

2014 Voice for Life Award



The “2014 Voice for Life Award” was presented to the Piotrowski Family at the Muskegon County Right to Life “Focus on Life” Benefit Dinner on October 9,, 2014 at the Holiday Inn Muskegon Harbor.

The Piotrowski Family, pictured above with Fr. Frank Pavone, was recognized for their many years of service in the prolife movement, and their prayerful example as they work on behalf of unborn children.

The Piotrowski family are Fruitport residents.

She wore a yellow ribbon

By Mike Simcik

In mid September, 1964, I joined the Navy. I went to recruit training at NTC Great Lakes in North Chicago and enjoyed every day of it. The Navy sent me to San Diego, California for medical training at two different schools. Anyone who ever knew me knows I am a very resourceful person, and it did not take me long to find a part time job working late nights at Winchel’s Donut House.

One day after class, I had a little time to burn before going to my new job, so I caught a bus going downtown. After all, I had only been there for a few months, never really seeing what sights San Diego had to offer.

I walked around for an hour and thought this place was clean, but with lots of bars. Admittedly, it definitely did not leave me star gazing. However, something did catch my eye: a very unclean-looking Mexican girl with tattered clothing, holding herself up by clutching to a brick wall. No one had to be a doctor to see what was wrong. She was about 5’4” tall, very pregnant, and about to deliver a baby. I had been watching her from 50 feet away for a few minutes when I noticed something else was wrong. Dozens of people walked past her without even a glance toward the woman who was in great pain and was struggling, not being able to take even one more step and afraid of falling.

Adjacent to the brick building was a driveway for a funeral home with a Cadillac hearse near the curb. My course of action was clear: Rushing over to open the hearse’s rear door, I returned to help the woman into the open door. This girl was a real chatterbox, but I could not understand a single word she was saying. It was obvious that her water had already broken while she had been standing at the wall. I looked around for anything I could use. I found only newspaper at first. I returned to the hearse.

Nearby in a city trash basket was a candy box sitting right on top. It had a yellow ribbon wrapped corner to corner that was tied in a bow. By the time I got back with the ribbon, a little head was peeking out. All I could do was help it along till the baby was fully delivered. Then I tied the little yellow ribbon tightly around the umbilical cord in a pretty bow.

Things were only complicated by the appearance of a guy wearing a chauffer suit and cap. He was yelling at me, saying I had no right to do that. This guy was calling the woman terrible names and screaming some other bad names at me. My nerves were already strained and I just couldn’t take it anymore. So I stood straight up in my stained and blood-soiled white uniform, put my right palm in his chest and sent that guy flying backwards, sprawling on the sidewalk.

By the time he got to his feet, two Marines were coming down the sidewalk straight at us. This sight must have put the fear of God into that chauffer, as he turned and ran into the funeral parlor. I never saw him again.

However, another man in a nice suit and tie came out of the funeral home. He said he had called for an ambulance which should be arriving any minute. Sure enough, the Marines arrived and so did the ambulance. Things were looking better every minute.

Two medics got out of the ambulance and spoke to one of the Marines. Then they loaded the young Hispanic girl on a gurney and put her inside the vehicle. As they closed the doors, the young woman smiled at me in relief, holding the baby who “wore” that yellow ribbon all the way to the hospital.

Although I felt like a mess, there was no better feeling than that Marine corporal giving me a little salute, saying, “Good job, Doc!” Not what I expected, but I did see the sights in San Diego. •



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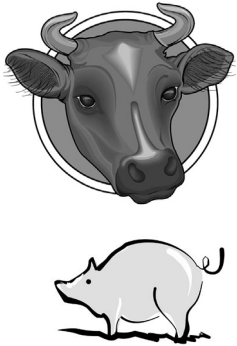
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