

The City that Never Sleeps

That's the thing about this city. She seeps into your bones when you least expect it and suddenly you are a part of her. Her heart, large, all-inclusive, beats loudly with the voice of millions. Her soul colored brightly by the spirit and creativity of her dwellers shines through to the world. Her mind captures every theory and idea, each scrap of thought projected into every nerve of her being.

She is a unique entity. One that brings creatures of all creeds, races, and castes to a level of equality that is known to all. That is the equality of pride. Whether it be the working man in Bensonhurst or an aristocrat on the Upper East side, a Catholic on Arthur Avenue or a Jew in Crown Heights, an African American in Brooklyn or a European American in Queens, each of these people feel the pride of being a New Yorker. It is a phrase stamped proudly on bumpers and used as frequently as a name.

Being a New Yorker means celebrating the individuality of each and every nerve ending and splash of color and exalted voice. It means belonging to a community of people that are at the center of evolving society as the world knows it. Being a New Yorker means being tough, a survivor of all that life has thrown your way. It means being able to make a difference and being able to have the world at your fingertips in a moment's notice.

She is a beacon to those with a dream and the passion to make it happen. She is a light in the darkness for those who crave to explore all that life has to offer. She is a melting pot of cultures, of people from far and wide. She stands and waits with beckoning arms open for those who search for new beginnings.

Once you accept her invitation, whether as a native within her beating heart or as a nomad from great distance, you slowly become a part of that roaring noise, that splash of color that makes her blaze brightly on the map, that buzzing nerve. And you realize that you now share that same pride.

You are a New Yorker.

You are home.