



# A LETTER FROM DAVID



Last weekend some friends of mine invited me to go sailing with them to Catalina Island. So, Friday, after my work on the Partridge show, I drove down to the Marina Del Rey yacht harbor.

As I drove along the Santa Monica Freeway, I noticed that the trees were really thrashing around along side the road and I heard on the radio that the small-craft warnings were up from Santa Cruz to the Mexican Border. But I didn't pay much attention to it until I approached the harbor; and then I almost flipped out!

Even in these protected waters there were waves! The harbor is usually such a calm place, looking more like a serene pond or a placid lake than a storm swept sea! But on this particular day the wind had whipped the sea into a fury so that it was churning like the inside of a washing machine!

## INVISIBLE FORCE

We motored out to the entrance to the harbor and then we put up the sails. When we hoisted the sails it was just as though some invisible force had taken control of us and pushed us way over to one side so that the sea washed over the deck! The boat plowed steadily through the choppy seas and we could feel the strain and tension of the wind trying to rip and tear the sails apart. Once out of the harbor entrance the waves were much larger with white foam flying in the wind.

Even though it was rough and windy, it was a beautiful day. The sun blazed down on the sea and turned it into a dark blue carpet with these little puffs of white, like snow, curling up and over each wave. Way out in the ocean there must have been a sailboat race because there were about a hundred sailboats parading across the sea with those big, balloon-type sails leading the way.

As we sailed further out to sea, the land disappeared. And looking back we could see all the buildings and houses along the shore! It was kind of weird, all those buildings and huge structures that seemed so large and impressive when we were on land, now looked tiny and insignificant. And that really got me thinking.

## A NEW PERSPECTIVE

From out at sea I got a whole different perspective on life and the importance of things. Everyone should take a boat trip occasionally just so that they can get their heads together.

I guess all of us have a tendency to think that we're pretty important, probably more important than we are. For people in show business there's always so much publicity, and such a fuss made over them that it's pretty hard to remember that they're just normal, everyday kind of people too!

Probably all of us, at one time or another, think that everything in the world should revolve around us! I know that I do it. Maybe I'll be late getting up and I'll be in a hurry to get to the set and it seems like all those cars ahead of me are going about ten miles an hour and all the signals are against me. And then somebody will make a left turn and I'm stuck behind them and I get really frustrated because I believe my needs are more important than theirs!

## INSIGNIFICANT

I really think that everyone has a tendency to think that he is like those majestic buildings on shore, so big and so important. And maybe that explains why there is so much evil in the world. I remember reading somewhere that half of the evil that is done in this world is done by people who want to feel important.

But when you get out to sea and you see those buildings disappearing into the horizon, looking smaller and more insignificant each minute, you realize how really puny and insignificant each of us really is.

I mean just think about how small we are when compared with the whole planet! And then think about how incredibly tiny our little planet is when compared with the entire universe!

Just because I have a TV show and get fan mail doesn't mean that I'm any more important than any other human being. In fact, it is you, my fans, who are important because you have given me everything I have! Without you, I would be nothing!!

So here I was out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, with waves crashing on the deck, with the sails straining to the breaking point, being pushed along by some invisible force and I came to the recognition that the wind is a lot like love. And that your love was the invisible force that was carrying me along my road to fame and fortune. And I just wished that I could put my arms around each and every one of you and say "Thank You."

Love,