



In every person's life there are periods of almost unbearable sadness. For David Cassidy, the adjustment he's going through now is one of those periods. For David is getting used to life without his dog Sam. Sam is dead.

It's never easy to lose a pet, but when you truly love animals, as David does, and when you've had that pet for six years, as David had Sam, it is an unspeakable burden.

David and his dog grew up together. David got Sam when David was a rebellious 15-year-old and Sam was a mere puppy. Together they grew into quite a team—a man with a successful acting/singing career and his favorite companion.

Sam was like David's closest friend. He was always there at the end of the day, tail wagging, waiting for his master to come home. He never made many demands on David—he just wanted to have his head scratched occasionally. In return he gave all the affection he had.

The house was never empty when Sam was there. It's still not really empty—Sam, his roommate, and his dog Shish are still there. But the loss of Sam has left a huge kind of vacancy in the house and in David's life.

David's grief for Sam is a private thing, not something he wishes to discuss. His life will go on without Sam—and perhaps at some later date he may even get another dog. But for right now he's just getting used to the whole idea of not having Sam around. It's a difficult adjustment, too, for Shish, who's lost her mate and companion.

There's a quietness around David these days. You can feel it when you're near him. You know he doesn't want to talk about it, so you don't intrude. But you wish you could somehow help.

But there's nothing anyone can do. Sam is gone. And sadness has entered David Cassidy's life once more.