

LILY'S DAD

Paving It Forward



E

n

Dedication

* * *

Edward Lynum, Jr.
Daisy Williams Lynum
Uncle Henry and Uncle Freddie
Sean Edward Lynum
Lily Solana Lynum
Florida A&M University
Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Inc.
Andrea Adams and Family

COPYRIGHT

JSF Book Series 1

Titled by
Lily Solana Lynum

Cover Created by
Placeit/Empowerkit
& Edward Juan Lynum

©Copyright Juris Scholar Foundation, Inc. 2019 All rights reserved. This book or parts thereof may not be reproduced in any form, stored in any retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise—without the prior written permission of the publisher, except as provided by United States of America copyright law.

This is an independent publication and is not associated with or authorized, licensed, sponsored or endorsed by any person, entity, product or service mentioned herein. All trademarks are the property of their respective owners, are used for editorial purposes only, and the publisher makes no claim of ownership acquire no right, title, or interest in such trademarks by virtue of this publication. For permission requests, write to the publisher, at “Attention: Permissions Coordinator,”

P.O. Box 1078, Wildwood, Florida 34785. www.jurisgenus.com/book-publisher

Disclaimer: In order to maintain their anonymity, in some instances the author has changed or omitted the names of individuals and places, in addition to some identifying characteristics and details, such as physical properties, gender, occupations, and counties of occurrence, to protect the privacy of individuals.

Table of Contents

LILY'S DAD I	
PREFACE V	
FOREWORD VIII	
INTRODUCTION 1	
EDWARD THE FIRST 3	
'80S KID 14	
GO REBELS! 27	
HIGH TIMES 35	
FAMU OR UCF? 51	
HARD, HARD, SO HARD... 63	
THE FAMU INTERN 69	
FOREVER A SENIOR 75	
THE APPRENTICE 83	
THE GRADUATE 95	
AMERICAN ABROAD 107	
THE INAUGURAL CLASS 119	
CHAMPAGNE AFTER THE CAMPAIGN 130	
SANTO DOMINGO 145	
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW 165	
GOODBYE CHAMBER, HELLO CAMPAIGN 184	
THE WOMEN'S TRIAL GROUP 198	
AN ANGEL'S BORN 220	
RICO 236	
MURDER WAS THE CASE THAT THEY GAVE ME 245	
SEPARATION AND LITIGATION 261	
NO WAY OUT 289	
THE GUIDING LIGHT 302	
EPILOGUE 312	
ABOUT THE AUTHOR 314	

PREFACE

In 1986, fourteen Orange County schools remained predominantly black, while sixteen remained at least 97% white. Eighteen years after Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination and passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1968, integration of black children in southern public schools was still slow.

Nonetheless, I go on family RV vacations like the Griswolds and graduate from Robert E. Lee Middle School a Rebel, by federal desegregation order. I attend Orlando's historically black Jones High School and enlist in the U.S. Navy's nuclear power program.

Congresswoman Corrine Brown, Florida's first black Congressperson since reconstruction, allows me to attend FAMU, a Historically Black College-University (HBCU) instead, to be influenced by Afrocentrism, Eurocentrism, Colonialism, the Nation of Islam, Friendship, Fraternity, Fellowship, and Christianity.

I become a midshipman in the U.S. Navy's college Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) program, intern at Fortune 500 companies, study abroad, get an MBA, live in Europe a year, learn Spanish, and go to law school. I live the proverbial America dream.

My travel and cultural experiences influence my world view toward becoming a conservative black American man. My values and beliefs evolve and change to make me conservative, as I attain the dream. An American black conservative's dream.

For my daughter, Lily, this is from where you come, so you'll know where you're going.

Americans aren't effectively discussing cultural differences in the United States. Our national discourse on race relations is pretentious. Children play, push, disagree, and argue to be life friends, but adult friendship is not approached in the same way. However, we must adhere to these rules because that's how relationships are formed, regardless of gender, ethnicity, or socio-economic status.

Candid discussions with diverse friends around the comfort of our kitchen tables are fellowship. A comfortable and intriguing discussion on cultural relations begins with model groups who've overcome different Christian denominations, faiths, ethnicities, and religions. Reality television documentaries that peer into these successful, diverse friendships provide the blueprint national media is missing.

America needs to watch how diverse friends work through the empathy process to resolve viewpoints centered on ethnicity and religion. Empathy is relating to your perception of the stereotypical black view, versus appreciating it, and vice versa. We can't articulate our viewpoint, if we can't empathize another's.

Television town hall and panel discussions worsen resentment, for those who perceive an agenda. Sensitive topics shouldn't be packaged into ratings-centered, hour-long specials. People don't want an hour-long, white-on-black-victim, made-for-TV drama.

I hope my viewpoints offer awareness and the basis to relate to present-day racial misunderstandings. I pray it's an inspiration for

readers to fellowship in the diversity we call the United States of America.

FOREWORD

by
Ka'Juel Washington, Esquire

I met Juan, the son of a local city commissioner and retired chief of police, the first day of law school. It was clear he'd been around politics his entire life. He's comfortable in a room of movers and shakers or folks who'd rather not be bothered, like me.

I've seen Juan's interests and pursuits come and go with his ambition. I've seen him as law student, business student, accounting student, attorney, realtor, and aspiring politician.

I've seen his campaigns for county commissioner, city commissioner, and county judge. He even withdrew from contention for a state representative race. Although those campaigns were unsuccessful, his reputation in the community is service-oriented. Juan's impactful and, at times, controversial.

