

D I S C L A I M E R

WHO AM I ?

Who am I? This is the title of my brief Bio: Mr. George Borges. I want the reader to know that by no means am I making any type of excuses for any of my wrong doing nor do I seek pity. Its just a story, my story. However, I am hoping that you will get some understanding as to why some things happen or why some people do what they do, because even though this is my story, they're a lot of people who ended up on a path they shouldn't have been on. The question however is why? This is my story.

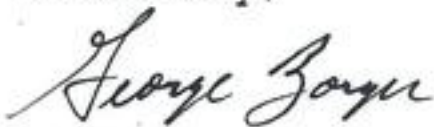
If you can relate or would like to comment to anything I wrote about or would even like to share your own story, please feel free to write me at the address below. I am no longer at Green Haven Correctional Facility. I have been transfer to a medium.

George Borges 07A4992
Fishkill Corr. Facility
Box 1245
Beacon, NY 12508

You can also just leave a comment directly on my blog page.

Thank you for your time reading my short Bio or other writings.

Sincerely,



George Borges

PS I have now been in prison going on 10 years. Most of that time have been in a Max facility however, I've been transfer to Fishkil back in September 17, 2015. A medium facility where I will continue to grow until my release in a little over 2 years. Again, thank you for your time.

WHO AM I

Who am I? That's a question that I've been pondering since I was a child. I could say that I am child of God and that should be enough. But I didn't always see myself as a child of God. I always believed and knew of God but for a while I felt forgotten and alone. However, God was always with me, I just didn't know it then. Even now, as I sit in my cell and think about my life I am thankful. I've had plenty of opportunities to walk down the right paths. There have been times I run pass a hurting friend. I became part of the problem concerning violence, drugs, robberies and who knows what other crimes whether I was actively involve or through my actions. I know I can't change my past, but I can change my future. From the time I received my sentence of 15 years on June 6, 2006. I had a lot of time to think about my life ahead and who I am. But I am getting ahead of myself because for me to tell you who I am today, where I'm going, I have to tell you who I was and where I came from.

My mother migrated to the U.S. from Dominican Republic in the Mid 1950's. She came to America to build a better life for herself and her children. My 2 older siblings who were left with my grandmother. I was born in 1962. My mother worked as a seamstress and my father was a Refrigeration/Air Condition Tech. My father would come by but he did not live with us. I did not know it then but my father had another family. In 1966 my younger brother Eddie was born. In 1968 my mother was finally able to have my older siblings come to America. It was great but there was a 9 & 10 year difference between them and me. However, I was glad they came because before then in the winter of 1967, I learned what a real monster was. I was violated by a family member who was spending the weekends with us. It was then that I though God had forgotten me. I thought God was angry with me and that maybe I did something wrong even though I still prayed at night like my mother taught me. However, God answer my prayers when my siblings came to live with us, there was no room for the monster. My brother filled the void of a father figure which I was missing until he left to the army when I was eleven.

For a long time after that I wonder if something was wrong with me. I started eating and putting on a lot of weight. I was craving attention that my mother was either giving to my baby brother or my older sister who was about to graduate High School. I felt broken but I would pretend I was all right. One day after school I stop at a friend's house to look at some puppies his dog had. It was a Doberman Pinscher and his mother ask me if I wanted one which I accepted. It was 2 weeks old, my mother let me keep it after my sister told her she would help me.

After my brother left to the army I learned I had 2 more bothers and a sister on my fathers side. That summer I had a lot of fun because one of my brothers was a year older and my sister was a year younger than me. We being so close in age got along real good and became unseparable. However, one day I rush into my other brother's room who was 15 yrs. old and he was having sex with a 15 year old girl. To make sure I didn't tell our father, he made me (11 yrs old) have sex with the girl.

Now all the bad memories of what happen to me came back. I would get into fights. Especially if someone call me a fagot because I still couldn't understand what was done to me. I started hanging out with older kids that were always getting in trouble because I had to prove to myself that there is nothing wrong with me. I was also hanging out with girls that were into sex whether they were my age or older. At 12 I was smoking refer. At 14 I was recruited by a criminal organization in Harlem to deliver packages of heroin. The following year my friend's mother saw one of the men in the organization in the News Paper for some case and told me that if I continue to work for them she would tell my mother. I guess that save my life then because the following year after a major drug bust with the organization I was told that a lot of people disappeared during those trials. I can't say what would have happen to me but God was there for me.

