoughts become louder. Distractions become more noticeable. The

things I was not paying attention to before suddenly move into focus. Instead of creating calm, stillness can create intensity. And in that space, the effort required to stay present increases significantly.

What is supposed to feel peaceful can start to feel difficult.

That does not mean something is wrong.

It means my mind engages differently.

Once I began to accept that, something opened up. I stopped assuming that the difficulty I felt in stillness was a failure of discipline, and I started to explore a different question.

What if connection does not require stillness?

What if it can happen in movement?

That question changed the way I began to look at my own experience. Because when I thought about it honestly, some of my clearest moments of thinking had never happened while sitting still. They had happened while I was walking, while I was driving, or while I was doing something with my hands. In those moments, my body was engaged in a simple, steady way, and my mind had space to move.

And within that movement, something shifted.

My thoughts began to settle, not because I was trying to control them, but because I was allowing them to flow. I was not forcing stillness. I was creating space. And in that space, I could process,

reflect, and even pray. Not in a structured or controlled format, but in a way that felt natural and connected.

That was something I had not allowed myself to consider before.

I had been so focused on doing it the “right” way that I had overlooked the ways that were already working.

As I began to lean into that, I realised that I was no longer limited to a single environment. I did not have to wait for the perfect quiet moment to engage with God. I could connect while walking, while listening, while speaking out loud, or while thinking through something that had captured my attention. And instead of feeling like I was doing something less spiritual, I began to recognise that I was actually engaging more honestly.

I was no longer forcing my mind into stillness.

I was allowing it to move.

And I was bringing God into that movement.

That matters, especially for a mind that is wired for activity. Movement can create clarity. It reduces the pressure that comes with trying to hold everything still, and it allows engagement to happen without the resistance that often builds in static environments. It does not remove the possibility of stillness. It simply adds another pathway.

I began to see that I could listen to Scripture while walking, allowing the rhythm of movement to support my attention. I could pray while

driving, speaking thoughts out loud rather than trying to hold them internally. I could process ideas while doing something with my hands, letting my mind explore freely without the pressure of maintaining a fixed posture.

For me, and for many others, that creates a level of connection that is easier to access and easier to sustain.

Because it aligns with how we naturally function.

This was something I had to learn through experience. At first, it felt unfamiliar, even slightly uncomfortable. There was a part of me that still questioned whether this counted, whether it was as meaningful as sitting quietly with a Bible open in front of me. It felt less structured, less controlled, and in some ways, less recognisable.

But when I paid attention to what was actually happening, I could not ignore the difference.

I was engaging more.

I was thinking more clearly.

I was connecting more consistently.

Not in long, uninterrupted blocks, but in real moments that were woven into the rhythm of my day.

And that began to change how I saw following Jesus.

It was no longer confined to a specific place, posture, or time. It was no longer something that required me to step out of my life in order

to engage. It became something that could move with me, something that could exist within the flow of what I was already doing.

And that made it feel more real.

More integrated.

More sustainable.

I was no longer trying to create the perfect environment for connection. I was learning to recognise that connection can happen in the middle of movement, in the middle of life, and in the middle of everything that is already happening.

This does not remove the value of stillness.

It adds to it.

It broadens the understanding of what connection can look like. It allows for multiple ways of engaging, multiple ways of responding, and multiple ways of walking with God that do not depend on everything being quiet and controlled.

For a mind like mine, that makes a significant difference.

It removes the barrier, the quiet belief that if I cannot sit still and focus, then I cannot connect.

And in its place, it offers something far more freeing.

I can meet God in motion.

Not because I am avoiding stillness, but because I am engaging in a way that actually works.

And when something works, it becomes something you can return to.

Not occasionally.

But regularly.

And that is where something begins to build.

Not through forcing a single method.

But through learning how to walk with God in the way your life actually moves.

Speaking it Out Loud

For a long time, I believed that real engagement with God was meant to be quiet, internal, and contained. I assumed it was something that happened within my thoughts, something private and still, something that did not need outward expression to be real. That understanding shaped how I approached everything. When I opened Scripture, I tried to hold my thoughts internally. When I prayed, I kept it in my head. When something stirred in me, I tried to process it silently, as though that was the most appropriate or mature way to engage.

There is truth in that kind of stillness, but it never fully aligned with how I actually process.

Because I do not only think internally. I process externally. I come to understand things by speaking them, by hearing the words as they form, and by allowing thoughts to develop through expression rather than containment. That is where clarity happens for me. It is not in holding everything still, but in allowing it to move and take shape.

For a long time, I did not recognise how significant that was. I kept trying to contain everything inside, to think it through silently, and to maintain focus without expressing anything outwardly. What would often happen is that a thought would begin to form, I would start to engage with it, and then before it had the chance to fully develop, it would drift. It would move out of reach, replaced by

something else, or lost in the constant movement of my mind. This was not because the thought lacked importance, but because I was trying to process it in a way that did not hold it in place.

That began to change when I started speaking things out loud.

At first, it felt unfamiliar. There was something about it that felt slightly unnatural, even unnecessary. I found myself talking through Scripture, reading passages and then responding verbally. I began saying prayers out loud instead of keeping them in my thoughts. I would explain ideas as if someone else were present, even when I was alone. It felt different from what I had been used to, but I could not ignore what happened next.