A Google search reveals the contradictions that are the grapevine of his stories. This book is a complete dissertation and history of Juan, however.

From baby Juan to divorcing husband, you'll travel with him to unseen places and hear unheard stories. Juan's memoirs place black

cultural norms on display. This book is the DeLorean time machine, taking us *Back to the Future*, between Wildwood and Orlando to around the world.

Jones High School shaped him, and Florida Agricultural and Mechanical University made him. Matriculating on the highest of seven hills in Tallahassee, Florida, developed him into a man and Omega Psi Phi molded him into an Omega man!

Juan's energy has always been high and erratic. He's genuine. You'll feel his emotions, while he tells his story. Juan's ahead of his time in some ways. He caused a Racial Profiling event to be held at his church, regarding Driving While Black (DWB). Juan shows how his mind can be a scary crystal ball of accurate predictions.

He's a little older and a little grayer than when we met in 2002, but he continues to exude the legacy that is Lynum. Now the father of a beautiful little 7-year-old, Juan has ventured into his most important role yet, fatherhood.

His dedication to his businesses and real-estate projects doesn't compare to the seriousness with which he takes his duties to Lily. I invite the reader to get to know Juan, as I have over these many moons. Explore him and his family; his triumphs and his failures. You will not be disappointed!

INTRODUCTION

E

Edward Lynum, Jr., my father, is a World War II Army veteran. My white grandmother married a black man when it was illegal, in the 1940s. My mother wrote to President Lyndon. B. Johnson because she wanted to go to college.

Orange County public schools slowly begin to integrate, in 1962. They're subject to federal desegregation orders, when I begin elementary school, in 1980. Surrounding counties, like Lake and Sumter, desegregate more slowly.

Fourteen Orange County schools still remained predominantly black, while sixteen schools remained at least 97% white, in 1986.

My father's skin color is an advantage over other blacks, in the 1970s. He's accepted more by local whites, who tap him to bridge the racial divide in Wildwood, Florida. The Wildwood City Council appoints my father, Edward Lynum, Jr., Chief of Police, in April 1977.

My father's one of the first black men in Central Florida to head a law enforcement agency. Lynum Street intersects MLK Drive, when exiting left from the Wildwood Police Department.

My mother excels on her own merit, in Orlando. She becomes the model of fortitude, perseverance, and intelligence that black women need for political leadership. Her leadership brings contracting equity to small and minority businesses in Orlando, when the city spends over \$1.3 billion dollars to develop its community venues.

LILY'S DAD

These are my memoirs from growing up in the post-civil rights years of black Orlando, seven years after Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination and passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1968. They reflect often to American history before my birth.

Follow my All-American life, as it encompasses Orlando's black political history and present-day racism, after I file to run for county judge.

NO WAY OUT

B

efore 1968, Sir Sidney Poitier became the first black actor to win an Academy Award and Golden Globe Award, for Best Actor, in 1964. He starred in several movies addressing race relations, in 1967. He's received more awards and recognitions known to man for his distinguished career.

No Way Out is a 1950 film noir, starring Poitier, the first African-American doctor at an urban hospital. The movie strikes at racial attitudes that still exist, nearly seventy years later. Sadly, I'm taken aback this far, by my present-day situation.

I file to run for county judge in February 2018, then go see the movie *Black Panther*. I hold out but the hype is too much. TMZ and everywhere I get my Fox News is talking about it. Seriously, Stacey Laretta Dash said it on *Outnumbered*, at noon. I've been following her since I was old enough to crawl.

The little sister, Shuri, is my favorite character. She reminds me of how loving I am to Sean. But also, she's the scientific genius who creates the spy contraptions.

Our former Miss America Ericka Dunlap's bid to unseat City Commissioner Regina Hill is unsuccessful. The 2018 Orlando municipal election comes four years after Regina stole the election from me. I'm kidding, Commissioner. Congratulations, again.

I'm back in divorce court, after leaving Wakanda, on May 17. At the end, the divorce judge asks, "Is there anything else I can do?" I pop out of my seat and ask for a divorce. The judge responds that my wife needs to agree, and she does.

I leave my driver's license in the car, so the judge pronounces that he's known me personally, from years of practice. He bifurcates the proceedings and grants a divorce, on May 17, 2018. The property and parenting plan issues continue.

Lily and I visit Walt Disney World and Sea World dozens of times, with our annual passes.

Lily and I visit the Ali family in their new Montclair, New Jersey home the first week of June 2018. The house is situated in the millionaire side of town, with five floors and plenty of hiding places for Raina to hide from Lily. Rahman shows me programs he's writing on a computer. Looks like he'll be the next mad scientist, for computers.

Lily and I spend the July 4, 2018 holiday in Washington, D.C. We pile into the national mall and watch the biggest and most beautiful fireworks display President Trump can muster up for Independence Day. It's huge. While in D.C., Lily gets an introduction to Krispy Kreme donuts and the International Spy Museum.

Most important is my fellowship with line brothers Major Eric Felder, who runs the Navy Yard in D.C., and C. Alexander Dubissette, his realtor just minutes down the street. We eat lunch with Lily, and the interaction with the hostess is like we're in college again. Major Felder is in uniform, making every cadet salute him. Charles still has this magnetic charm that makes the server lady tease him. Major E. Felder sees how conservative and different I've become. And Charles sees he's the life of the party, when it's the three of us.

