

Where Angels Walk

A Screenplay Treatment (Dream Cast: Sidney Poitier, Denzell Washington, Halle Berry, and Ruby Dee)

© 2006-12 Gene Cartwright

Log Line

Malcom James Porter, an 80 year-old, Chicago homeless man, and WWII hero, discovers the power to heal lies in the touch of his hands.

Brief synopsis:

Malcom J. Porter, 80, a man with a storied past, buries his last friend, and fellow WWII hero, Henry Chester Morris, III. Unable to maintain his rooming house quarters, he pawns his meager worldly possessions to purchase a suit, real leather shoes, and fresh flowers for his friend's VA Cemetery ceremony. Shortly thereafter, this shy, retiring man of regal bearing—along with a world hungry for miracles—discovers the power of healing in the palms of his weathered hands. But who will heal Malcom J. Porter?

Where Angels Walk

© 2006–12 Gene Cartwright

Malcolm James Porter, 80, has lived too long. A once resolute, resourceful, yet gentle man of regal bearing, he has been both blessed and cursed with long life. Mr. Porter survived WWII and D-Day; segregation; Jim Crow racism—in the South and the North—and is in perfect physical health. The curse? Except for an estranged daughter, Rachel, whom he has not seen in thirty years, he is alone.

Malcom has outlived his beloved wife, Lucille, and all his family. Now his last, and “bestest” friend, ever—the irascible Henry Chester Morris III—has died. “Chesty,” a childhood friend, was a true friend practically all of Malcom’s eighty years. “Closer than the brother I never had,” Malcom was fond of telling anyone who would listen.

Before the ‘Big War,’ Porter, and Morris, both born and raised near Valdosta, Georgia, met future baseball greats, Jackie Robinson and Larry Doby when they came to play teams of the Negro Southern League in 1935. In their youth, the two dreamed of, and had real chances to join the Old Negro Baseball League; they were just that good. They both had talent to rival that of players like Newt Allen, James “Cool Papa” Bell, George “Mule” Suttles, Jimmie Crutchfield, Leroy “Satchel” Paige, Wilber “Bullet Joe” Rogan, Norman “Turkey” Stearnes, Andrew “Rube” Foster, and others.

But those dreams were forever deferred. Malcom and Henry were more valuable working to help support their families. Between 1942 and 1945 there was a war to be fought; an army to serve in, segregated or not. Both youngsters survived and returned, got married, and faced what most black, returning GIs faced: racist Jim Crow laws in the south.

In search of a better life, they moved north to Chicago; worked in steel mills, the factories of western Illinois and eastern Ohio. Malcom and Henry both fought to receive their full G.I. benefits, certain they never received what they truly deserved.

In 1949, Malcom married Lucille Wilson, formerly from Clarksville Tennessee. She was his first real love. The two simply adored each other. He and Lucy lived on Chicago's South side, where they started a family. But Malcom soon tired of factory work. In 1951 he was hired by the old Golden State Mutual Life Insurance Company, as a debit insurance salesman. He was successful in building his client list, but the income was too meager. He and Lucy's son, Malcom, Jr., was born in late 1952, but died of diphtheria in 1953. They were heartbroken, but grew even closer to each other.

In 1954, daughter, Rachel Alice was born. The next year, with Lucy's passionate encouragement, Malcom founded his own insurance company, Porter Life & Casualty. In the beginning, against all odds, he was wildly successful. Malcom's quiet, but reassuring manner served him well, perhaps too well. His client base was more than sixty percent white. When his success allegedly threatened the financial well-being of regional offices of his former employer, and other white companies, he lost the underwriting for his fledgling business.

Porter Life & Casualty was doomed. Struggling to overcome his bitterness, Malcom fought to gain a position with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Finally, with the help of a white associate and mentor in the insurance business, Met relented and hired him. There was just one problem: they explicitly insisted he not sell to 'Negroes,' and doubted he would ever sell a single policy to whites.

Malcom countered by sending white and black customers to a white 'friend' who wrote the coverage for both Metropolitan and a growing competitor. The friend used "white addresses" for black policyholders. The purpose was to establish that these black customers lived in mostly white areas. Malcom insisted the friend accept a split on commissions and residuals. The man declined to accept anything more than "thanks." As a result of enormous sales results, Metropolitan came to view Malcom as one of their top agents, although they never communicated that to him directly, or through any company documents or memos.

