



LOVERN ♥ GORDON

LG

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Author Bio

Lovern Gordon is the Founder of Love Life Now Foundation, Inc. (LLN) which promotes awareness around domestic violence (DV) via its initiatives and helps bridge gap between DV shelters and communities they serve.

She used two back to back pageant wins as a platform to increase awareness in 2010 and in 2011 LLN was formed. She conducts DV Workshops and hosts events that raise thousands of dollars to benefit DV shelters worldwide. She has appeared on numerous television shows including: CBS This Morning, NBC's This is New England, WHDH's Urban Update, CBS's Centro Boston, ABC's Cityline, Reelz's Security Brief TV and BNN's Common Ground.

Radio includes: The Boston Podcast, 97.7 FM's The Beat of Boston, the Women's Wellness Podcast and WEZE's 590 AM - Voice of Reason. Print include features for the Huffington Post, Enterprise News, Baystate Banner, Boston Voyager Magazine, The Story Exchange and #SheWins Book co-writer.

Lovern was recently recognized by the Boston Celtics as one of their 'Heroes Among Us' recipients for her work around domestic violence during the pandemic.



About Book

ACEs: Adverse Childhood Experiences.

This clinical term was brought to life for Lovern Gordon as she grew up on the island of Trinidad in the 1980's. Her mother, affectionately dubbed Mummy, suffered mental and physical abuse at the hands of her emotionally detached father, Lloydie. Lovern, her younger siblings, and Mummy were able to migrate to the United States in the late 1990's. Even though she had vowed she would never become a victim, based on what she had witnessed as child, a sinister romantic partner would repeat the trauma of Lovern's past in her own adult relationship.

Rising from the ashes of these two severe domestic violence situations, Lovern established her own awareness foundation in 2011. Through her advocacy work at Love Life Now, she educates the masses around the issue of abuse, as well as how to become part of the solution and provides resources to victims and survivors. The organization helps victims thrive after leaving toxic situations, just like Lovern now thrives everyday thanks to her strength, positivity, and perseverance, despite the legacy of abuse left by her father.

THE LEGACY

HE LEFT ME



Lovern J. Gordon

Testimonials

"Many thanks again yesterday for your forum. It was SO impactful, and I have heard many compliments regarding your presentation and bravery! Thank you!"

"Thank you so much again for coming and for all your help to prepare for the week! Everyone is still talking about how remarkable you are and how much we valued your testimony and transparency. I'm looking forward to seeing you again soon!"

**Harvard Black Law Student Association - HBLSA
Community Outreach Representative**



"At the outset, might I say, it was a true pleasure to converse with you last night. I am eager to share your courage with the people out there."

**Faisal Syed
ThinkReal Conversations – Saudi Arabia**



"Our collective THANKS for your wonderful DV Awareness presentation yesterday Lovern!!! I had people coming by my office all afternoon and again this morning talking about the program and how powerful they felt it was! You are an amazing speaker. We were so pleased by the full day of awareness."

**Donna M. LeClair
Coordinator - Women's Resource Center
Massasoit Community College**



"Thank you for bringing a higher level of Domestic Violence Awareness to our WIC staff today through your professional knowledge and personal experience! Staff was truly moved through your presentation surrounding the issue of domestic violence and learned important information that will help them reach participants that could be facing domestic violence."

**Barbara Brooks
Community Coordinator
Brockton WIC Nutrition Program**

"It was such a pleasure to have you in class as a presenter. The students learned a lot from you. Looking forward to further projects surrounding the issue of domestic violence awareness."

Dr. Dawna M. Thomas
Associate Professor, Sociology
Women's and Gender Studies - Simmons College, Boston



*"Thank you very much for coming and speaking with our International Chinese Exchange Students today.
Your story is one that is very moving and needs to be told. I am sure it made an impact on our students. Knowing there are people who can help them is important, whether they are victims themselves or they witness an abusive situation. We will debrief in our classes and also remind students that by listening, learning and becoming more aware, they can also be agents of change."*

Nancy Centers, Ph.D
Academic Counselor
Tufts University at University Preparatory Program



"I just wanted to say thank you for all the amazing presentation, resources, and conversation you shared with our class. I am incredibly grateful that you took time to connect about your experiences, your passion, and your amazing work! The team at The Center for Women's Health & Human Rights Department at Suffolk, alongside Professor Agigian are grateful you hosted a workshop for us."