The thoughts stayed.

They no longer drifted in the same way. They held their shape long enough for me to follow them. They developed with more clarity. They became more defined and more grounded. What had previously felt abstract now had form. The simple act of speaking created a structure that allowed me to remain engaged.

When I spoke, I was not just thinking. I was participating more fully in the process. My attention was anchored in what I was saying, and that allowed me to stay with the thought rather than losing it. It slowed things down just enough for depth to occur without forcing it. Instead of trying to hold everything internally, I was allowing it to unfold externally in a way that I could track and respond to.

That opened up a new way of engaging with God.

Connection was no longer limited to silent reflection. It now included expression, conversation, and exploration. It became something that could move, something that could take shape through words rather than remaining contained in thought. This was not something reserved for formal settings or structured environments. It was something that could happen in everyday moments, in simple and natural ways.

I could speak a prayer out loud while walking. I could talk through a passage as I read it. I could explain what I was thinking, even if no one else was listening. And in doing so, I found that the connection did not become weaker. It became clearer. The act of speaking was not a distraction from engagement. It was part of it.

This was something I had to unlearn and relearn at the same time, because I had always separated these ideas. I had placed private faith in one category and speaking or teaching in another. Private faith was internal, quiet, and contained. Speaking was external, something you did later, once you had clarity. But over time, I began to see that they are not separate processes. They are connected.

The way I process externally is the same way I connect.

When I ignore that, I limit my ability to engage. I try to force everything into a format that does not hold for me. But when I allow it, when I lean into it, something shifts. Scripture becomes something I interact with rather than something I pass through. Prayer becomes something I express rather than something I attempt to manage internally. What I am learning begins to take shape through language instead of remaining undefined.

This does not mean that everything needs to be spoken. It means that I have another pathway when internal focus is not holding. It means I am no longer restricted to one method of engagement. I can move between internal and external processing depending on what is present in the moment.

It also began to change how I viewed sharing.

For a long time, I believed that speaking about faith was something that came after understanding. Something you did once things were clear, once you had consistency, once you felt ready. But what if speaking is part of how clarity comes? What if expressing what you are learning is not the result of growth, but one of the ways growth happens?

That shift changes the role of expression entirely.

Sharing is no longer separate from your walk with God. It becomes part of it. It is no longer about presenting something complete or polished. It is about being present within the process. It is about putting words to what is forming, even if it is still developing.

And when you do that, something begins to settle.

What was once abstract becomes clearer. What felt uncertain becomes more grounded. Not because every question has been answered, but because it has been given shape. Expression does not resolve everything, but it helps you stay with what is real long enough for it to deepen.

I began to see this consistently in my own experience. The more I spoke about what I was learning, the more it stayed with me. The more I engaged out loud, the more connected I felt. This was not about performance or presentation. It was about alignment. I was processing in a way that matched how I am wired.

And that alignment matters.

Because when your engagement matches your natural processing, connection becomes more accessible. It becomes something you can return to, not because you are forcing it, but because it works. You are no longer trying to contain everything internally and hoping it holds. You are allowing it to move, to take form, and to be expressed.

And in that expression, something deepens.

Not perfectly, and not every time, but consistently enough to matter.

Because you are no longer only thinking about your faith.

You are speaking it.

And for a mind like mine, that is often where it becomes the most real.

When You Feel Nothing

There are moments where everything feels alive, and then there are moments where nothing does. The contrast between those two states can feel sharp, especially when you have experienced what it is like to be fully engaged. In those quieter moments, there is no sense of connection, no clear stream of thought, and no emotional response to anchor you. What remains is a kind of silence, but not the peaceful stillness that brings clarity. It is a quieter space that can feel empty, almost as though something that was once present has stepped back.

I have found myself in that space more times than I can count. Sitting with Scripture and feeling no movement internally. Trying to pray and finding that there are no words that come naturally. Wanting to connect, genuinely wanting to engage, but not sensing anything to connect with. Those moments can be disorienting, not because something obvious has gone wrong, but because what was once familiar is no longer there in the same way.

When you have known what it feels like to be deeply engaged, the absence of that feeling can be unsettling. It raises questions that are difficult to ignore. You begin to wonder whether you are still close to God, whether He is still present in the same way, or whether something has shifted without you realising it. The difference between what was and what is now feels significant, even if you cannot fully explain it.

For a long time, I treated those moments as problems that needed to be solved. I approached them as something that had to be corrected, something to move through as quickly as possible so I could return to what felt real and familiar. I assumed that the goal was always to get back to a place of clarity, feeling, and engagement. But the more I tried to escape those moments, the more I began to notice that they were not temporary interruptions.

They were part of the experience.

They did not disappear simply because I resisted them. They returned, again and again, not as a sign of failure, but as a different kind of space that I did not yet understand how to inhabit. The issue was not that these moments existed. The issue was that I did not know how to be present within them.

Everything I understood about connection had been tied to feeling, clarity, and a sense of engagement. When those elements were present, I knew how to respond. I leaned in, I followed, I engaged deeply. But when those elements were absent, I felt uncertain. I did not know how to relate to God without them, so my instinct was to try and recreate them.

