

JESUS AND THE WIDOW'S OFFERING



As Jesus was moving through the temple walls in the aftermath of debating a pressuring group of religious folks, he stopped to notice something seemingly invisible to the rest of the world. Something so quiet, so small, yet far more pious than any self-imposed priest in that temple.

What Jesus noticed in between all the swaying robes and swinging money bags was a humble widow offering two small copper coins—the very last two copper coins that she had. Perhaps even the last bit of money her late husband left for her.

To some people, this was a small, insignificant offering. But to Jesus, this was an embodiment of faith. While others were offering out of their abundance, she was offering out of her dependence.

And in Jesus' eyes, this woman was truly the abundant one. Her small, seemingly invisible offering had a far greater impact than any religious or performative ritual.

Throughout the day, our brains are constantly bombarded with all sorts of sensory data. According to neuroscientists, the human brain receives roughly *11 million bits* of information

However, our conscious minds can only process about 40–50 *bits* of information per second. So if you do the math, your brain is actively throwing away approximately 99.9% of what is happening around you.

And because our brains are wired to prioritize what we see as “rewards” and “threats” (like loud noises, bright lights, aesthetics, etc.), the quiet, ordinary things done by others are usually among the first things to get scrapped from our attention.

By default, we usually miss the small, seemingly invisible tasks that other people do. But the Spirit highlights those very things we often overlook. While the Spirit’s presence can be tangible in those “big” moments, it’s also the common, mundane moments where we find the Spirit delighting.

Are we allowing our awareness to capture those small moments? Are we allowing ourselves to slow down to notice not just the details of people, but also the beauty of the work they do and the impact it truly makes?

Do we notice the quiet scrape of a coworker's chair as they slip into the breakroom early, not to escape work, but to silently wipe down the coffee counter and restock the mugs so the next person walks into a clean space?

Do we notice the shopper who collects and returns a stray cart left in the middle of the parking lot so it doesn't ding someone else's car?

Do we notice the friend who quietly stays behind after a dinner party to help gather up cups and carry a load of trash to the bin, recognizing the host is exhausted?

These aren't just social courtesies; they are like copper coins. They are the small, sacrificial outputs of love that the world's 11-million-bit filter routinely discards as background white noise.

When we train our eyes to see like Jesus, we stop looking for spectacles and start noticing subtleties. God is not only in the applause or the achievements; He is present in the quiet faithfulness of the ordinary.

So look past the swaying robes and swinging money bags of your busy life.

Slow down enough to bypass your brain's filter, and look for the small, seemingly invisible acts of service.

Because in those moments, you just might find the Kingdom of Heaven blooming right in front of you.