My ex-wife's temporary relocation motion hearing is on July 17 and 18. Her family testifies that I travelled to Tampa on the weekends after

Lily was born. They're essentially saying that I taught at Hillsborough Community College (HCC) on Tuesday and Thursday nights, then drove to Orlando, instead of home to my family.

I taught there long enough to teach Business Law, Business Communications & Technology, International Business Practice Firm, and Introduction to Entrepreneurship. I was also the juvenile dependency on-call attorney in Tampa the week before Lily was born. Not to mention the dozens of other details I'm omitting to maintain privacy.

I rebut, testifying that digital evidence will prove contrary at the final hearing. I took pictures and videos of Lily, every day. This is the only negative thing I have to say in this book about Lily's maternal family. I want to commemorate the magnitude of this lie with the slave trade that sought to erase our heritage, identities, and reduce us to property.

But I digress...I surprise her attorney, by having a printout of my calendar, to refresh my recollection. It goes back to 2011. The judge allows it, over hysterical objections.

Her attorney begs for an instant ruling, at the close of evidence. The judge responds that there's a lot of evidence to review, so, we should expect a ruling in a week or so. Opposing counsel is huffing and puffing, like a fire-breathing dragon.

The divorce judge, from his own email address, sends a draft email of his findings and conclusions, to my attorney, on July 30, 2018. He uses a bad email address, for opposing counsel, so only my attorney receives the email. I'm apparently not attorney of record enough to be on the distribution list. My attorney forwards the judge's email to me.

It's Sadistic

The judge references 1) a trip I never make to Miami; 2) a child I don't have in Miami; 3) a trip Lily never makes to Miami; and 4) Lily visits her non-existent sibling in Miami, where she's never been. The judge does this damage in one sentence. It's a week before the election, so this is going somewhere.

But it gets better.

The judge twice finds that I'm a certified public accountant, with a "transportable" license.

The judge concludes that my sister, Amanda, in Tampa, doesn't appear to be my sister.

It gets more nefarious.

Although my ex-wife testified twice, once on a transcript already in the court file, that she took her drugs and pill bottles away from the marital home on July 11, 2016, the judge concludes that I kept her pills and pill bottles. The list of fabrications goes on and on.

My attorney sees nothing wrong with the findings. I take Lily and her friend to Daytona Beach for the week. My brother, Jared, lives there and it's his daughter's birthday. Lily's birthday is August 3. I savor the time with Lily, before the judge's actions minimize her time with me.

My witness and exhibit lists are due on Friday. My summary of witness testimony responds to the sadistic judicial findings. I list my ninety days of pictures and videos of Mondays through Fridays, during Lily's first 35 months of life, as exhibits. I list my ex-wife's family as my witnesses, who'll apologize for their prior mistaken testimony.

My attorney sends an email asking if I'm considering a motion to disqualify the judge. If so, he wants advance notice to withdraw first. He's given every reason to be withdrawn, since I filed to run for judge.

I've kept him around, for the short game, because I need a witness to scandal. And I'm not wasting any of the ten days to file the motion to

disqualify the trial judge. I email him back that I hadn't thought about a recusal motion, before now.

The judge's assistant sends an email to everyone, on Thursday, intending to correct the judge's Monday *ex parte* email to my lawyer. It's more curious. Is the judge attempting to clean up behind himself, while blowing more smoke out the gun? I can feel the gunpowder from the backfire of the cannon he's packing, putting him in blackface.

I file a thirty-five-page motion to disqualify the trial judge, first thing on Monday. It's almost seventy pages long, with attachments. I consent to my lawyer's motion to withdraw, ten minutes later.

The July 30 email becomes order on August 14, 2018. The divorce judge signs the paternity order, granting me a child in Miami and my ex-wife relocation, with Lily.

The judge contemporaneously grants my motion for his disqualification, without redemption. I consider it an admission. Like Diana Ross when she sang, "I'm Coming Out." This disqualified judge wants to let it show and let the world know. So, here you go. From hiding behind a white hood, to presiding in a black robe.

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me. However, they're hurting my child.

The temporary relocation order allows my ex-wife to drive more than an hour and fifteen minutes from her home to transport Lily to her new court-ordered 98.5% predominantly white private school that costs \$16,800 a year. *Lily's Dad* is not allowed to drive her an hour to her new school, however. In fact, *Lily's Dad* can never drive her to school, under this hateful oppressive order. I can only babysit her, until her mother gets off work, on Wednesdays. It means I can't go to bible study.

The temporary relocation order prevents Lily from returning to Wildwood, but for the first three weekends of every month. Two and three weeks at a time, Lily can't come to Wildwood, at some months'

end. Her paternal world is in Wildwood, along with her church. I redirect Christians who ask why someone would do this to a child? That's an aforethought, to punishing them and redress. He's not a judge, for presumably being stupid.

I don't want to give Satan an earthly motive, by suggesting the temporary relocation order is retaliation for my running for county judge. There's no human reason to use the people's power for hate. Evil and hate like I've never seen. I didn't know it was possible for a human to harbor this type of sadistic will. Some do wrong they believe they have a right to do, until they are put to public shame, was the mantra of the civil rights movement.

The election is tomorrow. Last week was making sure the judge knew my lawyer's not approving anything. My email to the judge advising him directly of my disapproval seemingly upset his better conscience.

I lose the election but win over 11,000 votes. That's ten times more votes than my prior elections. This is not a Jerry Springer made-for-e-book memoir drama, this is a real Rodney King-like beating, caught on tape. Can't we all get along? Kirk Franklin couldn't have released his new song "Love Theory" any sooner. It's time to rock out, after this.

