

Anthony L. Leslie Jr.

Barbara's
POETRY, ART &
OTHER FANTASIES

(A Collection of Poems)

ANTHONY LESLIE JR.



TERRY & BARBARA SNELL

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This book is dedicated to
"My Friends," I need not
name you here....
... you know who you are



*Barbara & Tony Bible Study
(My Book of Bible Stories)*

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“An Ode to Momma and Poppa”

On this your 37th anniversary
we sure all hope you find-
Love, and joy, and peace and happiness of every kind.

The love that you have shown to your children,
how could we ever repay-?
But let us take this opportunity
because we'd like to say-

Thank you, Momma and Poppa,
for guiding us through the years
Though at times we know
it was not without many tears

There is Elsie, Lorraine & Lorenzo-
Jeanette and Barbara too-
Harry, Caroline, Myrtice,
Rusty, and Ronnie, Whew!

Let's not forget Cindy and Andre'
They are the last on the roll call-
But if we added grand and great grandchildren
our list wouldn't finish at all.

Yes, you have come a long way
from the day that you said “I do”.
You have opened your hearts wide
and shared with everyone you knew.

From the birds that soar in midheaven
to the stray cats that come to your door
You have shared what you have with others
Yet, you reap more and more.

From all of us that know and love you,
this is our wish for you:
Just as you have “cast your bread upon the waters
..... may it return again to you.”

By Barbara

*Andrie' & Toni Ghee, Harry & Regina Howard, Myrtice Howard, Gregory Howard, tony, Rusty
Ghee, Clarence (Pop-pop/ Happy) Ghee, Elsie & Pastor Lorraine Howard, Barbara
Howard-Snell, Gordon & Terry Snell*

“An Anniversary Tribute”

Well Mama and Papa, what more can we say?
On this again, your anniversary day.

We have already sung you a song
“You are the Wind Beneath Our Wings”
We have informed you quite well
you are our everything.

Mama you are a great cook and a nurse
we need not go through it verse by verse-
But, for one thing you are outstanding,
Sherlock Holmes, recall that famous name?
Mama, you will put that great detective to shame

And Papa, an accomplished lawn man
and a locksmith for any latch.
But, as a banker for your children
Papa, you never met your match?

On Saturdays, where do you find Mama?
In the kitchen frying chicken.
And Papa? Cutting the lawn
raising the noise like the ‘dickens’!

You have taught us to laugh
and to love all the best things in life to have and hold.
Because of your love and support, we have
really reached all our goals.

Yes, Mama and Papa,
what more can we say-
Because of your love and support
We are the women and men you see today...

Thank you
By *Barbara*
February 17, 2004

Barbara L. Snell

"I Never Said Goodbye to My Father"

Yes, dear daddy I never said
goodbye you know.
The last time I saw you there
was not even a hint of snow

the sun was shining bright
and off to grandma's we were to go
But I was making mud pies
and I was ever so slow....

Daddy said, "Barbara, come on now,
we really need to go...z
But first you finish your mud pies"
then he took me in tow

Then away we went to Grandmas'
and something happened there you see
I was such a wee thing
It never dawned on me...

From there they whisked him off....
I never saw him again you see.
I never knew what happened to Daddy.
He was a beautiful man to me.

Later, I found that he had gone
to his place beyond the sun
Never again to chat with me
or in fact, anyone.

I would have loved to say goodbye to my Daddy...
But it is too late for me
So, I asked the Great God in heaven
to say good-bye to him for me.

By Barbara

Terry, Gordon, Roover, Barbara & Andre' Ghee

“My Son”

Some people have sons and daughters- and some have only sons, but to me you will always be a “Son” among sons.

Words can never express all that you mean to me
The tops of the mountains, the bottom of the sea.

Spindle legs did carry you to follow me when you were small....
Now sturdy legs do carry you, “My, haven’t you grown tall!”

Remember how you could eat all the “hurnies” I could make.
And, of course, we’ll never forget our own secret handshake.

A trip to the barber was a special in all spruced up.
“Boy don’t you smell like a brand-new haircut.”

