

Board of Parole Proceedings ATTN:
Pre-Processing CORRESPONDENCE P.O.
Box 4036 Sacramento, CA 95812-4036

Subject: Inmate Raul Higgins P29949 Prison: California State Prison – San Quentin Parole
Hearing Date: May 30th, 2019 8:30am

My name is Robin Bolger and I am Tim's wife and the mother to Carolyn's grandchildren. I struggled to put pen to paper and begin this letter. Tim and I have our own businesses and have two young teenagers at home. Finding the time and space to write this, to be here now, has been extremely challenging and the emotional toll it's taken is nearly impossible to explain. But I am writing this out of fear. I am 46 years old.

Tim and I began our relationship in 2001, two and half years after his mom was brutally murdered by the inmate in this room. In getting to know Tim, I found out that as a result of this heinous crime, his siblings had been disconnected from the family after his mother's death. Tim, at age 23, had to pay for visitation rights and travel to see his siblings. Soon after, Tim's father made the decision to run away with his new girlfriend and live off the children's social security from Carolyn's death. We hired a private investigator that found Megan and Stephen in Hawaii. The kids moved 6 times in two different states, went to 10 schools and had no stable parental guidance. I took the strength from Carolyn, because she was no longer here, to take these awful circumstances and to do the right thing: fight for her family like she would have done. So here's how we fought: we hired legal counsel in Hawaii and fought for visitation rights because siblings had no visitation rights at that time in the state. We set precedence in the Hawaii family courts. Each palm tree and sandy beach visit to see Stephen and Megan, visits that were expensive, time consuming, heart wrenching trips, were shadowed by the horror and trauma of losing their mom. I was 28 years old.

So much of why I fell in love with Tim because I saw in him the strength and perseverance he showed during this time, when I would have been locked in a room unable to go on.

Tim and I married in 2003. The tears after our ceremony weren't tears of joy, they were tears of gut-wrenching sadness-- the void of our missing family. Carolyn wasn't there. Stephen wasn't there. Megan wasn't there.

The timeline for the next couple of years goes like this:

- In 2005, Stephen and Megan were in foster care and we visited them when I was pregnant with our first child who we named after Carolyn.
- In 2007 on the same day I was signing a new lease for my own business, I signed guardianship papers and Tim's siblings were on a plane that evening heading to us.
- Our son was born in March, the day after Tim's 30th birthday. My children, my husband and I lived in one bedroom; Stephen and Megan each had their own room.

Mom/sister/wife. Who was I? I loved this family. My family. I wanted Carolyn there just as much as the rest of my family. She was and is irreplaceable but someone needed to lead and keep it together. I was 34.

Years later, Stephan and Megan graduated high school and both went on to graduate college. Melissa and Greg fell in love, got married, bought a house and had a son. Joseph and Kaycie fell in love, bought a house and were married a year ago.

My own children have grown and are nearly in high school. Throughout the years, they've asked us countless questions about grandma. During one of these heart-wrenching conversations, our daughter asked us if "grandma died a normal way." My husband Tim looked at her and said, "We'll tell you one day baby." For years, we had to hide the fact that Carolyn was murdered by an unpredictable and guilty man. How could we possibly tell our children the truth? This is only one example of the extent we had to go to keep them protected from having fear and hate in their precious innocent bodies. I don't want them to be scared it could happen to me or someone else. But if this inmate were released, the board would be telling my children that rage and entitlement are acceptable, that our worst nightmares are coming true, that murderers get their lives back. Releasing him means imprisoning all of us.

While researching in preparation to write this horrific statement, I found a previous statement that read, "We lose no matter what, but why should he ever get his freedom. We should not be held victims time and time again in parole hearings. We are the victims here in front of you."

How can this family heal when they are forced to write letters and make appearances, to dig up reasons from previous parole hearings to explain why they still need protection? Our family dinner conversations turn to this topic, our vacations end up reminiscing about those dark days... our lives are consumed by constant fear and feelings of hate. This inmate has put hate in good people's hearts.

The more this family has to write letters, make courtroom appearances, fight for their lives in front of a parole board, the more the good memories of their childhoods, of their are precious

yet fleeting time with their mom is forgotten. As if working full-time, raising children, being a wife, and a homeowner is not enough, here we are at our third parole hearing. Carolyn's own parents do not have the strength to come one more time. I've heard Stephen say things recently like, "I remember his face more than mom's."

It's criminal that the inmate took a plea deal and was never tried. If he had been, that inmate would have received 1st degree murder and we'd never have to be put in this position over and over again. We don't have the time or energy to do this every few years. Let this family heal and live without fear. Protect us, and grant the next hearing as far away as the law will allow.

I think it's important to read some of the statement inmate #P92249 stated last time we were here, in order to not forget what this family must hear each time we come, must endure each time we open the pages of a past hearing transcript, each time we are forced to write one of these letters.

In the 2014 hearing transcript on page 28, Inmate Higgins states, "I believe that I needed, you know, women to meet my needs. So I chose to use women, whatever I needed from them, I manipulated my way into the relationship and used, used them as much as I could, financially, sexually. And I kept doing it because it worked."

On page 31, Inmate Higgins states, "There were, and I would like to clarify that, there were two incidents before, where I did the same choking behavior, domestic violence, where police reports were just written and when I look at those relationships that I used extreme physical violence, those are the relationships that seemed more serious to me, that I had more (inaudible)"

A conversation between the Inmate and Commissioner on page 36: Inmate Higgins: Because Joseph didn't like me. Commissioner Richardson: Do you know why? Yes. Why? Inmate Higgins: Because I was, I was a monster. I was manipulative, I was fake, and he saw right through my bull. And in my sick mind, there was nobody that could convince me that my behavior was wrong, because I believed it wasn't. Commissioner: What did you believe? Inmate Higgins: I believed I was entitled to do what I needed to do to get my way. I wanted that attention, and no matter how unhealthy it was, I was gonna use it.

On page 40: "Inmate Higgins: I wanted to just end it. My life wasn't worth it, after what I did to Carolyn. And then, I fled the scene, drove home knowing I was a lethal weapon."

Let's remember that this inmate potentially could have harmed dozens of others on his rampage. His capacity for destruction is endless. Carolyn's children knew this, they knew more

than the courts ever heard. Carolyn knew this. And we all still know this and therefore we will always be here. No matter how hard we have to work to stand up for Carolyn.

I'd like to end with Commissioner Richardson's statement on page 161 of the transcript: "Mr. Higgins has demonstrated good behavioral control in prison; future acts of violence will likely occur within the context of conflicted interpersonal relationships in which he feels his ego is slighted and/or experiences a sense of abandonment, and that, as I've indicated earlier, this panel thought there were some still lingering control issues."

To the members of this board, we have all lost our freedom; I cannot think of one reason why he should have his.

Robin Bolger (wife
of Tim Bolger)