



Jordan Jones
Founder and Executive Director
People Empowered By The Struggle
4502 Carleview Rd
Baltimore, MD 21207
410-387-8116

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Public Health & Environment Committee
Councilwoman Phylicia Porter, Chair
Councilman Mark Conway, Vice-Chair
100 N. Holliday St
Suite 400
Baltimore, MD 21202

To Whom It May Concern,

My name is Jordan Jones.

And I am the son of a man who died while Baltimore looked the other way and called it policy.

His name was Phillip Jones.

I'm not just a grieving son but also a board member of *People Empowered By The Struggle*. I've been with our organization since I was a kid, because even then, I knew I wanted to help save lives.

What I didn't know was that I'd be fighting to save my father and losing. He didn't die under a bridge.

He didn't die in some back alley.

He walked off Pennsylvania Avenue after buying fentanyl on the same street y'all pretend to be shocked about and he went to the one place that still felt like love, his mother's house. He didn't make it inside.

He collapsed on her porch. Alone.

And my grandmother, his mother, walked out and found her baby boy's stiff, lifeless body on her cold porch in January the same steps where he once played as a little boy.
That's what your system did. That was his *end result*.

His mother and his grandmother God rest her soul put him in your so-called centers.
The ones you praise in your press releases.

The ones you say are working.

We drove him. We checked him in. We begged God to let him make it through.
But every time, the help was temporary.
The compassion was shallow.

And the doors were built to spin him right back into the same hell he was trying to escape.
He didn't die because he didn't want help.

He died because what Baltimore calls help is just a slow death on a schedule with a sponsor and a case number attached.

You say this hearing is about oversight?

Then oversee the truth.

My father didn't overdose out of nowhere.

He was *processed* through your broken system until he gave up trying.

He was one of many whom you used as proof to sue for 400 million and once you got the money, you turned your back on us.

You handed that blood money to programs that were top-heavy with top executives receiving 5 and 6 figures.

Where's our healing?

Where's the investment in *our* lives?

Where are my resources, resolution and reparations?

This didn't start with the 27 overdoses y'all are just now pretending to care about.

You *been knew* about Pennsylvania Avenue.

You *knew* it when my father died a year and a half ago.

You knew it before the cameras came.
You knew it when the city was already bleeding and nobody wanted to mop up the truth.
I missed my prom with him.

He couldn't be there. His addiction and your failed programs wouldn't let him.
And I'll never forget sitting in school when my brother called and said,
Jordan Daddy's gone!!

Have you ever watched your world collapse and had to sit through school and I don't
remember the class I will always remember the call.

Have you ever looked at a porch and seen it as both a grave and a memory?
I have.

My father wasn't a junkie.

He was a man.

He was mine to love or hate but he was mine.

He was someone who *tried*.

And still he died.

You all stood there and clapped yourselves on the back for harm reduction, while people like
my father were dying slow, lonely deaths in places you refuse to walk through.

Did you reduce harm?

Tell that to the boy who had to grow up with grief as a father figure.

So now I ask?

What are you going to do for me?

What are you going to do for the sons and daughters who lost everything while you sat in
offices and recycled failure with fancy names?

I'm not here for your pity.

I'm not here for your speeches.

I'm here for justice.

Baltimore *failed* my father.

And you *owe* us.

You owe my grandmother who had to bury her son.
You owe my family who fought like hell for help.

You owe *me* the boy who had to become a man because grief doesn't wait.
If your programs worked, my father would still be here.

If your oversight meant something, I wouldn't be writing testimonies. I'd be hugging my dad.

You want to honor the victims?

Then stop funding the machine that's still killing us. Stop throwing grants at underperformance. Stop funding the same performative nonsense and expecting different results.

Stop celebrating ineffectiveness like it's innovation.
Stop calling survival a success.

My name is Jordan Jones.

I serve with People Empowered By The Struggle because I still believe lives can be saved.

But I will never lie and say my father was.

You failed Phillip Jones.

And you cannot undo that.

But you *can* choose not to fail the next one.

So make this right

Before another son gets a phone call that shatters his world.

Before another mother opens her door to find her child dead.

Before another porch becomes a tomb.

Phillip Jones mattered.

And I won't let this city forget it.

FYI I am the 9th child of Phillip Jones

Jordan Jones
Board Member, People Empowered By The Struggle
Son. Survivor. Reluctant warrior.
Still asking, Where are my reparations?