But chasing a feeling rarely brings it back.

More often, it creates tension. It adds pressure to an already quiet space, turning it into something that feels resistant rather than open. Instead of simply being in the quiet, I found myself pushing against it, trying to make something happen that was not naturally

there. And in doing so, I was not only experiencing the absence of feeling, I was also resisting the space I was in.

That was something I had to learn slowly.

Because over time, I began to notice that even when I felt nothing, something was still present. It was not obvious, and it did not carry the same emotional clarity as before, but it was there. A quiet awareness, subtle but consistent, that I was not alone. That even without the feeling of connection, the reality of it had not changed.

That realisation began to shift how I approached those moments.

Instead of asking how do I get out of this, I began to ask what does it look like to remain here. Not to force something into existence, not to manufacture a feeling that was not present, but to stay. To sit in the quiet without immediately trying to change it. To allow the moment to be what it was, even if it did not feel like what I was used to.

That is not an easy shift, especially for a mind that is used to movement, intensity, and depth of feeling. Quiet can easily be mistaken for absence, but they are not the same. Absence suggests that something is not there at all. Quiet suggests that something is present, but without the usual signals, without the intensity or clarity that you have learned to rely on.

Learning to sit in that quiet without assuming something is wrong is part of the process.

Because connection does not always present itself in the same way. There are moments where it feels strong, clear, and unmistakable.

And there are moments where it is subtle, almost hidden beneath the surface, but still real. The challenge is not in making it feel the same every time, but in learning to recognise that it is still present even when it feels different.

That is where trust begins to take a different form.

Not a trust based on what I feel in the moment, but a trust grounded in what I know to be true. That God has not moved. That His presence is not dependent on my ability to feel it. That my connection with Him is not sustained by constant intensity, but by something deeper that remains even when my experience shifts.

That does not make those moments easy.

They can still feel long, uncertain, and at times distant. But they no longer have to be empty. Even without strong feeling, there is still space for honesty. There is still space to acknowledge where I am, to sit without pretending, and to offer small, simple acts of turning toward God, even when nothing seems to change.

Those moments matter.

Not because they feel powerful, but because they are real.

Because they are honest.

Because they are not built on intensity, but on something that does not rise and fall in the same way.

That is where something began to change for me.

Not in the feeling itself, but in how I understood the absence of it.

I stopped seeing those moments as failure and began to recognise them as part of the rhythm. A different kind of engagement, one that does not rely on being fully switched on, but on simply remaining present.

And sometimes, remaining is enough.

It may not feel impressive.

It may not feel strong.

But it is faithful in a way that does not depend on how I feel in the moment.

Over time, that kind of quiet faithfulness began to carry its own weight.

Not because it felt intense, but because it was steady in a different way.

It was not built on what came and went.

It was built on what remained.

And what remained was enough.

Breaking the Guilt Cycle

There is a pattern that sits underneath everything, shaping how the experience unfolds whether you notice it or not. It is not always obvious, and it does not always arrive with intensity, but it is consistent enough that, over time, it begins to define the rhythm.

That pattern is guilt.

It rarely arrives in a dramatic way. More often, it begins quietly, almost subtly, after something small. A missed day. A moment where you did not engage the way you intended to. A recognition that the connection you felt before has faded again. At first, it can feel like nothing more than a passing thought, something you barely stop to examine. You should have done better. You knew what this felt like before. Why did you let it slip?

On its own, that thought may not seem significant.

But it does not stay isolated.

Because that initial thought leads somewhere. It begins to create pressure. A sense that something now needs to be corrected, that you need to make up for what was missed, that you need to get back to where you were as quickly as possible. So you respond. You sit down, you open Scripture, you attempt to pray, and you try to re-engage.

But something has already shifted.

You are no longer coming from hunger or desire. You are coming from obligation. From the sense that something needs to be fixed. From the quiet pressure to prove that you have not lost what you once had. And that changes the entire experience, even if you do not recognise it immediately.

Because pressure does not create connection.

It creates resistance.

Instead of finding your way back into engagement, you find yourself struggling. Focus becomes harder to hold. The words feel heavier. The experience begins to feel forced rather than natural. You are still showing up, still doing the same actions, but internally something is not aligning.

And when that continues, another layer begins to form.

Frustration.

You begin to question what is happening. Why is this not working? Why does this feel so difficult when it used to feel natural? I am trying. I am showing up. Why is this not the same as before?

If that frustration lingers, it does not resolve itself. It circles back to where it began, but with more weight behind it. The guilt returns, stronger and more convincing. You should not be like this. Other people do this consistently. Why can you not hold it together?

And this is where the cycle tightens.

Guilt is no longer just a response to what happened. It becomes the driver of what happens next. It pushes you to try again, but it also shapes how you try. You approach everything with pressure, with expectation, and with the underlying belief that something about you is not working the way it should.

Because of that, the outcome rarely changes.

You try.

You struggle.

You disconnect.

And the guilt returns.

Over and over again.

That cycle is exhausting, not because you do not care, but because you do. The desire is there. The intention is real. But you keep finding yourself falling short of something you feel you should be able to sustain, and that gap between expectation and experience becomes heavier each time.