Never the less, I was like Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde. I did right as far as my mother knew or her friends because I always worked and did well in school but at night the streets would call me. I'm 16 years old 1978, I'm smoking Angel Dust (PCP) and sniffing Cocaine. I am part of one of the biggest gangs of that time, Zulu Nation. Violence, robberies, and drugs were a big part of my life. In 1979 I got arrested for holding up a white couple. I took a Y.O. plea and got 5 years probation. That year the school I went to made a mistake and mix my school papers with another kid who was not going to school and I got kick out. It wasn't until half way through the school year that they realize the mistake and inform my mother I could go back but I would be a year behind. I refuse, through the grace of God I ended with a Job at The World Trade Center, working for a company named Atmann & Whitney. I worked in the mail room as a gopher for three executives. I was 17 years old making \$600.00 every 2 weeks after taxes. Not bad for a 17 yr. old kid in 1979, who was kick out of school and caught up in the streets.

You would think that I would have took that opportunity to change my life. Especially after getting arrested but I didn't learn. I just decided that I would not rob people outside my community or working people. I started only robing street people and dealers. It didn't matter if I hurt them or not because I justify it as being part of the street game. 1984, I am 22 yrs. old and still in the street game. However, I now work for the City as an Institutional Aide at the Human Resource Administration. I am battling with myself about the life I am living but the streets have me hemmed. As Mr. Hyde, I am now deeper in the drug game. Crack has taken over the city and I wanted a piece of it. In the summer of 1986, I met a girl who would become the mother of my children. She spark something in me that would help me decide to change my life or at least part of it. When she got pregnant with my daughter. It did something to me. I already had my first son but having a girl was special but in 1989, when my children's mother left me because of my life style I knew I had to change. I couldn't gamble with my life any more. My children's mother left from NYC to Schenectady, NY. She took our 4 yr. old son and left me with my year and a half old daughter. I had a life changing decision to make.

I decided it was time for me to man up. I was going to put my family back together. I wanted my children to grow up with both parents. So in April of 1990, I pack all of my and daughter's belongings and moved to Schenectady. I reunited my family and made plans to give them a better life. I got a job and went back to college. While in school I met with an army recruiter and decided to join the army to make sure I did right by my family. However, some habits were hard to break. After work one Friday, I went bar hoping with this girl from my job. Needless to say, when I drop her off where she lived, there was a drug raid in her building and I almost ended up with an 8½ to 25 for something I didn't have a part in. (I guess I still didn't learn)

On Sept. 4, 1990, I left to go to Boot Camp at Ft. Sill Oklahoma. Shortly after we had Desert Shield and Desert Storm, the Gulf War. It didn't last long, it ended in 1991. I got transfer to a reserve unit in Albany, The 364th Field Hospital. That work out find because I was able to serve in the military and be with my family. I got a job with TMCI, Inc. Bus plant, about 10 minutes from my house. My net gross was about a \$1,000 a week. My children's mother work as a Certify Nurse's Aide and made about \$800 a week. Our rent for a 2 floor, 3 bed room, 1½ bathroom house with a full back yard was only \$400 a Month. Things were great and I felt good living life on life's term.

However, in 1996, TMCI, Inc. merge with another bus plant out of Canada called Nova and moved. I had the option to keep my job if I move to Canada but we couldn't afford to move. I looked for another job but when my car broke down that ended everything. Without transportation it was hard to find work that I could rely on public transportation. So I decided to move my family back to NYC. It was the worse move I ever made, I got back into selling drugs. In October of 1997, my youngest son was born and I am still selling drugs. On September 8, 1998, I got arrested for a drug sale. The funny thing was that I didn't make the sale or had any drugs, I got 6 Months & 5 yrs. probation. During that time unbeknown to me, my children's mother got hook on the very drug I was dealing, crack cocaine. My children were taken by A.C.S. and place in foster care. I got lucky and bail out before Christmas and made the family court date and was able to have my children place with my mother. I got sentence on June, 1999 and did the 30 days I owed.

After I completed my sentence, I try to get custody of my children. Their mother was in a drug program and I had to complete a parenting class and get a 3 bed room apartment in order for me to get custody. An agency by the name of Catholic Guardians was place by A.C.S. to ensure my children's well being. I got a job with Downtown Alliance on Wall St. cleaning the streets in front of office buildings. The pay was not enough to get an apartment. I pleaded with the agency for help but every housing assistance program was gear for mothers and children not father\$ and children. So again I went back to dealing drugs. I got rearrested June of 2000. Thinking about this I got to laugh. In 1998 I got 6 Months & 5 yrs. probation for having no drugs or mark money. This time I actually had 33 cracks and mark money and I got a drug program.

While in the program I learned I had a drug problem. I thought I was functioning because I payed my bills, kept food on the table, pay my rent, had another car and was not down and out. But it was all an illusion, I've been an addict since the age of 12. There is no such thing as a good drug, they all lead to some kind of destruction. I learned I had a lot of issues to resolve. Anger, trust, anxiety, depression and low self esteem just to name a few. For the first time in my life I felt the pain and the hurt that I cause others and myself as I listen the the stories of the other men and women. To tell you the truth they were no different than mine. During one session a few women spoke about molestation by their family members as children. Again my bad memories came back to me. Only this time I couldn't medicate the feelings. That day was the first time I ever spoke about it.

