

YO BROOKLYN!

BROOKLYN

Home to just about everyone and anyone: Canarsee Indians, Walt Whitman, George Gershwin, Mae West, Dem Bums, Murder, Inc., wiseguys and Amboy Dukes, Richie Havens, brownstowns, Grand Army Arch, egg creams, mile-high cheesecake, the teddy bear, Rheingold Beer, bubble gum, stoop sitting, ocean breezes, and Coney Island's Cyclone. There's always room in Brooklyn—even for Jimmy Durante's schnazzola. Brooklyn is home to new immigrants, old-timers, people dying to leave, and people making up their mind to stay.

TALK THAT TALK

And it's home to a lot of talk...as in shmoozing...as in lots of languages. Everybody's got an opinion—in Brooklyn only more so. But here's something strange. Some people think that God doesn't talk. Like he's silent. That's stoopid. *That's what your mouth says.* We need to listen up when he talks.

Chunoo, he speaks all languages, from old-time Brooklynese, Ebonics, Yiddish, Hebrew, Greek, Haitian, Chinese, Serbian, Sinhalese, Muskogee? Hmong, Kikuyu, Kurdish, Russian, Macedonian, to Polish, Apache, Amharic, Armenian, Arabic, Albanian, Igbo?! and all sorts of dialects you and I most likely never heard of and never will. And...he's up on slang, can *smell ya*, knows sign and body language, knows all about hip-hop, talkin' drums, gestures (both common and crude), understands nuance, can read between our lines, knows your jive, knows my excuses, and knows when we talk trash. Yet he can discourse with those whose reading is wide, thought is deep, and speech is haute. He can read your mind and mine. Now there's a scary thought!

WALK THAT WALK

If we ever wanna get out of this place alive and in one piece, there's another bridge (besides the Brooklyn Bridge) we gotta cross. The bridge to life. Find your language and you'll see how.

The world might as well be Brooklyn

What language isn't spoken here? What culture doesn't leave its mark here? Brooklyn is the gate to the rest of the country. Stats show that one out of every six Americans comes from Brooklyn.

There's another stat with no margin of error. Everyone born will also die. Now there's a bridge we have to cross when we come to it. And this bridge, pardon the pun, takes its toll.

Want to get to the other side of this life...and like what you find when you get there? Somebody who understands all human nature and how our minds work, somebody who speaks ever conceivable language already laid himself down to bridge the way for people like you and me to get to God. This great one didn't hail from Brooklyn, though. he's the God-man who came from heaven, and he comes to you when you just say yo!

BROOKLYN, JUST SAY YO!