However, things at Metropolitan changed a bit, especially in the late 1960s and more in the 1970s. The greatest change followed earlier discovery of secret memos, and subsequent lawsuits, regarding its race-based underwriting. Over time, the company lifted restrictions, reluctantly permitting sales to anyone. Malcom prospered, and retired in 1987, after nearly thirty years of service.

Lucille, “Lucy” died of a stroke in 1988. Malcom James Porter never recovered; he never remarried, and he never again told a woman he loved her. He vowed to love his Lucille forever. Shortly after Lucy’s death, his life spiraled downward. Deeply depressed, he lost his bearing, his entrepreneurial spirit, his zest for life. He sold the new home, built only five years earlier, and rented an apartment. Malcom was never the same. A year later, a fire destroyed the apartment complex. He was barely able to escape with his life and few treasured belongings. And although Malcom J. Porter did all he could to try to make a life for himself, he failed. A life of alcohol and deepening depression made him unrecognizable to even himself.

Rachel, 34 at the time, was married and living in New York. Her father’s sudden descent into oblivion left her unable to locate him. With the help of her investment banker husband, Thurgood, she failed to find him. A dozen trips to Chicago and environs; treks through the old neighborhood, and conversations with the few remaining neighbors proved unsuccessful. Repeated efforts to gain the assistance of the Veteran’s Administration only provided frustration. All attempts to locate her father failed.

In 1997, Malcom’s life began to turn around. It was only after a dream in which his beloved Lucille appeared to him. Her presence was as real as any the two had ever shared. He awoke to see her image standing next to the chair in which he had fallen asleep the night before while in a drunken stupor. Malcom could recall no words being spoken. What riveted him was the sad and plaintive look in Lucy’s doleful eyes. They reflected such sadness, such a longing, such disappointment. It was a look he had never seen on her face in all their years together. He knew why it was there.

Without a single moment spent in a recovery program, Malcom vowed to never touch any form of alcohol again, not even Listerine. He had kept his promise to himself, and to his beloved wife. And while his economic circumstance had not improved measurably, it was not from lack of effort. Malcom worked any job that came his way. With the assistance of local job programs, he applied for many jobs, especially sales jobs. He was determined to capitalize on his successful career in sales. Malcom worked bagging groceries, cleaning storage rooms, and restaurants. However, when his severe arthritis flared in his wrists, knees and shoulders; and his back injury betrayed him, his

paced slowed noticeably. Inevitably, the job vanished. Proprietors were always polite enough, but no establishment accepted "Thank-you" in exchange for food and shelter.

And the wholly inadequate VA check he received at a local shelter, whose manager agreed to provide as a permanent address, seldom sufficed. Of course, it did not help that Malcom James Porter, despite his own circumstance, often provided much of his meager resources to help those less fortunate. One of his favorite recipients was a local woman's shelter specializing in assisting homeless mothers.

To his dismay, Malcom's search for meaningful employment always ended in rejection. He was convinced that were he in his thirties, even forties, he would have had a far different experience. He came to avoid mirrors, reflections of himself. He did not want to be reminded of the change time had wreaked upon his body. There was no way to conceal his success of having lived a long life. But now, that success was two edged sword that only seemed to cut one way: against him

Now, in 2002, Malcolm Porter, who can now no longer afford even his modest Kings Hotel rooming house rent, sells all his earthly treasures in order to buy a decent suit and a pair of real leather shoes for his friend's VA Cemetery burial.

Fade In:

OPENING — a (slow) black and white montage of personal treasures: snapshot of a 6 year-old, black boy (circa 1928) posed with his 8 year-old sister; a man's belt buckle; an old pocket watch; old coins; a baseball glove (1940's); photo of a black bride in wedding dress (circa 1950s); a pair of WWII medals; a photo of an '19 year-old, GI recruit in 1945, an old pocketknife, and a woman's wedding ring.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: EXT. SKYLINE OF MAJOR U.S CITY (CHICAGO) DAY

EXT. DETERIORATED URBAN RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD DAY

Pedestrians, auto traffic in mixed-zoned area, lower middle to poor working-class neighborhood. Children play nearby.

EXT. A TWO-STORY BOARDING HOUSE DAY (Establish)

INT. BOARDING HOUSE — DAY

Show this is a residence for low income, mostly seniors. Residents enter and leave area. The manager, ROZ, 38, black, full-figured, bubbly, but no-nonsense is at the desk in the lobby. She's speaking with a couple of residents.

