



A LETTER FROM DAVID



"THE GIRL THAT I MARRY . . ."

Dear old you,

There used to be a song that began "the girl that I marry will have to be . . ." and then went on to say how she'd better be soft as a peach and pink as a nursery, and so forth. Well, I like peaches and nurseries, but I think girls are something else altogether, and the one that I marry will have to be a real human being!

But the song did get me to thinking about the time when I'll ask some young lady to live with me for the rest of my life. I've always known I would get married some day, it's just when that's a question! What will she be like? What do I really want in a wife? What makes the difference between a girl you have fun with and mess around with, and the girl that you marry and live with?

So, to borrow from the song for a minute:

"The girl that I marry will have to be"

. . . . *In love with me!* And that means *really* in love, not just halfway, and it also means *really* with me, not with "David Cassidy, boy singer," or "Keith Partridge," or any of those people. She'll have to love me with all my hang-ups, like being grumpy in the morning, and not having a sense of what time it is *ever*, and liking to have things my way, at least most of the time. And she'll have to put up with my snoring, too!

LIGHT-HEARTED

. . . . *Light-hearted!* I think it's fine to be serious and ask Eternal Questions, and all that . . . but not *all* the time! More important than anything in the world, as far as I'm concerned, is the ability to *laugh*—at yourself and *with* others. A girl who can't amuse herself by laying on her back and watching the clouds form animal shapes—and finding some *funny* ones—probably won't ever wear my ring! I need someone who can come to me when I creep home at night, exhausted, and sit with me and put her head against my chest, and in a few minutes have me smiling . . . then chuckling . . . then laughing! When I marry, I hope we spend as much time laughing together as doing anything else!

. . . . *Kind!* I love people. I'd be a terrible person if, after all the love I've gotten, I didn't feel that I had to give some *back!* The girl I marry will have to love people, too, and the way to show that is to be *kind* to them! There have been so many times in my life when I've really been down in the dumps and the only thing that made it all better was the fact that somebody took the time to be kind to me, to make me realize that the world really is a good place after all! But the world



only is a good place as long as people are kind to each other, so the girl that I marry will have to do her share to keep it that way!

. . . . *Forgiving!* I do a lot of things wrong. I can be thoughtless, even sharp with people if my mind is elsewhere, and I always feel *terrible* about it afterwards—but that doesn't take the sting away! I need a girl who can understand that my love for her is strong enough to survive an occasional sharp word . . . and I promise her that I'll never hold a grudge, either! I've seen too many marriages break up in my life, including some very close to me, and I've learned that *forgiving* could have gone a long way toward saving them. If you can't forgive, then you're always hauling around a long chain of past upsets and unsettled scores . . . and how can you ever live in the present tense?

. . . . *Generous!* And I mean *really* generous, because she's going to have to share more than just material things. She's going to have to share *me!* There's no question as to who the most important people are in my life—they're my fans. I love my fans so strongly that it would drive a selfish or jealous girl completely bananas! She's going to have to put up with my almost never being home, because I'm recording or touring or filming . . . and all of those things I do only for one reason—because my fans want me to! Even when I'm home, she'll have to learn to put up with the phone ringing all the time (the number does get out, no matter what you do) and people knocking on the door at odd hours, and girls waiting across the street all day long! If she can't understand all that, she can't be my wife!

Most of all, I guess, she'll have to be my number one fan. I know that I'll be hers!

That's it for now. Take care and sleep warm until I can write again.

All my love,