

## **My Lover, David Cassidy**

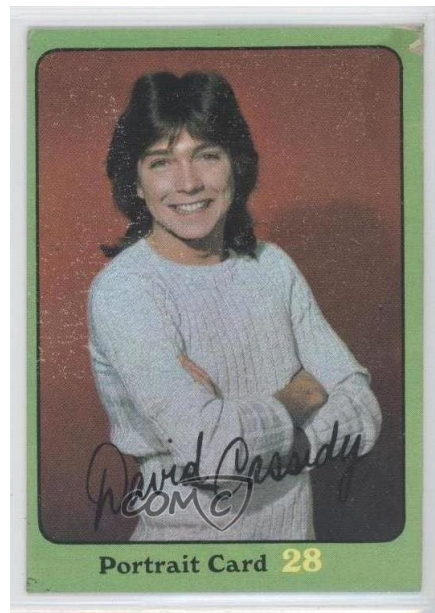
Ah, David Cassidy. My thoughts of him have again risen up in my mind. Here is my story. Before this story, I had not told anyone about David, except for my priest and my best friend. (Neither of those turned out well) and not my therapist from later in my life and certainly not my parents. No one else.



I met David Cassidy in 1971. I was 9. He was 21 I think, but to me he was ageless. I found him so entirely good looking that I went to bed dreaming about him. Dreaming of when we would meet. Of when he'd be mine.

I collected Partridge Family collector cards, but truly fawned over ones featuring my David. I was afraid at school that someone would find out about my crush on David.

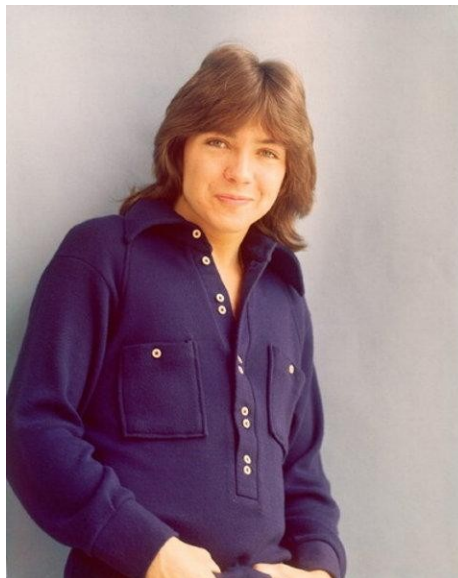
Strange to note, that I was the only one with 1000's of Partridge Family collector cards. Everyone had hockey, football etc ones...



I mean, isn't he gorgeous???

It is true that I brought the cards to school in addition to some hockey cards... I mean I had to be prepared in case someone 'caught' me with my David Cassidy cards...

I didn't know that what I felt was a love for him, and if they found out others would pounce on that.



And some did find out. Calling me a fag, a pussy, a girly boy, when they found out about David. I went home tormented by my love for David, again finding solace in my

bed, David beside me. He liked to sleep on the right hand side of my bed. I didn't mind, as long as he was with me when I fell asleep and there again the following night.



When I was feeling exceptionally bad, David would into my eyes and sing to me. My favourite song was "I think I love you"

I was sleeping and right in the middle of a good dream  
Like all at once I wake up from something that keeps knocking at my brain  
Before I go insane I hold my pillow to my head  
And spring up in my bed screaming out the words I dread  
I think I love you (I think I love you)

This morning I woke up with this feeling  
I didn't know how to deal with and so I just decided to myself  
I'd hide it to myself and never talk about it  
And did not go and shout it when you walked into the room  
I think I love you (I think I love you)

I think I love you so what am I so afraid of  
I'm afraid that I'm not sure of a love there is no cure for

I think I love you isn't that what life is made of  
Though it worries me to say that I never felt this way

I don't know what I'm up against  
I don't know what it's all about  
I got so much to think about

Hey, I think I love you so what am I so afraid of  
I'm afraid that I'm not sure of a love there is no cure for

I think I love you isn't that what life is made of  
Though it worries me to say I never felt this way

Believe me you really don't have to worry  
I only wanna make you happy and if you say "hey go away" I will  
But I think better still I'd better stay around and love you  
Do you think I have a case let me ask you to your face  
Do you think you love me?

