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	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Page 3		1	1/10/1965	C

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 10

I awoke quite late after ten to find snow falling lightly and the world wrapped in white. Perhaps I have just unwound from the long excitement of campaign and election, but sleep is ineffably pleasant. It was Lyndon, not I, who said "get up and get dressed quickly and we will go to Church. Where do you want to go, Saint Marks?" So I did and we made it just in time to arrive with Lynda Bird in the snow. Luci declined politely and said she had already been to Mass. As soon as we got settled in our pew, we looked across the Church and I saw Coco McPherson approaching with two little friends - negroes--about nine or ten years old. Coco must be about six. Lyndon smiled at her and Coco, who regards Lyndon as her very special personal friend, not without an element of <sup>conquering</sup> ~~conquering~~ in it, and she is an adorable little girl, came marching over bringing her friends and squeezed in the seat between us. I moved over to make room for them. They were very polite and well mannered and left when it came time for the sermon and Sunday School started. A Negro layman read to the congregation from the scriptures. Without much talk about it, I always notice that at Bill Baxter's Church there are a few Negroes in the congregation, one or two in the choir. I saw one assisting as an acolyte the other day. There is quite a coterie of deaf people there.

Sunday, January 10 (continued)

Downstairs, on the way to the Coffee Room, the walls are covered with thumb tacked work of artists--members of the congregation-- pen and ink, oil, crayon. They are for sale and half of the proceeds go to the Church. It certainly is an "activist" Church and at the opposite pole from fashionable, but very interesting. One of the things I am proudest about the closed year 1964 is that we went to Church nearly every Sunday! I think about 50 out of the 52, and that it was Lyndon's idea, not mine, to send a substantial check to contribute to the work of Saint Mark's and of Saint Barnabas. We had coffee afterward and it is possible here to mix and really talk with the congregation without finding yourself in a receiving line as we do at the Christian Church <sup>which is</sup> so much larger. Then out into the snow and back to the White House.

We asked Sam Houston to come down and have lunch with us--a rare meal with Lynda, Luci, and Sam Houston all at the table. Even Him came up and bounded all over the furniture and then Lyndon lay down for a long nap and I think really took one. To keep him company I tried, but it was impossible after a good eleven hours the night before. Luci and I had a long, happy talk. She told me she would go to the Church services with us after the Inauguration. She also told me that Father Montgomery had made it clear to her that he was not going to baptize her until we gave our consent and that the best thing we could give her for her

Sunday, January 10 (continued)

Birthday present or her Graduation present was our free and willing consent because she wants very much for it to be something, but even if we are not wholeheartedly in favor of it--even if there is a pang, an ache--sense of departure, we want <sup>what's</sup> for her good and <sup>what?</sup> [with the feeling that it] will make more of a person out of her. I doubt that time will change her and I fear a bit --a sense of estrangement--between her and Lynda because of Lynda's own engagement once to a Catholic boy. I think the Church made something of a difference and was in part responsible for their breaking up, ~~and~~

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We called George Mahon, and they came over and had a quiet dinner with us. George, now number two man in the Texas Delegation, wears well with the years. He has grown and I find him very interesting. We called the Ewing Thomasons in El Paso and had a delightful reminiscent chat with them. They promised to be up in April and that is when I can get all of the Texas Delegation over for the personal, chummy little upstairs visit we ought to have all together sometime.

It is rather interesting to see that we should have arrived at the <sup>pinnacle</sup> ~~penacle~~ of the Presidency to find ourselves with the time now and the desire to have a quiet evening with just one or two Texas Congressmen, more<sup>1</sup> so than we used to when Lyndon was Majority Leader.

Sunday, January 10 (continued)

Marianne Means had an interesting piece in the paper drawing a parallel between Andrew Jackson and Lyndon. I had found him quietly reading before his State of the Union Message <sup>Marquis</sup> ~~Marquis~~ James' biography of Andrew Jackson, long his hero, and selecting a quote from it to use in the State of the Union. "I intend to ask for nothing that is not clearly right and submit to nothing that is wrong." Marianne drew a parallel between that and our late relations with the French today and she ended with a comment on Lyndon, who like Andrew Jackson had invited everybody to come to his Inauguration. It appears that when the house and grounds got wildly full of invading guests, Andrew himself fled through a back door and sneaked up a street to a little tavern and then, according to Marianne, ends his story with a rueful laugh--<sup>"</sup> If I knew where that tavern was today I might have to go there myself. <sup>"</sup> I don't feel like the year can really begin--we can really get down to work until we get through the three days of that inauguration. I want to get ~~to~~ <sup>through</sup> it with style and warmth, ~~warmth~~ coming as close to remembering everybody we should as is humanly possible. One of the papers showed a delightful picture today of the three Shriver children with their father visiting Lyndon in the White House, as photogenic as all the Kennedy family.

Ch. Page?  
We remembered too late the Ray Roberts' reception for the three new members of the Texas Delegation and phoned them our best wishes.