

**Cynthia
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Town Talk



Sweet, sweet the memories you gave to me

I had already written my column for this week when I heard a song on the radio that took me back about 25 years. So at the last minute here I am writing a new column.

I was taking my son to school and because I do sometimes like him to believe he lives in a democratic household (although we parents know it's a dictatorship whether they like it or not) I was letting him listen to his favorite radio station (free plug) Q93.

An alternative, rappish, reggae version (for lack of a more refined description) of an old song started playing. That song was "I Think I Love You," a big hit for David Cassidy and The Partridge Family in the early '70s.

Now I know a lot of you women out there my age are sighing. When we were in our early teens David Cassidy was the cause of many a sigh.

Raise your hand if you had a poster of him above your bed in your room.

I admit I had David Cassidy at my head and Bobby Sherman on the ceiling. You remember Bobby from "Here Come The Brides." David Soul was a big heartthrob on that show as well.

Anyway, this song started playing and, wouldn't you know it, those songs you learned as a teenybopper are actually still stored away in your head.

I could sing every word. My son was puzzled at how I could know the words to this "new song."

I laughed and told him practically the whole history of the song, David Cassidy, Shirley Jones, the Partridges and then, of course, Shawn Cassidy. It was way more information than he wanted.

And you know what, I even have that 45. (For those of you who don't know what a 45 is, ask your parents.)

"Wow, you know, I'm not even offended by this remake," I said to my son when the record was over.

"And I can't believe how they even got a guy to sing it that sounds so much like David Cassidy."

Then the deejay promptly announced that the song was in fact a remake by none other than David Cassidy.

Two things happened at that moment. I suddenly felt gratified to know that my son would hear and maybe even appreciate the finer points of bubble gum music, albeit '90s bubble gum style, and I felt 13 again.

Not bad for 7:45 a.m. on a Thursday morning.

The fun was over for the moment because we were pulling into the school parking lot and heaven forbid someone might see him laughing with and maybe even having fun with his own mother. So I took the silly teenybopper smile off my face and bid him a good day.

As I headed on down the road I thought more about the song and about who I used to hang out with, my first concert (Bobby Sherman, not David), my first kiss, first boyfriend and so on.

Those years are really a magical time for kids like me who were lucky enough to have a stable home life, sufficient money to make us comfortable and loving parents. I really hope my own son, and your children, will be able to look back at their teenybopper years as a time of firsts -- not too many too soon, of course -- but a time of innocent exploration and discovery.

It's the beginning of feeling more adult, being allowed to have more responsibility and be trusted to do more things on your own. It really is a significant time in our lives.

I told any number of people at work about hearing this song. We talked about David Cassidy and his brother, Shawn, we talked about who their heartthrobs were (not everyone is as old as I am) and remembered funny things we did.

David Cassidy made me realize I'm not quite over the hill yet. I also have to give him credit for doing his own remake before someone else did. He got my money 25 years ago and he'll probably get some more of it now. He can take me back to those fond memories anytime he wants.

"Sigh."

Cynthia Jardon is the Town Talk religion writer and writes this column weekly.