For a long time, I believed the answer was to remove the inconsistency. I thought that if I could become more disciplined, more stable, more controlled, then the pattern would disappear. But the more I tried to fix the surface of the pattern, the more I began to see what was actually holding it in place.

The inconsistency was not the only issue.

The guilt was.

Because even when the pattern shifted slightly, the guilt remained. And as long as guilt was driving my engagement, I was never going to experience real connection. I was not responding to God. I was responding to pressure.

That was the turning point.

I began to recognise that guilt was not helping me follow God. It was distorting how I approached Him. Guilt carries a message that sounds convincing but leads in the wrong direction. It tells you that you need to earn your way back, that you need to fix what has gone wrong before you can reconnect, that you need to be better before you can come close again.

But that is not how relationship works.

And it is not how God works.

Because if connection is only available when you get it right, then it stops being connection.

It becomes performance.

And for a long time, that is where I had been living. Trying to perform my way back into something that was never meant to be earned in the first place. Every missed moment felt like distance. Every gap felt like something I needed to recover from. Every failure felt like disqualification.

That is a heavy way to live.

It turns something that was meant to bring life into something that carries weight.

But what if that weight was never meant to be there?

What if you are not as far away as you think?

What if the moment you become aware of the distance is not a sign that you have failed, but the very moment you can return?

Not after fixing it.

Not after proving something.

But immediately.

Because returning is not something you earn.

It is something you choose.

That realisation begins to change the cycle.

Guilt no longer sits at the centre of your response. Awareness does. Instead of guilt leading to pressure, awareness leads to movement. A simple turning back. A small moment of engagement. Not to repair the past, but to be present now.

And in that shift, the weight begins to lift.

You are no longer trying to make up for what you missed. You are no longer carrying the pressure of proving something. You are simply stepping back into connection as you are, where you are, without needing to justify it.

That is a different way of living.

Because it breaks the loop.

Guilt no longer leads to pressure. Pressure no longer leads to resistance. Resistance no longer leads to avoidance. The pattern loses its momentum, not because everything becomes perfect, but because the driving force behind it has changed.

You are no longer responding to guilt.

You are responding to invitation.

That shift is quiet, but it is powerful. It changes how you see every moment. A missed day is no longer failure. It is simply a day. A gap is no longer distance. It is simply a gap. The meaning you once attached to those moments begins to loosen.

And returning is always available.

Not because you have earned it.

But because it was never taken away.

That is where freedom begins.

Not in achieving perfect consistency, but in releasing the weight that was never yours to carry. When guilt loses its place, something else naturally takes its place.

Grace.

Not as an abstract idea, but as something lived.

Grace changes how you move. It changes how you return. It changes how you see yourself in the process. You are no longer trying to prove that you are consistent enough or disciplined enough. You are learning to walk in a way that is honest, responsive, and free from the pressure that once defined your experience.

That is how the cycle begins to break.

Not through more effort.

But through understanding.

And once you see it clearly, once you recognise what has been driving the pattern all along, it becomes very difficult to return to the old way of living.

Because you begin to realise something that had been hidden underneath it all.

You were never as far away as you thought.

Rhythms, Not Routines

For a long time, I believed I needed a routine. Not just something helpful, but something essential. I assumed that if I could build a fixed, structured, and predictable way of engaging with God, then everything would begin to settle into place. Routine felt like the answer because it offered stability. It created the sense that things could be controlled, that if I followed the same pattern every day, I would eventually become consistent in the way I believed I needed to be.

And there is truth in that idea.

Routine can be powerful. For many people, it creates a foundation that removes unnecessary decisions and allows habits to form naturally over time. It simplifies things. It builds consistency. It provides a framework that can support growth in a steady and reliable way.

But for me, routine did not stay in that place.

Over time, it became something else.

It became rigid.

It became something that only worked when everything else in life lined up perfectly. And the problem with that is simple.

Life does not always line up.

Schedules shift. Unexpected things happen. Energy levels change. Some days feel open and clear, while others feel full and demanding. Capacity moves, sometimes in ways that cannot be predicted. And when all of that happens, a rigid routine does not adapt.

It breaks.

And when it broke, it did not just feel like a disruption to my day. It felt like something deeper had failed. Because I had tied my connection with God to that structure, when the structure collapsed, it felt like my connection had collapsed with it.

That is what made it so difficult.

It was never just about missing a routine.

It felt like I had missed something that mattered.

So I would try to rebuild it.

I would start again, often with renewed determination. I would create a new plan, adjust the structure, and tell myself that this time it would hold. This time I would be more consistent, more disciplined, more focused. And sometimes, for a while, it worked. The routine would settle in, and things would feel aligned again.

But eventually, life would shift.

And I would find myself back in the same place, trying to rebuild something that kept breaking under the weight of unpredictability.

That became the pattern.

Not because I lacked desire, and not because I did not care, but because I was trying to build something rigid in a life that was not.

That is where the shift began to happen.

Not away from structure entirely, but toward something that could actually hold through change.

Rhythm.

Rhythm is different from routine in a way that is subtle but significant. It has shape, but it is not fixed. It has direction, but it is not locked into a single form. It moves. It adjusts. It allows for variation without losing its identity.

