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I looked around. I saw a town, cars flustered together, eyes of stressed adults watching the traffic lights and their busy environment. The citizens of Wellington, Florida, gazing for the police officers, trying not to get caught for neglecting the law. There it was a police officer dressed in navy blue with black trousers. One polished black boot in front of the other, he crossed the busy street. The gentleman's large hands were filled with goods, from water bottles to an assortment of vegetables. As the officer struggled to hoist the items across the road I looked to where his destination would be. My eyes focused on this man with a rough beard and a dirty cheek. This man was wearing a faded yellow looking plaid shirt on combined with dirty jeans. He had set a brown cardboard sign on the of the side of the road which was covered in thick dust and patches of grass that was dying by the second. The sign had said in black sharpie "Anything will help." That is when the officer finally approached the middle aged man with the assortment of goods. The officer lightly set everything on the patchy grass next to the man and shook his hand. Thoughts went through my mind wondering why would this man use his own money and time to go out of his way and purchase items for somebody who he hasn't

ever met before. The smile on the man's face had looked as if the officer gave him the

world, and to him that is what had been done.

To me a hero doesn't always have to be a superhero but somebody who changes a

persons life for the better, even if it is only for a single day. I admire this police officer,

he had no judgement or discomposure but only comfort and courage.

The officer helped this man rise above the hatred and horror of this town and helped

him reach the good, the forgiveness, and the respect of it. The police officer would not

receive a prize or award for his kindness, but he didn't expect one. I treasure this police

officer, I aspire to be as noble as this man, to do great in the world, to make somebody

happy and only obtain a smile from it, and feel like that was most certainly enough of

an award from the selfless action.

After the officer shook the mans hand the officer's lips read "Continue with courage."

As I saw a slow tear drip down this mans face as he responded, "Thank you."

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As the tear from the man dripped down his face I had known he realized that people in this world saw him as a human, not only a homeless man. He is just like them, somebody who also had a fulfilled heart and sole.

What had happened that day had been a true act of hospitality. My goal is to repeat something as gracious as this someday. Somebody I am certain will repeat this act one day, is the scruffy looking man.