



Rev. and Mrs. Aristede Red

How Aristede Red became a priest

Rev. Aristede Red, priest in charge at St. John's Episcopal Church in Marietta, planned to spend his life saving teeth, rather than souls.

For 20 years, he made his living as a dentist. But a series of events, which began during World War 2, led him slowly toward the pulpit.

Aristede Red was an enlisted man in the U.S. Army when he met Dorothea Bornemeier at a church social. They fell in love, and when Aristede finished officer training school, Dorothea flew to his Cape Cod base to marry him.

Big splash

Since the airport was covered with February slush, some MPs met Dorothea at the plane and drove her to the terminal, where Lieutenant Red was waiting.

The lieutenant gallantly tried to help his intended descend from the jeep. He dropped her into a puddle of slush that was 2 feet deep.

"She was almost submerged," Rev. Red recalls, "but she decided to marry me anyway."

The young couple managed to arrange a honeymoon in Nantucket. Then Lieutenant Red was sent to Europe.

His outfit entered the combat zone, and fought every day for 7 months.

During 195 days of continual warfare, Lieutenant Red learned that the church was very important to him.

Not only did he attend field services whenever he could; he also convinced an unusually large number of men to come along with him.

A chaplain's advice

One day, during a lull in the fighting, the young lieutenant was sitting with his Episcopalian chaplain, somewhere in the Black Forest.

"You've been really good at getting guys to come to the field services," said the chaplain. "You should take a more active part in the church."

Rev. Red says, "I don't think becoming a priest was what he had in mind."

At the war's end, Aristede Red had no intention of entering a seminary. He studied biology in college, supporting himself by working as a guide at the Nebraska Capitol, an artist's model, a secretary, a photography teacher and a waiter. (His pre-war work experience included jobs as a printer and a steel-mill worker.)

Dental school

After college, he entered dental school. Both he and Dorothea worked to pay for his education and food for their family, which now included two children. (The Reds have three children. Two are married and the other is in graduate school.) For twenty years, Dr. Red practiced dentistry.

In 1953, the family moved into an old log house on 13 acres of woodland in Stoney Creek Valley.

The Reds tried to live off the land as much as possible. They didn't bother installing central heating in their log house. They kept goats, ducks, chickens, geese, sheep and a horse.

Stubborn snakes

They loved their house, but so did a lot of pilot snakes, who had been living in the crannies between the logs for generations.

Dorothea Red recalls, "You'd carry the snakes out, and they'd come right back in."

Rev. Red says, "They'd beat you back to the house."

Aristede Red enjoyed coming home to this frontier-style existence after a day in his modern dentist's office.

Fixing up the house and working on the land took a lot of time, but Dr. Red had plenty of energy left for other activities, mainly in the church. He became a deacon in 1958. Meanwhile, he was studying religion and humanities at home. He also attended a seminar on hypnotism.

He was made Assistant to the Dean at St. Stephen's Church in Harrisburg. In 1972, the church decided to admit him to the priesthood, without requiring him to attend a seminary.

In 1974, he came to St. John's in Marietta.

Yellow bike

1974 was the year when the energy crisis first hit the country, and members of the congregation overheard the new priest wishing out loud for a bicycle.

Rev. Red says, "I guess I shouldn't have talked so loud, because the next time I came around, the parish had a big yellow bicycle."

Cruising the streets on his yellow bike, Rev. Red decided that the town's greatest need was a center for youth activities.

Full blast

The center is now operating in full swing every Friday, when "Fun Night" gets underway. On some nights, two record players blast different records at top volume, while young people dance and play checkers and ping pong. All the kids in town are invited.

During last fall's flood, Rev. Red led the St. John's youth, splashing through rising water, helping sick and elderly people evacuate their belongings.

Rev. Red says, "If we have a symbol for success, it's the youth activity at St. John's."

He hopes other town organizations will start their own youth programs. "I think the whole town will benefit if the kids are profitably occupied rather than walking up and down the street," Rev. Red says.

Eleanor Sloan explains why she talks to desperate people



Eleanor Sloan

photo by Corky Flick

by Eleanor S. Sloan

There is a formula that every person residing in Lancaster County should know. It consists of seven numbers and seven words. The seven numbers are 299-4855, and the seven words are "This is Contact, may I help you?" - together they equal = caring.

Contact, Lancaster is sponsored by Lancaster County Council of Churches and it provides a unique 24 hour, 7 day a week service.

Who cares enough to take 50 hours of training and give their time to man (or woman) the telephones? The answer is homemakers, ministers, lawyers, nurses, office workers, just to name a few.

