

**DAVID ASKS:  
"WHERE DID  
LOVE GO?"  
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David looked down at the scuffed toes of his shoes. As he'd driven home tonight he couldn't escape the sadness that had risen. His car pulled into the driveway but his restlessness wouldn't let him enter the house. So he'd begun walking, hoping the fresh air would perk up his thoughts.

The sky had already changed from the colors it had been moments before. Just the way he'd discovered that love changes—so quickly that it's barely noticed.

When his career had first begun,

the beginning? But, now, other things had to be considered. A busy schedule that left no free time for answering all the letters; concern for the safety of the people in the crowds; the impossible dream of wanting to meet each fan personally and say, "Thank you for your love."

David could feel the frustration tightening his throat. He glanced up again at the already dark sky. It was blue velvet with the stars glowing like a million brilliant gems. Staring at the sky's beauty seemed to ease the pain that had been with him all evening.

And, slowly, David could feel the smile working its way into his heart. The stars were just as beautiful tonight as they had always been in the past. Constant and beautiful.

And this was the way it was with his love. No matter what happened,



his total being was glowing with happiness. He was thrilled about sharing love with people. Those who would become his fans—those he would grow to love for their faith and loyalty to him.

Suddenly, moments of sadness and ugliness appeared. Accusations were thrown at him. "Why don't you answer my letters?" or "Why did you run away without talking to us?". Hate showed in words like "Who do you think you are? We waited for you after the concert and you hid from us!".

Love changes. The words were printed permanently in his mind. Couldn't they realize that his love for them was still as strong as it was in

he knew that his love for his fans—those who believed in him and returned his love—would never change. The love, like the stars shining overhead, would be constant and unchanging. His dream and reality were the same. He only had to remember that. It was easy to forget the beauty of the stars in sky. Until he looked at them again.

And, from this moment on, the stars would remind him of his love. What had happened to his dream, his song? Nothing had ever happened. For a few fleeting moments, David had just forgotten the words. But he would never again. The stars were there to remind him. And so were the special people. And so was the love.



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