

BETWEEN US!

BY DAVID CASSIDY



THE TRUTH ABOUT MY SUMMER ILLNESS!

Well now, I don't even know where to begin to tell you about the things that have been happening to me lately.

I know you've probably heard a lot of rumors—things like how I almost died and other nonsense. So, I'd like to explain it all to you personally. OK?

Yes, I did recently have an operation. It was kind of a major operation but a common sort of surgery so it really wasn't all that bad.

You see it started a few weeks back when I began having some pains in my stomach. I didn't think too much about them at first and figured they'd go away pretty quickly.

But they didn't go away so I did the smart thing and went to a doctor. They gave me all kinds of tests and discovered it was my gall bladder that was the problem. It had simply stopped functioning, evidently years ago, although I'd never had any trouble with it before.

When they first told me this, it didn't seem to be anything too serious. They explained that a person can live very comfortably without a working gall bladder. And, anyway, I had a month long hiatus from "The Partridge Family," coming up in August and we figured whatever had to be done would be done then.

But it didn't work out that way. Things got a little worse, they did some more tests on me and then—I don't think I'll ever forget this day—at around six p.m. on Monday, July 12, I was told that my gall bladder would have to be removed—the very next day!

I don't mind telling you it was scary! Here I had less than 24 hours to prepare myself mentally for surgery.

At first, like most people would, I guess, I thought mostly about myself. I'd never had any major sur-

gery and I wondered if I would feel anything and what I would feel like when I woke up and how long I would have to be in bed afterwards and things like that.

But then I realized that I wasn't the only one affected by this whole thing. I figured they wouldn't be able to film the show until I was back since I'm usually in almost every shot. I thought maybe they would try and shoot a show around me, but I don't know too much about that.

And the concerts—I had concerts scheduled for almost every weekend for the rest of the summer and I knew I would have to cancel those for the next couple of weekends. I felt really bad about that. I hope that everybody who bought tickets and then had the show canceled wasn't too disappointed. And I hope I'll be able to reschedule those concerts as soon as possible.

Then I thought about my closest friends and family and how they would worry about me. My Dad and my mom, Shirley, were with me when they told me about the surgery—I was sure glad to have them around. And my roommates promised to take care of the house and my dog while I was in the hospital. It's good to have friends at a time like this.

When the time came Tuesday afternoon for the surgery I was pretty calm but still a little scared. I guess everyone is a little scared before surgery.

But the next thing I knew I was waking up in the recovery room. I was there for a day before I was moved into my own room.

Boy did I get a fantastic surprise then! The room was just filled with flowers and there were stacks of cards and letters from all over. I was really touched.

As I lay there in bed for the next

two weeks, I was amazed at how really nice people can be. I don't know how everyone found out I was at Mt. Sinai Hospital, but every day brought a big stack of mail and get well cards and nice things like that. And your cards were almost the only contact I had with the outside world while I was in the hospital, because I wasn't allowed any phone calls, and no visitors except for my family!

The more I read the cards the more determined I was to get back to work quickly. I knew that because of my illness a lot of people had been inconvenienced or upset and I didn't want that to go on too long.

After leaving the hospital, I was home recuperating for several weeks and it gave me a chance to catch up on a lot of things—like sleeping and reading and answering mail.

I'm usually so healthy that being sick is a strange experience for me. It was really pretty frustrating just to lie around and not to be able to do much of anything. It made me realize how much I love my work and how anxious I was to get back to it.

Well, now I'm back at work in my usual schedule. I film "The Partridge Family" during the day, record at night and do live concerts on weekends. It's a hectic way of life, but like I said, I love it.

I really want to thank all of you for the cards and letters and flowers and just for caring. I didn't realize before what a lucky guy I am.

And right now I'm not only lucky but healthy and happy, so please don't worry anymore about me. I'm in great shape.

I hope I'll be seeing you soon.

Love,
David