And that matters.

Because rhythm can hold through change.

It can move with different days, different levels of energy, and different environments without collapsing under the pressure of needing everything to stay the same.

That is what I needed.

Not something that worked perfectly on an ideal day, but something that could exist within a real one.

So instead of asking what my daily routine should be, I began to ask a different question.

What are my rhythms?

What are the ways I naturally return to connection?

What are the patterns that actually fit into my life, not in theory, but in practice?

Those rhythms did not appear instantly. They formed gradually, through observation rather than intention at first. I began to notice certain moments where engagement came more easily. Times in the morning when my mind felt clearer. Moments during the day when something would catch my attention and draw me in. Times when walking created space for reflection. Times when speaking out loud helped me process what I was thinking.

I noticed that short bursts of reading were often more effective than long, forced sessions. I noticed that I could return later in a different way, rather than trying to hold everything in a single moment. I began to see that connection did not have to look the same each time in order to be real.

And while the form of those moments varied, something remained consistent.

The returning.

That is the key.

Rhythm is not about doing the same thing at the same time every day.

It is about returning regularly, even when it looks different each time.

That shift began to create something I had not experienced before.
Sustainability.

Because I was no longer trying to force my life into a structure that did not fit. I was allowing my engagement with God to move with my life instead of against it. That made it easier to come back, because there was no pressure to do it in a specific way and no expectation that it had to match what I had done the day before.

There was simply an invitation to engage again.

In whatever way was available.

In whatever form fit the moment.

That does not remove intentionality.

It redefines it.

Intentionality is no longer about maintaining a fixed routine that never changes. It becomes the ongoing choice to return, to remain aware, and to engage when the opportunity is there in a way that is real and accessible. Over time, those choices begin to form a rhythm that is not perfect or identical, but consistent in a deeper sense.

Because it is built on how you actually live.

Not on how you think you should live.

That is what changed everything for me.

I stopped trying to build the perfect routine and started paying attention to what was already working. What felt natural. What I could return to without resistance. What created connection without requiring me to force it.

That became the foundation.

Not something I had to construct from the outside, but something I could follow from within.

And in following that, something began to build.

Not quickly, and not all at once, but steadily.

Because I was no longer starting over every time something broke. I was moving within something that could bend without collapsing. Something that could adapt without losing direction.

That is what rhythm does.

It holds its shape even when things shift.

It allows movement without losing purpose.

And for a mind like mine, that makes all the difference.

I am no longer trying to maintain something rigid.

I am learning to live within something that moves.

And in that movement, I am still following.

Still engaging.

Still connected.

Not in the same way every day, but in a way that lasts.

The Power of Small Faithfulness

For a long time, I believed that change had to be big in order to matter. I carried this expectation that real growth would feel obvious, decisive, and powerful. I imagined a strong starting point, a clear plan, and a defining moment where everything would shift and I would finally become consistent. That belief made sense to me, because the moments where I felt most connected were intense. They were clear, full of energy, and deeply engaging. It seemed natural to assume that if those moments were real, then growth would need to feel the same way.

If something was truly changing, I expected to feel it.

I expected it to be noticeable, to stand out, to carry weight in a way that left no doubt. But over time, I began to see something that did not match that expectation. Those moments of intensity could begin something, but they did not sustain it. They created movement, but they did not carry it forward on their own.

What actually held over time was something much quieter.

It was not intensity.

It was small, repeated moments of returning.

That truth does not feel as compelling at first. It does not carry the same emotional weight or sense of momentum. It can even feel underwhelming when you compare it to the moments that feel

powerful and alive. But it is far more stable, because it is something that can be lived out consistently, not just experienced occasionally.

That shift in understanding took time.

I had become so used to measuring my faith by how strong it felt, by how engaged I was, and by how clear everything seemed in the moment. When those elements were present, I felt confident. When they were not, I felt like I was slipping backwards. It created a cycle where I was constantly looking for something bigger, something stronger, something that confirmed that I was moving forward.

But as I began to pay closer attention, I started to notice something different.

Even in the quieter moments, even on days where nothing felt strong or particularly meaningful, there were still small opportunities to engage. They did not stand out in the same way. They were easy to miss if I was only looking for intensity. But they were there.

A brief moment of awareness.

A short, simple prayer.

A single verse that caught my attention, even if only for a few seconds.

A passing thought that turned toward God in a way that felt small but real.

At first, I dismissed those moments.

They did not feel like enough.

They did not match what I had come to expect, so I overlooked them. I treated them as insignificant, as though they did not carry the same value as the moments that felt more alive. But the more I paid attention, the more I began to see that those small moments were consistent. Not in a structured or predictable way, but in a way that kept appearing.

And when I chose to respond to them, something began to build.

Not quickly.

Not dramatically.

But steadily.

Small moments are easier to return to.

They do not require everything to be aligned. They do not depend on having a long stretch of uninterrupted time or a high level of focus. They do not require a certain emotional state. They simply require a willingness to respond, even if that response is brief.

That is what makes them sustainable.

Because I can respond to something small even on a day when I feel distracted, tired, or disconnected. I can still turn, even if only for a moment. And over time, those small turns begin to form something that is real.

I am no longer relying on intensity to carry my faith.

