



the people take back their freedom

THE DAY OF HIS MURDER IS VERY MUCH STILL ALIVE

JOSÉ FELAN SHARES HIS STORY FROM
THE GEORGE FLOYD UPRISINGS



<https://scalawagmagazine.org/2026/05/the-day-of-his-murder-is-very-much-still-alive-jose-felan-shares-his-story-from-the-george-floyd-uprisings/>

with whatever weapons at hand



I was released to the halfway house. I have been here for two months now. I am trying to restart my life in Texas.

I have not given up hope. This entire experience only opened my eyes to the reality of the society we live in. I also realized that it is extremely important to be constantly engaged with current events, because we all live here together. Everything that happens affects us in some way. When we lose the respect of the government, then they will treat us accordingly. To get them to give us our God-given rights, we must earn them. The people must make their stand and make their voices heard. The people must not accept the dangerous and careless misconduct of ICE, the police, Border Patrol, etc., simply because they have badges. Every person is to be treated equally.

As Malcom X once said, "A man who stands for nothing will fall for anything." He also said, "I'm for truth, no matter who tells it. I'm for justice, no matter who it's for or against." As a matter of truth, what makes us human is to be human-like. That means that we must always stand for the truth, no matter what, no matter when, no matter who. When the people become silent in times of oppression, society is destroyed and becomes artificial. When the people speak up and take a stand, the heart and soul of the community are restored.

The people take back their freedom. I want everyone to know that I accept what happened to me. Though the loss has been tremendous, if it means my children will live in a better world, then so be it.

realization that I was never going to see her or our two children again. When we were extradited, we found out that she was pregnant again. It was supposed to be a girl. But I never met her. I never saw my wife and two children again. I don't even know if they are alive today. I lost everything.

For many people, the George Floyd protests are now in the distant past, but for me, the day of his murder is very much still alive. Every day, I wake up wondering what happened to my wife and children. I think about everything that I lost. It is easy to move on with our daily lives. We go to work, we go to school, realizing very little the difference the events of 2020 made. It's easy to forget people like me, though perhaps some will remember when they are pulled over or stopped by the police.

What happened to George Floyd can happen to anyone. The government, ICE, police, Border Patrol, etc., operate on a system of random selection. Today it happened to me, tomorrow it may happen to you. This is why it is very important to get involved. Every voice matters.

What happened to me was excessive and oppressive, but they didn't silence me; rather, they only gave me a microphone. I want the entire world to know what happened to me. I want them to see what happened to someone who only wanted to voice his concern with the violent and brutal behavior of the police. I served five long years at F.C.I. Terre Haute in Indiana, one of the most dangerous and dirtiest prisons in America. I didn't even know I would make it home. But on December 3rd,

José Felan is a former political prisoner who was kidnapped and captured during the 2020 George Floyd uprising in Minnesota and charged with arson. After many long years of sacrifice and struggle behind bars, José was released into a halfway house on December 3, 2025! You can give to a fundraiser for his post-release support here: www.givesendgo.com/freejosenow

“Thank you to every single person who believed in me and supported me while I was incarcerated. I will never take it for granted. Although it is over for me now, this is just the beginning. My first step is to become established here. Then I plan to quickly grow and connect with others. I want to do for someone else what you guys did for me. It gave me wings and changed my life.”

Follow @freejosefelan on Instagram for updates and more from José!

To support other political prisoners from the George Floyd Uprisings who are still behind bars, visit uprisingsupport.org

“The day of his murder is very much still alive”: José Felan shares his story from the George Floyd Uprisings

On May 28, 2020, my entire life changed forever. On that fateful day, in a matter of a few hours, I would make myself a target of the federal government. And it all began with the murder of George Floyd. I went to the protest in St. Paul, Minnesota, because I desired a better world for future generations. When I saw the people come together en masse, I wanted to be part of history. I wanted to put a stop to the brutality and oppression that had been committed by the very officials who are supposed to protect and make us feel safer.

I didn't hurt anyone, I didn't steal anything, I didn't even have anything to do with federal property damage. Yet they hunted me down to put me in federal prison, not for a few months, not for a year or two, but for six and a half years. And all because I burned cardboard boxes at the protest. It was an obvious political case from the beginning. The federal government did not like the fact that I had voiced my opinion in such a high-profile case.

Today, the events that are occurring in Minnesota with the murders of Alex Jeffrey Pretti, a 37-year-old American intensive care nurse for the United States Department of Veterans Affairs, as well as Renee Good and others, demonstrate that the US government has no intention of stopping its systematic oppression. Rather, we find them only

justifying it further. I am living proof that when you stand up to an oppressive government, you will pay heavily. History really does repeat itself.

My story is unique because, for one, I was not a part of any political organization prior to my arrest. I had never even voted before. When I saw the video of George Floyd in handcuffs, taking his last breaths, calling out to his mother, I was instantly moved. I merely reacted to an injustice. After the protest that day, my wife and I went home. We had gone together to the protest because we felt it was the right thing to do. A couple of days later, I was awakened by calls from numerous friends notifying me of a widely publicized manhunt for me.

Of course, I couldn't understand why, since I hadn't done anything wrong. My wife and I made the decision to head to Mexico until we figured it all out. And that was exactly what we did. This only intensified the manhunt, and the reward for our capture quadrupled. After months of living in Mexico, the feds found us living in a small town by a beach. They took us on the orders of the United States government, and turned us in to the U.S. marshals at the Tijuana-San Diego border.

That was the last time I ever saw my wife. I never heard from her again. All of this was unjustly orchestrated by the federal government, which had ordered her not to have any communication with me from then on. I never lost hope of hearing from her again, but as days became weeks and weeks became months and months became years, I came to the