

HEY HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS A NEW STAR WAS MADE IN HEAVEN TODAY

Rosemary Powell was an ordinary woman. Born in 1922 she was brought up with strict discipline, family values and a moral compass. Her mother and father instilled in her the integrity to know what was right and the ethical sense to do it. As an only child she was privileged to have lots of attention from both of her parents, but they made her realize the importance of being privileged and the responsibility that specialness entailed. She worked throughout her life—at jobs she loved, such as at Wrens, and did some very unique things, such as judging baby contests, being active in politics, and loving life. And was she a defender of life. From the time she was in touch with Right to Life, she stood up for all it believed and didn't hesitate to question any politician on how they felt about the issue. She fought for the rights of every baby to be born and then for every child to have a decent life. She loved the Women's Network, the pregnancy centers and pushed her church to make baby caps and scarves, and booties for God's precious ones. She stood out in the cold and wind every Mother's Day selling Pro Life flowers and never hesitated to ask people to buy some for the babies.

Rosemary loved life so much. She loved to talk about her father and his political career, about her trips abroad, and about her love of Jesus. She was a quiet Catholic, but don't let anyone say something against the Church, as she was a great defender of her faith. She was born and grew up close to Yellow Springs and chose to live there her entire life. She delighted in taking her dogs on trips with her to town, and loved to visit so many friends in nursing homes, hospitals or wherever they might be. Her life was a mission of love and giving.

Last Christmas Rosemary snuck into the hospital and found out she had cancer. When I found out and went to visit her, she was on the mend and she really never said anything about it after that, except the doctors had removed everything and she was fine. Well, she was not. In reality, the cancer grew throughout her body and took her life in September. And as she went to Heaven, I believe God lit a light for her up there.

Rosemary was my friend; she was my mentor; she was my colleague. Whenever I was down about an election, a problem in programming, or just a bad day, I knew I could call Rosemary and she would lift my spirits with a story from the past, a prayer for today, or a wish for tomorrow. She would get mad, but it was for a social injustice, then she would try to correct it. She was what I want to be—a great spokesman for social justice throughout our community.

Rosemary was my friend and my sister in Christ. I loved her dearly and will miss her greatly. But I know she is up in heaven and cheering us on and lighting the way for all of us to follow. Let us remember her goodness and her compassion, and then try each day to be more like her.

Pat Banaszak
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