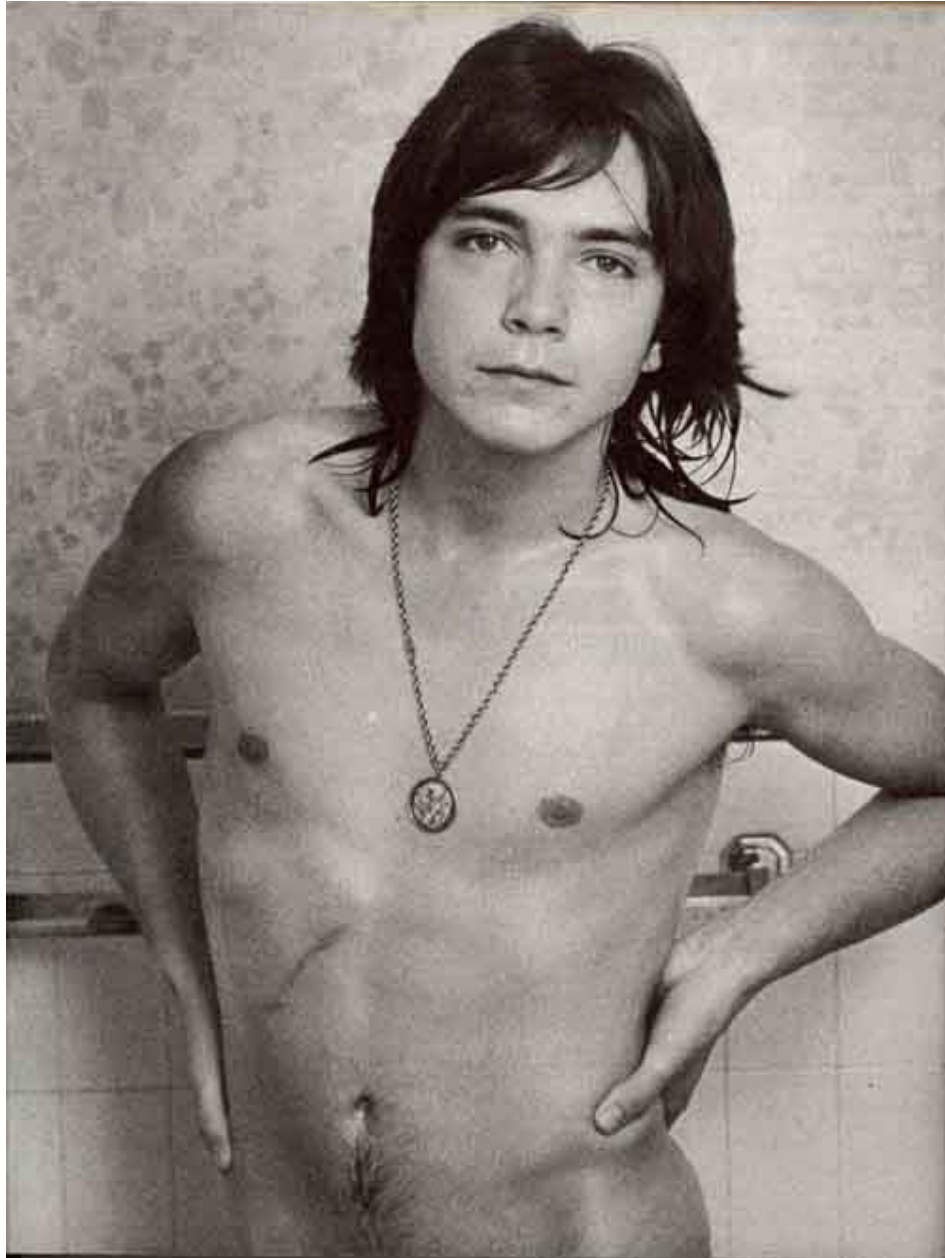
I think I love you  
I think I love you  
I think I love you  
I think I love you  
I think I love you  
I think I love you  
I think I love you  
I think I love you  
I think I love you

and he was singing it to me!