Your first trip to the dentist and as I stood by...
Through my tears I heard you whisper, “Mommie, please don’t cry.”

The many bags you carried for me too numerous to count;
And when you brought back change from the store, always the correct amount.

Who was the fastest runner, and who the best of in football?
Who was the first in spelling and a monitor in the hall?
My memories do not fail me, Son, do you recall?

Though you had come a long way from the boy with knobby knees....
You will forever remain all the world to me.

Yes, some people have sons and daughters, and some have only sons, but you are and always will be a “Son among sons.”

Mom

Gordon, Terry & Barbara Snell

"My Daughter, My Flower..."

The sun has not risen yet, still is dark the day...
You are still hiding yet too shy to come out and play.

I planted a seed in the earth and slowly it did grow...
Daily I fed and nourished it, this tiny seed I did sow.

Tenderly did I care for it day after day...
"My, what a lovely fragrance," all the neighbors would say.

Look now, she has emerged some, the bloom has blossomed forth...
See her among the others, the delegate one, but of course.

Through the days as the sun ascends the horizons shore...
You are growing lofty as never before.

Look up now little flower for you must grow straight and
tall, for one day you will leave your well-nourished soil.

Daily I must guard you at 'lest someone pick you" fore you're grown...
And my beautiful flower dies all alone.

Spirit, I tried to give you as well as heart and soul...
This rare and beautiful flower is more valuable than gold.

Say there! don't you see her blossomed forth and all full grown...?
Straight and tall she stands all on her own.

Beauty she gives to all who pass her by...
Wasn't she worth the effort? My, oh, my!

Mom

Michael Howard, Barbara & Terry Snell

“The Real Michael”

Silently into the phone we listened and how our hearts
Filled with joy-
When we learned entrusted into our care would be a
beautiful baby boy.
Home in a blue blanket we brought him with hopes for him
held high-
Yes, such a beautiful boy was he our hopes went clear
to the sky!
He used to walk on his “tippy-toes”
Boy, how he could run around....
So fast was he that his Auntie told him “Will the Real
Michael, please sit down?”
Socks he loved to twirl and all the cookies he
would eat.
Now to just get him to eat his dinner is in itself an
Awesome feat-
Away he went to Columbia, yes The Maryland School for the
Deaf-
Though at first, they called him ‘an alone person’ in time
he did adjust.
Up in the air he went flying-
Up, up in the air and down-
With love and help from Paula he grew by leaps and
bounds.
Away again to another school-
Yes, another challenge to be met.
But all problems were surmounted with Katie who was
Indeed heaven-sent.
Now, no more up in his swing he’ll go flying- clear up to
the clouds and sky-
For alone now he sits in his wheelchair and watches the world go by.
But Jehovah has promised in the new system there’ll
be no sickness-
He has said that no more will we sigh.
At that time, He has promised to wipe out every tear
from our eye.
Yes, then to the mountain of ‘Jah’
All will stream and on well-oiled dishes we will sup’-
And that is when Michael can respond to Jehovah’s cry
“WILL THE REAL MICHAEL PLEASE STAND UP?”

*Lovingly,
Mom
June-July 81’*

“Dream On”

Tom, my dear, if you remember—
Somehow, I think the month was September

You gave a talk at the Kingdom Hall
We were enraptured, yes one and all

With you opening words, “Dreams indeed come true”
We were heartened to continue to pursue

I know for myself “my heart took wings”
To be reminded of such wonderful things

For Tom you see, not only me—
I am sure many there had been lost at sea

We had fought with the world; we were brought to our knees
You told us that in “fairy tales we could still believe”

If we continue our quest with all our might
Jehovah has promised to make every wrong right!

We wish we could give back all the good you have done
All the marvelous things under the sun—

But suffice it to say that “Dreams do come true”
Jehovah has something wonderful in store for you...

Barbara
(December 6, 1997)

Barbara L. Snell

“To Bethel with Love”

There is old saying from days gone by
“You don’t miss your water ‘til the well’s gone dry”

But let us assure you Kimberly that is not always true
You are a rare treasure and this we always knew

Now off you’re going to Bethel, we have mixed feelings you know
We love to see you at Bethel – but we hate to see you go

We enjoy hearing your comments for only you can keep up with Dixie!
Believe me, my dear, “the apples does not fall far from the tree.”