I'm pursuing the conspiracy as federal hate crimes and civil rights violations. "Sucker," like my Jonas Brothers song, I'm not in this complicated situation. It's regrettably inspired another non-fiction book that tells the story of the outcome, since proofreaders find it unbelievable reading. My pastor teaches to shine a light to bring things out of the darkness. Every Sunday and Wednesday it's like the message is narrowly tailored just for me. Thank you, Jesus.

Ambition

It's easier to dream a dream, than to live it, but they're going to love me for my ambition, says Wale. Time to follow Attorney Benjamin Crump's lead, with a federal civil rights practice.

The judge's trying to throw a touchdown on me. Throw it and I'll just have to intercept, says Meek Mill. Chances are never given. I plan to take them away.

I got green in my eyes, like Oprah. I use my mind like a weapon. I'm wearing God's Armor, Ephesians:6. The time is now.

Everyone has a different definition of "Ambition," says Rick Ross. It's something that's in my veins and I put that on my name. My definition is running the interception back to win the game. I'm on some LeBron stuff, using this book as a picture to paint my vision of ambition.

It's illegal to quote hip-hop artists, so I hope the metaphors do justice. I'm Migos, featuring Drake, trying to "Walk It," like I "Talk It," now, is what I'm trying to say.

I financially support Andrew Gillum's gubernatorial campaign with a financial contribution. I know Andrew by FAMU association, through his wife, R. Jai. R. Jai is Sherri Nimpson's line sister. Andrew was a freshman on campus, when I began my second of three years graduating a senior. R. Jai was Miss Orange & Green, so Andrew had a tall order.

I visit Havana, Cuba, and learn about Ernesto "Che" Guevara. I'm feeling "Sorry," like Chris Brown and Rick Ross. I need temporary thrills, with no pictures to post for comment on each one. I'm busy down here, running my game.

Turn back the clock, I took the risk. I wish I could wake up, from this breakup. To whomever, I apologize. Still, I remain...not perfect. Maybach Music!! I've got my earplugs in, listening to my favorite jams as the native tour guide takes me to the eastern beaches for a rendezvous. It's a cultural exchange, of course.

The exchange begins with swimming and beach hopping. Palm and other unique tropical trees scatter the undeveloped beaches. Its natural beauty is indescribable. Our path leads to an exclusive resort with dinner reservations after. She orders me a mojito after showing security her credentials.

We're surrounded by older eastern European guests at this beach resort. They're sunbathing in communism. The ocean is still warm at eighty-three degrees. I run gently, because natural white sand includes many rocks. The shoreline is like Clearwater beach back home. The water is clear, and the shore is shallow.

I jump in and swim out to a six-foot depth. Unbeknownst to me, she's on my tail. I didn't know she was wearing a bikini, at least that's what it feels like. I pull her closer to a depth that won't drown us, before giving the Europeans a lesson in French kissing. Our exchange becomes romantic. She invites me to stay the night. This wasn't part of the tour, but I'm loving the value-add. Por supuesto, mi amor. Está noche es nuestra. Vamos a comer a la cena.

I no longer feel sorry for myself. She orders a convertible 1940s Buick to take me to the airport, when my Cuban dream vacation ends. She rides shotgun in the backseat, because I pay the driver double to take her home, after he drops me off. The countryside drive is too amazing to not enjoy it with someone else.

Ronald Dion DeSantis is sworn in as the 46th governor of Florida, in January 2019. Former Governor Rick Scott is sworn in as U.S. Senator, after retiring Senator Bill Nelson.

Father Abraham

God tested Abraham's faith and obedience, by directing he place Isaac on the altar for sacrifice. My Lily's on the altar and God's testing me, now.

The temporary relocation order is not served on me, although my name is on the "c.c." An emergency motion for child pick-up is filed. The emergency pick-up order might as well be attached to the motion, it's signed so quickly.

My ex-wife sends law enforcement to find and detain our precious and innocent 7-year-old daughter. The judge and her attorney know, if she doesn't, this is done before any attempts to determine if I'm aware of the temporary relocation order.

Lily and I are at Walt Disney World's ticket and transportation center, when I get notice of the child pick-up order. My sister, Gwen, takes Lily to Tampa.

Deputies are seen passing my locked gate for an additional twenty-four hours. My ex-wife's lawyer files her notice of return of child the next day.

With dignity, I appear *pro se*, for the Thursday hearing, dispassionately. I focus on opposing counsel's apparent fraud, that only serves to cause harm to Lily.

I see the temporary relocation order, when opposing counsel gives me a copy during the hearing. She didn't call, email, or text me, to see if I was aware of the order, before sending law enforcement to seize and detain Lily for the day. Both orders place Lily in a vice, not me. Who in their narcissistic and sadistic mind would attempt such a thing to a child, before calling the other parent?

Aretha Franklin, the Queen of Soul, dies the same day, on August 16, 2018. Lynum/Williams family Afros bounced, when Mom put Aretha's "Respect" on the boombox at pool parties. Their dance moves were

something between the Running Man and the Cabbage Patch, for my sweet-16 pool party.

Suffrage and the civil rights movement produced this endearing soul music. Aretha Franklin didn't perform for segregated groups, like Lena Horne and others. They spoke loudly during the movement, with their actions.

