

A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glow world-wide welcome. . . .  
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she  
With silent lips.  
“Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed, to me.  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.”

***The New Colossus by Emma Lazarus – 1883***

Text: The New Colossus

Author: Emma Lazarus

3 key words

- Exiles
- welcome
- door

Text Message:

Speaks of being openly accepting of all people  
from all corners of the world. Taking them in  
and allowing them a second chance at making  
an okay life.