I am building something through small, consistent choices.

That is what faithfulness looks like in its most practical form.

Not always strong.

Not always noticeable.

But present.

Willing.

Returning.

Again and again.

That shift began to change how I understood progress.

Instead of asking how strong this feels, I started asking a different question. Did I respond? Did I turn toward God, even briefly? Did I engage in some way, however small?

And when the answer was yes, that became enough for that moment.

Not everything.

But enough.

And enough, over time, becomes something more.

Because small faithfulness adds up.

Not in a way that feels dramatic or immediate, but in a way that becomes reliable. It creates a foundation that does not depend on feeling and does not collapse when intensity fades. It continues quietly, even when everything feels still or uncertain.

That was what I had been missing.

I had been waiting for something bigger, something that felt like clear progress. But progress was already happening in the small moments I had been overlooking. It was already forming, already building, even when I did not recognise it.

Once I began to value those moments, something shifted.

Not necessarily in how I felt, but in how I lived.

I stopped waiting for the perfect moment and started responding to the moment that was available.

And that is where something began to grow.

Not all at once.

Not in a way that was immediately obvious.

But consistently enough to matter.

Because small faithfulness, over time, becomes something strong.

Not because it looks impressive, but because it lasts.

For a mind like mine, that is what matters most.

Not how intense the moment is, but whether I can return again and again.

And in that returning, something is being built.

Something real.

Something steady.

Something that does not rely on perfection, but on presence.

And presence, even in small amounts, is never wasted.

Community That Understands

For a long time, I kept most of this to myself. Not because I was deliberately hiding it, and not because I wanted to present something false, but because I genuinely did not know how to explain what I was experiencing. It felt too inconsistent, too fluid, and too difficult to put into clear language. How do you explain that you love God deeply, that you have experienced real and undeniable connection, and yet you cannot seem to sustain it in the way others appear to? How do you describe something that feels so real in one moment and so distant in the next, without it sounding like something is fundamentally wrong?

It felt easier to stay quiet.

When something is hard to articulate, silence often feels like the safer option. I began to assume that what I was experiencing was unique to me, that perhaps everyone else had figured something out that I had not. That belief did not come from anything anyone explicitly said, but from what I observed. From the way consistency was often spoken about. From the way steady faith was presented. It created a quiet comparison that I carried internally, even if I never voiced it.

And when you begin to believe that, you start to adjust.

You learn how to present the parts of your faith that look consistent, the parts that align with what others expect to see. You speak about the moments that make sense, the ones that feel strong and clear.

But the parts that do not fit neatly into that picture, the inconsistency, the struggle, the cycles you cannot quite explain, those stay internal. Not because you are trying to be dishonest, but because you do not want to sound like you are lacking, confused, or falling short in some way.

So you carry it quietly.

Over time, that quiet becomes something more than just silence. It becomes isolation. Not necessarily physical isolation, because you may still be surrounded by people, but an internal sense of being alone in what you are experiencing. That is where it becomes difficult, because everything feels heavier when it is carried alone. The questions do not have anywhere to go. The tension does not get processed. The patterns remain unspoken, and because they remain unspoken, they begin to feel permanent.

When something stays internal for too long, it can start to feel like it defines you.

That was the place I found myself in. Not because anything had been said to me, but because nothing had been said at all. The absence of conversation created its own kind of weight. I began to assume that this was just how it was for me, something I needed to manage on my own, something I needed to figure out internally before I could ever speak about it.

But over time, I began to realise something important.

The moment something is spoken, it changes.

Not because it is immediately solved or resolved, but because it is no longer hidden. It moves from being something contained to something shared, and in that shift, space is created. Space to understand it differently. Space to hear another perspective. Space for someone else to recognise what you are saying and respond with something simple but powerful.

I have felt that too.

That matters more than we often realise.

Because being understood does something that information alone cannot do. It removes the sense that you are the only one carrying something. It shifts the weight of the experience. It replaces isolation with connection, and that changes how you hold what you are going through. The situation itself may not change immediately, but the way you experience it does.

That is what I began to encounter when I started to open up.

It was not a dramatic shift. It did not begin with a large or public moment. It started in small, honest conversations. I began to speak about what I was actually experiencing, not the version that sounded right, but the version that was real. The inconsistency. The difficulty staying engaged. The cycles that kept repeating.

What I found surprised me.

People understood.

Not always in exactly the same way, and not always with the same depth, but enough. Enough to realise that I was not the only one. Enough to see that others had experienced similar patterns, similar questions, and the same tension between what they felt and what they believed they should be.

That changed something in me.

Because now this was no longer something I had to carry privately. It became something that could be shared without shame. Something that could be spoken about without feeling like I was exposing a weakness that needed to be hidden.

That is what real community does.

Not perfect community, and not ideal community, but real community. The kind where people can be honest about what is actually happening. Where they do not have to maintain the appearance of constant consistency. Where there is space for both the moments of clarity and the moments of silence, for both the fire and the struggle that follows it.

That kind of community matters because it creates an environment where growth can happen without unnecessary pressure. It allows you to be seen as you are, rather than as you think you should be. It gives you space to talk about what is real, not just what looks right from the outside.

