

# The STORY OF MY LIFE



• by david cassidy

## CHAPTER TWO

IN WHICH I GET BRUISED AND BUMPED; AND FALL IN LOVE!



I WAS JUST THREE YEARS OLD when this photo was taken with my dad at our house in New Jersey.

Hi, again! Here's hard-working old David once more, slaving over a hot typewriter to bring you another gripping installment in the story of my life! Hey, I read all the letters you sent in about part one, and I just want to say that they made me feel really good inside! It's been as much fun writing my life for you as it was to live it, and sometimes (like the story about the runaway baby buggy) it's actually more fun to write about it! Well, as long as you like it, I'll keep writing it!

My early memories of my home life with Mom and Dad are pretty scattered, but I can remember great feelings of warmth and happiness and security. Everything seemed to be right and I always felt safe and loved. Both my parents worked from time to time in various shows, and we always had enough to eat and everything, and there were even times (when my father was in Broadway shows) when we felt as if we were really rich!

### FATHER OFTEN AWAY

Of course, there were long periods when my father would be out on tour; and my mom and I would miss him very much. Even when I was very young, I understood that touring was part of an actor's life, and I knew that Dad would be coming home as soon as he could. My mother pretended that it didn't bother her, but when I look back on those times, it seems to me that I can understand the beginning of some of the unhappiness that hurt me so deeply later in my life, when my parents had to decide to go their separate ways.

But for the first years of my life, happiness was the order of the day! When neither of my parents were working, we'd all go places together—on picnics and to the zoo, places like that! I think that some of my happiest memories ever are from that period of my life, and I still dream about those times now and then.

### SANG IN CHURCH CHOIR

Each Sunday we'd go to church together, and that was one more family activity that we all shared and enjoyed. In fact, the first time I ever sang in public was in church, because I joined the choir! I really loved it! Of course, I sounded a little different than I do now (I was a *soprano!*) but the music of the church had a deep and beautiful meaning to me. I can remember how our voices echoed