2685 Bobby

Product Book · https://kb.jeffreysummers.com/docs/2685-bobby/

I was working as an area manager for a national restaurant brand in Chicago. One of my servers came to me about a Guest who had been coming in at least twice a week for seven years — since the day she'd been hired. His name was Bobby. His birthday was coming up, and she wanted to do something meaningful. Not the standard piece of chocolate cake with a candle and a song. Something real.

I took her aside and started asking questions. Then I asked the rest of the staff. What do we actually know about Bobby? Who is this man?

Bobby was a die-hard Chicago Bears fan. And a die-hard fan of the restaurant.

I went out and bought him a leather Chicago Bears bomber jacket. Had his name embroidered on it. Gave it to the staff to wrap and present to him on his birthday.

About two weeks later, the server called me. Bobby had passed away. His son had stopped by the restaurant to tell her — and to pass along a message. Before Bobby died, one of the stories he told his son was about that bomber jacket. About how much he loved the staff. About that memory.

He didn't tell his son about the points he'd accumulated over seven years. He didn't tell him about a discount he'd earned or a free appetizer he'd redeemed. He told him about a jacket with his name on it, given to him by people who actually knew who he was.

Bobby didn't die talking about his reward points. He died talking about the jacket.

That's what loyalty looks like. Not a transaction. A relationship. Not something you earn through a program — something you build through genuine attention to another human being. Bobby gave that restaurant seven years of his life, twice a week, because it gave him something back that no points system can manufacture: the feeling of being known.