It does not mean everyone will fully understand every part of your experience.

But it does mean you are no longer carrying it alone.

And that makes a difference.

Because when something is shared, it becomes lighter. Not removed, not completely resolved, but easier to hold. Easier to process. Easier to move through without feeling overwhelmed by it.

That was something I had to learn, because my instinct had always been to figure things out internally. I believed I needed to understand everything on my own before I could bring it to anyone else. But there are parts of this journey that are not meant to be walked alone.

Not because you are incapable of doing so, but because connection is part of how growth happens.

Not just connection with God, but connection with others. People who can listen without judgment. People who can reflect what they see. People who can remind you of truth when your own perspective becomes clouded. People who can sit with you in the quiet moments, not just celebrate the intense ones.

That is the kind of community that matters.

Not one that expects perfection, but one that allows for honesty.

Not one that requires consistency at all times, but one that understands the reality of how you actually live and engage.

That kind of understanding creates safety.

Safety to speak openly.

Safety to be honest about what is really happening.

Safety to grow without feeling like you need to hide parts of your experience.

Because growth does not happen in hiding.

It happens in the open.

In spaces where you can be known, not completely or perfectly, but honestly.

And when that kind of community is present, something begins to shift.

You stop trying to carry everything alone.

You stop feeling like you need to resolve everything internally before you are allowed to speak.

You begin to allow others to walk with you in what you are experiencing.

And that changes the journey.

Because now it is not just about figuring it out on your own.

It is about walking through it together.

And that is something you were never meant to do alone.

Your Fire Has a Purpose

For a long time, I saw my experience as something to manage. Something I needed to understand, stabilise, and eventually overcome so I could live a more consistent and steady faith. That was where my focus stayed. How do I make this work? How do I stop the cycle? How do I follow God in a way that feels sustainable and reliable?

Those questions mattered, and they were worth asking. They helped me begin to understand what was happening beneath the surface. But over time, I started to realise that they were not the only questions I needed to be asking.

Because something else was happening at the same time.

The very things I had struggled with were shaping something in me.

They were forming depth. They were creating awareness. They were forcing honesty in a way I could not avoid. They were teaching me how to recognise what was real and what was not, because I had experienced both. They were giving me the ability to feel things deeply, not just at the surface, but in a way that stayed with me. And they were quietly building a capacity to understand others who were sitting in the same tension, even if they could not explain it themselves.

That kind of understanding does not come from theory.

It comes from lived experience.

It comes from walking through something, not just thinking about it, and allowing it to shape how you see, how you respond, and how you connect. It is not always comfortable, and it is not always clear in the moment, but over time it begins to form something that cannot be easily replicated.

As I began to see that more clearly, a different question started to form.

What if this is not just something to manage?

What if it is something to use?

That question shifted everything.

Because now my experience was no longer only something personal that I needed to fix or resolve. It became something relational. Something that had the potential to reach beyond me. Something that could speak into places where others felt isolated, confused, or misunderstood.

There are many people living in the same pattern.

The same movement between fire and silence.

The same intensity followed by disconnection.

The same questions about why they cannot sustain what feels so real in one moment and so distant in the next.

And many of them carry it quietly.

They assume they are the only ones. They believe something is wrong with them. They compare themselves to others who appear steady and conclude that they are failing in a way others are not.

What they need is not just information.

They need understanding.

They need someone who can speak from within that experience, not from above it, not from a distance, but from inside it. Someone who can put words to what they have felt but could not explain. Someone who can bring clarity to something that has been confusing for a long time.

That is where something begins to take shape.

The very things you have struggled with become the very things that allow you to connect. They become the language you use. They become the bridge between your experience and someone else's. They allow you to speak in a way that feels real, not theoretical. Grounded, not distant.

That is not accidental.

That is purpose.

Not in a way that feels overwhelming or out of reach, but in a way that is grounded and real. Because purpose does not begin with a platform. It begins with honesty. It begins with a willingness to

Speak about what is real, to share what you have experienced, and to allow others to see that they are not alone in it.

When that happens, something shifts.

Not just for you, but for the person hearing it.

Because now they have language.

Now they have a framework to understand what they are experiencing.

Now they have a way to see themselves differently, not as someone who is failing, but as someone who is navigating something that can be understood.

And that matters more than we often realise.

Because what once felt like a private struggle becomes a shared understanding.

And shared understanding creates connection.

This was something I began to step into slowly.

Not all at once, and not with full clarity from the beginning, but with a growing awareness that what I had lived through was not only for me. It was something I could speak from. Something I could offer. Not as something finished or perfected, but as something real and ongoing.

That is important, because purpose is not about having everything resolved.

It is about being willing to share what is real.

Where you are.

As you are.

And trusting that it will reach the people it needs to reach.

That is where the fire begins to take on a different meaning.

It is no longer just something you experience internally. It becomes something you carry. Something that can illuminate the path for someone else who is trying to understand their own experience.

Not because you hold it perfectly, but because you understand it.

Because you have walked through both the intensity and the silence.

Because you have sat in the questions and learned how to remain.

That gives you a perspective that cannot be taught.

It can only be lived.

And that is where purpose begins to settle into something real.

Not in escaping your experience, but in allowing it to shape how you connect, how you speak, and how you walk alongside others.

