A portrait of a young man with a beard and glasses, wearing a black beanie and a black hoodie. He is smiling and has his hands clasped in front of him. The background is dark. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Celebrating

The Life of

RUSSELL ERIC ANTHONY, JR.

Sunrise: June 14, 1992

Sunset: March 01, 2023

**Joseph H. Brown, Jr.
Funeral Home, P.A.
2140 N. Fulton Avenue
Baltimore, MD 21214**

ORDER OF SERVICE

Officiant Elder RayAnn Ash
"JOURNEYING FOR JESUS MINISTRIES"

Processional

"You Are My Strength" Theron Fowler
Jeff Mitchell (Musician)

Prayer

Elder RayAnn Ash

Old Testament

Minister Simon Wainwright

New Testament

Shirley Wainwright

Selection

"The Battle is not yours"
Gabby Samone
Jeff Mitchell (Musician)

Acknowledgments

"Brother Khary Cook"

2 Minute Remarks

"Brother Khary Cook"

Obituary

"Brother Khary Cook"

Selection

"Take me to the King"
Gabby Samone
Jeff Mitchell (Musician)

Eulogy

Elder RayAnn Ash

Benediction

Elder RayAnn Ash

Russell Eric Anthony, Jr., was born June 14, 1992.

Russell departed unexpectedly on Wednesday, March 01, 2023.

Russell was educated within the Baltimore County Public School system and graduated from Overlea High School, Class of 2011.

At the age of four, "Rusty" decided he wanted to be a barber, even going as far as playing "Barber Shop" during nap time in school, with safety scissors in the coat room closet with a few classmates, who served as his first clients. Upon graduating from high school, Russell immediately entered his trade at the age of 18 and began cutting hair as an apprentice and eventually became a barber shop owner, entrepreneur, before the age of 21. He loved the art of barbering and decided to become formally educated, resulting in his graduation from Barber School in October 2022. During his most formative years, Rusty was baptized in the name Jesus and received direction under the leadership of Bishop Jerome Stokes, at The Church of the Redeemed of the Lord.

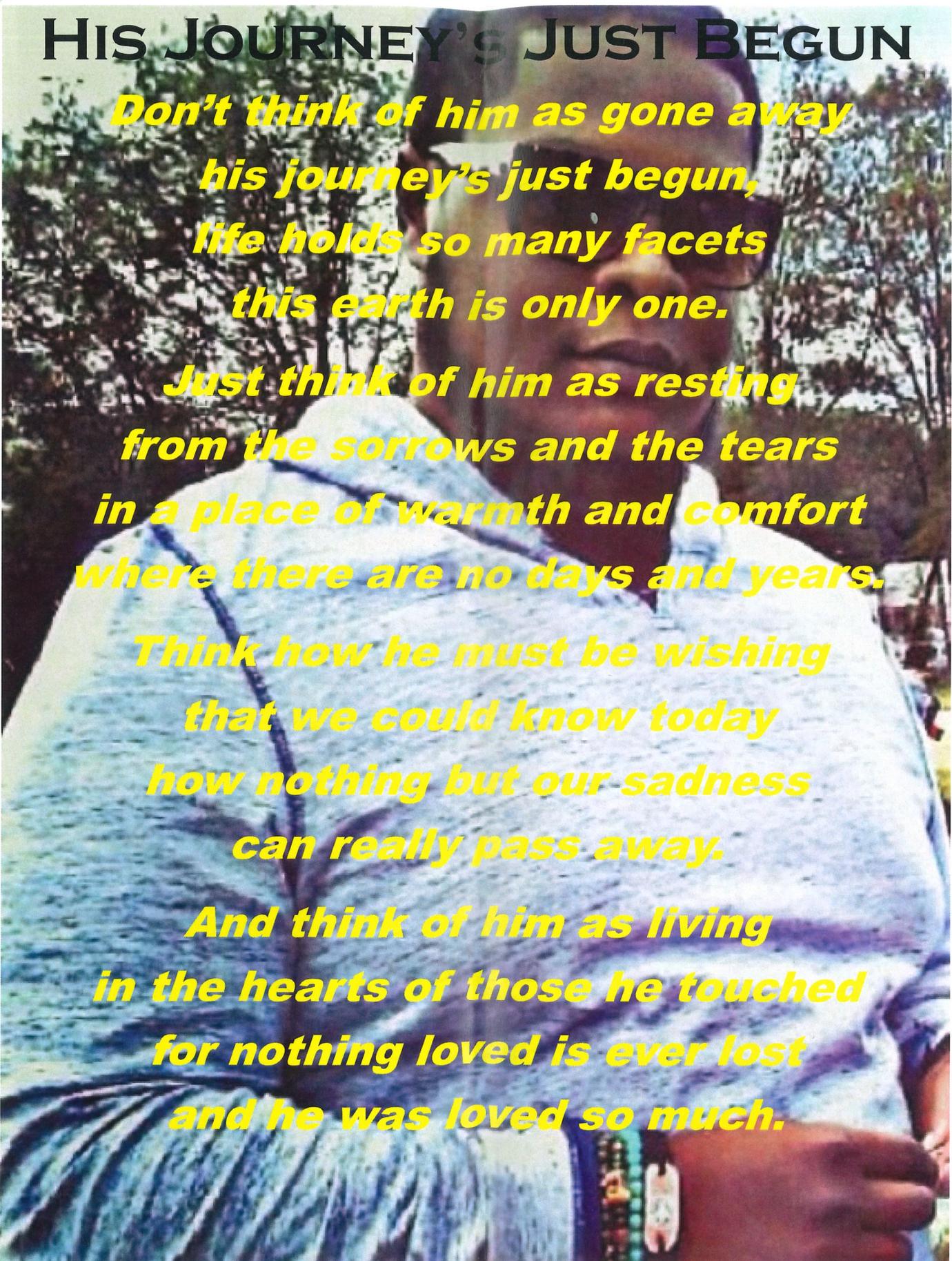
His grandfather, Elder DuWade Moses, known as "Poppy" guided him through the Junior Males Academy Program where he was taught him how to pray, social graces, manly discipline along with life skills. These lessons remained instilled within Rusty, as he matriculated through manhood.