Years ago, we saw you when you were just a mere girl.
You were holding onto the hand, of your father Earl.

We remember Chris too -Ah! What a beautiful youth.
But we will all see him again if we continue in the Truth.

Let us add just one thing, Kim.
We are as proud of you as we can be!
But how can we help but miss you- For there is only one KIMBERLY

*Love,
Barbara
(January 11, 1998)*

“I Never Wrote to My Father”

This open letter is not a “Daddy Dearest”
Of this you can be sure.

This comes to you from my heart
With love that is true and pure.

Remember when I went to Kentucky
Where the need was really great,
There were many trials and joys there
And blessings too many to relate!

We had eaten the last of our cornbread...
Yes, the cupboard was really bare.
We had scraped together our last
Pennies and there was nothing to spare.

Our cries went up to Jehovah...
“Please send us what we need.”
And, of course Jehovah in his mercy
Did answer indeed.

He sent a letter from my father
And a check to fill the bill
I will never forget when I received it-
I carry it with me still....

Dad, that letter that you sent me
From it, I will never part.
Now I am returning the favor
With a letter to you from my heart.

*By Barbara for (Cheryl)
October 08, 2003*

Barbs feeding Ducks

“Memories”

Sweet were your words of endearment
More sweet than honey from the cone.
All the words of joy that were fashioned
Could not come from one of mere flesh and bone.

How we soared to the heights of ecstasy.
Spinning dreams made of liquid gold
How we loved one another with
The greatest story ever told

We had a love that was fragile
A rare and delicate thing to behold
Like the bush on the cheeks of a fair maiden-
A thing that could not be captured nor sold

Splendid are the eyes of my love
In their dark depths joy could be found-
Like a fairy that beckons from within
One could drown in their pool without a sound.

‘Up I sprang with a start
Confusion whirling my head
Then I realized, I lay up on my bed
With that my head sunk to the pillow and I continued to dream....

Sonnet

In this land the sun always shines, now
In this land the grass is always green
In this land the children always laugh, now
This is indeed the land of dreams

By Barbara

Barbara L. Snell

“So Tired-“

Bone weary, heart achingly tired-
So tired but I am afraid that if I stop
I never will be able to start again.

Like a farmer who has put his hand to the plow
And the horse keeps plodding on forever.
There is no hope of an end to the journey.

Yes, the horse with his blinders on
Keeps his head straight forward
Aimed at the unseen mark

Nothing in the distance gives rise to an end.
But yet, on and on he goes regardless, and
Apparently unmindful of, the man at the helm
The weary hand on the plow.
Who is that horse?
Who is the man?

And why do they feel they must go on a never-ending journey?
And just what is it that keeps them bound?

*By Barbara
(October 1981)*

Avon Mac

“Ah Love!”

Love, before blossomed brought to naught
Love, before bloomed condemned though sought

A Love! Where are you this awesome night?
Have you taken wings and gone to flight-?

Thought I, had captured your elusive call-
Your sound like nightingale wings hushed fall

And when I see the starry sky
I am reminded of the green glint of your eye

To me you are more precious than gold
The greatest love story ever told

Your smile, lights up your face to tell
My heart, to light up so bright as well

And if someday we meet again
I hope I can still be your friend

To see you then with someone new
Would surely break my heart 'tis true

But, to never again see your sweet face-
Please don't let me contemplate such a fate

And so, as we pass this way once more
May we meet 'Long some enchanted shore...

Barbara
(August 25, 1990)

Artist in Paris painted Barbara's portrait.

Terry Sell, Glenda (Nique) Ghee, Anthony Leslie Jr. & Barbara Snell



“Gone From Our Eyes”

Gone from our eyes,
But not from our hearts
If there you remain
We never need part.

We love you my darling,
We always will
‘til the moon is no more,
Nor even a hill

The Great God will comfort us
“Through thick and through thin”
And He will see that
We are together again.