Listening to David's heavenly voice, always would make me feel better. Coupled with the warmth of his body next to mine, I would usually fall asleep quickly. When I awoke in the morning, as usual, David was gone. He was still on my mind though. I could hear him playing the guitar and singing to me throughout most of the day. He helped me feel

normal, he helped me feel better about my feelings towards other boys. He helped me be more comfortable with myself. While at the same time, my priest was making me ashamed of those feelings. Penance and penance, no communion until I ceased with these feelings and David, and relieving myself, (Really was David doing that most nights!) So after Sunday mass, David and I would speak about why the church was wrong about it's stance on same-sex attraction. God made me. God makes no mistakes. I am not a mistake.



About 11 years old, my relationship with David changed. We became closer and closer. No longer was I satisfied with just holding him. I wanted more. One night, I took

David's hand and put it on my lap. I felt his warm hand down there, and I felt a weird feeling as David slowly caressed me. I felt shivers. My body pulsed with a wonderful feeling and then I felt wet. I was embarrassed. David said not to be. I found myself longing for his touch. Almost every night, David brought me so much pleasure. He seemed to have 'the touch' so to speak. I started to experiment carefully with other boys my age (and with my best friend.... He used to peeve me when we'd have some fun together, then he wouldn't talk to me for days... I KNOW he liked it. We both did.)



I told my best friend about David when I was 12. He was like 10. In any case, He laughed at me when I told him about my nightly escapades with David. I told him details about what we did. indeed. What we did... He 'accidentally' told some of his friends. One of them had a brother in grade 12 at the collegiate. Not long after that, while I was walking one evening by my school, I was ambushed by 6 grade 12 guys. They pulled me

into the field and knocked me to the ground and started kicking me. Each blow hurt more than the last. They kicked me over and over. Shouting at me, "Fucking faggot, your a faggot, a god damn queer! We should kill you!" (and many other names) It seemed to go on for ever. I zoned out and when I woke up, I had a bloody nose and hurt all over. I was missing a shoe. I slowly got up and saw it. I walked to it and everything hurt so much. I sat on a large boulder and caught my breath, and walked to my friend's house to get cleaned up. I had a small cut on my face and a bloody nose, but the bruises and scrapes were under my clothes, so that was good at least.

When I got home I went straight to my room. Still had tears in my eyes.... I hurt all over. David was sitting on my bed, smiling at me. I shouted "Get out! It's all your fault!" I heard my mother say "Are you alright?" I answered her, and said I was fine (I wasn't). David left. I went to bed, in my clothes, just in case Mom or Dad came in to check on me. The morning after this, I could barely move and yet I still had to go to school. I wondered who knew what happened to me. Did they care? Would they kick the shit out of me too? I wanted to die. This was the first time that this thought entered my mind. It would come home to roost several more times in my life. Back then I didn't know anything about 'the closet', I just figured all guys do this, so why was I being singled out and tormented for it. I didn't sleep well at all for the next few days. Partially due to the pain from the giant bruises on my back and legs. Gawd it hurt. This was just one of several beatings I received in my early teens.

