

## Holiday Image



Chivalry was at its best this morning when this teenaged-looking young man tapped my handbag as I stood on the train. "Miss, would you like this seat?" he offered kindly, and I, extremely moved by his charm and gentle look—a look that contrasted his trendy urban attire and rugged exterior—obliged. It was distinctively the moment I felt the holiday spirit, despite the streaming sound of Josh Groban coming from my iPod. I marveled at the youngster's coy look each time we made eye contact, as he stood in his bad-boy apparel.

Perhaps, this youngster came from a stellar upbringing, a soldier of influence marching amidst his clique, a heart of compassion rebellious among his flock, an unassuming gentleman confused by his existence, an unmistakable messenger, a son, a brother, a human being who I might have inaccurately judged had he not offered me his seat.

Later, just before he departed the train, he flashed an impish smile and I returned a warm one.

How will you be judged this holiday season? For who you are or for who you are pretending to be?

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