

DAVID WEDS— MEET HIS SECRET BRIDE!

THE CHURCH IS SMALL. In fact, it's very much like any typical white wood and red brick church you would find in any small town anywhere in America. It is perched on top of a tiny green knoll. There are rose bushes around it, a weeping willow tree beside it and several tall American elms frame it in a beautiful leafy green halo.

The little winding path that leads up to the main doors of the church is flanked on either side by beves of yellow daffodils and bright red geraniums. And today—because a special event is taking place inside this little church—the doors are flung wide open. From its dim but glowing interior come the gentle, peeling reverberations of an organ. From outside, it's hard to tell whether it's a hymn or a love song. Probably it is both.

The big event that's about to take place in this little church is a wedding. It's a *very* special wedding. It's the wedding of a young man who was born and who lived many years much as most ordinary young men do in this great country called America. But at a precipitous moment—namely, when he was 17 years old—this young man began to be transformed from an ordinary fellow into an eternal, perfect and handsome Prince Charming. Upon his much-deserving head was placed the crown of lordship over the hearts of millions upon millions of young American girls. By some stroke of destiny, his life was changed from that of a part-time actor and part-time student to that of a full-time superstar!

And all the honors and tributes that came his way, and the glories that befell him, did naught but make our Prince *more* beautiful and *more* gracious. His head has not been turned by conceit or snobbery or arrogance. In fact, our perfect young Prince Charming—David Cassidy—is, if anything, a bit confused by all the attention, and he is deeply grateful to be cast into his new role as the most loved young man in America today.

But what about David *himself*—the *private* David Cassidy—what about *him* loving *you* back? A careful observation of David's busy schedule and busy life—now that he's "Keith Partridge" on the *Partridge* series and a recording star on his own—shows you immediately that, alas, our poor Prince Charming has absolutely *no time* for love. But wait a minute—that's not quite true. That's not *quite* so. David *does* have time for love, but it's a very special love and a very special way of loving. You see, caught in the busy cycle of demands that TV, records and concerts make on him, David limits his love activities to a private dream world of his own. In this dream world, which is located in the center of David's heart, many, many things take place—adventures, romances, perfect dates, visits to your home and on and on and on. But the penultimate experience David thinks of, and often longs for, is that special day when he finally *does* enter the little church on the grassy hill and makes the eternal vow that will bind him to his loved one forever.

WHO IS SHE??

What *will* that momentous day be like and, more important, who will *she* be—the girl in the long white gown walking down the aisle toward David . . . ?

On his wedding day, David wears a simple but elegant custom-made dark suit. His shirt is brilliant white and his tie matches his suit. As the organist begins to play the unforgettable chords of the classic wedding march, the doors of the little church are pushed open and in a splash of bright sunlight David's bride appears. She is dressed all in white and she is a picture of pristine pureness. As the wedding march sounds out, she—accompanied by her father—walks slowly down the aisle. To her left, she sees—smiling, nodding and perhaps weeping a bit—her family, close relatives and friends. To her right, she sees—beaming with joy and admiration—David's family and *his* close friends. As each step brings her closer to the altar, her mind is delighted by the knowledge that now the people to her left and the people to her right are intermingled into one big, all-embracing family for all time.

Just as the last note of the wedding march ceases, David's secret bride arrives in front of the altar. David reaches out his hand and takes her hand in his, and the bride and groom take one step forward to the altar. All during the ceremony, David keeps turning and smiling reassuringly at his bride. And she, behind her veil, looks his way and smiles softly.

David's secret bride is neither too tall nor too short. She is not under five feet and one inch tall and she is not over five feet and seven inches tall. She is neither fat nor thin. In fact, David's secret bride is a very ordinary—perhaps even typical—young American girl. Outwardly, she is calm, but inwardly she is a whirlwind of joy and excitement, for this young girl loves David very much—completely, unreservedly and with all her heart.

David, who is now smiling her way again, senses this and responds by pressing her hand gently in his. It was this loving admiration that initially attracted David to her, and it was its depth and genuineness that caught him in its wonder and strength and held him—allowing him to respond, exchange *his* love for that great love, and finally bringing him to name the day when he and she would become one.

All too soon the brief but deeply moving ceremony is over. Both David and his bride have promised to love and cherish, honor and obey each other for all of eternity and not to part one from the other ever again. Then the minister says, "David, you may kiss the bride"—and David turns and slowly lifts the bridal veil from the face of his secret bride. And just as the vibrant strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march fill the little church with exaltation and joy, David kisses the lips of the girl who will share the rest of his life with him.

Who is she? You don't know? Well, here's a surprise. David *himself* doesn't know—yet. Perhaps when *that* very special day comes his way, David's secret bride will turn out to be—*you!*