

My name is Melissa Bolger and I am the oldest daughter of Carolyn Marie Bolger. I think about all the many thoughts and experiences that I will never get say to my mother because of this horrible person that shares this room with us today. You Raul Higgins have taken one of the most important parts of a person's life, our mom, whose life was just beginning to flourish at her young age of 39 years old. As I approach that same age in only 2 years and a few months, it seems like yesterday when I had to look at my mom in a coffin. She was not my mom in that open casket that everyone was allowed to gawk at. She was a frigid body, her hands bloated and hard from the chemicals they pumped into her veins. I could see the stitches around her hairline that were pointed out to me from her autopsy. I remember the lipstick they painted on her lips and the blush on her cheeks imitating a false beauty. I questioned over and over drowned in tears looking over her casket could this be it? I wondered if she would of wanted this. We never discussed how life would end.

At 22 years old I mourned the death of my mom. That heavy feeling in my chest hasn't gone away. And today the impact of death hits me just as hard as it did then for the key to my childhood memories are gone. No young adult or young child, like my sister and my brothers were at that time, should ever in life have to endure such a horrible, traumatic and devastating experience. Having no children myself, I can't imagine leaving children alone without a mother to call for help, without a mother to confide in, without a mother for direction.

In the last 14 years technology has progressed so much leaving my siblings and I with nothing but a few old photographs. My family grew up poor, out in the country,

without electricity, without cameras and iPods and computers and cell phones. Not one piece of family footage do we have of our young mother. Had she lived without the murderous hands of a pathetic, demented and psychotic man intervening, we would have video of our mom, a piece of her voice, her laughter, her eyes, her long thick hair moving gracefully as she did. But more importantly we would have her in the present, existing in the flesh, living a regular life. Had she been alive today there is no mistake in saying that we would all be better off than we are now in this callous reality. Raul Higgins has taken normalcy away from us. He has taken so much from so many people. He can never deserve freedom. He took his freedom the moment he put his immoral hands around my mother's throat choking all of her living breath. And for that he should never have the freedom he dreams about. How can you even show your face to all of us whom you've orphaned on purpose? The past is not undone. The past will never be undone. He made death happen, an indescribable hole in my life. No words can describe my pain, anger, stress and frustration. You have stolen, taken, and robbed my siblings of our beautiful, strong, and proud mother. My mother, who I will never get a chance to tell how much she meant to me, how much I loved her, and how much I needed her. I will never be able to repair the damages I caused with my Mom. No thanks to you, I will never have a normal mother/daughter relationship, the kind of relationships I see all around me by my friends and their families. I crave for the counsel, love and guidance I need from my mother. I starve for the confidant, security and friendship of my guardian. All is lost by the murderous hands of Raul Higgins.

Everyday I am affected by what he has done. It pains me to think of my other siblings and how what he has done has

affected them. Especially Joseph Stephen and Megan who were so young and at an impressionable age. Especially Joseph Stephen and Megan because they had to deal with this man in their house who hunted down our mother. This man had a murderous intent 14 years ago when he drove to school my younger brother and sister and then to go back and kill our mother in her own house. And who did you think would find her lying there dead for 8 hours, blood dripping from her nose, lying on her bedroom floor? Of course only her children would be there to find her. My little brother Joseph, only 15 years old found our mother dead. I can't imagine the horror that my brother went through and how that affects him today. Being the oldest, I wish I were the one who found my mom. I wish I could take away his memory of that dreadful afternoon. It is not fair what Raul has done to this family. He injured the essence of a child's innocence; a child's understanding of relationships, of love and of life. He created fear and distrust inside all of us. He created an anger that we fight with everyday to get ahead in this world.

Since the day he killed my mother he affected my relationship with my father. And to this day I haven't had a father in my life as well. I wish I could explain to the board the spiral of events that have since happened when he selfishly decided to kill my mom. Raul Higgins is a greedy, self-centered killer of a human being who does not deserve his life back. He took life and ended life. Any chance at freedom should end too.

While I try to carve out some sort of existence for myself from the rubble of the destruction that Raul Higgins has wrought upon my family, my anger often succumbs to the very real fear that I have, that he could still inflict new pain

and suffering upon my family and especially my younger siblings who he manipulated and tried to control. Who knows what thoughts lie in the minds of madmen? Irrational or not, it is a very real fear, that he may, through some sort of twisted revenge, come again to the doorstep of our shambled family homes with murderous intent; The same murderous intent that he had 14 years ago when he murdered the wonderful, inspiring and awesome women that our mother was.

The anxiety that I carry everyday colors the interaction I have with my significant other, as often discussions come to the topic of starting a family together and bringing children into this world. Each time they do, these conversations are fraught with a concern, distress, and terror. A fear that should I bring life into this world, that there is a possibility that Raul Higgins could come to haunt that new family and tear life away from me once again.

Thank you board for hearing and taking into consideration what my family and friends and I have had to say. Raul Higgins is a killer who purposely planned to kill my mother; The most beautiful, courageous, caring and independent mother of all five of us here today. And I will never forgive him for destroying our family. I will come back again and again and again to keep him in jail till he dies in prison where he belongs. But I encourage the board to see what Shasta County was not willing to pursue - to charge Raul Higgins for premeditated murder and to deny him any parole for the rest of his life. Please spare this wounded family from having to relive this nightmare over again. I beg you, let justice be served. Thank You.

