

# DAVID'S BIRTHDAY MEMORIES

Remember those golden moments of those special days of your lives — your birthdays? David has many of them and now, he wants to share them with YOU!



**SCRAPBOOKS MEAN MEMORIES** and for David, some of his happiest memories are those about the wonderful birthdays he's celebrated in past 23 years!

David took another bite of the apple and smiled. He loved the crunch of the apple and the sweet taste of it in his mouth. Today was his day off and he'd awakened that morning knowing that he had the whole day to himself!

He wandered outside and breathed a lungful of the early morning air. He felt so glad to be alive! There was something in the air that touched a tender note in his heart and he hadn't been able to pinpoint it all morning ever since he woke. A smile crossed his face and suddenly, he knew. It was the same secret element in the air that he used to feel when

he was younger, and knew that the day he was waking up to was his birthday!

He rushed inside and headed for his bedroom. He reached the closet and shuffled things around on the top shelf until his fingers felt what he was looking for.

It was a leather bound album, worn a little at the edges from years of looking through it. But inside, between the leather covers, were memories of those special golden moments of his past birthdays. He walked over to his bed and slowly opened the first pages.

And there on the first page was this fat, smiling baby boy with

a paper hat on his head. David Bruce Cassidy celebrating his first birthday. The next picture was of his birthday cake — before and after his chubby little hands had destroyed the beautiful icing and candle. David had to laugh out loud. Was that icing-smeared face really his?

Then there were the other pictures. His first birthday party where he had been allowed to invite his own friends. A picture of him greeting each friend at the door. And a bigger picture of him standing in front of the table laden with presents—all for him! He remembered how he had felt a twinge of guilt as each of his friends piled on another package and he kept thinking—"Oh, Boy! Another present!"



**DAVID LOVED** it when his parties included his step-mom and brothers.

As David turned the pages, memories flooded his mind. He saw the picture of his first party where there had been girls! And there he was, holding hands with his girlfriend of the day. The bashful smile on her face, the sour look on his. He had kept saying, "Oh, Mother!" What a day that had been. And he had never told anyone of the secret kiss that girl