*By Barbara
November ‘99*

Daryl Barnes, Tony, Terry & Barbara Snell

“If Wishing Could Make It So. . . “

Ah! If wishing could make it so
All your dreams would come true, you know

There would be no sadness nor any pain
Only sunshine and never rain

There would be green grass on every hill
With lovely flowers and more still

There would be children’s laughter to fill the air
And smiling faces everywhere

There would be knowledge of Jah’s will
And people happy to “fill the bill”

There would be enough food for everyone
And no one hungry... no not one.

Ah! If only wishing could make it so
All your dreams would come true you know...



Barbara L. Snell
Trip to Jamaica



“Visions”

Ah! The visions I envision
Should any man in prison have such
powerful visions- then no gates would have power o’ er.

What say let’s take a walk ‘long some enchanted shore...
Oh, I know others have walked before.

Can’t you see the arms of the sea reach up to embrace the sky?
What a sight to behold the love “tween you and I!

As hand and hand we walk along the beach’s golden sand...
Now, tell me truly has anyone ever walked this way before?

By Barbara
February 2, 1974

Terry (Lil Bitts) Snell
Baptism



“The Weeping Willow”

Weeping Willow, Weeping Willow, why do you weep?
For the innocent love they had and could not keep.

Where, oh, where did the young lovers go...
When the leaves turned brown and the Autumn to snow?

How can you stay green when all those ‘round you are sad...?
Crying for the young lovers and the love they once had?

Yes, Weeping Willow, sad but beautiful tree...
What is this you’re saying to me?

By Barbara
(1970)

Barbara L. Snell
Trip to Jamaica

The background of the page is a soft, light pink color. It is decorated with numerous small, semi-transparent pink hearts scattered across the top and right sides. At the bottom of the page, there is a cluster of larger, semi-transparent pink roses with green leaves. The overall aesthetic is romantic and gentle.

“All My Tomorrows”

To Barbara with Love

May all your yesterdays be dreams of happiness-
Each new day as pleasant as yesterday
And all your tomorrows be enchantments to fulfil the dreams of today

By Barbara
March 8, 1981

“The Recesses of the Heart”

I have a strange story that I want to tell
I am not at all sure I can tell it so well

But, if you bear with me you can be a part
This is a story about the inner recesses of the heart

Come along with me if you want to go
Hold my hand tightly - we have each other in tow

Well now there is a labyrinth made of liquid gold
You must be sure my dear you really want to go

You have to have loved and lost to on this journey be
It is not for the faint of hearts... as we go along you'll see

If you loved so dearly, with all of your heart
That's One's wishes must come first and that is the hardest part

Look now we have arrived... we are almost halfway
Are you quite sure you still want to stay?

As we go along here, a sign post we have past
It says all hope and dreams must at this point be cast.

You sure you want to continue, here now with me?
So, take a tighter grip... we're off again to see

At last, we have arrived... there is the golden box
Inside it we must place all our fairest parts...

As we open the golden lid to place inside it our hearts
All those wonderful things come out... we spring back with a start!

There are our hopes and dreams that we thought died long ago

But no, they're just inside that box waiting to bestow...

But alas, all those wonderful things must go back inside that box

For this is why we journeyed here, to place inside it our hearts

So, as we turn back along the way
Though we have sweet memories, we really cannot stay

There now, we've finished our journey; we are back where we did start
If we ever again should journey there, we can claim once more our hearts.

But whether you choose to come again that journey true...
I can always open my secret box and think my love of you.

