

SHIRLEY BEGS DAVID:

“Please Don’t Hate Us!”



There are times when we hurt even those we love very much. This was one of those times—when Shirley had to tell David of her divorce!

He turned his face upward to feel the sun shining on him even more. David couldn't believe he was actually in Rome—the Romance Capital of the world!

He was on vacation since the Partridge Family was on hiatus. He'd wanted to travel around Europe for so long that he really had to pinch himself to see if it was all real! He walked along the sidewalks, drinking in the sights and the people. It was all so beautiful and different.

SAD WORDS

David smiled at people as he passed them. He was having such a good time. He didn't need to hurry or worry about schedules, all that was necessary was for him to relax and rest! Down the street he noticed there was an outdoor cafe. The smile on his face brightened even more as he decided to treat himself to a late morning snack.

The waiter led David to a table near the shade and David quickly made his order. He smiled as the waiter hurried away, everyone here was so nice! He closed his eyes and took another deep breath of sweet morning air when he felt a touch on his shoulder.

The waiter was holding a newspaper in his hand. “Sir, something for you to read while you wait?”

David grinned again and took the newspaper. He hadn't seen an American newspaper in days! He stretched his legs out and began turning the pages lazily, reading slowly.

Then, he reached the entertainment section. The sad words screamed at him. David grabbed the paper and read the article quickly. What could the headline mean—“Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy separate!”

The article said that Shirley and

his father were going to divorce! David felt dizzy and held his fists against his eyes. He looked up and saw the waiter with his order. “Do you have a phone I can use?” He tried not to let the concern show in his voice.

BETTER FOR ALL

Later that night, after he'd spent the day walking and thinking, David sat in the living room of his hotel suite. He looked out at the beautiful sight of the lights twinkling in the night. But the beauty escaped him—he felt sad and tired. All he could think of was Shirley's words when he'd reached her by phone that morning.

He'd asked her as soon as she'd said hello what the article had meant. “Was it true?” he wanted to know. Shirley had sighed and David knew that she was tired, too, as if she hadn't slept at all.