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From: Jesse Garrett (poem enclosed)

Jesse Garrett

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John Allen,
The Negro's Third Psalm

I have been meaning to write, but stay busy all of the time. I'm working at the State prison full-time and at Harvey's part-time.

Enclosed is a copy of a poem that I thought you might want to see. I know that neither one of us agrees with the poem, but at the same time I recognize that it is cute. I do not think it was written to slander the 23rd psalm, but more or less as a joke. Just wonder how much good the person who wrote it could do if they did something creative instead of this type of work. Ha...

Hope everyone is o.k. I think of you often. I heard you on the radio one Sunday night and certainly enjoyed the sermon. I plan to go to Cookeville before long, and certainly would like to see you.

Know you are busy, but would appreciate a note when you get the time.

Yours in Christ,

Jesse Garrett
Custodian

Garrett - Custodian
State Prison
Station A West
Nashville, Tennessee
The Negroe's 23rd Psalm

Lyndon is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in front of cafe's and theaters.
He leadeth me into white schools & universities
He restoroth to me my welfare check.
He leadeth me down the path of sit-ins for Communists sake.
Yeah, though I march down the highways of Dixie -- I will fear no sheriff, city police or highway patrol, for Lyndon is with me all the way.
His tear-gas and National guardsmen, they will protect me.
He prepareth a table for me in the presence of white folks.
He annointeth my head with anti-kink hair straightener.
My cadillac's gas tank runneth over with high octane gas.
Surely, the Supreme Court will follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the Federal Housing Projects forever.