FOLLOW MR. CHARLIE DIGGS, 80+, black, dressed in suit and a yellow bowtie, (energetic and extrovertish), down a hallway. He passes an elderly female resident:

RESIDENT

A fine good mornin' Mr. Diggs.
Love the suit, and that bowtie.

MR. DIGGS

Thank you, Mrs. Wells. My, my,
you certainly are stepping
spryly this morning. I do say.

RESIDENT

Mr. Diggs. At eighty-five, I am
blessed to be movin' at all.
(chuckles walking)

MR. DIGGS

God is good, isn't he?

Mr. Diggs moves on, arrives at an open door. He stops, leans inside the doorway; speaks to a man,

SHOW MALCOM J. PORTER, 80, Black, thin, with obvious bearing. He wears a seedy black suit, and a white shirt buttoned at the collar. He stands next to the bed, inside his one room. Two, timeworn suitcases are on the bed — one large, one small. He is solemn, as he meticulously places clothing in the larger, and trinkets and treasures into the smaller. Mr. Diggs speaks.

MR. DIGGS

So, what cha' gonna do now,
Malcolm? Where ya' goin'?

Malcolm stops filling his suitcases long enough to turn around, smile, shrug, and glance away. He casts a long stare toward the open window, before facing the man again.

MALCOM

Don't really know, Charlie...
follow a sparrow, I suppose.

MR. DIGGS

Hmm. Not a bad idea. Not bad at all. Listen, I am so sorry about Henry. What a character. A real gentleman he was. I surely do know somethin' 'bout losin' your last close friends. Do let us all know about the arrangements and all.

Malcom nods again. Mr. Diggs leaves. Malcolm continues packing. He closes the suitcases, goes to the door; he pauses, looks around one last time, turns off the lights, and leaves the room.

INT. KINGS HOTEL, ROOMING HOUSE LOBBY DAY

Malcolm approaches the desk, speaks to Roz. Her smile and body language convey care and compassion.

ROZ

Mr. Porter. I am so sorry.

Malcom forces a smile, points to the larger suitcase.

MALCOM

Thanks, Miss Roz. Look, I'll just...leave this one for a few days. Shouldn't take me long to...to retrieve it.

ROZ

It'll be here. Mr. Porter, I sure wish there had been some way for you to...Sure gon' miss you around here. You alright?

MALCOM

No...no, not really. But thanks for asking. I'll be okay. If I don't make it back, well...

ROZ

Oh, you'll be back, alright. You watch. But you gotta promise to stay in touch. You just let me know where you are, and I'll come pick you up any

Sunday after church. I'll bring you over to the house so you can meet my husband and kids...have Sunday dinner. And I mean real home cookin.' I am truly a modern woman, but I'm one 'a them sistas who cooks. I love to cook, and I do love to eat. Just look at me. Can't you tell?*(laughs)*

MALCOLM

Thanks, But...if I don't make it back, just give that away to someone who...who finds value in...old things.*(smiles)*

Roz smiles back, but her smile fades slowly. Tears well in her eyes, as she walks from around the counter, and embraces Malcolm. He appears somewhat uncomfortable with the gesture, but endures it well. Everyone watches sadly as he leaves.

EXT. A MAJOR U.S. CITY, DOWNTOWN URBAN DAY

The sights and sounds of a busy, urban setting: pedestrians, traffic, hustle and bustle, car horns blaring, city transit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Malcolm, jostled as he carries his smaller suitcase, makes his way, down the crowded sidewalk. He is tentative at crossings; starts across then steps back when the 'DON'T WALK' SIGN flashes, as he enters the crosswalk. His slow pace visibly frustrates many pedestrians. He ignores them, and walks on, He is erect, and proud.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PAWN SHOP DAY

Malcom Porter hesitates at the entrance, and is passed by others eager to get inside, even as others exit. He starts away then returns to the entrance.

INT. PAWN SHOP DAY

Malcolm approaches the counter, and is greeted by a gruff-looking, BEARDED MALE CLERK, 30s, with tattoos, and a cigar in his mouth.

CLERK

What cha' got there, Pops?

Malcolm hesitates, clenches his teeth for a second, while staring at the man without blinking.