The August 2018 primary election makes Stacey Abrams Georgia's first black female Democratic nominee for governor. Oprah and everybody's door-to-door.

Voter suppression efforts are met with voter turnout counter-efforts. Although losing this race, and not before holding public office, Stacey Abrams gives the Democratic response to President Donald Trump's 2019 State of the Union Address.

Graduates of Orlando's re-established FAMU College of Law have been elected to public offices, across the state, since 2005. FAMU's re-established law school is producing elected black jurists in the state. Mildred Graham, Director of Advancement and Alumni Affairs at the law school, keeps me informed with the newsletter. Shout out to Claudine Beale, the assistant director.

The Francois' are the smart children who live on Madison Avenue, at the back of Rock Lake. The kids: Claudette, Martha, Maryann, Vennia, David, and Solomon are all close to my age. Vennia ran unsuccessfully in the Republican primary, for Florida's district 7 congressional seat. A book about the Francois family would enlighten society of the multi-facets of culture and heritage grouped together as black, in the United States.

Jerry Demings is elected the first black mayor of Orange County Government and Aramis Ayala is elected state attorney, for the Ninth Judicial Circuit of Florida, in November 2018.

I had the honor of shaking Mrs. Ayala's hand once, in passing. I'm aware of her past bar leadership, in addition to our sharing mutual friends. State Attorney Aramis Ayala's election culminates the spirit of this book, when she's pulled over by an Orlando Police Department officer, for driving while whatever.

It reminds me of my pre-election stop by police, in the summer of 2006. State Attorney Ayala resolves it constructively, with her car's high-beam lights on it for the public to see.

A historic number of women are elected to Congress. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez wins New York's 14th district seat. I see past her socialist Democratic liberalism. I'm pro-Boricua, like, "Hola, Guapísima." Call me George T. Conway III, if you want. I'll take it as a compliment.

President Donald Trump's re-election will skirt any harm from the Robert Mueller report. Attorney General William Barr received it on March 22, 2019, and gave a brief synopsis of its contents to the public, until he released a redacted version in mid-April. He's being called anything but the people's attorney general after his May 1, 2019 testimony before the U.S. Senate.

Speaker Nancy Pelosi and congressional committees subpoena every person and tangible thing in Trump World, now. It's the gift to political pundits to analyze anything but news. Al Jazeera has great world news and documentaries and is available on Amazon. It's a refreshing break to be reminded the rest of the world is still our dumping ground.

The 2020 presidential race is hot, with an unprecedented number of women running as Democratic challengers. My anticipation is a Joe Biden–Kamala Harris ticket, if Mayor Bill de Blasio stays-out and former Vice-President Biden can survive *Saturday Night Live* skits about his hands. I believe pundits will give Mayor de Blasio's run for president the same chances as they did Obama and Trump. That's because pundits are too elitist to understand the average everyday American. Media

interviews of average Americans are often pretentious, because they edit out viewpoints they dislike. Their agenda is usually either liberal or conservative.

There're too many Democratic challengers to President Trump to mention. I hope they listen to black conservatives like myself and former Congressman J.C. Watts, Jr. Black voters are far more conservative than the extremes of these Democratic choices. Blacks are largely pigeonholed into liberal camps because Republicans present bigoted platforms that make blacks feel unwelcome.

I'm conservative. And like James Brown, I'm black and I'm proud. I'm a proud American sharing in our national diversity. I'm with most true conservatives who preach an inclusive Abraham Lincoln-style of leadership.

I've been studying and watching President Trump during my academic career and he is not conservative. But I don't want to be cynical, because many say I'm not conservative. But for Trump's language, insulting political rhetoric, and approach to governing, I would say we share the same approach to business.

The liberal media goes overboard when they turn over issues about the president's finances, aside from proper investigations. The impulsive reporting serves to promote narratives of its desired outcomes. The only outcome when the event occurs, like the release of the Mueller Report, is a cream pie in pundits' faces.

President Trump is playing a long game that the liberal-leaning media is inept at covering. The development of CNN's apple commercial appeared to be a long game, but then it seemingly failed. They seem to have run out of real estate, with the development of the rotten apple in the case taunt.

The best and the worst share some common characteristics. They're disciplined, patient, discreet, and playing counter to your intelligence.

When the challengers present any of these as a weakness, the challengers fail.

Mainstream media's often pretentious and presumptuous approach to political coverage is elementary to not respecting differing viewpoints. Every guest must agree with the host moderator if they're to be allowed to share their indiscriminate viewpoints. They're a joke.

My fraternity of Omega men is not a joke, however. History has shown leadership is made within its fellowship. Orlando Commissioner Samuel B. Ings announces he's running for Orlando mayor, in March 2019. Friends and fraternity brothers, Bakari Burns and Gary Siplin, show Omega Psi Phi is destined to lead, by both filing to run to replace Commissioner Ings in the city district 6 race.

These men are not running against each other, but for the office, like I did. My friends and fraternity brothers are destined to lead. I hope this book has captured the impact these great men have had on my life. Their fellowship is special, as many fraternity and sorority men and women have special relationships within their ranks.

THE GUIDING LIGHT

I

t's not one-night stands, breakups, kidnaps, and near killings, but my divorce may be the longest-running drama in Florida history.

Preston Bradley, founder of the Peoples Church of Chicago, inspired Irna Phillips to create the soap opera *Guiding Light*, in 1952. Bradley is known for preaching social justice, poverty, and civic wrongs.