By Barbara

“Marietta”

You are awesome Marietta-
What a fine woman you have become
There is no one quite like you
No! No one under the sun

You were a great teacher, Marietta
Like Jehovah wanted us to be
Those that you aided won't forget you-
We all have fond memories

You have given your heart to others
That is a fine thing to see
'Cause Jesus Christ has told us
That more happy we would be

From afar you have brought in your food
To feed those in your clan
But not only do you feed your family
You forget not any man

Faithful you have proved to Jehovah
Now you need not worry about a thing
Jah as promised if we're faithful to Him
He will remember us until the end

The things that you have collected-
Are not just more and more
You have used them to help others
So you will have the best in store

Your mom, you said once told you
“The life you live “The life you live proves who you are”
The Life you have lived dear Marietta-
Proves Jehovah has been your guiding star

By Barbara for (Glenn) Spring '07

“Our Reisterstown Elders - True Gifts in Men”

Yes our dear elders are really “gifts in men.”
They are the kind of men we would expect Jehovah to send

We often see Earl Schaffer repairing things at the hall
And he always makes room in his van
Yes, for one and all

And John Donovan sees that we practice
Before we go on stage
He lovingly helps us refine our parts
No matter what our age

Glenn Washington helps lead us
So skillfully in the ministry
He is so humble at doing this
We are as proud of him as we can be

Lee Brown always visits the friends
Who are sick, and we don't see
He helps us not forget them
When we are out in the ministry

Again, when Jehovah said he would give us real gifts in men
It brings to mind Wilbert Sherd,
Who is a real 'hiding place from the wind'

Bill Madden is a hard worker,
But 'laid back' as he can be
He is very warm and approachable
We so need his qualities

Yes, too there is Daryl Brown
Who helps us to the occasion rise
He helps us apply the information and says "internalize"

And last there is James Epps
He is not the least in our eyes-
He always encourages us to be at meetings
The "Lord willing and the creek don't rise..."

We know we would not have such wonderful elders Without the support
of their family and wives We want you to know we appreciate you too
And all your sacrifices

What is there left to say to our dear elders Except we appreciate you
from our hearts
And may Jehovah bless you and keep you
For all your loving work on our part

By Barbara

Dorothy Madden-Howard Ghee Family

“For My Family”

This is a joyous time for all of us.
I am sorry I cannot be here with you to
Celebrate with my family. We have a special meeting tonight. Otherwise, I would have
Gone to another Congregation for their meeting
On an alternate night. The traveling
Representative from the World Headquarters in
New York will be with us.

Anyway, I wanted you to know why,
And that we will have other joyous accessions
To share(smile)!

I just wanted to say, I appreciate and love all my family.

Popa has been a good father to us
And we thank him for helping to raise us.
But since Momma is not here (Only in spirit she is here), we all want to say that
“She was one hen that looked out for her chickens! “Even reaching back
From the grave, as it were.

And Elsie, how can WE ALL thank
you for being there for us. Truly, if it were not
for you we would have lost our inheritance.

And what a shame that would have been.
Myrtice and Lorraine always assist Elsie, so Thank
You as well.

From All of Us Elsie- we say,
“Well Done, My Dear!”
-Well Done

Barbara

The background of the page is a soft-focus image of pink roses and scattered pink hearts. The hearts are of various sizes and are scattered across the entire page, with a higher concentration on the left side. The roses are in the foreground, slightly out of focus, and are a vibrant pink color. The overall tone is romantic and celebratory.

“My Dear Shawn & Donn-“

This is your 25th anniversary
What an accomplishment indeed.
Many have started out-
But not all did succeed...
Your mom now stands before you,
She wants to wish you well.
Stands in front of all these people
Because she has something good to tell.
Shawn, you are so much like your father
He took such good care of me.
So now we see how you treat Donna
Dad would be as proud as he could be
And Donna you are a sweet thing
A complement to my son.
I wish you both much happiness
Yes, everything good and then some!

*By Barbara
Written for Bonnie to her son & daughter-in-law
February 8, 2011*

“An Ode to Papa Roy”

I was stunned thought not surprised
For I could no longer look into your eyes.
On my calendar I had placed a mark
The time we were to spend “for just a lark.”
You and I together again-we were always the “best of friends”.
So when I gaze at my calendar in May-
I remember June was to be “Our Day”.
So what do I do with my calendar in May-
I go from house to house with good news to say...
For we will be together again I share
That same hope with others, my friend.
I tell them “From our eyes” Jehovah will
Wipe the tears” and we will no longer have anything to fear.
We long to hear Dad’s laughter- true
And to eat Momma’s cooking too.
Popa Roy enjoyed bread fruit and curry goat as well
and don’t forget Momma’s peas and rice
They really rang well the bell.”
We await the times when all the prophecies
Come true. We will see dear Popa again and
Momma too!

