

## An open letter to Darryl Hilliard and the Jones Family

On July 15, I shared one of my websites LifelnBmore.com, which outlines my nonprofit proposal for my grandfather's barber shop in Baltimore. This proposal was originally made to present to my grandmother and my uncle, her eldest son.

Now that my grandmother is in hospice, understandably there is no appropriate timing for such a conversation and meanwhile I have passed that URL on to one cousin (Ryan) and Darryl Hilliard.

Sometime during the day of July 16 while tagging along with my uncle Darryl Hilliard (an in-law) I was charged with creating a new website for his business "Hilliard Developers". Darrell suggested that I meet with several of his partners soon, one guy in particular to collaborate on the website because Darryl liked the way my site looked, though he had not actually taken any time to read its contents. Around 3 PM I sent Darryl a list of available internet addresses.

On the morning of July 17, Darryl Hilliard inquired about web addresses for his business. I suggested two of the them, one including LLC and one without. He needed to decide which was the best option. He said he would consult with his son Jules, whom he was meeting later that morning at the bank and then he'd let me know after. He left for his workday.

I started that morning working on branding and marketing materials for "Hilliard Developers". I also went ahead and secured those URLs (as I would with any serious client), knowing that in the end they will want them.

Around 12:30 PM Darryl texted me the "compatibility statement" from his company. This contains relevant information that would be useful for me building the website.

At some point my aunt entered and said she was leaving. I was now alone in the house and continued editing aerial photos I had taken from jobsites the previous day.

Later around 3 PM I sent a text to Darryl showing him some progress. There was no response.

A couple hours later he called me back (ultimately wondering where his wife was, it would appear). At which point I asked him about the URLs (web addresses) and he did not know yet. I then reminded him to look at the text I sent earlier that morning containing new content as I wanted feedback and he said "yes, I will take a look as soon as I'm not driving". The phone call ended.

Moments later I was talking to a friend in Texas. She is considering a move to Baltimore. I texted Darryl during that call asking him what cool/artsy areas were good to check out for living.

30 seconds or less later, he returned that text with a phone call. That neighborhood inquiry would have logically followed my earlier texts containing a promo video and at least one photo at that time.

Darryl verbally suggested several areas that would be interesting for me and I wrote them down in real time with him on the line. He did not however, take an added moment to respond to my work-related inquiries. I did not mention it.

90 minutes later when he arrived home he gave a shout upstairs saying "hello". I yelled back, "hello, I am on the phone."

10 or 15 minutes later I went downstairs and greeted him. He was sitting in his chair in front of the television snacking.

We made cordial small talk and I asked, "so, what do you think about the direction I'm going in", speaking about the content I had created during the day and forwarded to him. Judging by his response, or lack there of, it was clear he had not taken any time during the day to check that stuff out and I called him out on that.

Instead of muting the television, and having a conversation he proceeds to lecture me for at least 20 minutes. I

know this because of the time in the corner of the television. I stood there and listened to this obvious sermon about having patience and slowing down and not jumping for “the man“ and a bunch of other over exasperated non relevant chatter.

The entire time, being silent, I’m thinking to myself what is this person going on about. I’m thinking to myself, all that is necessary is open the phone, look at some content, give some feedback, end of story. I am thinking to myself, this person clearly does not respect me or my time.

Following the sermon he looks at what I sent him and it took literally less than two minutes of his time to then comment, positively.

He then proceeded to continue a sermon which was now solely pointing out my shortcomings and my “array of problems“ and at which point I just said stop.

The audacity and utter hypocrisy of this overweight, delusional individual telling me about my life, of which he knows almost nothing, was too much to stomach any further.

From my perspective, this wannabe business mogul simply forgot during the day. It’s just that simple. And instead of simply saying, “hey I forgot. Let me have a look now“ it had to become a lecture, which in his mind is a conversation.

Nonetheless, I educated him as to our roles in this. I am not a general contractor I am a content producer. Creatives require feedback. It’s just that simple. I let him know that’s what I expect if I am going to participate any further. I told him I am not waiting an entire day to get feedback on anything unless that’s communicated. Which it was not. I suggested giving me a secondary contact for future feedback and he exploded with “I am the boss, I make those decisions!” He didn’t like anyone talking to him in that manner obviously and a shouting match ensued.

During that verbal banter I suggested (and meant it) if I wanted to, “I could kick your ass doing business in this town.” That statement was related to the current discussion. He took it completely out of context. He manipulated that statement to imply a physical threat, which was never the intention and no such confrontation occurred. This person was literally screaming as if on a pulpit. After he literally had no more breath, he said get out of my house and I agreed. The “fight“ was over.

As I turn and leave to go upstairs and pack he picks up his phone and makes a call. While upstairs packing I now hear him screaming again, so I go downstairs and it’s on speakerphone and I can hear my aunt in the background clearly upset.

Not only thinking it, I made a statement aloud “Are you serious? You just called your wife?“ and then yelled “There is no problem aunt Laverne. Your man is just fucking OFF“. There was no reasonable grounds to call my aunt other than to create a problem for me. She was not present nor did she need to be upset.

I returned to packing and could essentially just hear Darryl making up a story and clearly one not accurate and clearly one meant to create stress and a rift between me, his wife and everyone else because he knows that’s how the story will spread.

So I leave the house with all my things and sit out on the front grass contemplating what next. I sent a text to my cousin Danny which he did not receive. Five minutes later Danny and my aunt Ebby pull up. Apparently aunt Laverne called them to come get me. I apologized to my aunt for her inconvenience. I thanked her for picking me up and in my appreciation, insisted she take \$20 and let me buy her some gas.

Darryl’s apparent manipulation scheme was proving effective. Upon arriving to my aunts house about a half hour or so later, I get a call from my mother who is, from the first word on the phone, believing what she has heard from whoever it is she has heard it, without even asking me, her son – – my side of the story.

She insists that I call and apologize after accusing me of causing a rift in the family, when in reality it was an Inlaw that created this “rift”. Respecting her wishes, I called my aunt Laverne and she did not pick up, so I left an

apology on her voicemail.

It should be known that I have always had and maintained a respectful relationship with ALL of my elders, aunts and uncle's. Anyone who knows me knows that as fact.

This letter shall stand as TRUTH and a testament to the events that have transpired the last few days. How this continues has yet to be seen, however there will be no closure until I receive an apology from Darryl Hilliard, a person whom I no longer have any respect for nor will I acknowledge as anyone more than my aunts husband.