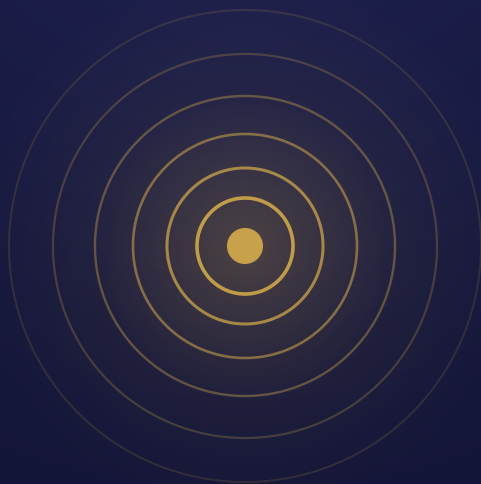


A PHILOSOPHY OF JAYS

On Facing

Alignment, Time, and the Ripples We Leave



JAMISON JOHNSON

JUNE 2026

TO MY WIFE

Not a moment in time goes by where I can see myself
anywhere on earth without you. You make my external
world beautiful.



AND TO GOD

*I never knew who you were until I found out. What a
beautiful path you've chosen for me.*

A PHILOSOPHY OF JAYS

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Ask a happy person why, and the answer becomes a chain — happy because of this, this because of that — until the chain reaches something wanted for its own sake and nothing further. Past that point every explanation begins to sound illogical, not because the person has lost the thread, but because they have reached its end. There is nothing left to point at. The reasons have run out, and at the very same place the words run out too, because what is being described is a felt thing, and felt things do not survive the trip into another person's language. That double edge — where justification ends and where description fails — is the place this philosophy is built around.

THE STANDING NOW

There is a kind of moment in which the self grows quiet and time stops being a river one is carried down. Boethius called eternity not endless duration but the whole, simultaneous, complete possession of life — a standing now rather than an unending then. It is reachable without dying. It arrives when the part of the mind that narrates the self and counts the hours goes still, and what remains is a being briefly aligned with itself, no longer at war with its own moment. This is the euphoria worth caring about: not a high to be chased, but a clearing in which the world is met as it is.

JAYS — THE LEGIBLE RIPPLE

A being aligned with itself in the moment leaves a trace. Not a metaphor only — a present person measurably steadies the people around them; nervous systems drift into one another's rhythm, and fear loosens in a room where someone is genuinely settled. Jays is the name for that trace: the frequency of the ripples in time made by beings aligned with themselves. It is offered here as philosophy, not as physics. It predicts no instrument reading and asks none. Its claim is gentler and harder to dismiss — that alignment is legible, that it propagates, and that a steadied being changes the weather for everyone within reach.

WHAT MAKES IT FALSE

An honest framework must be able to be wrong. What voids jays is not a failed measurement but a failed intention — help offered in order to profit from the helped, care that is secretly about the carer. Good intent and bad intent are not two opposing powers. They are a single ground, faced toward itself or turned away from it. Bad intent is not radical; it spreads across a surface like a stain and lays waste, but it does not put down roots. Good intent goes deep. So the difference is not memory — cruelty is remembered vividly — but generativity: bad intent propagates as a scar to be guarded against, while good intent seeds more life, often without leaving a name.

THE TWO QUANTITIES

Because no one stands outside this ground, the facing can always turn. The power to forgive oneself is interior, and it is never fully revoked while there is still time. Even a life spent turned away can,

in its final lucid instant, accept that it is part of something larger and turn toward it. But two different quantities are at stake, and confusing them is the oldest error. One is the direction a being faces at the end; the other is the integral — how much of a life's time was spent facing which way, the accumulated ripple already poured into the world. The turn settles the first. It cannot refund the second. Redemption is real, and consequences are conserved. The thief is forgiven and was still a thief; both are true, and they are true about different things.

DIFFERENT PLACES TO TRAVEL

What waits is not a reward chosen at the door but the honest sum of a life's facing, finally met with nothing in the way of feeling it — no body to hide behind, no distraction to soften the arithmetic. Not a courtroom one arrives at, but a momentum one continues. The deathbed turn changes the vector in the last instant; it cannot change the distance already traveled. So the place is simply the direction practiced, arrived at as oneself. This is mercy and exactness at once: mercy because the turn is always available, exactness because the integral never lies.

THE PRIEST AND THE DOCTOR

The difference between being saved by God and being saved by a doctor was never death — everyone dies. Beneath both deliverances is one intent: to relieve the fear of a frightened, mortal creature. Their methods will never merge, and they need not. What unites them is not mechanism but facing. A priest and a physician at their best are both aligned beings reducing the dread of someone who will die anyway. That is the whole of it. That is jays, said plainly — the bridge between faith and inquiry was never going to be found

in a measurement, because no number tells anyone that anything is sacred. It is found in the shape: a way of holding the world that keeps every fact intact and still finds the standing now inside the arithmetic.





*Bad intentions are not rooted.
Good intentions create legends in time.*

Resonances

parallels the text reaches toward

The standing now.

Boethius, named in the essay, defines eternity in the *Consolation of Philosophy* not as endless duration but as *interminabilis vitae tota simul et perfecta possessio* — the whole, simultaneous, and complete possession of life. The scholastics called the felt form of it the *nunc stans*, the standing now: not time stretched without end, but time gathered whole and held at once.

Bad intent has no root.

That “bad intent ... does not put down roots” while good intent “goes deep” echoes the old doctrine of *privatio boni* — evil as privation. For Augustine and the Neoplatonists before him, evil owns no substance of its own; it is a corruption parasitic on the good it spoils, a stain on being rather than a being in its own right. It lays waste precisely because it cannot generate.

The thief, forgiven and still a thief.

The essay’s two quantities — the final turn and the integral already poured out — sit directly on the penitent thief of Luke 23. He turns at the last and is promised Paradise that same day; the turn changes his vector entirely, yet it does not unmake the road he traveled to the cross. Redemption is real, and consequences are conserved: both true, about different things.

Nervous systems in rhythm.

The one empirically measurable thread the piece touches — that “a present person measurably steadies the people around them” — corresponds to the research on interpersonal co-regulation and physiological synchrony: heart rate, breath, and electrodermal rhythms that drift toward one another between people in rapport, and the way cues of safety in one body quiet the alarm in another. The essay keeps this as a touchstone, not a proof; jays, it says plainly, asks no instrument reading.

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