African-American characters weren't written into soap operas until the 1960s. Some label CBS's call for an "editorial crusade," the "Golden Age," after President Lyndon B. Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act of 1968. The civil rights era reformed television. A token black actor is in most great movies and television series, now. My favorite, Francis Gregory Alan Morris, is on *Mission Impossible*. I still watch those re-runs, on Amazon Prime.

Mainstream America trivializes racism by not defining it. I've been told whites moving out when blacks move into a neighborhood is racism. No, that's me. I support gentrification and tell my friends to buy land in the country. Society has racialized the term gentrification.

My mother preached why gentrification equals opportunity, to her constituents. Politics are often an exercise of navigating leadership, over closed-minded citizens. A return to the middle class is a return to prosperity.

Racism has three elements: 1) race; 2) power; and 3) oppression. I support homogeneous neighborhoods. People who feel the need to move out create security issues for everyone, when police are called for loud music, a black guy knocks on the wrong door, or a kid's baseball lands in your backyard.

People who call police out of racial fear are being racist. It can be unconscious. The outcome is sometimes racist. The caller intends to use race and police power to oppress the black person they perceive is in their exclusive white space.

Some openly share their views on race, by proclaiming a U.S. president is foreign-born, or that African-American culture is from "shithole" countries. Anti-civil rights protesters use vitriolic language to label NFL players kneeling during the national anthem unpatriotic. Bigotry is taking on a new low.

Black Lives Matter

"Made Men," like me and Migos, are made for it. No Toby, No Kunta Kinte, but I'm made for it. I'm still trying to beat the case, boy. Thank God for my blessings and pray more, fearing his wrath, of course. It's alright to ask your child what I mean, so the metaphor is not lost with literal translation.

I don't like the F-bombs, N-words, and calling women B-words in the explicit lyrics' genre of secular music. It's cultural, not sub-cultural as rap and hip-hop was designated in the 1990s. I represent too many white boys who see no offense in repeating the N-word lyrics in front of their black lawyers. I've matured in my skin to know I share this culture with them.

Immigration and national trends that are diversifying the national electorate trouble a minority of Americans whose voices are erupting

around us at this moment in history. Identity politics are pushing people away from the issues we should be tackling in the center of the ring, instead, punching from the rings in their corners. It's so bad, I'm writing books to provide black conservative perspective toward resolving extreme interests.

Response to the judges' actions vary, depending on who's asked. Some offer a secular idiosyncratic response and shake their heads that they don't know. Black friends and legal advisors articulate racial injustice. People who get the executive summary at church say it sounds satanic, like spiritual warfare.

Retired villagers from northern states share their stories of southern prejudice and bigotry candidly. The church environment removes race and age from the fellowship.

I perceive reluctance by many southerners to engage openly in these discussions. My old boss, Stephen Quinn, fit into Charlottesville, Virginia's country-club life. He didn't have a racist bone in his body, telling me about growing up around racists. He sees color, for its contribution to humanity, not the head nod and hoodwink of saying, "I don't see color."

Allen Brooks, Paul Overbeck, Stephen Quinn, and Peter Hoehn fast-tracked my career, not my diversity. I was a diversity candidate, yes. However, they fast-tracked me, on merit. Thank you, gentlemen.

I don't cloud my focus from exhausting the legal procedure to protect Lily, by wondering about motivations. It speaks for itself; the lives of some black families are run amok by judges who hide their bias and prejudice.

I broke Lily's fears of water, height, speed, and darkness. Teaching her to ride a bicycle is next. She builds the strength to pedal, in addition to coordination and balance, over five weekends between August and September, because of the oppressive order.

I video record each moment on my cellphone. It's supposed to take thirty to sixty minutes, not five weekends, to learn to ride a bicycle. Building the core leg strength to ride her bicycle confidently continues.

I credit my friend, Laura Cenatiempo, for her example of being a dignified spouse during divorce. She's mother to V and Bubba, the sweetest kids on the Gulf Coast. V helped Lily conquer getting into the pool. V paved it forward, for Lily to spend the next year learning to hold her breath underwater and to swim.

Lily didn't pass her 2017 swim lessons at Aquatica, because she wouldn't submerge her face. Lily's resistance to getting her face wet is a handicap to resolve, during the separation.

Lily places advanced, for Aquatica's July 2018 lessons. The largest swim lesson ever is held, and video of Lily swimming underwater is captured. A mother tells us the *Orlando Sentinel* article features a picture and video of Lily, when we arrive the next morning. I show Lily the video on my cellphone.

Her smile says it all. I'm emotional, when her instructor checks all the boxes on her certificate. Lily put her face underwater the first day, to be placed in advanced.

Lily's Dad is so proud his baby can swim. The last day of her Aquatica swim lessons demonstrate Lily's potential to swim, athletically. She practices in her forty-foot-long lap pool, in Wildwood.

Lily knows her father has taught her to play basketball, soccer, tennis, baseball, to skate, to ice-skate, to play piano, to speak the Spanish language, and to hoverboard. She articulates her imagination through letters, drawings, and stories. She sings Christian songs at church and shines bright amongst other Christian-spirited children.

It's why this book is called *Lily's Dad*, because that's how sweet church ladies described me to others, when I began attending. I'm blessed to be *Lily's Dad*. I honor my God by knowing his word and

commandments to fathers. Lily knows why we celebrate Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter.

Engaging Lily with her at-home bible study, like her academics and sports, she loves Jesus Christ. Lily recites church stories and songs. My knowing the same bible studies allows her to understand the bible and the three Holy Days Christians celebrate.

