



In Her Own Words: Marlene Reid's Biographical Sketch

September 20, 2021

I was born, the sixth of eight children, to Francis V. and Margaret (Clancy) McDermott, a Catholic farm family in Dubuque County, IA, on August 12, 1931. I was soon baptized Marlene Clare.

I started attending a 1- room school house with my siblings when I was four years old. In the 6th grade, our family made the change to St. Joseph's Catholic School in Farley, Iowa. From an early age I was called upon to help with the farm chores, and, as I aged, heavier-duty ones. This included milking the cows before going to school in the morning, driving the tractor and the team of horses as needed, providing the necessary silage, grain, and bales of hay for the cattle, and "icky" ones like cleaning out the cow barn. We girls had to step-up to men's work when my brothers went off to serve in two wars.

My graduation class from St. Joseph's High School consisted of only 14 students. Since I desired to go to college, I entered a contest for a competitive scholarship, the decision of which would be based on the outcome of one comprehensive exam offered by Mt. Mercy Junior (Women's) College in Cedar Rapids, IA. The exam, for ten such awards, was being taken by senior girls throughout the Midwest. Thanks be to God, two of us from St. Joseph's School placed in the top ten, and won free tuition (a testimony to the caliber of our thorough and challenging education).

Our family was very poor. While the scholarship covered the tuition, the room and board expenses were still problematic. Our parish priest arranged for me to live with a family which consisted of a doctor's widow who had been left with six children ranging in age from high school to first grade. I was a Mother's Helper – baby-sitting, cleaning, or doing whatever jobs surfaced. My "home-making" skills were put to the test. I was aspiring to be a medical technologist so my studies were heavily-laden with the sciences, which meant many hours of lab work and experiments. I found these courses interesting, challenging and time consuming. In my sophomore year I was elected class President.

Before graduating from Mt. Mercy in the Spring of 1950 I had lain the ground work for furthering my education. The College of St. Teresa in Winona, Minnesota (also a women's college) was offering the perfect program to complete my Bachelor of Science Degree, pursue needed training, and meet additional requirements. This included a year of internship in an accredited hospital laboratory program, which qualified as my senior year of study and practicum experience. The last hurdle would be passing the State Board Exam to become Registered in the American Association of Clinical Pathologists. The internship was accomplished at St. Mary's hospital in Madison, WI. It was tough and demanding, but, on target, I became a full-fledged Registered Medical Technologist and the B.S. degree was conferred by the College of St. Teresa. Then - on to my first official employment - St. Anthony's hospital in Rockford, IL. There, my sister Mona, recently back in the Midwest and proudly in possession of her Degree in Education from the Teacher's College in Greeley, Colorado, joined me. We shared an apartment and quickly became part of the young Rockford social scene.

Back-tracking for an all-important segment and "connection" in my life -- while attending the College of St. Teresa, I hit the Jackpot. The program was everything promised. I made life-long friendships, and, as part of what I believe to be God's plan, I met Dan Reid, a student from Detroit who was to become my future husband. He was a Senior at St. Mary's College, an all-men's college, also in Winona. Upon

graduation, Dan was hired by 3M as a Cost Accountant which led to a 40-year successful career with that company, much of the time serving as Controller of his division.

For Dan, there was a 3- year detour in his career - to serve in the Coast Guard during the Korean War. During his last year of service, while stationed at the Jersey City Supply Center, NJ, we got married. It was June 12, 1954, a very stifling 95-degree day (air-conditioning was not yet routinely available), but the vows were "baked" into place, serving well the first 67 years, and promising more. While in New Jersey, I supervised the lab in the hospital of Kearney, NJ., often experiencing, and dealing with, morning sickness with the first of the six Reid children - Tim, Judi (Spencer), Todd, Jenifer (Latawiec), Terrance (Terry), and Meghan (Jones). We raised them in a modest home on Turtle Lake, Shoreview, MN. Terry was tragically killed at 23 years of age. Though grief-stricken, our strong Faith came to our rescue and, with God's help, suffered through the nightmare.

Upon Dan's discharge from the Coast Guard, after a brief stay in Detroit, we arrived back in Minnesota on a frigid day in February, 1955. I found a position at St. Mary's Hospital in Minneapolis, training and teaching students in the Hematology Lab, and taking my turn on call. When a second child was due to arrive, I traded the Lab coat for an apron and piles of diapers and became a fulltime homemaker. In the 60s, recognizing the need to stay abreast of medical advancements and laboratory procedures, I chose a smaller, closer to home hospital, Bethesda in St. Paul, to let the Lab Supervisor know that I would be willing to work an occasional weekend, some evenings doing the lab work required for the following-day's surgical patients, and some limited night call. I was welcomed with open arms! So began another phase of productive employment.

