

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, May 17, 1964

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I had an early breakfast, kissed a sleepy Luci goodby, feeling that our lovely vacation, had at least accomplished something toward returning her to the normal, peaceful relation of life, and getting her ready to undertake her finals.

At 9 o'clock<sup>[9]</sup> left Huntlands, arriving at the White House about 10:15. Lyndon, Linda Bird and I went to St. Marks for church, stopping first by the Valentis for a cup of coffee.

And what a day at church. There was confirmation class, as varied a group as St. Marks own congregation., OUT of 18, about three young negros, one lady who was all of 80 years old. Bishop Creighton was there<sup>re</sup> to perform the laying-on of hands, and when he arose to deliver his sermon, a lady got up in front of him, and began to interpret his address in sign language for the benefit of the deaf. That is one of the many services that St. Marks renders - it certainly reaches out to all people - the blind, the deaf, and the halt, as well as the young and the old, and the black and the white, are there in enthusiastic number.

After the sermon, four young girls, in white blouses, full blue denim skirts and a red ribbon in their hair, and ballet slippers, entered in front of the altar, and I thought "Now what is this going to be." Probably some special sort of a hymn. Until, they were followed by four young men in blue trousers, white blouses, red ties and ballet slippers. And, they performed, as an offertory, a dance to Randall Thompson's Hallelujah, the first time I ever saw dancing in church. It was really beautifully, gracefully

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done, in a real spirit of worship, but I haven't quite stretched myself that far yet. All in all, the whole service was about an hour and a half and Lyndon and I got back to the White House <sup>where</sup> ~~for~~ the Secretary and Virginia Rusk, the Bob McNamaras, and the McGeorge Bundys were waiting for us for lunch.

And so, indeed, were we to keep on waiting for lunch <sup>^</sup> because it was one of those bad housekeeping times, when the household had expected us to take a usual hour swim. We didn't have the swim. We had much more important and deadly serious business to talk about, in the course of which, <sup>g</sup> one of the men put in a call, which started our closest airplane carrier, <sup>g</sup> steaming closer inland to Viet-Nam. I wonder if there is any technique for living peacefully, with as many clouds of destruction hanging overhead, <sup>?</sup> as there are today. Probably not, if you're sitting behind the desk that Lyndon is.

Finally had lunch at 2 o'clock and Lyndon went out for a short round of golf while I did some work on my machine.

Then we stopped by the Bob Thompson's for a cocktail party, taking Mary Margaret and Jack with us. There I met one of the young women who had been a volunteer in answering the mail Mrs. Kennedy had received after the President's assassination. Lively, attractive, a newspaperman's wife - she said you could read just so much of it, day after day, time after ~~day~~ time until you finally got saturated with grief and you must just walk

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off and leave it. She had an excellent tan and I asked her where she got it. She said actually she got it out in the back yard, hanging up the wash, but she had decided <sup>to</sup> ~~she~~ use a different response in case anybody else asked her. An Englishman that she knew, <sup>I</sup> had said, "Oh, you must have been to the Islands. You have such a wonderful tan." So she's going to say, not specifying any particular island of course, "Oh, you know, we have a little place in the islands."

Home early, dinner with the Valentis, and that restless feeling that we may not soon see the end of the acceleration of troubles, <sup>I</sup> that seem to be getting under way in the luncheon talk.