Queen-Cheyenne Wade
Suffolk University Class of 2020
Sociology Major
Center for Women's Health & Human Rights Intern

Target Audience

Help survivors of trauma and their children recognize the signs of abuse, show what escaping from it can look like and get a jumpstart healing from it. Engage teens via outreach and education around the issue. Engage more men to become allies. Empower everyone to recognize they can do their part as bystanders.

Will be partnering with domestic violence shelters to raise money for abuse victims they serve. A piece of the proceeds from the sales of these books will go to different organizations to help make a difference.

Has color photographs throughout showing Lovern's family and providing visuals for the people and events discussed. Also includes charts, graphs, and statistics related to domestic violence statistics discussed in the text.



Book Excerpt

Chapter 5: The Change

I switched companies and was in my third month working as a National Business Development Representative for a commercial equipment financing company. Guy was laid off, but we both looked at it as time for him to regroup. We were also happy to have more time to spend with each other. We were a happy couple.

One weekday morning, I started suffering from allergies. It felt like an awful cold: sneezing, congestion, and the first time I had experienced watery and itchy eyes. The illness had me down for the count. I had no energy to rise and get dressed for work, so after the third time hitting the snooze button, I called the office to let them know I would be taking a sick day and went back to bed.

About 10 minutes later my cell phone rang and saw that Guy was calling and answered. With no formal greeting, he irately asked, "Why aren't you at work? I called your desk, you didn't answer and when I dialed out to the receptionist, she said you weren't in today!" "Well good morning to you too, Baby. I'm really sick this morning as a matter of fact. Are you gonna come bring me some chicken soup?"

"Chicken soup?" he responded in disgust. Then he hung up the phone. I thought, Well, he does have the right to be upset. I realized I had slept so hard; I never heard my phone vibrate and had missed more than a few of his calls to my cell. Guy called me every morning before I left the house, while on my way to work, and soon after I got to my desk. Sometimes there would be even more calls before I started my workday.

I took it all as attention I had never had before. He always made sure I got to work safely. There were times that I could have done without some of the calls as I got ready for work or while heading in. I wanted to get my mind right for the day ahead, and sometimes ran a few minutes late to my desk. But I always took the calls. I never wanted him to think I was brushing him off or not welcoming the attention. In hindsight, I realized the constant phone calls were him checking up on me to see where I was every minute of the day. That morning, about fifteen minutes after the irate phone call, the doorbell rang. I dragged myself out of bed to see who it could be that hour of the morning. Everyone else, on all three floors of the house had already left for work or school. When I looked through the peephole, I saw it was Guy, looking around as he stood on the porch. I was excited he was here and though I thought he must have realized he was wrong for being so curt with me earlier. He didn't seem to have any chicken soup with him as an apology. I rubbed my eyes and opened the door, expecting a hug or some other affectionate greeting. Instead, I was met with a look of fury in his eyes. He brushed past me into the house, hardly acknowledging that I was standing in front of him. Confused, I closed the door and followed him into my bedroom where I could hear shuffling and knocking. I entered the room and sat at the foot of the bed in dismay as Guy talked angrily to himself about me in third person.

Book Excerpt

“So Lovern thinks she’s smarter than everybody, huh? She thinks she can mess around on me and I wouldn’t ever find out, huh?”

“Mess around on who?” I asked in confusion. “What in the world are you talking about?”

