

David Cassidy

writes personally to you

PLACE

Any offers to help David tidy his house? You'll see what we mean when you read on!

Hello, luv's!

It's ta time again. No, your eyes aren't deceiving you. I don't mean tea time. I mean ta time. As in thanksabunch.

Every now and then, I like to take a whole column to express me gratitude for all the nice goodies you send me. I'd do it more often, but I don't think you know what happens around my house when I get into this mood. First I get everything all sorted out, then I spread everything all over the floor. After I've written the column and said thanks for all the goodies, I've been known to leave them right where they are so I can admire them for a month or ten.

This means hopping over this, falling over that, you get the idea. I always promise myself I'm going to put the things back where they belong, in an orderly and sensible manner, but you know me better than that! We un-married men are a sorry lot don't you think?

But, it's all worth it just to see the efforts you've put forth to wish me happy whatever. I've said about one trillion times in this column to please not spend money on me. Instead, I've suggested that if you really feel you want to send me something, make it something that you created yourself. I've always loved getting hand-made gifts because so many of the vibrations of the person who made the item go into it.

Right now, my living room is so full of vibrations, good ones, that it's about to burst. Let me tell you about some of the things that are causing this. I mentioned some time ago, probably last year, that I dig hand-made cards, and wow, have I been receiving great ones ever since. Some of them are absolutely spectacular and I can't figure out why a lot of you aren't working as professional artists.

One of the cards is about four feet tall and opens up to about twice that size. It's got lots of good wishes inside, and several photos of me that I've never even seen. I don't mean to sound like a ham, but I never see one per cent of the pictures that are taken of me, and sometimes it's nice to have a look at a few. (Now please don't spoil me completely and start sending me pix of myself because I have quite enough of me wen I'm looking in the mirror, shaving.)



A lot of the cards used my records as a theme, and there's one huge card with a super clown on the front. And one in the shape of a record. An especially clever one has a broken heart on the front, with a partial map of England on one side, and me in the form of a plane on the other side, flying away. Another has some fantastic coloured (this time I spelled it coloured to save FAB's editors the trouble of changing it from colored, the American spelling) lettering on the front, again the titles of different discs, and there's one with a huge golden heart, and well, I could go on and on.

I know that all of this took hours to do and I can't tell you how much I appreciate it. There's one in particular that must have taken ages. It's so unusual, I don't know if I can explain it. The front is black and thereupon (thereupon?) is something that looks like a mosaic, only it's made of torn pieces of

coloured (!) paper. It's so great I can't stop looking at it, and the other side is just as inventive. There's a girl made of bits of material, writing a scroll letter to me with a real feather pen!

Thanks, thanks, thanks for all of th things I have mentioned and all those haven't. Also, as much as I love the cards, please make them smaller ' time. I saw some of the postage stir and about passed out!

Love,

