

170. SEEING THE UNSEEN - FRIDAY - OCTOBER 23, 2026

Good morning, Grace Harbor – it's Dan, and it's Friday!

I am happy to report that, while I did **not** make it to The Blue Anchor by 4:30 yesterday morning, I **did** beat the truck. I was 7 minutes late, and the truck was 8. I could literally see its headlights a couple blocks behind me as I was turning into the parking lot.

It was, well, to be honest, not the greatest morning weather-wise. It was around 40 degrees with a steady rain. When I made it around to the back door where the truck had parked, George was handing the driver a steaming cup of coffee, and I could hear the driver recounting all the hills and curves he had to take to get there.

"Dan," bellowed George when he saw me, "I want you to meet Josh! He grows the most delicious Brussels sprouts I've ever had in my life. And he's not a bad driver either. Hey, let me grab you a coffee." And he ducked back inside.

Josh was tall and slender with a bushy brown beard. He wore a heavy flannel shirt under his raincoat, and despite it being quarter to five in the morning by this point, he looked wide awake.

"Those are some great Brussels sprouts, by the way," I remarked, thinking fondly of the Harvest Hash.

A moment later, George was back with his morning kitchen

crew. They lined up from the back of the truck into the kitchen and passed boxes and crates assembly line style. I tried to help, but George waved me away and told me to enjoy the coffee. It was good coffee.

And, let me tell you, what came off that truck was just amazing. Huge heads of lettuce, burlap sacks of potatoes, crates of apples, trays of eggs, and of course boxes of the sprouts. There was **so** much food, and it all looked **so** good.

When the last of the food was loaded into the kitchen, George signed the delivery slip, and Josh handed him a copy. I heard him say, "Oh, and we've got the farm listed for each item just like you asked." They shook hands, Josh took off for his next delivery, and the quiet kitchen had suddenly turned into a tornado of activity.

I asked if there was anything I could help with, and George recommended that I head out to the dining room. He said the team out there should be arriving, and they could put me to work.

For the next 30 minutes until they opened, I helped refill ketchup bottles, salt and pepper shakers, and napkin dispensers. I wrapped sets of silverware and wiped down tables and chairs, counters and stools. Once you start doing all of that, it makes sense, but I had never thought of just how much work went into getting the place ready.

I guess that's really been the theme for the week – trying to see the unseen and be grateful. Widening the thank you.

The best part about all of it is that it might take a little extra effort, a little research, asking a few questions, but ultimately gratitude is free! And unlimited! You can always say more thank-yous and never run out!

As you reflect on this week, I wonder if you started to notice more. Did you start to see things – see *people* – that have always been there but often get overlooked? Once you set your intention, once you made it your focus, did it become any easier? Share your reflections on this week with each other now, and if you need more time, feel free to pause the podcast. I'll be right here when you get back.

[PAUSE]

Once The Blue Anchor officially opened, I took my spot at the counter where George had already gotten the griddle hot and ready.

George handed me a menu, and I replied, "Oh, I don't need one of those! Especially after meeting the man behind those Brussels sprouts, how can I get anything other than the Harvest Hash?"

George pointed to the menu and, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Yeah, well, why don't you take a look anyway. You never know. Something might have changed."

I glanced down, and I noticed something *had* changed! Just under each menu item in small type was a listing of the farms where each one of the ingredients came from.

I looked up and smiled. George gave me a wink, and got to work on my breakfast. And when he slid me my plate, I'm not sure I've ever said a pre-meal prayer with more gratitude in my heart.

Ok, let's close in prayer. If you want to, you can close your eyes and fold your hands.

Dear God, you made everything and all of us. There isn't one seed hidden away in an apple that you don't see, and there isn't a single person you've forgotten. Thank you for *all* of your blessings – especially those we don't recognize. Amen.

Ok, Grace Harbor, have a great weekend, and I'll see you on Monday.

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