

"I'll Know It's REAL LOVE

When..."

(DAVID CASSIDY CONTINUED)

love of all nature and of life in the things I write, the songs I sing and the words I say. But I know that one day I'll speak those three little words to someone special and they'll hold a meaning I've never expressed before.

At one time or another with every girl I meet or date, I think to myself "What would it be like to spend my life with her?" I think everyone has thoughts like that running through their mind; and it's a way of looking deep inside yourself—a kind of soul searching—asking questions of yourself and the things you really want.

ONE + ONE = ONE!

Though I have felt feelings of love before with girls I have known, I always sensed it was not the "forever" love I am searching for. My "search" isn't even a conscious thing, really. I just know one day that I will find my perfect mate—that my half will combine with her half and we will make a whole.

Where will I find her? Who knows? It could be on a deserted beach or at a press conference. It could be on a movie set or at a small party with friends. The way I see it, it won't be a love-at-first-sight romance. I just don't think that's possible. Real love is something that grows between two people.

I'm sure I'll be attracted to this "dream girl" and we'll agree to go on a date. Since she'll probably feel about many things as I do, it won't be long before we both confess how much we hate "dates" and we'll get right down to being two people eager to know one another better.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION

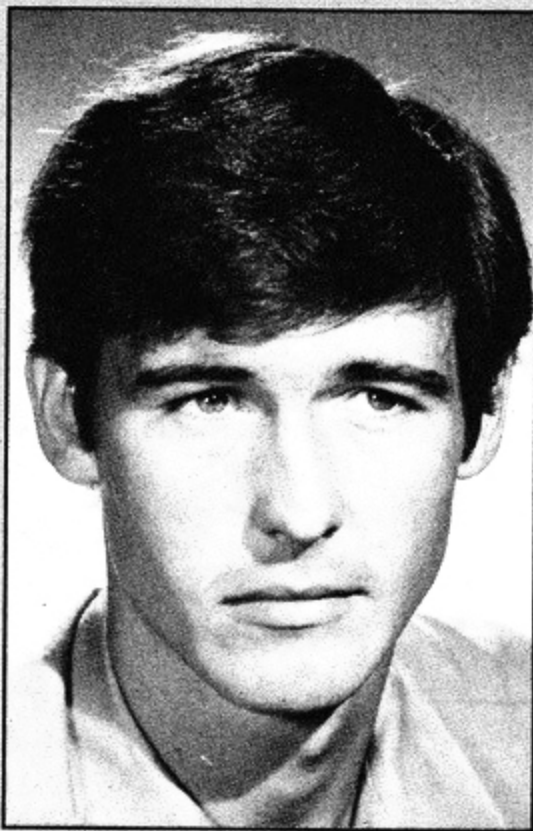
I know this girl will be even more than I can imagine her to be, because reality is so much more exciting than fantasy.

I'll know it's the real thing when, with a single glance, she will know how much I love her and I will know how much she loves me. •

...by Randy Mantooth

How I long for love to come into my life. Like us all, I have known love—that of my parents, my close friends and, of course, my fans. But there is a love—the real thing—that is waiting to find me and until it does come I really feel like Mr. Incomplete.

My visions of love are childlike: Everything I dream about is like a fantasy world made for two—laying in the tall grass gazing at the simmering sunshine, standing together for the longest time just holding each other tightly, talking of silly things like how we'll raise



our children, the home we'll have one day, the projects we'll have together.

In all my fantasies I wonder—how long will I have to wait for all these wonderful things to happen? That's one thing we can never change about love—it can't be forced or hurried. When the time is right, we are the chosen ones. Until then, we can only hope and dream.

No matter how soon, I'll regret that love didn't find me sooner. I'll feel sad that *all* of my life couldn't be spent with the captivating girl I have yet to meet.

How I long to have that someone to offer my love! As I pass card shops, I always go in and read messages of love, and it's then I wish I had that someone special to send them to. Alone at night, I want to have that one person to call on the phone and tell my thoughts to. When I wake in the morning, I want so to jump out of bed and make the most of the day... but with whom?

I know she's out there and I know we'll be together someday to fill each other's lives with joy, but I can't help hoping it will be soon. The real thing for me will be when my wishes all come true. I have no doubts that they will.

"MISS RIGHT!"

It sounds like I'm depressed all the time thinking of these things, but I'm not really. They're just things I'm looking forward to with great anticipation. I think that's part of "the real thing"—it's something very much worth waiting for!

While I wait, I'm learning about myself and others. It makes me happy to watch people in love: they're different somehow—smiling, unhurried and hopeful. They don't let things get them down because there's always someone to tell their problems to.

So, until I meet "Miss Right," I have my fantasy dream girl to share my thoughts of love with and tell my problems to. She can't hold me tight when I awake and feel alone, but her one embrace the moment we find each other will make up for all the longing. Our time together will be worth all the waiting. •