This is Be Known, and I’m Kerrah Fabacher. You’re listening to episode \_\_\_\_11\_\_. We were made for relationship, but so often our relationships are broken. And when our relationships are broken, *we* are broken. One of our deepest human desires is to be known, but we often have lost ourselves along the way. This is a podcast to help you get your relationships back to a place of wholeness. A place of authentic connection, where you feel truly known.

So come on in and sit a while. Let’s exchange fear for love and finally see what good relationships are made of. And let’s see what kind of healing happens here.

In my day job, I am a Licensed Professional Counselor and certified life coach. Right now, I am offering a free 30 minute introductory session for those interested in coaching, and you can sign up at [www.kerrahfabacher.com/book-online](http://www.kerrahfabacher.com/book-online).

In the summer after my junior year of college, I got on a plane with my embarrassingly overweight red suitcase with about fifteen other LSU students. We were headed to Italy for about seven weeks with what was called Campus Crusade for Christ at the time, now just called Cru. We were going into Bologna to develop relationships and have spiritual conversations with the college students there.

After a long day of travel, we finally made it. It felt like a dream. Like for real? Who gets to go on a mission trip to Italy?

My bedroom window in our apartment looked out over the city of Bologna with its red roofs that reminded me of LSU. It gave a stranger a sense of home. We opened the windows a lot because there was no AC. But opening them connected us to the foreign and mysterious world around us.

We settled in, and in a short time, we were sent out into the streets of Bologna to meet as many college students as we could.

It was hard work trying to have spiritual conversations with a people who identified mainly as atheist, but we made some great friends that summer. One of my favorite memories was when some of our friends showed us the seven secrets of Bologna that only the locals knew. From whispers into walls, angles on statues that would make a middle school girl giggle, to hidden canals, and arrows stuck in ceilings, our friends showed us them all. Told us their history and invited us into their culture. These were things we would have never known to look for, things that remain unseen to the average person.

But when seen, I could never unsee them.

Once known, I never was the same.

Bologna became real to me.

I could not help but identify with these seven secrets. Each time I met a new one, something in *me* felt seen. I knew what it felt like to be unseen, to be unknown. I did not vocalize this to others around me, but I understood what it felt like to go unnoticed as people walked by.

 A girl who got picked last at PE sometimes

 A girl whose crush never liked her back

 A girl who got broken up with after just two weeks of dating what felt like her dream guy

 A girl who never fit with the popular crowd

 A girl whose friends turned their back on her after she made a mistake

 A girl who faded into the background in her new city

 A girl who was walked all over in a job she hated for years

 A girl who all of a sudden felt obsolete when stepping down from leadership

 A girl who wondered if God remembered her after losing three babies

 That girl is me.

 I know what it feels like to be unseen.

 To be hidden away, to be unknown.

And one of our deepest human desires is to be known. But I wonder if the point is not to be seen, but to be unseen.

The secrets hidden in the streets and buildings of Bologna, Italy, carry much more meaning when they remain unseen.

I wonder if God is whispering to us, “I want you to embrace the unseen.”

The hiddenness and the mystery.

The beauty that lies beneath the surface.

I recently got a new tattoo that says “You are the God who sees.” El Roi. This is what Hagar said to God when she was mistreated in Genesis 16. And this is what I say to God now.

There will be times when we are struggling and no one seems to notice. Times when we are not picked for the promotion or are not asked on the date. Times when we are just a face in a crowd and not the ones standing on the stage. Times when we have small amounts of followers or readers or listeners. Times when we have feelings but they are overlooked. Times when it feels God has forgotten us.

And being unseen in those moments can feel quit lonely.

But we have a God who sees.

 He sees your financial situation.

 He sees your tears when you can’t get pregnant.

 He sees your exhaustion and pain.

 He sees you getting your chemo.

 He sees you being faithful even in small ways.

 He sees your obedience.

 He sees beneath the surface, in the hidden corners.

 He sees how you feel, what you need, who you are.

 He sees you.

 He knows you.

Even if no one else does. He knows you like the locals know all the secret spots. He knows your history. He knows it all.

And because of this, his love goes deeper for you than any other’s could. It is a complete love.

May we know at the depths of our very souls that God loves us. That he will never stop.

May we know that he rewards things unseen.

That he produces fruit out of the unseen.

That he changes everything in the unseen.

My friend Ali, and former mentor at LSU, has never made me feel unseen. She always saw me. My gifts, my struggles, my strengths, my calling. It was amazing, really. I opened the mail one day in the season when I felt very obsolete in the last couple of years. Ali had sent me a book by Sara Hagerty, called *Unseen.* I had not even shared with Ali all of what I was going though in that time, but something in her knew that something in me needed to read that book.

Let me share a bit with you.

Sara says this,

 “Rarely do I notice the roots of a tree unless my feet stumble over them. I may notice the way the branches above me cut across the sky as I pull out of my driveway. I may sit with my toddler in the shade or pick apples at an orchard with my children in early autumn. I may roll a newly fallen leaf between my fingers. But most of the time I walk unaware right over the roots, the hidden life of every tree that makes everything else — branches, shade, fruit, and leaves — possible at all. Often the obvious accomplishments of our days get most of our attention. Noticing the roots, much less tending to them, seems secondary when there are branches to climb and fruit to pick. We live for what is right in front of us, while God is ever so gently calling us toward the unseen. His unseen.” (P. 27)

Thanks for sitting a while with me. I trust that \_\_\_embracing the unseen\_\_\_ will help you make one more step toward wholeness so that you can finally see what good relationships are made of.

You can find me on instagram @kerrahfabacher or at my website, [www.kerrahfabacher.com](http://www.kerrahfabacher.com).

The transcript for this episode is on the podcast page on my website.

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And a big thanks to my friend, Robert Hargrove, for creating the music for our podcast, and fellow hope\*writer, Alana Dawson for editing the show.

Until next time, friend.

I’ll see you soon!