MALCOLM

The name is Porter...Malcolm
James Porter.

ON THE COUNTER

Malcolm places the suitcase on the counter, slowly opens it, revealing his treasures. The man removes his cigar, stares with jaw dropped. He gingerly examines the items, frequently looking up at Malcolm, who stands tall...mostly looks away.

CLERK

Man, you're a piece of walkin'
history here. Got cha' life in
this box, huh?

Malcolm does not respond.

Malcom J. Porter pawns his meager, but treasured earthly possessions to buy a suit, shirt, shoes, and fresh flowers for his last and "bestest" friend's burial. He sells his trinkets, collected over a life time: his WWII medals; his watch, given him by his late father, and other bits and pieces of his life.

Malcom was always a proud man. During these 'mean years' of his life, he has groomed himself in the restrooms of fast-food establishments, large retail stores, and service stations. He has eaten when and where he could; worked at whatever jobs he was offered; given to those with even less than he, and refused to panhandle.

Then, a miracle; it came during a Thanksgiving Day visit to a Chicago homeless shelter. Standing in line, only two persons ahead of him, was his old childhood friend and WWII buddy, Henry Chester Morris III. Malcom would have recognized 'Chesty' in a blinding sandstorm. The two had lost contact more than thirty years earlier, when Henry left to visit his dying mother back in Georgia. On this day, they talked so much, neither hardly took time to eat his Thanksgiving dinner.

From that day on, they were like twins. Together, they obtained rare odd jobs; bought what they could afford from discount stores and the like. But Malcom and

Henry refused to beg, take charity, or depend on a Veteran's Administration both had grown to mistrust. The two had seen mutual friends—fellow veterans—die from poor or non-existent treatment.

2002

Having just buried his long-time friend, Malcom Porter saw no point in going on. He remained alone at the cemetery, the last of only six mourners at Henry's funeral, awash in tears, and painful recollections. He longed for Lucille's loving voice, her warm reassuring caress, now gone forever.

Near sunset, Malcom finally left the cemetery, determined to end his own life. He had grown weary of the disregard, and the invisibility he now suffered at the hands of those around him. He grown to feel useless, being old in a society he once helped to keep free. He and Henry often spoke about the feeling of worthlessness both felt; the countless indignities and slights.

He remembered a visit to the park, where he picked a single flower. He was loudly scolded by a 'twenty-something' Park attendant younger than the shoes Malcom wore. It was but another nail in his soul. On the streets, his movements were always too slow, for those eager to get to where they were going.

On a bright Tuesday morning, resolved to end it all, Malcom took an "L" downtown. A short time later, stood in front of a gleaming high-rise, and plotted his final moments. He would take the elevator to the top floor, and take the stairs to the roof. Somehow... somehow he would find the strength to jump. He vowed to take care not to injure anyone, but Malcom James Porter was determined to carry out his well-laid plan.

Then the unexpected. Malcom entered the building, only to be stopped by rigorous, Post-9/11 security measures. Bullet fragments still in his chest—one near his heart—remained from the war; it set off the metal detectors. Instructed to empty his pockets, he desperately tried to explain the problem. After repeated examination, the guards were at last convinced he posed no danger. However, Malcom was denied entry when he was unable to provide proof of residency, a valid driver's license, a credit card, or establish which office he had an appointment to visit.

Disappointed, but undaunted, Malcom opted to meet his end, as an auto crash victim. He stood poised at a busy Chicago intersection for several minutes, trying to steel his resolve. All manner of thought raced through his mind. He lectured himself: *"Malcom, there has to be a less painful way to do this. What about arsenic...cyanide or something? What if you're only badly injured, and end up paralyzed for ten...fifteen years?"* Malcom dismissed those thoughts as pure "wimping out," and waited for the right moment. Then, as a UPS truck made its way along the street, he entered the intersection and stopped cold in the oncoming truck's path. He closed his eyes and waited.

At that precise moment, two lives intersected. In the curb lane, waiting to proceed through the intersection in the crossing traffic was a bleary-eyed, 36 year old black medical doctor. Dr. John Phillip Ford had just ended his graveyard, emergency room shift, and was headed home. He had lot on his mind, especially the fact he had very little time to spend with his son, 8 year-old son, John, Jr., or his wife of eleven years, Kelly. The latter had not been reluctant to make him aware of the fact. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Malcom James Porter stepped out into oncoming traffic, and into his life.