To: Ann
With much Love,
By Barbara May 4, 2010

Anthony L. Leslie Jr.
Tone'

“A Dream Only Once Every Ten Years”

I was talking today with my grandson
He said, “a dream only once every ten years”

Oh, if I could live forever-
For ten years I'd wish for food

The next years we'd ask for drinks
That would be enough for a brood.

But, then I'd dream that my loved ones would all be with me
They could thus enjoy what we had

That would be enough for me
Oh, if I could have a dream only “once every ten years”

That would give me all the happiness
And not any tears

*By Barbara
February 2007*

Tony, Terry, Barbara, Justin & Robert

"O'Come Let us Touch Tusks"

One day I was watching elephants and you will
never guess what I did see.

It was such an awesome thing-

It was Amazing to me...

One elephant had been gone for years-

And to his birthplace he did return

There were hundreds of other elephants

There for the drought had cleared under the sun

But for them he was not looking,

And he would not be deterred.

He was looking yes, For one small herd.

Finally! He spotted his family And went

Without further ado. Yes, he went and

"Touched Tusks" with his family

For that is

The way elephants do.

When elephants touch tusks with one another that

Is their way of saying I love you."

Oh, I have waited so long for my family

I can see them far off in the blue.

Come let us touch tusks together to

Share a love that is sure and True....

By Barbara

for my grandson Tony

March 01, 2013

Terry & Tony

“Dear Tony”

Remember a long time ago I told you when you were having your first dance recital,
It seems that sometimes we are doing the very best we can
and there is no one on the side lines “rooting for us.”

But never be discouraged Tony!

Go on and Dance...

Dance your heart out, Tony....

Dance for yourself

And dance for GOD...

I Love you...

I will Always Love you....

Always Mom

By Barbara

for Tony

March 27, 1993

Barbara L. Snell
"Barbs"

"Always Present, Your Mark You Did Leave"

I've written verses before, but never of Love like this.
I've written rimes before, but never of Bliss like this.
Cause this is Love too much for me, to emulate or ever try to recreate.

Like the Barbs we all know, your mark you did leave.
A life book of memories, examples, teachings and fantasies.

A Lady with class,
And One with quick wit.

It's impossible not to notice your beauty matches your unique talents.
Traveling & teaching all over the world, not even losing your hearing could stop the gal'.

Mom, Mommie, Barbs... Teacher, and Friend . . . "Soulmate" ..
From my diapers to my very 1st date, your always.... "Present" ..

Thank you, Friend, Example, Blueprint and "Teacher",
Anyone blessed to cross your path was always glad to meet you.

People often say, "Where did you learn that?"
"How did you know that? Tony your so kind and Loving!"
Joy rises and an indescribable feeling takes over... "Present"
Not just to meet you but to understand that I'm an extension of You.

Thank you friend, A spiritual Blueprint you did leave,
Fight, fight, fight, always for what is right.
Appreciate being Unique even when thought to be a freak.
Do you remember . . . Matthew 7:13
"Go in through the narrow gates 'tis the one less traveled."

Thank you, "Soulmate," your Love for JEHOVAH is so pure and divine.
Sharing Truth, Love, and Appreciation for GOD is the gift you left behind.
Some things and some people are simply forever "Present",
Though small & petite those shoe prints runs deep.

Mom, Mommie, Barbs...
Teacher, and Friend... "Soulmate."
Oh, how good it feels to know your always here, and forever.... "Present."

*By Anthony L. Leslie Jr.
for Mommy Barbs (Soulmate)
July 20, 2022*

Lil bitts Terry & Tony Roni'

"Still.. Ya' Baby Boi"

My perception never did change,
And my vision remains the same.
Fixed on you and thankful for all that you do.
All your roles, you've stayed dedicated to ya' Baby Boi' and always True.
Who could wish for another friend and mother better than you?