Russell was a patient, sincere, genuine human being and loved everyone with a pure heart, including his co-workers and students at Nexus-Woodbourne Family Healing.

He enjoyed being around family and friends and found pleasure in sending endearing morning text messages to his god-mother Cheryl, his grandmother YaYa and the women in his "village."

Russell was born in Baltimore, MD, the son of Sha' Wainwright and Russell Eric Anthony, Sr. (deceased). In addition to his mother and bonus father Donald Taylor, Jr., Russell is survived by his siblings, Von-Quincy, Deon, Empress, Miranda and bonus brother Dontrell. Russell adored his nephews La'Von, La'Vonte, Von Jr., Xavier and niece Sa'Moni. Maternal grandparents, DuWade and Ivy Moses, paternal grandparents Morgan and Christine Moore, as well as a host of aunts, uncles, cousins and friends.

Russell will truly be missed.



HIS JOURNEY'S JUST BEGUN

***Don't think of him as gone away
his journey's just begun,
life holds so many facets
this earth is only one.***

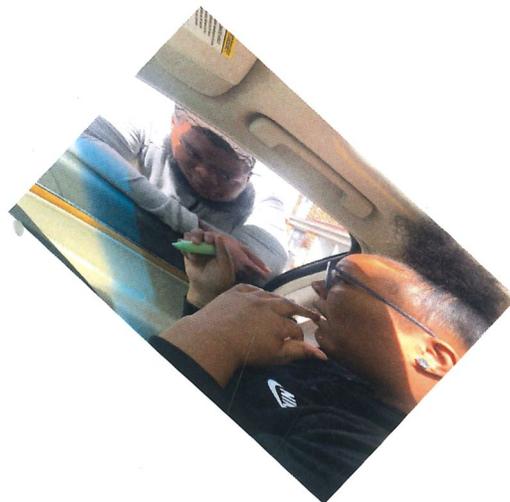
***Just think of him as resting
from the sorrows and the tears
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days and years.***