INT. DOCTOR FORD'S CAR DAY

DR. FORD

What the...

John, prepared to hit his accelerator, instead instinctively jammed harder on his brake; laid on his horn; threw his car into park, and reached to open his car door.

Just as tires on the UPS truck screeched, and onlookers scream, Malcom Porter is plucked from sure death, and carried to the safety of the sidewalk. The skidding truck plows by. A look of both shock and relief grips the young driver's face. Malcom opens his eyes to find himself in the clutches of his rescuer: a robust, young black teenager, dressed in baggy hip-hop clothes, wearing a large, silver chain, and sporting snow-white 'Air Jordans.'

TEEN

"Damn, old dude. You 'bout to check outta here, dawg. That was close. You aw'ight?

Malcom is winded, frightened, and disappointed. He nods, repeatedly, tries to catch his breath.

MALCOM

Yes...yes...I'm...I'm fine.
Thanks...a lot. Thanks.

Meanwhile, Dr. Ford, wearing scrubs, is halfway out of his car when his light turns green. Cars immediately begin honking. He reaches back inside and turns on his emergency flasher then calmly observes Malcom for several seconds. He has no doubt what he witnessed was no accident. Dr. Ford approaches Malcom and his young rescuer.

DR. FORD

Excuse me...Excuse me. I'm a
doctor. Are you...okay. You
alright?

MALCOM

Yes...yes,I'm... fine. Thanks.
And thanks to you, young man. I
guess I just...just lost my way
for a moment.

Dr. Ford and the teen assist Malcom to his feet. Malcom brushes himself off, thanks the young Teen again, and starts away.

While still ignoring the angry drivers behind him, Dr. Ford reenters his car, and drives on. He continues glancing back in his rear view mirror at the 'Old Man' who walks on, under the watchful gaze of his teen rescuer. John Phillip Ford and Malcom James Porter would soon meet again.

Two weeks later, Malcom Porter finds himself in the hospital, recuperating from another, though nearly successful, attempt to end his own life with an alcohol, aspirin cocktail. Then, in a life-altering turn of events, his path again crosses that of emergency-

room doctor, one John Phillip Ford. Doctor Ford immediately recognizes Malcom. He takes a personal interest, even after Malcom is placed in ICU, then recovery. To avoid being referred to a psychiatrist, he latter insisted it was all an accident. Dr. Ford was now convinced his earlier suspicion that morning the Chicago intersection was correct.

Dr. Ford has found his own life's purpose later than most. He had struggled for years, along with his wife, Kelly—an attorney in a mid-size Chicago Firm—to complete medical school. His earlier life as a high school math, and biology teacher had not been fulfilling. His lifelong dream was to become a doctor. Now, his dream was a reality. Kelly never left his side. Now, the demands of his medical career are threatening to destroy his marriage and the relationship with his son. Malcom would soon meet that family. And try as he would to avoid it, a close relationship would form. It turns out they all need Malcolm James Porter as much as he needs them.

But Malcom Porter's life takes a yet another stunning turn. One day during his last hospitalization, while visiting a patient diagnosed and being treated for Hodgkin's Disease, Malcom stops in to say hello. He was only there for fifteen minutes, and was about to move on, when the man stops him.

CANCER PATIENT

Thanks for stopping in. It gets a little lonely in here...what with my son and daughter having to work...take care of their families. I really needed to talk to someone today. You were heaven-sent. You may not know it, but you were. Could you remember to...pray for me?

Malcom appears speechless. It was a request no one had made of him in as long as he could remember. He moved closer, as the man lifts his right arm across his body, inviting Malcom to grasp his hand.

MALCOM

Of course, I will...pray for you, Mr. Summers. Pleased to have met you.

ANGLE

As he speaks, Malcom grasps Mr. Summers' hand. At first, the man's grip is weak. Then, he grew stronger and stronger. He was reluctantly to let go Malcom's hand. Malcom instantly felt a strange, sensation course his body. Mr. Summers' eyes appeared to come alive. To Malcom, it felt as if some energy...some force, flowed from him to this stranger. Seconds later, Mr. Summers released his grip. Malcom backed away slowly, unsure just what to make of what he had just experienced.

CANCER PATIENT

God bless you.

MALCOM

And you.

