

## **Letter to Radio Host Phil Hendrie - June 11, 2004**

**(this letter will make most sense to fans of the show)**

Dear Mr. Phil Hendrie,

Please allow me a moment to explain how you have helped me to reconstruct a successful life from the trash heap in which I once found myself.

My life became increasingly more miserable over the final three years of a failing marriage. With no family or friends in the area and no peers at work, I resigned to suffer alone and in silence. I soon began talking to myself and over time, even began answering myself quite frequently. I had such an incredible urge to partake of alcoholic beverages that I would not even allow myself a single drink for fear of being completely overtaken by the substance.

But then I found a hero, and through that hero I found dozens more friends. Although they never talked to me or even acknowledged my existence, I continued to call them my friend. We never went out and never actually met, but in the private little world that was forming as a fungus in my head, we were the greatest of amigos. My hero, Phil Hendrie, is a special kind of savant. He chose not to confine his genius to a funny-smelling, poorly lit laboratory in desperate and lonely search of cures to mankind's most dreadful afflictions. More humanely, Phil Hendrie decided to utilize his obvious genius to brighten the lives and lift the faded spirits of our world's wretched masses: among which I find myself. While his expansive talents may not greatly prolong our population's average life span, Hendrie's unique form of art does most definitely enhance the quality of our pitifully insignificant lives.

I too have dreamed of being able to give a valuable gift to mankind. Something that would benefit all and might stand a chance of enduring the ages. Maybe I will even admit that I somewhat selfishly desire that people know my name, think of me in a positive light, and find some temporary pleasure from my existence. But alas, I have as yet been unable to identify any individual talent, which might serve such a noble purpose. I guess that the most I can do at this point is simply share my admiration and praise of my hero Phil Hendrie. In my own life, Mr. Hendrie has been a ray of hope in a desolate solitude of an

unpromising existence. Let me tell you how I have personally benefited from this great man.

Mr. Hendrie went beyond the norm of providing entertainment and continued to improve my life by introducing me to a slew of new personalities. His valuable expertise, and the advice of his cohorts, thrust an entirely new illumination into my life and the results will forever affect me.

Under the spectacular counsel of my attorney Harvey Wireman (to whom I was referred by none other than the habitually misfortunate Steve Bosell), I was legally able to survive my recent divorce. I was also immeasurably aided by the psychological guidance of my doctor Jim Sadler. Following the advise of my sometime annoying, but always well-meaning neighbors, Bobbie and Steve Dooley, I sought spiritual guidance and new direction through the church.

I first made my way into a Southern Baptist facility. There, a very deeply religious parishioner named Mavis Leonard aided me. It was evident to me almost immediately that this woman had truly been touched. Ms. Leonard assisted me in learning to pray. Through her multiple sin aversion therapies in which she had me enrolled, I was raising my voice to Jesus in no time at all. She and her congregation at Joyful Union Church made a mark in my spiritual development...and I still have the scars to prove it.

After my somewhat tortuous experience in the protestant vestibule, I ventured to the altar of Catholicism. I made my very first ever visit to a confession booth. I have to admit that I was genuinely impressed by the very evident compassion of this religion as I noticed that there was a small circular opening in the wall of the booth. Glory hallelujah!! About three inches in diameter and situated waist-high on the wall, I supposed that it was an ADA compliant opening available for the vertically challenged sinners. I didn't actually notice the glory-hole on my own until the incident. Twisting my body nervously at the experience of pouring out my tainted soul at my first confession I inadvertently jammed my knee into an unforeseen protrusion extended from the midget confessional aperture. As the priest, Father James Poppic, yelped with recoil, I too jumped with a shock and bumped my head in the space not much larger than an upright coffin. I quickly asked the holy man what had happened.

As if trying to regain his breath, he explained “its alright my son, everything is alright.” Taking another quick couple of breaths he stood a little more upright and continued his explanation, “don’t worry my son, you simply jammed my finger which I had resting in that small hole.” “Oh father, I am so, so sorry,” I responded sheepishly, “you mean that little hole for handicapped confessioners?” Father Poppic stammered back with a surprised “w-wh-what?” “You know father,” I explained, “this little hole for receiving the dwarf confessions.” Very stupidly, as I spoke I also illustrated by poking my finger through the hole. Most unfortunately, I struck the poor vicar’s already injured digit. Poppic let out an even higher pitched yelp this time. “Maybe you should have that finger checked out,” I suggested meekly, “it did feel quite swollen and rather stiff.” Without responding, the priest slid a door on his side of the booth to close the hole. The glory hole was now no longer visible to me in the dimly lit stall. Assuming that my opportunity to confess had now expired, I apologized once again and opened the door to depart. Father Poppic quickly called me back inside and added this reassuring blessing, “remember my son, what occurs in the confessional stays in the confessional. Now go in peace my boy.”

As my religious convictions grew at a pace similar to the increasing convictions of the Catholic clergy, so too did my relationship and understanding of the ways and practices of the church. Father Poppic literally took hold of me and led me through the annals of the Catholic Church providing me with an education from top to bottom. Father Poppic worked hard to drill the ways of the church into me. I spent hours kneeling before the good Father, and it wasn’t long before I too was eager to spread the seed of faith to the next generation of blossoming youth.

My life now has an entirely new direction. I finally feel that I am whole and have the strength and confidence to pursue my highest goals. Thank you Phil Hendrie for providing the stiff prod required to get me on the proper path.

Adam Kirk Pruden  
06/11/04