***Think how he must be wishing
that we could know today
how nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.***

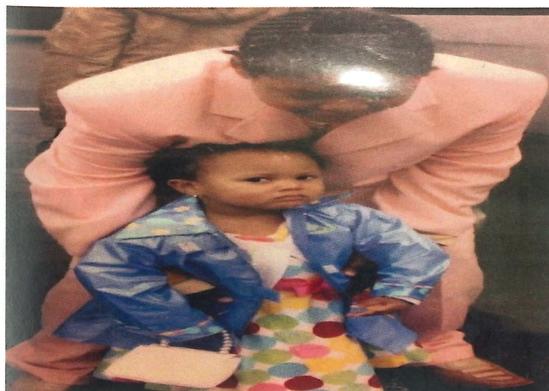
***And think of him as living
in the hearts of those he touched
for nothing loved is ever lost
and he was loved so much.***

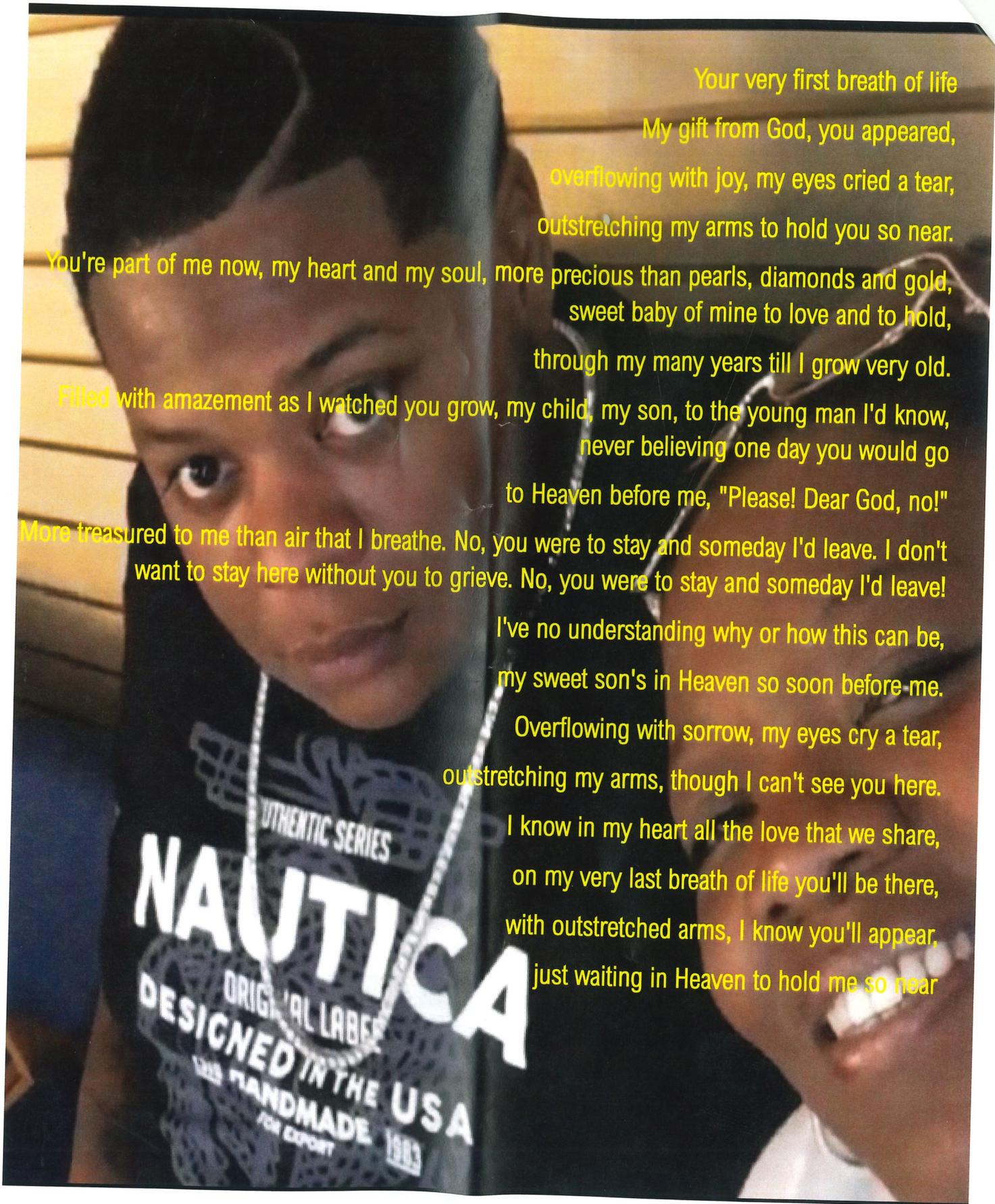


YOU SHOWED ME A LOT OF THINGS.
I LEARNED A LOT I DIDN'T KNOW,
BUT YOU FORGOT TO TEACH ME ONE
LAST THING -HOW TO LET YOU GO.
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T MEAN TO LEAVE ME;
SOMETIMES WE HAVE NO CHOICE.
I MISS BEING YOUR LITTLE SISTER,
HEARING MY NAME CALLED BY YOUR VOICE.
I WISH I GOT TO SAY "I LOVE YOU"
BEFORE YOU WERE GIVEN TO THE SKY.
IF GOD COULD GRANT ME ONE LAST WISH,
I'D ASK TO SAY "GOODBYE."
YOU ALWAYS MEANT A LOT TO ME.
I COULD NEVER LOVE YOU LESS,
I KNOW IT'S TRUE WHEN THEY SAY,
"HE ONLY TAKES THE BEST."



Love, Empress





Your very first breath of life
My gift from God, you appeared,
overflowing with joy, my eyes cried a tear,
outstretching my arms to hold you so near.
You're part of me now, my heart and my soul, more precious than pearls, diamonds and gold,
sweet baby of mine to love and to hold,
through my many years till I grow very old.
Filled with amazement as I watched you grow, my child, my son, to the young man I'd know,
never believing one day you would go
to Heaven before me, "Please! Dear God, no!"
More treasured to me than air that I breathe. No, you were to stay and someday I'd leave. I don't
want to stay here without you to grieve. No, you were to stay and someday I'd leave!
I've no understanding why or how this can be,
my sweet son's in Heaven so soon before me.
Overflowing with sorrow, my eyes cry a tear,
outstretching my arms, though I can't see you here.
I know in my heart all the love that we share,
on my very last breath of life you'll be there,