Malcom leaves the room, and pauses for several minutes just outside the door. For a moment, he feels drained, exhausted. However, within a short time, he feels more alive than he has in days...months...years. Within minutes, he encounters Dr. Ford, who immediately senses a change he respectfully insists Malcom explains.

The scenario in the cancer patient's room would be repeated many times, in other hospitals and care facilities, although Malcom fights to deny what is happening. This shy, retiring man of regal bearing—along with a world hungry for miracles—discovers the power of healing in the palms of his weathered hands. He can simply touch sick and even terminally ill patients, and most are mysteriously healed. No one is more shocked and disbelieving than Malcolm James Porter.

To his dismay, though for a time he manages to remain anonymous, headlines soon proclaim the story: "HEALING ANGEL ON CALL AT AREA HOSPITALS?" He does all he can to escape the publicity, but is secretly photographed by an intrepid reporter. At first, Malcom refuses to accept that he indeed has such power.

Not a particularly religious man, he seeks out the counsel of a priest, a minister, a rabbi. Not long afterwards, he begins visiting area hospitals, children's hospitals, cancer facilities, nursing homes—anywhere he found suffering. And while not every one he touches experiences a healing, he came to know in advance who, among those he visited, would be healed. It was unnerving, awe-inspiring, and humbling for such a shy, retiring, and humble man. He resists the lure of money, public notoriety and constant

hounding by hucksters and the curious. He finds refuge in the loving home of Dr. Ford, his family and the love they provide him. But who will really heal Malcom James Porter?

Yet, Malcom is healed, in part, by his unlikely friendship with Dr. Ford and his family. Dr. Ford, a charismatic, devoted physician, is fighting his own demons. Malcom becomes a regular visitor at the doctor's home. In time, he begins to experience his own healing by befriending the doctor's young son, John, Jr., who comes to regard Malcom as a grandfather. He values being needed, not viewed as doddling old man only steps from the grave. Someone needs him; and he needs them.

He, Malcom James Porter, is made to feel whole again by the doctor's wife, who is also suffering in her marriage. Sadly, she sees divorce as her only solution. Malcom, though reluctant to offer even the mildest advice, finds his presence, his willingness to listen is invaluable. It also appears to have a healing effect on the Ford's marriage.

Dr. Ford later learns of Malcom's pawning of his life's small treasures, and secretly retrieves them. Theirs is no less a father-son relationship than any. They share fishing trips, baseball games—Cubs and Sox's—conversations, even spirited political discussions. They also fondly and laughingly recount the day the two met. It is a subject Malcom can now laugh about.

During one such moment. Dr. Ford reveals a personal secret known only to two people, both physicians. John haltingly discloses that less than a month before that fateful morning on the streets of downtown Chicago, he had been rocked by a confirmed diagnosis of Leukemia. He refused to believe the analysis, despite the undeniable evidence. For weeks, while pouring himself into his work even more than before, John struggled with his decision to not inform Kelly.

Then he met Malcom. For the first time, he spoke of a strange and overpowering sensation he felt the moment he grasped John's hand to lift himself to his feet. He had no explanation for what he felt. The experience would have been dismissed except for two events that followed: a follow-up test showed no sign of the disease. His stunned doctors were unable to offer any explanation.

Secondly, when John learned of Malcom's unexplained experience with the Hodgkin's patient, and subsequent displays of Malcom's mysterious healing power, he

was forced to acknowledge the source of his own healing. Malcom listened and smiled, as John made his confession. His only response was:

"I knew there was something. I always know. Somehow, I always know."

For the first time in a long time, Malcom looked forward to holidays. He dared to permit himself to enjoy those special times. On Christmas morning, 2002, he is presented a beautifully wrapped gift containing these treasures he never expected to see again. His heart overflowed; he found the tears impossible to hold back.

But there is more to Malcom's healing. In early 2003, he was hospitalized for treatment of prostate cancer. A media that had long lauded his "healing gift," now facetiously and cynically speculated on whether the "healing angel" would be able to heal himself.

While under the care of his Oncologist, and Dr. Ford, no longer an Emergency Room physician, Malcom receives a gift he never dared hope for. He is blessed by a tearful reunion with his long-estranged daughter, Rachel Alice. When she first enters the room, he is just waking from a nap, and mistakes the attractive fifty year old widow, and mother of four, for his late wife, Lucille. The resemblance was remarkable. The emotion of the moment spills out into the nurse's station, and to all who learn what is happening.