One important thing I learned about myself in the program was that I enjoyed helping people. While in the program I had to attend a marijuana anonymous meeting once a week at Job Corp on St. Andrews in The Bronx. It felt so good when one day I told my story to the youths and one kid told me several Months later that he got his GED because of something I said. Eventually I completed the program and got joint custody of my children. Their mother was also doing well before her relapse in 2004. I ended up with full custody. I went to LaGuardia Community College and took a course for a Copper Cable & Fiber/Optic Network Specialist. I got a job as a cable technician with Time Warner Cable. I was back.

Another thing I learned at the program was that if you don't learn how to deal with your issues, you're bound to relapse. When my baby brother Eddie Borges was kill on 4/29/05, when he was hit by a train at 96 st & Broadway. I couldn't deal with his death. The one issue I never talk about at the program was when my dog got killed when I was 12. At my brother's funeral I had someone deliver me some PCP because I couldn't deal with his death. A year later on 6/5/06, I was arrested for the attempt murder of two people. To this day I don't remember it happening because I was high on PCP.

Since being incarcerated I got help by going to mental health and getting psychotherapy for 2 yrs. I continue to grow by taking responsibility and forgiving those that hurt me and myself for those I hurt. I completed ART, ASAT, and other voluntary programs. Rising Hope's college course in Christian Ministry & Human Service. A Social Helpers course sponsor by Yale Law school which I also facilitated after I graduated. I'm a member of PACT (Project For A Calculated transition), Network, and I am AVP facilitator (Alternative to Violence Project). My goal is to become a Substance Abuse Counselor so that I can help others as I help myself. I learned to let go of my past and move on without forgetting where it will lead me if I lose focus. It's going to be a tough road ahead, but if I take it one day at a time and let things unfold in front of me, one day I will truly see who I am. In the meantime, I will keep working on myself and keep my eyes on the future and the blessings I have now..... So, Who am I? George Borges, a work in progress and a child of GOD!

George Borges

EXODUS
4TH CLASS
3/31/14

The Upside Down Kingdom

If a prisoner isn't careful by the time he is release from confinement his perception may become so warped that right appears wrong & the virtuous things appear distastefully unappealing. Anyone with half a sound mind entering a prison environment will soon discover that prisoners govern themselves by codes & rules that counter their own best interest. In prison, an arrogant man convicted of killing is respected above the intellectually sophisticated man or prisoners with moral conviction. In prison, you can't afford to smile too broadly too often, nor dare possess a genuine friendly disposition, for these behavior traits are considered unmanish & soft. You see in prison, the prisoner who displays hateful, vengeful, & vicious temperament is the one admired & notably recognized by his equally miserable peers. In prison, good men are despised while vile men are praised. Prisons are upside down kingdoms & its human subjects are manipulated by backwards values, deviant codes & non-progressive criminal philosophies.

In prison, a prisoner is mocked & counted a traitor if he talks about turning over a new leaf & legitimizing his life. He is ridiculed if he discloses a desire to become a faithful family man to one woman & maintain employment to provide for his household. A prisoner is frowned upon who devotes his energy toward education or acquiring vocational skills above the interest of wasting decades playing basketball in the yard with his dead head peers. Men who become so disillusioned with their peers that they're given up the drive to work with them.

In prison, men are more concerned with appearing composed in the face of personal crisis, than they are with being honest about their feelings or with learning to ask for help to resolve their conflicts. The average prisoner has no place for words such as love, compassion, loyalty, empathy, sacrifice or commitment; according to their definition or vocabulary, these are dirty words. Networking or pooling resources together for a common good are foreign concepts & are met with suspicion & distrust. Trust, honesty, responsibility, integrity are more dirty words with no usefulness in prison. Ideally, prisoners should fill each correctional institution's educational classes until they are bursting at the seams. We as prisoners should engage vocational programs to where there is standing room only. If we as prisoners were working with sober mental clarity, our prison environment could be transformed into universities of higher learning, or monasteries to attain deeper insightfulness & spirituality. There exist among our ranks men with brilliant minds & high powered perceptions. Men who have participated & competed well in corporate America.

They've questioned themselves: why bother, what's the use? But as bleak as the answers to these questions maybe, as educators & leaders our answer must echo the sentiments: "because we have a moral obligation to do so". It will never be standing up against the forces of ignorance in the upside down kingdom. But easy or not, it is the thing that men of moral fiber are compelled to address in order to look themselves in the mirror...

BAPTISM



SEPT. 12, 2010



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