

#2137 The Yom Kippur War and the Abomination of Desolation – The post-World War II U.S. waxing great toward the South and toward the East as a *second* Syria/Antiochus IV Epiphanes, part 396, **The History of the Pale of Settlement, (xxiii), Emma Lazarus and the Statue of Liberty**

**Key Understanding:** *Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. Emma Lazarus wrote *The New Colossus* – which appears on a bronze plaque at the base of the Statue of Liberty – in 1883, in response to Russian Jews fleeing persecution in the Pale of Settlement/Russia, and seeking freedom and a better way of life in America.*

**Emma Lazarus and the Jews from the Pale of Settlement.** Emma Lazarus (*pictured*) was born on July 22, 1849, in New York, New York, to a prosperous Sephardic Jewish family, long settled in New York. Her first poetry book was *Poems and Translations*, published in 1867.

When Eastern European Ashkenazi Jews, expelled in great numbers from the Russian Pale of Settlement, began to appear in destitute



Immigrants arriving in New York in 1890

multitudes in New York in the winter of 1882, Lazarus began a private crusade for her people. She began to organize relief efforts and to write a

series of articles for the magazine *American Hebrew*. Her verse took on a new tone of urgency, a call for Zionism (the movement for the creation of an independent Jewish state), particularly in *Songs of a Semite* (1882) and in her play of twelfth-century Jewish life, *The Dance to Death*.



***The New Colossus.*** In 1883, Lazarus wrote *The New Colossus*, a poem that would be added to a bronze plaque at the base of the Statue of Liberty in 1903.

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glowes world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame,  
“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-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

Lazarus's last book was a series of prose poems entitled *By the Waters of Babylon*. It was published in 1887. Emma Lazarus died on November 19, 1887, in New York City.

***John 18:36 (KJV) Jesus answered, MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence.***

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