I've begun teaching Lily to distinguish between atheists, Jews, and Muslims. The humanities she needs to know before college. Education isn't the same with the next generation of children graduating college at 19 years of age. Lily will travel with me around the world, as my mother taught me to travel fearlessly.

I've provided Lily numerous incredible life developmental skills, during the few hours I get her some weekends. This experience has changed my life for the better. God has inspired me to write a non-fiction book on Parenting under Duress. I hear loud and clear that God wants me to share my gifts with the world. If you think these memoirs are a story, you ain't read nothing yet.

I will deliver my detailed experiences in this non-fiction book series after those experiences are complete. Dollars that support this book and all non-fiction books I write will benefit the publisher, my Juris Scholar Foundation, Inc. Thank you to the board, for helping me continue to find ways to support disadvantaged students.

The attorneys who have supported me have been brilliant. My friends have been awesome and forgiving. My family has been loving and generous. This book's purpose is to honor Lily's legacy. History and genetics have programmed me to be the person I am today. This non-fiction book is proof God has guided my steps and brought me this far. Tragedy, I now step away from, to minister through my writings to the world.

Fifty souls perish, from terrorist attacks, in New Zealand on March 15, 2019. It sparks debate on how media labels non-whites as terrorists, but are coy placing the same label on domestic white behavior. The subjective argument of disparity is objective to American culture. We need only quantify how it brands and covers white behavior against the same non-white behavior.

White supremacy is innately sewn into American history and culture. Black Lives Matter brings attention to American policing inequities. The knee-jerk conservative response is to demonize. It's a conservative expression of dispassion, when the organization calls for discussion of the disparate treatment. Instead, conservatives use reverse psychology to fabricate the movement's not being racially inclusive.

This sadistic judicial behavior reveals a robed narcissistic sociopath who's harboring other issues. I'm only revealing 10% of the facts, so you'll read how their minstrel show ends in a future non-fiction tell-all book. Call Jordan Peele, we've got another one.

Judges enjoy judicial immunity in Florida. Judicial immunity doesn't protect judges who act outside their judicial capacity and conspire to hurt a litigant, however. Federal redress may still be sought under 42 U.S.C. §§ 1983, 1984, and 1985, however, it's virtually impossible without resources. That shouldn't discourage you from seeking a civil rights attorney, who may take your case on a contingency fee basis.

I've fostered many diverse friendships, since leaving Orlando for college, in 1993. My world views have evolved and grown, with exposure to different races, religions, and cultures.

The generation behind me is doing things that weren't accessible to me when I was a youth. Things like baseball, tennis, swimming, boating, crabbing, skateboarding, skiing, hunting, playing guitar and other string instruments, snowball fights, snow angels, and building snowmen were all foreign to me. I wasn't exposed to those things as a youth.

Racial resentment is sewn into the thread of American life and social justice, for people of color. Injustice sees color and continues to preside over protecting civil rights, in 2018 and beyond. The high-tech lynching, described by Justice Clarence Thomas twenty years ago, still occurs in a county near you.

Jerry Seinfeld and George Costanza introduce Wale's "The Pessimist," featuring, J. Cole. Wale is Jerry Seinfeld's favorite hip-hop artist and "The Pessimist" is my favorite Jerry Seinfeld-themed song, on Wale's *The Album About Nothing*. It beautifully captures, in hip-hop art fashion, black men's sentiment, when this is how we're treated.

What Would Judge Judy do?

R. Kelly is innocent, until a jury finds him guilty. A jury will judge the facts the prosecutor presents, then a judge will follow the law at his sentencing. Readers should walk away from this book realizing, people like me may watch the same news. However, I see how R. Kelly may beat the charges versus judging his guilt from what people are saying. Like a police officer in a standoff, my training kicks-in first. I wouldn't be hired for criminal defense, if I publicly expressed the guilt of even someone like George Zimmerman.

Criminal defense lawyers are monolithic. I apply the monolithic stereotype to many professions, but I'm talking about my pedigree here. We converse from a like-minded point of view, although our politics could be opposite. We're being facetious when boisterous or serious when thoughtful. I believe criminal defense attorneys could bring order to the world better than prosecutors without the heavy hand of the law, through unified advocacy.

The Innocence Project, founded in 1992 seeks to exonerate the wrongly convicted through DNA testing. It doesn't stop there. The

Edward Juan Lynum

Innocence project has supported conscience criminal justice reform in all forms and fashions, since its inception. I've been inspired by author and board member John Grisham and the Innocence Ambassadors for years. Ambassador Stephen Colbert I watched before Jon Stewart on Comedy Central. I just wish our nation hadn't come to what he dishes out nightly.

Bill Cosby's charges and convictions caused me grief. He was a role model to America, let alone a fraternity brother. My grief's also conflict, because I can empathize with naysayers to the allegations. Anyone but Cosby and I'd be the first calling for the presumed life in prison he may have.

The justice Game of Thrones in America is as archaic and brutal as tuning into HBO on Sundays. It feels like the Night King's killing us off and we need a female knight or queen conqueror for hope. If the nation going Obama occurred because of George H.W. Bush, then the nation going Claire Underwood will occur because of Donald Trump. I think President Selina Meyer sounds better. One thing's for sure, liberals are offering a bouquet of candidates.

Morning Joe on MSNBC was the last weekday national news program I watched before going written headlines and Sunday talk shows. I'm looking forward to better news, before the rapture takes me. I tuned in this morning to learn Stedman Graham has released his new book "Identity Leadership." I agree with his conclusion that the needs of the 21st century will not be met by followers.

