

Albany City Jail
August 6, 1962

Dear Friend(s):

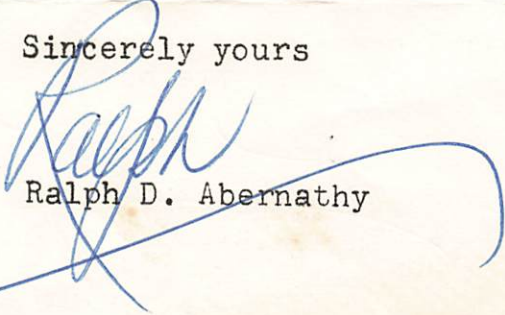
Thank you for the kind and stimulating message that I received from you recently here in jail. Please know that your expression was most uplifting to me and to Dr. King.

We are both doing fine and determined to hold out until the end. Please remember us in your prayers and know that I count myself fortunate in being privileged to suffer in a minor way for the things which Jesus, Our Master, suffered for each day in a major way.

Keep up the good work and let us hear from you again. I close with Langston Hughes' poem Mother to Son which in poetic frame describes our determination:

"Well son, I'll tell you,
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it, boards torn up,
Places with no carpet on the floor.
Bare!
But all the time, son, I've been clim'ing,
And reachin' landings, and turnin' corners-
Sometimes goin' in the dark where there ain't been no
light.
So don't you sit down on the stair 'cause things are
kind'a hard.
'Cause all the time I've been climbin'
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair."

Sincerely yours



Ralph D. Abernathy

