

11/18/15

An open letter to President Obama and the Governors of our 50 United States of America:

Dear Leaders,

At one time you must have committed this to memory:

*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 tost to me.*

*I lift my lamp beside the golden door.*

Thank you, Emma Lazarus for these words which suggest a direction during this difficult time.

I attended Kindergarten at the Edgewood School in Westville, New Haven, CT. In my class were British twins, Martin and Ziggy Hugh-Jones. Their parents had sent them to America to be safe from the dangers of the Second World War. Our teachers had probably been told not to say much more than that. I have wondered and worried about those two children now for more than seventy years.

Now we have a similar situation. Our TV screens are filled with sights of dead and suffering children, the "tempest tost" to be sure. In Washington and throughout our country we are discussing which religious groups should and should not be allowed to enter our country. We worry that some of the refugees might be terrorists. Never mind all that – send us the children!

We have many agencies in place to assist. There are many hi-tech ways to keep the children in touch with their parents. Let's not watch them dying on the beaches, walking barefoot through Europe, crying for a piece of bread. Send them to us – let's lift OUR lamps beside the golden shore!

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