

TIRED-POOR

By Andrew Caruso II

7.10.10 Rockaway Beach, Queens, New York

"Give me your Tired
Your Poor
Your Huddled Masses..."

\$14.00 to see the Statue of Liberty
\$14.00 to see Ellis Island –

\$14.00

Immigrants,
Our ancestors,
Our Brothers and Sisters
Gave all they had to get there –

We give \$14.00

Still Today
On the streets of Manhattan
The Poor,
Our Brothers and Sisters –
Are Living and Dying

We give \$14.00 for the Statue of Liberty
What do we see on the way there?
Do we even notice
The people on the streets?

Our suffering Brothers and Sisters –
What do we give them?

*"Give me your Tired
Your Poor
Your Huddled Masses..."*

*"Give your tired, your poor, your huddled masses"
is taken from The New Colossus by Emma Lazarus,
and is inscribed on the Statue of Liberty*

WHEN YOU SEE GOD...

Andrew Caruso II

8.6.10 Dayton, Ohio

"I saw God today"

That's what my Facebook status said. At the time, I really couldn't articulate my thoughts in any other way. It was a most extraordinary ordinary day.

I was in New York to serve the poor. You know, "me" serving "them." At least that's what I thought, but I was wrong. My destination was Maryhouse Catholic Worker, on the way there I got caught in the rain with no umbrella. I showed up soaked to the core, but smiling and ready to serve. One of houseguests was very distressed at my condition. She simply would not rest until she found me a clean and dry shirt to change into. She was insistent and persistent; she found me a very nice t-shirt. I rediscovered the luxury of dry clothing.

I was there to serve, and I was served. From this remarkable woman I learned about poverty, service, and about real humility. Suddenly I understood that it's not "me," and it's not "them." It's "us." And I know that I saw God that day.