

"The Miracle David Brought Me!"

by Judith Landers

... Her tiny hand was pale and delicate and when she reached her arms up to David, her fingers trembled. Warmly David clasped her hands in his own, then lightly brushed his lips against them, causing tears of happiness to overflow from her large eyes. Her name is Judith Landers and this is her personal story.

For just about as long as I can remember I've sat in a wheel chair. I was in an automobile accident when I was about 7, and it paralyzed me from the waist down. The doctors said it was partly psychosomatic, you know, in the mind, because secretly I blamed myself for the accident.

You see, I was causing a lot of trouble in the backseat of the car with my girlfriend and my mom, who was driving, looked back to quiet us down. It was then that we hit a truck. My mother and I were thrown from the car but my friend was caught in the fire which scarred her for life.

Since I've been in a wheel chair for so long, I never really thought about not being able to do what other girls did until just about a couple of years ago. You see, I've always had a private tutor so I never went to school and I didn't really notice other children that much.

STARTED READING

Anyway, about a couple of years ago, I started noticing other kids. I saw how they walked home from school together, laughing, running and skipping. It was during these years that I turned to reading Tiger Beat Magazine, and lately Tiger Beat Spectacular and the Official Partridge Family Magazine.

Somehow, the stars in these books took my mind off not being able to run and play. I lived in a dream world—a world where Bobby Sherman, Jack Wild and then David Cassidy called me by name.



But always when I awoke from my dreams I was faced with the harsh reality of the world. I was a cripple and I could never be the girl for my faves.

I used to cry at night after my dad had carried me up to bed, and I prayed a lot, that someday I would be able to meet them.

ON MY MIND

As the months passed I found myself dreaming more and more about David. I read everything about him I could get my hands on, and I watched his show each week. It seems that I was only happy when David was on my mind.

My parents weren't very rich, and it cost them a lot of money to have a tutor teach me my lessons. The constant doctor bills and medicines I needed to protect my weak body cost a lot too.

I love my parents very much and I knew that if I asked to go see David when he gave a concert in my town, they would go without something else to take me. I just couldn't ask them to do so. Besides, it would only hurt me to have to sit and watch David from afar and not be able to run up to him like I did in my dreams.

You wouldn't believe how happy I was the morning of my 13th birthday when I opened the small envelope beside my bed and found a ticket to David's concert inside! I cried for one solid hour! My parents had managed to put a little aside to surprise me!

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