

To David... A letter from my heart

Where do I begin...? With that memorable evening when The Partidge Family appeared on my television screen for the first time? Or that unforgettable morning when those first notes of 'I Think I Love You' boomed out of my radio?

It doesn't really matter when or where or even why, does it? All I know, David, is that since you came into my life you have never left my heart. I don't think I could explain it. I don't think I want to, even to myself. Sometimes the understanding takes away the magic and I don't think I could live without the touch of magic you have brought into my life.

I'm basically a shy person, not given to making friends easily. While my friends seem to spend all their spare time at dances and parties, I stay at home. Often with only the pitter-patter of raindrops on the window panes for company, sometimes crying into my pillow and praying for someone to invent an instant cure for shyness.

But you, David, have brought golden hope flooding into my grey, drab world and made the unbearable bearable.

What is it about you that is so very different? Why has no other boy ever set my heart fluttering and my spine tingling like you do? What is it? I've lost count of the number of times I've asked myself that question and still the answer won't come.

It's not those clear brown eyes, open and friendly that shine a welcome more sincere than any

words. It's not that chestnut head of hair just the right length, so clean, so shining. I'd give anything to run my fingers slowly through its silky smoothness.

It's not that sad-happy smile that seldom leaves your handsome face. I've never before seen such a smile that tells so much and yet so little about the wearer. Does it mean 'I'm so happy to be alive' or is it a despairing plea for understanding that goes unseen and unheard? I'd understand David if you gave me the chance.

So what is it about you, David? Why do I play your records when I'm sad, when I'm happy and when I'm in-between. Why do I wait until the house is empty? Why do I keep my feelings bottled up?

It's not your voice, though it has the power to lift me effortlessly into another world. That warm voice, so beautiful so as not to bruise even the most tender notes.

It's not your money though, you could shower me with diamonds, wrap me in furs and see to my every comfort. All I would ask is that you shower me with love and wrap me in your arms.

I see photographs of your house and the luxury with which you surround yourself. I see, too, that we could be happy together in a bare tent. Somehow I know that your money doesn't mean very much to you even though you have had to work very hard for it.

It's not your fame I love you for. It's not your popularity, in fact I hate it. Yes, I was one of the first to find you, David, and now so many others claim a part of you. Yes, I know that's very selfish of me but then isn't love always a little selfish?

Oh, I know you deserve each adoring fan because you've made so many sacrifices and it hasn't all been easy for you along the path, but each girl who cries your name and takes

you further from me is like a separate dagger thrust in my side.

I have a secret daydream, David, which I'm so ashamed of but I must share it with you.

That sun-kissed voice is sadly broken. Some dreadful illness has left your throat a raw and harsh desert. It hurts you to speak, it is impossible to sing.

A sad and defeated man, you take a lonely life of travelling the world with only memories for friends.

Then in some remote mountain village we meet one night. We talk and slowly, very slowly I build up your confidence. Piece by piece I restore the David Cassidy the world knew and loved.

But for the world it is too late. But you realise that I loved you for yourself and that is more than enough for you.

Oh, David can you find enough compassion in the depths of your heart to forgive such cruelty? Must you hate me for wishing your downfall? You know I couldn't blame you if you did.

I'll be there, David... in England, when you come here to sing to me. Oh, I know you'll be singing for them as well but as I sit in my seat it will be me and you. I won't see them, I won't hear them. You will be singing for me and me alone.

They will all be wishing and hoping, hoping and praying but we will have that understanding, that magic passing between us.

You will have a good visit here David. I'll see to that. I'll make you glad you came, eager to come back soon and as you fly across the ocean back home spare a thought for me.

I'll die a little until you return. Records are like mother's kisses David. They make you feel better but they don't really heal the wound.

I don't know what it is that makes me feel the way I do about you.

Maybe I'll never know, but will I feel this way I don't hear pitter-patter on the window pane nearly so loud or nearly so often?

YOUR EVER-LOVING F