

The Coin Jar

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Rasheda didn't think much of the jar at first.

It was wrapped in an old scarf and handed to her by her grandmother the week before.

"Don't spend it," she'd said with a crooked smile. "Just watch it."

Rasheda had laughed. "Is this one of your stories?"

"No, baby," her grandmother had said, placing her hand over Rasheda's. "It's one

The jar was ordinary enough.

Glass. Dusty. A few scratches on the side.

But heavy.

When Rasheda opened it, she found a wide collection of coins-pennies, nickels, quarters,

foreign pieces she didn't recognize.

No note.

No explanation.

Just that sentence repeating in her head:

"Don't spend it. Just watch it."

She placed it on the shelf near her bedroom window and mostly forgot about it.

Until one morning, she noticed it looked... fuller.

She hadn't added anything.

Hadn't touched it.

But the coins inside were higher than before.

She counted. Twice.

It had grown by \$1.35.

At first, she thought she was wrong.

Memory playing tricks.

Maybe she hadn't looked that closely before.

But the next week, it changed again.

She had just spent Saturday morning driving her neighbor to the pharmacy. No big deal.

But when she returned home and passed by the jar, she paused.

It was glowing faintly in the sunlight. And it looked heavier.

Another \$2.10.

It kept happening.

The jar never overflowed.

Never turned gold.

Never gave her rent money.

But it moved.

Quietly.

Consistently.

And only after she moved with purpose.

When she stayed up late to help her cousin with a job application?

+\$1.65.

When she declined gossip at work and encouraged her coworker instead?

+\$0.80.

When she skipped buying another candle she didn't need, and sent \$10 to her friend's new baby?

+\$2.50.

But when she ghosted her mom's call?

Ignored the tightness in her spirit?

The next morning, the jar was down by \$1.

She hadn't taken anything out.

She knew she hadn't.

It wasn't fear.

It was feedback.

The jar wasn't punishing her.

It was showing her.

That wealth wasn't just about money.

It was rhythm.

It was a response.

It was a responsibility.

Eventually, she stopped keeping track.

Stopped counting.

Stopped trying to predict the jar.

She just lived better.

Clearer.

And the jar?

It stayed steady.

One day, months later, she visited her aunt's house and saw an identical jar on the top bookcase.

"I didn't know you had one too," Rasheda said.

Her aunt smiled. "Mama gave me mine before I moved out."

Rasheda blinked. "Did yours... change?"

Her aunt paused, then nodded. "All the time. Until I stopped needing it to."

That night, Nia sat on the floor and opened her jar for the first time since it began cha

She didn't count the coins.

She just ran her fingers through them.

Let the coldness settle into her palm like memory.

At the bottom of the jar was a single folded paper.

She hadn't seen it before.

She opened it.

"What you carry grows with how you carry it."

- Grandma

Rasheda smiled.

Not because she finally understood it all-

But because she didn't need to.

She closed the jar.

Returned it to the shelf.

And went to bed full.