

My name is Joseph Bolger and I am Carolyn's son. Thank you to the board for being here, for listening to our stories; I am not envious of the job you do on a daily basis, but I do also recognize the profoundly positive impact you can have on families and communities each day. In your hands is the power to help us get through the rest of our lives, to help keep us safe, to protect my family and myself.

I have been to three of these murder parole hearings. The last two, I wrote everything I could recount from my life, the day my mom was killed, the detailed facts of her murder, what he did to her, how I found her, how I tried to save her. I couldn't read those statements. I still can't. I won't.

What I can do is try to show you what this is doing to me, each time I have to be here. I haven't slept in almost a month, I avoid my siblings' conversations about my mom and this hearing, I don't look my wife in the eye when we talk about preparing for this day, I sit in a therapist's room every Thursday and listen to him explain to me about PTSD. What kind of life is this?

This murderous monster has transformed all of us without our consent. We never asked for this, we never asked for him to come into our lives in the first place and our mother sure as hell never would have offered her kindness and friendship if she knew what he was capable of. He deserves the chair and if that isn't available, he deserves a cell for the rest of his breathable days.

I have struggled with feeling responsible for my mother's murder since the day this inmate left her to die on the floor of our home. I was the one who told my mom I didn't like him. The irony—I was being protective of my mom when I told her this. I never would have imagined he'd kill her for it. This man preyed on a woman, fought a woman, killed her and left her to die. A decent person does not do this, and most certainly would never walk away from a dying woman. It baffles me as a man and as a husband. There is zero part of me that can forgive what this inmate has done. There is zero part of me that could actually live a decent life if this inmate were to be let out.

This has been a continuous mind fuck that has taken an indescribable toll on me. I resorted to drugs in my past, I haven't been able to trust anyone, I have been unable to form lasting loving relationships. I've contemplated my own death multiple times, but that would mean giving up on my family and my mom. She was a fighter. She was a tough woman and I know she put up a damn good fight.

Senseless murders do not go away quietly and Carolyn will not go away quietly.

That inmate, who was a stranger to me 20 years ago and a threat to everyone to this day, files for multiple paroles and puts me in a position where I have to come into the same room with him every couple of years and beg a board of people I don't know to keep him away from my family and me, away from this community, away from taking yet another life. How is this justice for the victims of this crime? How is this justice for my mom?

Inmate number P92249: stop putting us through this. Stop filing for parole. If you take a life, you do not get a life, you do not deserve a life. Full rehabilitation would mean you want to fix the unfixable crime. You want to stay where you are for the life that you stole. The sentence was 20 to life. Choose the life sentence. When you've made that choice, I'll know you've been rehabilitated. Life in a cage for this inmate is when Carolyn can finally rest in peace.

November 1999— that inmate chose to take my mom's life. He killed all of us that day. He stole our childhood. If you let him out, you let him steal our future.

Thank you,  
Joseph Bolger