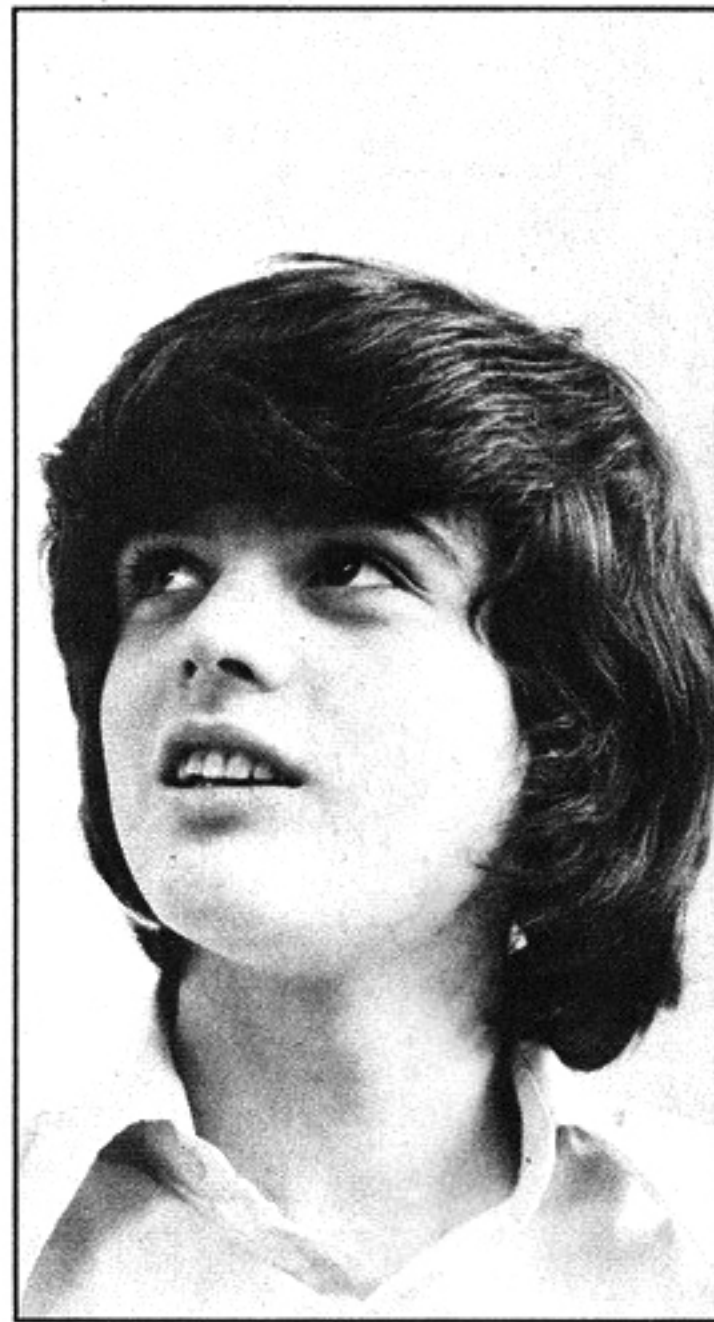


# DAVID AND DONNY: LEAVING YOU BEHIND?



*Things are always changing . . . even those you have learned to love! Sometimes people have to move on, and all you can do is try to smile . . . and, perhaps, let go . . .!*

Donny closed the door quietly behind him and stepped outside. Even with the door closed, he could still hear all the laughter and voices of his family in the house. Usually he would have been with them, sharing their jokes and conversation. But not now. He had to be alone . . .

He wandered out onto the sweeping lawn that surrounds the Osmond Utah home and he had to smile. The beauty of the land always touched him whenever he saw it. Each time was like the first time—always surprising him with its peacefulness and soothing colors.

Even now, he looked up and his breath was taken away by the spectacular sunset on the horizon. Donny stood and stared while the pink and lavender clouds almost seemed

determined to hold the sun just a few moments longer and let the day never end. How funny it was that even the sky and the clouds and the land itself didn't want to see another day slip by so quickly here!

## TOO SOON!

Here. Utah. His home. Donny could see the words so clearly, almost as if they were printed in huge letters across the sky. It meant so much to him. All of it! And he was just like those clouds up there—sad to see another day lost to time.

He bent down to pick a blade of grass and slowly nibbled at it. He knew he wasn't being fair about being so sad! But how could he possibly help it? Tomorrow they would all be leaving. Too soon, it was always too soon, when they knew they had to leave their home.

It was like leaving part of themselves.

## LIKE HONEY

Donny suddenly stood very still and listened. It was a bee, and its "bzzzz" was clear and strong in the evening air. The bee was doing a "solo" number. Donny laughed to himself. If he had the time, and if there was more light, he knew he would try to follow that bee and find its home. Bees fascinated him. But he knew that he would just have to be content with listening.

They were remarkable insects. They were hard workers, flying here and there to beautiful flowers, drinking the sweet nectar, and helping the flowers grow. But, they always returned home. No matter where, or how far they roamed in their work, they always knew when and where they had to go in the end. Maybe they knew that home was where they, like a person, always had to go. It was the place where they shared their work and their lives.

The bee and Donny had so very much in common! Donny knew that no matter where he traveled, or how long he would be away, he must always have a chance to come back here. Here was the place where his honey was stored—the "sweet honey" that was his family and the love they all shared! And just like the bee, Donny knew that he had to see his beautiful "flowers", his fans. The nectar they gave to him was just as sweet because it was their faith and love in him. But, still again, it was at home in Utah where he could quietly and completely appreciate it all.

Nothing would ever change his feelings about his home. It was the most real place in the world to him. Rumors were always flying that he and his family were moving. Even

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