He ignored me and continued to mumble while frantically pulling back my sheets on one side of the bed, looking under my bed, pulling out my drawers and poking around in the contents, peeking outside my bedroom windows, and rummaging through my closet. I sat watching, feeling like I was in my own personal episode of *The Twilight Zone*. I was looking at a real life Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformation. The aggression scared me, and I wasn’t sure what to do except reassure him over and over that there had not been anyone there. “I would never mess around on you. I love you, and only you.” The more I repeated this affirmation, the angrier he got.

After about two minutes of this paranoid, accusatory behavior, he stood over me, red in the face with hate in his eyes. “I knew you were to be good to be true!” he yelled and slapped me across the face so hard that my entire body shook. I saw stars as I tried to steady myself and refocus my eyes after the blow.

I had never been slapped before. The feeling was a combination of pain and an intense stinging sensation. The front door slammed shut as Guy stormed out of my house. I held my face for a few minutes before tears began streaming down my cheeks. I cried audibly, not sure what had triggered this drastic change from my usually loving and tender partner. I put on my robe and headed out onto the front porch to see if he was still hanging around in his car. He was not. I sat on one of the chairs, holding my face, tears still streaming. My skin swells excessively if it’s aggravated, and he had left a mark.

What had I done wrong? What could I have done to prevent the situation from escalating so quickly? After all, I was the one who seemed too good to be true. I was the one who seemed to be lying. I was the one who did not check in with him and missed his calls. It must have been my fault, right?

After about five minutes of self doubt like I’d never experienced, I caught myself. The truth was that I had not lied to him. There was no reason for him to act this way. I made the decision to be done with him. It wasn’t like we had any kids together, nor were we married. In that moment, there was nothing tying me to him that would make me forgive and forget if he came back with an apology.

I remembered the life my mother had lived. I didn’t have a name for what that all was but in comparison, she was for letting herself go through it and I was not. Even though I had been beaten by Lloydie occasionally as a form of discipline, he had never slapped me. I was not about to accept any further abuse from someone who was not my father. Not for promises of love, attention, or any other incentive.

My face was swollen, and my feelings and pride were hurt. I knew that family members would be home later on, and I couldn't let them see me like this. I also couldn't show up to work with any sort of lingering swelling or questions would be asked. I got some ice cubes and put them in a thin T-shirt, which I then pressed gently against my cheek. The makeshift ice pack stung as much as the slap itself, but I had to work through the pain if I wanted any result from this TV remedy. I had seen characters use ice to quell swelling in similar on-screen scenes over the years. I went back to bed with the ice and lay there feeling angry till I fell asleep from crying.

When I arose a couple of hours later, I was even more confident that I would wash my hands of him. I decided that I would take the trip to New York that I had begun planning a few months before. Originally, I had planned to ask Guy to accompany me, but that was not an option anymore.

Soon, the Friday morning of my departure for New York arrived. As I got myself together to leave, I asked Mummy and my brothers to not disclose where I was headed if Guy came by looking for me. I told them we were through, and I didn't want to see him again. I made them all promise. They wanted to know the sordid details, but I was tight lipped about why I had suddenly decided to hop on one of the Chinese bus lines that left Boston at 6am each day to the Big Apple.

This type of trip to New York was common among folks I knew; they would go on the 6am bus and ride the four hours for a shopping trip or a day of sightseeing, and then return on the 6pm bus to Boston. Instead of coming back that same day, I decided to stay for a couple of days and return on Sunday. When I arrived in Brooklyn, I rented a motel room, ate, and got my hair done at a nearby salon. This adventure was going to help me reaffirm who I was as I kicked Guy further and further out of my thoughts.



Sample Interview Questions

- Who and what is Love Life Now Foundation?
- How many people are affected by domestic violence?
- Why did you start the Foundation?
- What are some of the red flags that people can miss in these relationships?
- What can I or someone else do to support victims?
- What can businesses do to support employees?
- What initiatives do you have coming up or how can people support Love Life Now Foundation?
- I heard you are writing a book. Tell us a little bit more on that.

Story Ideas for Reporters

- The hinderance for women of color in reporting domestic violence.
- The adverse effects of being a child witness to domestic violence into adulthood.
- Domestic violence during the time of Coronavirus.





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