



CONFESSION

OF A TEEN IDOL? By Liz Dagucon

David puts out his hand to you and asks for help, your support, your faith, and your belief in him. He wants you to know his side of the story—and he also wants to tell you that he needs you and wants you!

It was another beautiful California summer day. A breeze blew across the emerald-green lawn of the house sitting atop the high cliff. As the breeze gently rustled the brightly colored wrapping paper that once decorated the now opened birthday gifts, it was obvious that something was wrong! Everything seemed perfect—it was supposed to be a happy, happy party—but it wasn't!

David Cassidy sat in a lawn chair, his legs crossed, his hands clasped tightly around his knees, and his head bent down.

Everyone else was gathered around the table where sandwiches and other refreshments were—or else they were playing with David's new adorable puppy Kula.

David seemed unaware of the happy chatter and was lost in his own thoughts. One look at him and it was obvious that his mind wasn't on the party.

I knew he probably wanted to be alone and yet every once in awhile he'd force a grin and share a chuckle or joke with Sam Hyman and Al Rhodes his best friends. But it was a laughter tinged with sadness—a party filled with forced gaiety!

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY”

This party wasn't like the party last year when David's eyes gleamed with pure joy as he read each

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