When the telephone rings we never know what kind of problem we will be facing, so the bulk of our training is to learn how to **active listen**. There are no typical calls, each is as different as the people who call. Some are of a very serious nature, where the life of the caller hangs in the balance, and in that case we have access to trained Crisis Intervention workers. A lot of the callers are lonely, depressed, have problems they don't think they can cope with, are in need of prayer and some just want to talk. Others call while in a state of agitation or are on an **emotional high** and through our caring and active listening, they become calm and many times are able to solve their problem.

Besides our listening and caring, a few of the great

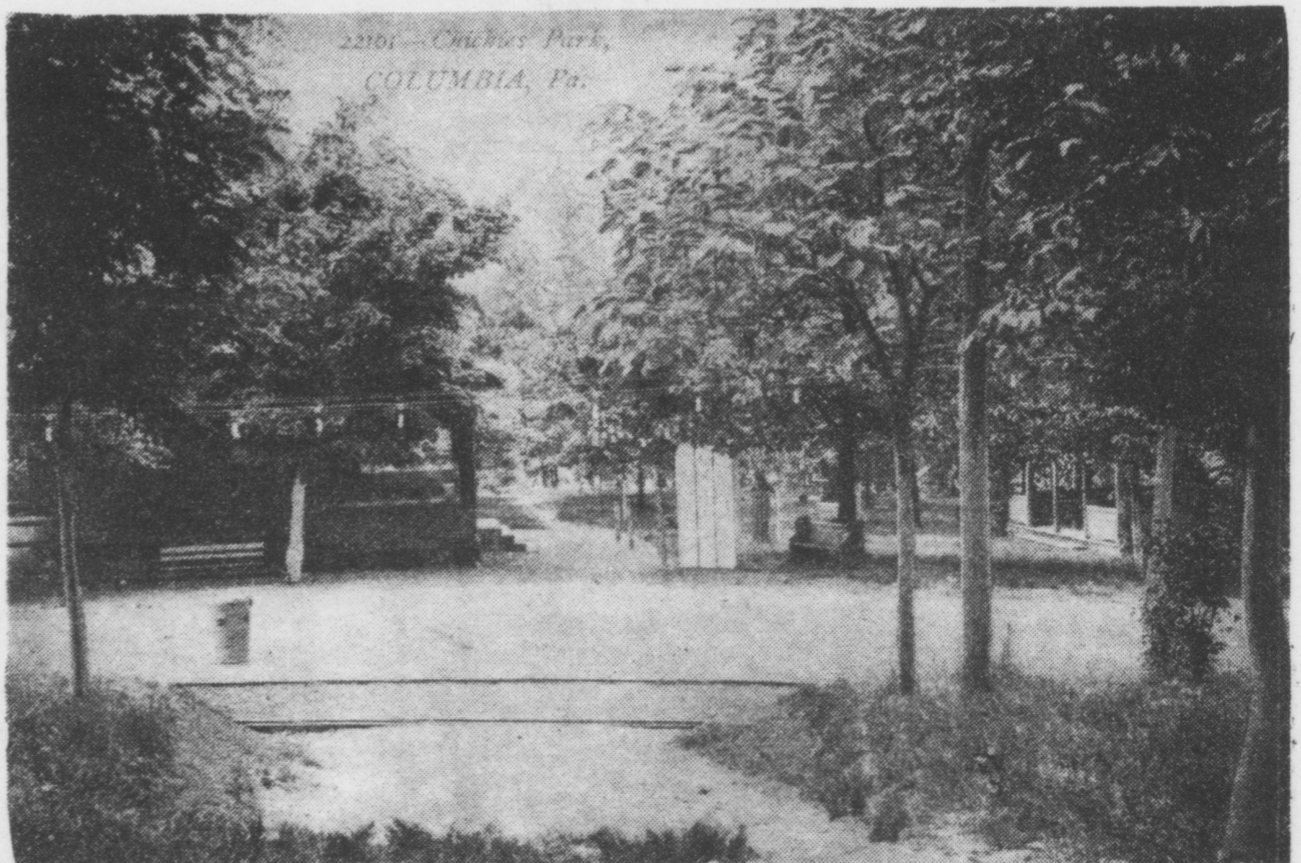
things we have going for us is that the caller can remain anonymous, the volunteers never pry or judge.

The affiliation with Contact-Lancaster is the second time around for me. In 1970, it was my privilege to be in the first graduating class for Contact-Harrisburg and in 1975 was in the first graduating class for Contact-Lancaster (formerly Night Ministry).

Our Lord teaches us to love one another-as He has loved us. Being a Contact volunteer is that love in action-doing the work in the name of Jesus.

Editor's note; Mrs. Sloan last fall wrote a reminiscence of her two grandmother's, published in "I Know a Story" in the Sunday News.

Making Chiques Rock a park is not a newfangled idea



There has been a lot of talk recently about turning Chiques Rock into a public park. The idea isn't new. At the turn of the century, the rock was crowned with pavilions and crowded with sightseers. A trolley line connected Columbia with the park on the precipice.