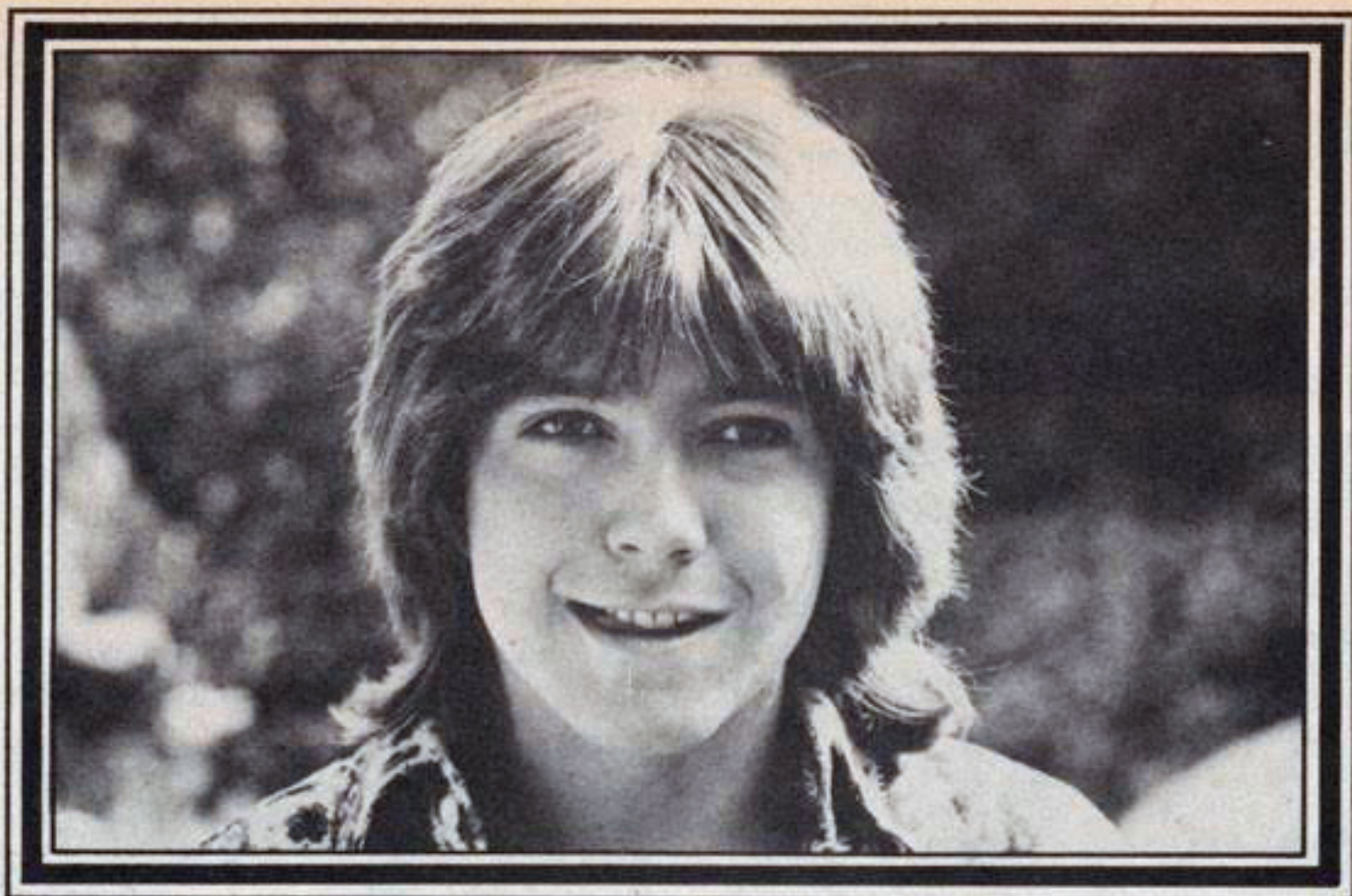


There's something I've got to talk over with you. I wish you were right here, so I could answer your questions as they come up, and so I could look into your eyes and see how you're really feeling about all this, but you can't be here, so I'll have to try to work it out on my friend Sam Hyman's typewriter, right here and right now.

First, the thing that got me to thinking about all this. Sam and I were at the store this morning, buying light bulbs and that kind of stuff, and we got a little carried away, like we always do. So as we were loading our five shopping bags into my car and trying to decide which one of us was going to have to ride hanging onto the hood, I



LOVE IS FOR TOMORROW

By David Cassidy



heard someone speak my name.

I turned around and there was a girl there, about thirteen years old, with the saddest expression on her face. "Is it true?" she asked.

"Ummm," I said with my usual quickness, "is what true?"

"That you're not going to be on Partridge Family any more?"

I explained to her that I would be on for the first part of the season, but that then I would "go away to college," and they'd probably bring in a new young guy as a neighbor or something. I kept rattling on, but her face fell so far when she understood that I just let my voice trail off, wondering what to say to make her feel better.

NO MORE CONCERTS

She cleared her throat. "And what about the concerts?" she asked. "I've heard there won't be any more."

I told her that was right... for the present, at least.

"But why," she implored, her eyes filling with tears. "Don't you love us any more? Don't you think we love you?"

From behind me, Sam shut his door and wandered off in the direction of the market. He knew I had some explaining to do, and he wanted to leave us alone.

I asked the girl to sit in my car, out of the sun, and I told her my reasons for what I've decided to do. When it was over, she felt better, and so I'm going to share them with you in hopes that you'll understand why those two decisions were the hardest of my life, and why they don't mean I've stopped loving you!

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