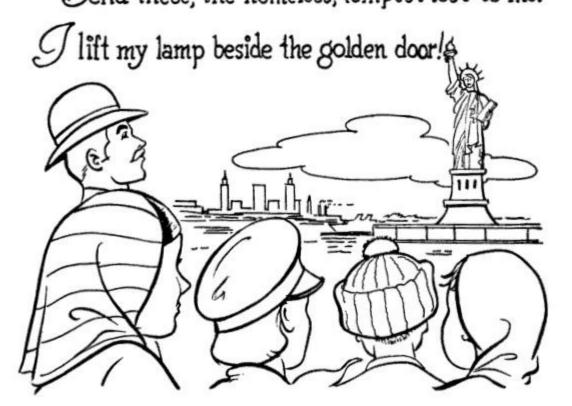
Jive me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to be free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, tempest tost to me.



Raising Gur Kids.com