And for the first time, Malcom meets his eldest of three grandsons, 29 year-old Malcom Porter Davis. The young man is just completing residency at New York Presbyterian Hospital. What happens when the young man embraces his grandfather, sends a shockwave through Malcom's frame. The instant the two touch, Malcom feels an overwhelming sensation course his entire body. It takes all the effort he can muster to dampen his reaction. He feels restored, empowered, reborn...healed. He gazes into the eyes of his namesake, and instantly knows him. Malcom is also certain of the overwhelming good that will flow to others from the touch of this young doctor's hands. Within a week of this meeting, Malcom's cancer goes into remission.

Malcom would later meet his only granddaughter, 31 year old Andrea Lucille. Presently, she was in Africa, serving with a United Nations Group helping the tragedy plagued inhabitants of the Darfur region.

It was Rachel who, after hearing news reports about “a healing angel” walking the corridors of Chicago area hospitals, saw a photo that resembled her estranged father. She struggled to not let herself believe her decades-long journey to find her father would bear fruit.

There was so much to talk about, to share, and understand. After so many years, Rachel had found her father in time to make both their wishes come true. He had vowed to have “Chesty” buried in the small Georgia town where both grew up, and to place flowers on the grave of his beloved late wife in Clarksville.

During their trip back to Valdosta, Georgia, Malcom is surprised with a family reunion he could never have imagined. He meets his other grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and two former elementary school classmates. He also meets the family of a long-deceased Mississippi man, whose life he saved during WWII.

But an even greater surprise follows. Malcom, and Rose—one of the two classmates with whom he is reunited—unexpectedly discover a heart and soul connection between them neither expected. It is an experience of the heart almost too much for a man who had long cherished his privacy and solitude; a man at ease with his solitary thoughts. He was reborn. Love can do that.

Again Malcom is again besieged with offers of media appearances, book proposals, and a key to the city of Chicago. He receives an invitation to the Georgia State House to be honored during a rare joint session of the Georgia legislature. Georgia: the same state that had denied him accommodations and first-class citizenship when he and Chesty returned from the war.

Although he respectfully declines all such invitations, Malcom J. Porter harbors no hatred, no ill will. And while he accepts modest attention, he longs for anonymity. He simply wants to be left to quietly and anonymously return to visiting those souls languishing in hospitals, nursing homes, children hospitals, even homeless shelters. He longs to use the miraculous power entrusted in him—the power to heal—without fanfare, notice or profit. Malcom longs to simply use those powers to spread joy with the glow of his smile, and the touch of his healing hands.

Rose, 79, at long last confesses she has always loved Malcom, and had always vowed to marry no one else; she had not. With her eyes riveted upon his, her hands in

his, she tells him of her desire to join with him. Her vow is to be at his side for whatever days are left to them. Malcom makes clear to Rose he would never stop feeling love for Lucille, but confesses his love for her. He surrenders his heart to her, and vows to share with her the remainder of his days.

Six months after their simple wedding, the two got a belated wedding gift. Malcom received a \$376,000 check from Metropolitan Life. It seems that for more than thirty years, the company had been unable to deliver his residuals for the thousands of policies he sold during his tenure with the company.

They had seven wonderful years together, Malcom and Rose. Malcom James Porter, with his devoted Rose lying next to him, passed away in his sleep on the morning of his 90th birthday. The two were on a visit to Rachel's summer home in rural Georgia. Word of Malcom's death was reported on TV networks, in major newspapers, including the Chicago Sun-Times, and, more importantly, on a small set perched on a shelf in the lobby of The Kings Hotel.

A year later, a completed manuscript, penned in longhand by Malcom, detailing his entire life, is discovered by his 26 year old granddaughter, Andrea. Fourteen months later, following a literary auction, the book, "My One Life, - A Memoir" is published. It debuts at number one on the New York Times bestseller's list.

Rachel eagerly steps forward to represent her late father on a fifty city book tour. During her maiden event, at a Manhattan bookstore, Rachel learned that film rights had been sold for over 1.5 million dollars. But on that night, none of that mattered. With Rose, all four of Malcom's grandchildren; and now five great-grandchildren, Dr. Ford; wife, Kelly, and 21 year old John P. Ford Jr., their focus was on the man whose life brought them to that moment. The night belonged to Malcom James Porter, and the lives he touched.