Sometimes I know life can take its toll on you,
But my faith is always in "GOD" first, because of the dream that started with you.
And let's not forget the Kingdom Hall and the sisters & brothers too.
You said to me, "GOD really answered your prayers,"
A Baby Boi' that is all yours, you witness your dreams come true.

Wow.... Isn't it wonderful to know GOD is Real,
and always been with you..., Still... but right here?
The last of the Mohicans. Yes, that is what my eyes do see.
A Beauty so rare, gorgeous skin with long Indian jet-black hair

I'm aware it's because of you and a single prayer. . ., "that I'm alive and still right here"
Thank you, Sister, Mother, and Friend...
We still have one another, with so much more to conquer.
Clearly GOD said the road does not end here,
And He is always working and not finished with us yet, My Dear.

Your Baby Boi' Tone'

*By Anthony L. Leslie Jr.
for my Mom & Twin (Terry)
July 21, 2022*

Robert, Terry, Tony, Barbara, David (Cali) Callahan & Queen Annie

"Broken Wings Produce Strange Things"

If I could find a tree during my storm, I'd be free.
When the world is spinning, and I can't find my footing.
I can't see and all the sounds are loud and frightening.
I'm praying for some peace and serenity.
Where are my friends, and all my family?

I can't think, I can only feel pain and agony.
Back to the exterior, one would say REALITY.
Put a smile on my face and my best foot forward.
From the inside out, I can't stop crying and bawling
Shame and Fear takes over and I feel like I'm falling
I'm used to pressing on, now what reason do I have to go on?

Back on my knees, "Oh Jah, I feel like I'm still falling."
Just when I feel like I can bear no more,
You sent me a set of wings and suddenly how things did change.
The firm grip assured me I was finally safe.
I was able to see clearly and finally escape.

Cautiously and with great doubt,
I gave in and embraced my new friend and accepted my new route.
Unwittily my feelings grew
One thing I did know is that it had to feel right..... and with that,
I gripped him closely and held him tight,
Both during the day and especially at night.

Only had to ask once, those tree roots were planted deep.
The Wings you loaned me, put me back on my feet.
Alone and lonely with no hand to hold,
Is now just a vague memory of great myths untold!
Because life produces strange things,
When GOD's Angels breaks a Wing.

*By Anthony Leslie Jr.
July 31, 2022*

Sgt. David Callahan
1992

“Home Is Where the Heart Is”

It's been five years and you finally removed all doubt.
Somehow, walking beside you feels just right.
It's a unique and rare route we both chose to take.
Cause life can be overwhelming and sometimes a hard blow to take.

Could it be the cologne, that mix so well with your scent?
Or the way you listen attentively and respond so sincerely?
I don't know exactly what it could be.
I just know you touch me like no other, and I feel totally free.

I sometimes pinch myself,
Because I can't believe all of you, belongs to little old me.
To survive the army and even run in with the law
Only to end up safe at home and in my arms.

Now here we are, a new chapter to do.
With Queen Annie, Alfie, Terry, and Tony too.
Always remember, GOD is so proud of you,
From me and the Family, we are too.
Simply spending time as one united nation,
With much Love and great appreciation.
We All Love you and appreciate you simply for you,
and all the unmatched things you devotedly do.

*By Anthony L Leslie Jr.
for David (Cali) Callahan
August 1, 2022*

*Robert Wellington, Justin Gibson, Terry Snell, Queen Annie,
Barbara Snell, Glorious Gordon & Anthony Leslie Jr.*

“Robert’s Story”

I have many positive attributes and qualities I could share about my son, Robert. The characteristic that is highlighted in my mind most is his kind and warm spirit.

Although Robert has many odds working against him, he remains positive with a pleasant demeanor. On paper, Robert is legally my foster adopted son. However, my family has embraced him as our very own and nick named him Doodle my white chocolate son.

Robert’s biological father died in May.

Yet still, a positive attitude, a beautiful smile and always a kind word to say. His mother is in active addiction and his four siblings in different homes as wards to the state of Maryland. However, Robert was able to adjust to his new living arrangement and his new family too.