with outstretched arms, I know you'll appear,
just waiting in Heaven to hold me so near

Duba, my first Grandson.

If tears could build a stairway and thoughts a memory lane, I would stroll right up to the gates of heaven, pick him up and bring him home again.

No farewell warning, no time to say,

"Goodbye Ya Ya."

He was gone before I knew it. And only God knows why. My heart's still active in sadness. And periodically tears still flow.

What it meant to lose him, no one will ever know.

He was only here for 30 years but left a lifetime of wonderful memories.

"My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

Psalm 73:26



WHO?

Who saw his last smile?
Who heard him laugh for the last time?
Who received his last kiss?
Who got the last hug?
Who had the last conversation with him?
Who received his last text?
Who received his final "I love you?"
Who made the last CUT appointment with him?
Who received the last CUT?
Who's hands exchanged money with him for the last time?
Whoever you are, cherish that moment.

God knows.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

PERHAPS YOU HUGGED ONE OF US OR HELD OUR SHAKING HANDS. PERHAPS YOU PRAYED OR SPOKE COMFORTING WORDS. PERHAPS YOU SAT QUIETLY IN A CHAIR OR RENDERED SERVICE UNSEEN. PERHAPS YOU SANG A LOVELY SONG OR SENT BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS. WHATEVER YOU DID TO CONSOLE OUR HEARTS, WE TRULY FELT THE LOVE. EVERYTHING DONE ADDED STRENGTH AND WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED. TO ALL OF YOU WHO SAW US THROUGH, WE EXPRESS OUR GRATITUDE, GRACE AND LOVE.

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

VON TAYLOR

DEON TAYLOR

DAVID MATTHEWS, JR.

IRVIN MCMORRIS

RAYMOND RINGGOLD

RAND MATTHEWS

Repast following service

CIVIL

518 North Charles Street

Baltimore, MD 21201