My 88-year-old father's hugs are an example of my temperament. I pray resolve, for people lashing out in anger. I pray people are not provoked, when faced with similar aggression. My dad's the coolest, even when under extreme pressure.

I joined my Assembly of God Church. I'm taught it's a fellowship, versus denomination of Christianity. That history lesson's not for this book, however.

I hope this book can be a ministry for those lacking faith. Even when you think your feet are standing on crumbling earth, have faith in God. God has purpose for you and is guiding your steps. His word is our *Guiding Light*.

I began writing these memoirs, in May 2018, at the age of 42. Ten months later, I'm 43. The judge's temporary relocation order crumbles the earth around my feet. It's evil provocation that wants me to follow it to the depths of hell, but my return to church and renewed faith in God has me "See It Through."

My church has an outreach program called Winning Our Community (WOC). It busses local public-school students in from surrounding communities, provides them with bible study, praise, and worship, homework assistance, extra-curricular activities, exercise, and dinner. WOC is on many Wednesdays, after school, during the semester. We must leave our provocations to God and work on a better legacy to leave our children.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. remained humble and focused, when racists oppressed him. Reverend Jesse Jackson's friend was murdered next to him. Jackson picked up the mantle he didn't ask for. Dr. King is irreplaceable, and Rev. Jackson didn't aspire to replace him. He never saw himself in that light.

A black fraternity man like me is comfortable serving as God's functionary, with his gifted skills and talents. *Saturday Night Live* made Rev. Jackson's and President Obama's caricatures funny, with phonetics. The 1980s caricatures of black presidential candidates weren't as endearing as they would be thirty years later.

Dr. King's world-renowned sermons came from the Christian bible. Dr. King and Rev. Jackson prayed to the same God, feared by segregationists. The post-civil rights fulfillment of God's truth in American humanity is seen when mixed races worship together, without fear of stigma, retribution, or self-consciousness.

Christian interdenominational fellowship is needed, for resisting interfaith expressions of bigotry within our own diaspora. Bigots are obstinate in their beliefs and prejudices. Intolerance is bigotry's core. Christians are commanded to be heterosexual pro-life bigots. We lose our way, when discussing the death penalty at times, however.

I'm an American Christian conservative who believes in Jesus Christ and the New Testament. I've missioned to introduce non-Christians worldwide to faith and salvation. In America, there's much knowledge and understanding to be learned from Christians of other denominations and people of other faiths.

I pray with Talib Aquil, my Muslim line brother, from the Old Testament. Father Abraham stories and songs, taught to me at Shiloh Missionary Baptist Church, surpass most religious differences.

EPILOGUE

To my daughter, Lily...

...this book was written, during my most difficult hour, while keeping faith in God. You are a special child, like I was. This book was written for you to know how special my life has been.

Remember, the bible teaches to hate liars. Integrity is one of the words you study at church. Understand it and be the greatest woman of integrity. It's God's will that you inherit wealth. I've taught you that a Christian is always mindful of their unique blessings and how to live discreetly, with humility.

Of the artists and celebrities cited in this book, I adore one above all. Lily, we watched *Sesame Street*, as you sat in my lap as a baby. The "What I Am" music video, by will.i.am, we watched at least ten times a day.

If I could reincarnate myself as a music artist, will.i.am is the one I would be. His message that you are super, magical, special, smart, brave, and friendly means there's nothing you can't achieve. Follow your dreams, 'cause there's nothing you can't accomplish.

Keep holding your head high, reaching higher. Nothing is going to bring you down. Never quit. Never give up. Keep getting stronger. Stay humble, as living your dream puts you in the "Hall of Fame," like *The Script*, featuring will.i.am.

Edward Juan Lynum

You will be a master and now the world knows your name. Be the hero and go for the gold. Do it for your family and do it for your name. You're already a champion, sweetheart. But what will you champion?

Daddy is so proud of you. At 7 years of age, you can ride a bicycle, swim, skate, ice-skate, and hoverboard. You can play basketball, soccer, baseball, tennis, piano and golf. Dedicate yourself and go the distance.

Be a student and seek the truth and wisdom. Be a politician, astronaut, or preacher. Whatever you do, be a champion. Break records and earn your spot on the wall in the "Hall of Fame."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I'm a father and divorced attorney, licensed to practice law in Florida, New York, and Washington, D.C. I hold a B.S. in Business Administration, from the Florida A&M University (FAMU), an MBA, from the Rider University, and Juris Doctor, from the FAMU College of Law. I graduated with the inaugural class of FAMU's re-established College of Law, in 2005.

I began my professional career as a pharmaceutical sales representative, with Bristol-Myers Squibb, before moving to Spain, to learn Spanish.

I'm a licensed realtor, trial, and appellate attorney. I won a murder trial by jury verdict. I've been recommended by Florida's Statewide Judicial Nomination Commission, for gubernatorial consideration of appointment to Regional Counsel, Region V.

My views are Christian conservative, but my politics are moderate. I enjoy reading, writing, travelling, family, and fellowship, with others. I love music, art, theater, and sports. I write books to share perspective I hope helps society resolve conflicts.

Edward Juan Lynum

My second non-fiction book will be called *Mentis Aegrötus:*

Case Studies of American Mental Health. I invite you to look at humanity from my experience and perspective in this book.

Edward Juan Lynum