

David's farewell to home

David pulled an old slouch hat over his hair and got stuck in. He carried boxes and chairs into the moving truck. His motto was to get out of there as quickly as possible.

Mr. Universe, Ken Waller (1), and bodybuilding superstar Arnold Schwarzenegger came to David's old house for a farewell drink.

The large, heavy iron gate in front of David Cassidy's house stood wide open. Next to it was a "For Sale" sign. In front of the house was a huge moving truck. Two movers were carefully loading tables, chairs, and beds. Inside the house, there were piles of packed boxes and crates. David sat on the floor in his guest room, next to him was Bullseye, his dog, and in front of him was a small television. He watched a basketball game absentmindedly. God, I'm glad we'll soon be done with the movers. So many memories came flooding back, but now a new chapter in my life is beginning... he laughed. Kathleen, his housekeeper, who had organized the entire move, came into the room and sighed: The movers are taking their time. We'll never finish this mess before it gets dark." David jumped up and helped with the heavy lifting. Wearing a slouch hat, he grabbed crates and boxes and heaved them into the moving truck. "This is going to be a hassle," he said, "my new house in Montecito (two hours' drive from Los Angeles) is furnished, and some of my things will have to be stored in a warehouse until I find a suitable ranch. That could take months." He raves about his new home: "It's an old, romantic Spanish-style house on a huge plot of land with ancient olive trees."

His original plan to turn his back on Los Angeles completely didn't quite work out. David realized that he has to spend three days a week in Los Angeles for business reasons. So he rented the small guest house of his friend Timothy Schmit from the band Poco in Hollywood. The movers continued to work slowly, and by now it was five o'clock and pitch dark.

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David was completely exhausted and too tired to get into his BMW. So he slept on the floor of the empty house, with his faithful Bullseye beside him. The next morning at eight o'clock, the roar of a chainsaw woke him from his sleep. He jumped up and couldn't believe his eyes: workers were cutting down his orange trees, one after another. The new owner, Jerry van Dyke (an American comedian), wants to build a tennis court in David's orange grove. "I was shocked," David said, "tears welled up in my eyes."

Sadly, David got into his car and drove off to Montecito. "When everything is ready there, I'll definitely come to Germany," he promised as he said goodbye.

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