Because the very thing you once questioned may be the very thing that allows you to reach people you would not otherwise understand.

And when you begin to see it that way, something shifts internally.

You stop asking, why am I like this?

And you begin to ask, how can this be used?

Not perfectly.

Not all at once.

But honestly.

And that honesty is enough to begin.

Because purpose does not require perfection.

It requires willingness.

When you are willing to bring your full experience into how you live and how you connect, something begins to grow. Not just within you, but through you.

That is where your fire finds its place.

Not as something that comes and goes without meaning, but as something that points beyond you. Something that can reach. Something that can speak. Something that can help others recognise that they are not alone in what they are experiencing.

And that is worth more than consistency ever was.

The Dopamine Disciple

For a long time, I believed I was trying to become someone I was not. That belief sat quietly underneath everything I did. I did not always say it out loud, but it shaped how I approached my faith. I thought I needed to become more consistent, more focused, more structured, more like the version of a Christian I believed I was supposed to be. That version felt steady, predictable, and disciplined in a way I could not seem to maintain. And every time I fell short of that picture, it reinforced the same conclusion. That I was not quite there. Not quite steady enough. Not quite disciplined enough. Not quite what I should be.

That belief carried weight because it never fully resolved. No matter how much effort I put in, no matter how sincere I was in trying to follow through, I kept finding myself returning to the same place. Moments of clarity and connection followed by inconsistency and drift. And each time it happened, it felt like confirmation that something about me needed to change before I could truly walk with God in the way I believed I was meant to.

But over time, something began to shift in how I understood that.

I came to realise that I was not meant to become someone else.

I was meant to learn how to follow Jesus as I am.

That is a simple statement on the surface, but it carries a depth that changes everything once it begins to settle in. It reframes the entire

approach. It removes the pressure to fix yourself before you can engage. It removes the idea that your mind needs to be reshaped into a different pattern before connection can be real. It removes the belief that consistency must look a certain way in order to count.

In place of all that, it offers something different.

It offers permission.

Not permission to drift or disengage, and not permission to avoid responsibility, but permission to walk honestly. To engage in ways that are real rather than forced. To respond to God in the way you are actually wired to respond, rather than trying to imitate a model that does not fit.

That is what it means to be a dopamine disciple.

It is not about being controlled by impulse, and it is not about lacking discipline. It is about understanding how your mind engages and learning to follow Jesus within that reality. It is about recognising the patterns that exist, the fire, the silence, the movement, and the shifts, and no longer interpreting them as failure. Instead, you begin to see them as part of the journey itself.

That shift does not remove responsibility.

It changes how you carry it.

You are no longer forcing yourself into something that does not align with how you are wired. You are learning to walk with God in a way that is responsive, aware, and grounded in what is real. That kind of

walk does not always appear predictable from the outside. It does not follow the same structure every day, and it may not always look steady in the way others expect.

But it is consistent in a different way.

It is consistent in returning.

It is consistent in responding.

It is consistent in staying aware of what is happening in the moment and choosing to engage where you can.

That is what holds it together.

Not perfection.

Not uniformity.

But presence.

Presence is something you can choose again and again, even when it looks different each time. Even when the intensity is not there. Even when clarity is not there. Even when the feeling that once carried you feels distant.

You can still turn.

You can still respond.

You can still engage.

And that is enough.

Because following Jesus was never about maintaining a perfect system. It was always about walking with Him. And walking, by its nature, moves. It adjusts. It continues forward even when the pace changes or the terrain shifts. It does not require everything to remain the same in order to keep going.

That is the life you are stepping into.

Not a fixed version of faith that you have to hold together through effort, but a living relationship that moves with you. One that meets you where you are rather than where you think you should be. One that allows you to engage honestly instead of performing consistently.

That kind of life is something you can sustain.

Not because it is always easy, but because it is real.

There will be moments of fire, where everything comes alive and connection feels strong and unmistakable. In those moments, lean in. Allow them to shape you, to deepen your understanding, and to remind you of what is real.

There will also be moments of silence, where nothing feels strong and engagement is harder to access. In those moments, do not run. Do not assume something has gone wrong. Stay present. Allow that space to exist without trying to force it into something else.

Both of those moments matter.

Both are part of the journey.

And neither one defines your worth or your connection with God.

You are not measured by how steady you feel.

You are not defined by how consistent your focus is.

You are not disqualified by the way your mind moves.

You are invited.

Invited to walk.

Invited to engage.

Invited to respond.

As you are.

That is where freedom begins to take shape.

Not in becoming someone else, but in learning to live honestly within who you already are. As that begins to settle, something shifts internally. The pressure starts to lift. The cycle begins to loosen. The need to prove yourself fades into the background.

And in its place, something steadier begins to grow.

Not perfect.

Not identical every day.

But real.

And real is what lasts.

So when you find yourself in the fire, lean into it. When you find yourself in the silence, stay. When you find yourself somewhere in between, keep moving forward without trying to force the moment into something it is not.

You are not behind.

You are not failing.

You are not broken.

You are learning.

Learning how to follow Jesus with the mind you have.

And that is enough.

It has always been enough.

That is what it means to be a dopamine disciple.