My parents had always been Democrats, and believed that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the farmer's savior. I had never questioned their position since I knew firsthand how welcome the Rural Electric Cooperative had been when electricity, supposedly under FDR's influence, had come to our farm. **There was, however, a turning point!** In 1964 I read the book, "A Choice Not an Echo" about Barry Goldwater's candidacy, written by Phyllis Schlafly. I didn't know who Phyllis Schlafly was at the time, and didn't make a connection until years later, but I was impressed by the logic and common sense she presented. I announced to Dan, "I must be a Republican!" - and felt embarrassed that I had voted for John Kennedy and other Democrats without knowing anything about them, or what they stood for. I ordered twenty copies of the book for educating others, and distribution to anyone who would read it. When my parents came to visit my father caught sight of the stack of books on the living room coffee table. "Hell hath no fury" like a father feeling betrayed! I was practically disowned. My mom used all her diplomacy to keep my dad from returning home immediately. It was a very "cool" and strained visit. I don't believe my father ever fully forgave me before his untimely death in 1968.

It wasn't long before I was into Republican politics up to my eyeballs. After the *Roe v. Wade* decision of 1973, and other "awakenings" on my part, I knew that being involved in politics would be a must. An already-structured entity was needed, and operating, as a mouth piece in "making a difference." At one point, I served as one of the Vice-chairwomen of the MN Republican party and was elected several times as Delegate or Alternate to the national conventions, as well as filling the multitudinous volunteer positions. Much of my involvement in the many issues I believed needed to be addressed, and fought for, is spelled out in the speech I gave when I was presented with the Defender of the Faith Award by the Catholic Defense League in 2010 (copy enclosed).

Minnesota, which we started calling The Red Star State, seemed to be the breeding ground for all the far-out left-wing causes. Since Terry and Herm Todd had purchased, and installed, a printing press in their home, there was no shortage in our arsenal of the radicals' very own publications. In our presentations, we could read directly from "their lips" their intentions for destroying marriage, the nuclear family, and life as we knew it. We left plenty of copies for circulation of the humanists', feminists', homosexuals', and abortion advocates' agenda in case anyone needed "proof." Likewise, we were able to alert the 400-500 Eagles attending Eagle Forum each as to what was coming down the pike in progressive education, getting "sexism" out of the schools, changing students' values, and substituting Social Studies with diversity and multiculturalism were among their determined goals.

Life Marches on! In the 80s and 90s, my latest emphasis on fighting to protect life from conception to natural death brought me to interesting seminars, conferences and new contacts of movers and shakers. One such person, shaking up a virtual storm, was Dr. Judith Reisman whom I met for the first time at a pro-life conference in Irving, CA. With years of research and documentation in her quiver she was able to correctly identify Dr. Alfred Kinsey as a fraud and a pedophile. Instead of being in text books and quoted as an expert at the highest levels of academia and legislation he should have served time in prison for child abuse and sexual exploitation. This knowledge and all the injustices that had transpired through his "junk science" acceptance, including the launching and widespread digesting of Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* magazine, started another fire in my heart. I became one of Judith's biggest fans.

My efforts in helping get Judith's all-important message to the grass roots, and to those who could have stopped the lies and deception, or at least put a crimp in the Kinsey-acceptance insanity, were meager and sporadic, but whole-hearted. I worked with Retired Col. Ron Ray and his wife Eunice during the years they were trying to get a foothold for Judith, and for her work to be taken seriously so that changes could be undertaken and remedial efforts carried out to undo some of the harm.

I was instrumental in scheduling Judith to be the keynote speaker at one of our Minnesota Republican Coalition for Life's conferences, recommended her to Phyllis Schlafly for a workshop (that was scheduled and productive), and made local presentations of the BBC documentary regarding Judith's expose of the Kinsey fraudulent studies, reports and outcomes. I wrote an occasional "letter to the editor" or to "powers that be," and prayed for receptive ears. I was pleased to hear that Judith's presentation to at least some of the Bishops of Croatia had been well received and a policy adopted that Kinsey materials would have no place in the training of seminarians in that area. The U.S. Bishops would have done well to follow suit, or at least take her advice to sue their "Expert Sex Consultants" (all apparently trained under the Kinsey fraudulent philosophy) for giving them the wrong advice.

Now, while looking back, much of this effort seems to have been in vain, and the messages fallen on deaf ears. I am extremely grateful for the recognition and thanks I have received for my efforts. Our prayers, and whatever we can do, must continue. God is in charge! We know that He can make good come from evil – in His time! So, we must be patient, and have faith. We need to keep trying!

Marlene C. Reid