

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Easter Sunday, March 29, 1964

We got up early to go to St. Barnabas, to 9 o'clock service. Lyndon and I, and Jessie, and ~~Mary Ann~~ ^{Marianne} Means, and Liz. Jessie and ~~Mary Ann~~ ^{Marianne} deployed at the edge of town, in order not to enter church with us, because there's so little room in St. Barnabas. As it turned out, it was jammed with about 48 worshipers, more than it's ever had before. I wondered if the worshipers heard the sheep bleating across the street, during the services? I hope the press was aware that this was a little log cabin about 117 years old, and it ~~was~~ ^{has} a grapevine out in the back yard that had been brought over on a ship, from Germany, with the first settlers and had traveled in a covered wagon, to its present site, and is still producing grapes!

Our new minister, the Reverend J. W. Langford, from Canada, is about three inches taller than Lyndon, and just about brushes the rafters. Colonel Petsch was there, and a good sprinkling of the old time parishioners. But it seemed to me, happily enough, that I saw more young people than I ever had before. If we've got anything to do with it, I take happy credit!

I love the line in the hymn, where it said, "Now the queen of seasons comes," because that is just what is April is, in the hill country of Texas.

We emerged from church, to a lot of cameras and hand shaking. And then we drove away, to the Lewis place, picking up Jessie and ~~Mary Ann~~ ^{Marianne} Means along the way.

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It's just about the time of year that Tony and Ann Clark and I spent the night at the Lewis place, ^gbecause of the rise in the river, and the Lewis place still holds, ^gfor me, ^gthat charm and hope of complete withdrawal from the world, ^cand another day that is very attractive.

We drove home to have lunch, or rather brunch, joining Mary Margaret and Jack, ^gand Liz, and then a little nap.

And then at 2:30, Nellie and John Connolly arrived. It's always a good day when I see them. Nellie was brash, youthful, determined to be an individual in spite of her public role, full of talk of Sherry, Mark and Johnnie. And John himself, in spite of being so much whiter with the years, looks so much stronger than he did at Christmas time. His right hand, I am sorry to say, is now out of the cast. I wish it were back in it, ^{for} but it has limited usefulness and may have to have further surgery. And he can do everything with ~~ix~~ his left hand, such as shave, and sign his mail, and eat. And he does not shake hands with his right hand. ch top
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We drove over to the ranch with him, and then the men returned to watch Senator Kennedy on Meet the Press.

And I gathered up all the women that wanted to come, to go over to the west ranch which I had been hungering to drive around. On the crest of each hill there is new adventure and I ~~k~~ looked for my own canyon that I had walked down and for the hill where I had seen the rattlesnake. It's one of the prettiest pieces of real estate the Lord ever made, and one nice thing

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is you can always find your way back, because of that high radio tower.

At sunset, we joined the men at the West ranch. Once more they played dominoes while we talked, and went down into the recreation room. The only sad thing about this beautiful establishment is that it has so little use. We started a game of bridge and then we had sandwiches for dinner, and then at a fairly hour we choppered back to the LBJ ranch for bed.