My son is a true inspiration to me; he is resilient and determined to fight against the tides and swim upstream.

Robert has proven to himself that he is capable of doing well, And he can achieve anything through prayer, hard work, and determination as well.

I hope this small piece of our life helps encourage and inspire someone or someone else’s family; To appreciate what blessing you have, always remain sincere, continue to press on, stay alert, And focus on the light at the end of the tunnel.

*By Anthony L. Leslie Jr.
for "The Threshold" WP&M and Time Group
Winter 2011'*

GENERATION OF BIBLE STUDIES
Robert, Barbara, Justin, Tony & Michael

*Karen Howard, Robert Wellington,
Terry Snell & Tony Leslie Jr.*

PHOTOS START HERE





We wish we could give back all the good you have done
 All the marvelous things under the sun—
 But suffice it to say that “Dreams do come true”
 Jehovah has something wonderful in store for you...

Barbara Snell and Anthony Leslie, Jr. combine artistic talents to present a collection of free verse, art, and other writings that invite others to look within and reflect on their own lives.

Penned over several decades, Snell’s poetry explores a variety of themes and subjects that include the marriage of her parents, a son who shares a secret handshake, a daughter that stands straight and tall on her own, an inspiring talk at the Kingdom Hall, a great God that comforts through thick and thin and wishes that make dreams come true. Leslie’s verse lyrically addresses Barbara’s spiritual footprint and a faith in God that never dies.

Barbara’s Poems, Art, and Other Fantasies is a collection of writings and artistic creations that share one woman’s perspective on faith, God, family, and life itself.

Barbara Snell was born & raised in Baltimore County, Maryland. Barbara is one of twelve children. There was a warm, Loving atmosphere in the home, w/ much entertaining of each other, as well as lots of humor. Barbara is one of Jehovah Witnesses and spends most of her time in the ministry talking w/people about GOD. She enjoys writing, traveling, going out to eat w/ friends, and is an ardent reader. By close friends & family she is affectionately referred to as “Barbs”. She continues to reside in Baltimore County w/ her daughter & grandson, not far from where she was born.



Anthony L. Leslie Jr. was born and raised in Baltimore County, Maryland. Anthony is an only child who started having personal bible studies weekly with his grandmother Barbara at age five. Anthony’s personal bible studies continued all throughout his teens & adulthood with Brothers Anthony Barnes, Kevin Welsh & Billy Sherd. Anthony is the author of three books: “The NAKED TRUTH... The Journey from Within”, “My Perfect Friend, QUEEN ANNIE & QUEEN ALFIE (Children’s Educational Coloring & Activity Book)” & “Barbara’s Poetry, Art & other Fantasies (A Collection of Poems)”. Anthony has acted as an extra in two different movies “Diamondz in a Rough Life’s no Fairytale” & “Ruin Agency” were he also codirected the film. Presently Anthony is completing a film manuscript that has been adapted from some of his written work.

The book is essentially a Collection of Poems, art, self-portraits, sketches, poetic & heartfelt letters by Barbara L. Snell, Anthony L. Leslie Jr. & Friends. Thank you to our family the Howard’s & Ghee’s, Pastor-Friend Walter Whitaker, David Callahan, Kakeisha Watts, Jerome & Mary McMurrin for all your Love & support. Special thank you to the family



within the Kingdom Hall, Brothers & Sisters Adrian & Billy Sheard, April Thorpe, Lorraine Redeye-Williams & Lilly Mac, Juanita & John Donovan, Warren & Dee Rich, Glenn & Cheryl Washington, Sonya & Kevin Welsh, Ellen Stokes, Michael Prettyman & Chuck Hacker. The Reisterstown & Owings Mills Maryland Congregation & above all JEHOVAH GOD & his son Jesus Christ for their Agape’ Love.

COVER IMAGE CREDIT:
 ANTHONY L. LESLIE JR. & TERRY SNELL

Barbara's
POETRY, ART &
OTHER FANTASIES



Agape

(A Collection Of Poems)

ANTHONY LESLIE JR., TERRY & BARBARA SNELL