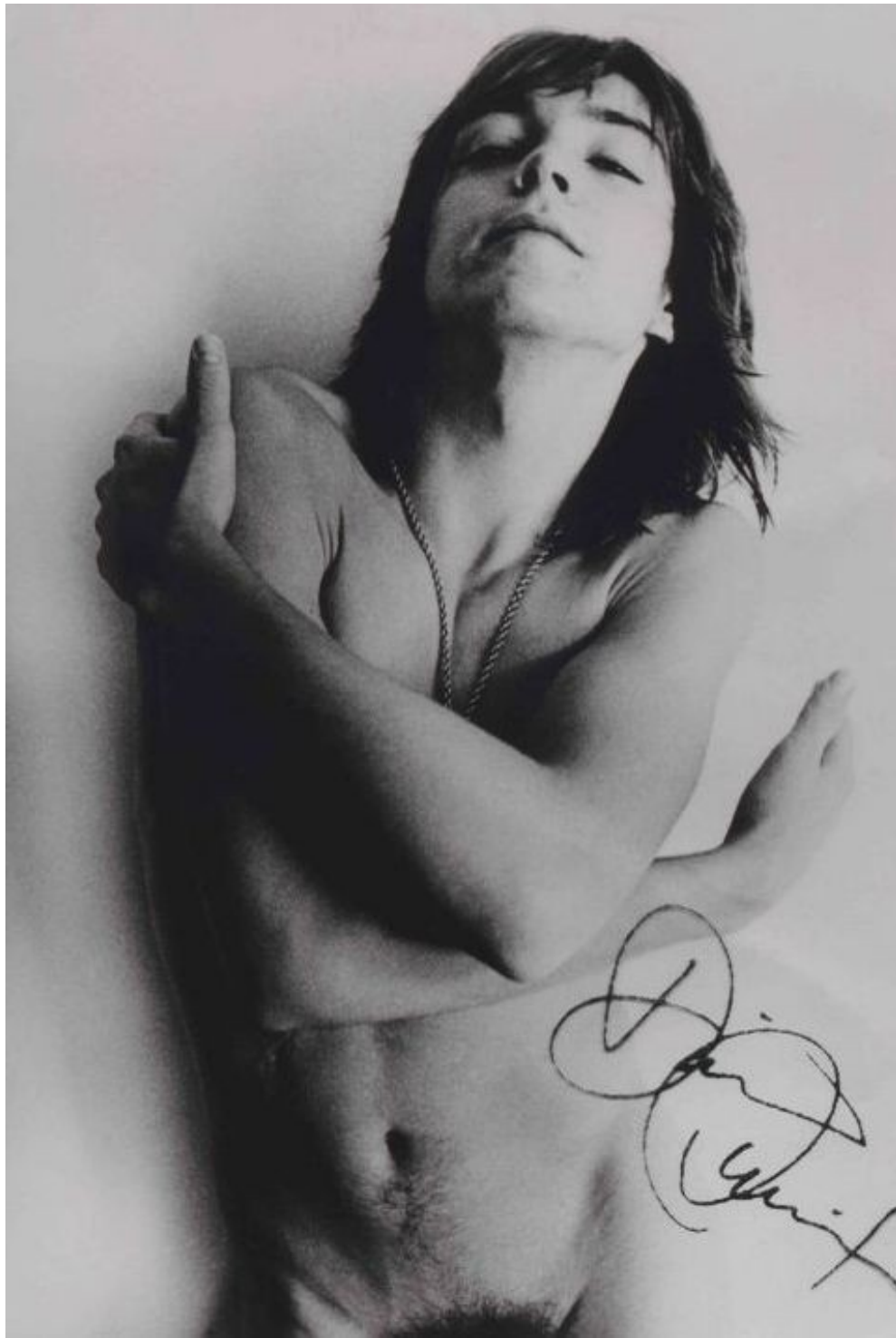
A few days later, David was again sitting on my bed. I apologised to him. David looked at me and beckoned me over. He hugged me as we sat on the end of the bed together. Seemed like a long time, but I am not sure how long it was. I had forgiven David, and he supported me. We returned to the routine of sleeping together. He was my solace for a few more years. I had made it through what I thought was the worst of the pain and torment -- keeping David and me secret. My friend asked me if 'David' was still at my place. I knew he didn't believe my story, and that he secretly wanted to make sure that I was back to being normal again, what ever that is. He later killed himself. I wonder if he was gay. He never told me and I would never find out.

So sad to say that he was the first of many of my 'partners' that would end their own lives. Was I responsible for that? Gawd, I hope not. So there were 3 of them no longer

living. A 'good' record if you compare the number of partners I had vs those 3 who died by their own hand. This doesn't make me feel less guilty.

David stayed with me until I was 15. I wanted him back, my heart ached so. But he never did return and I actually never heard from him again. Funny how he didn't age. He looked like the same sensual and svelte man that he was when we first met.





By now you must be thinking that David wasn't really there, that he was in my imagination... Well truth be told, I had conversations with David. And they were two way. He spoke with me and I with him. He was not an imaginary friend, he was part of me. Without him, I am positive I would have killed myself. He helped me through quite a few days. The only thing I regretted about David, was he told me that 'He

understanded', when I told of my many sexual partners I had during my early teens. If he would have gotten mad at me or called me a slut, I am not sure I would have been so promiscuous with the boys. I don't think I would be different today if he had, as I was born this way.

XO