



Johnny Eugene Franklin

April 19, 1974 - March 5, 2024

Johnny Eugene Franklin was born April 19, 1974 in New Orleans, LA to Aulderson Levi Franklin Sr. and Sandra Kay Putman. He departed this life on March 5, 2024 in Lancaster, TX.

He was preceded in death by his mother, Sandra; his niece, Elizabeth Williams; and his great-nephew, Beau Williams.

Left to mourn his passing is his wife of 24 years, Melonie L. Franklin of Lancaster, TX; his father A.L. Franklin Sr. and wife Valerie of Nashua, NH; his brother, A.L. Franklin Jr and wife Kathy of Lindale, TX; his sisters, Tonya Franklin, Nicole Jette and husband Paul all of Nashua, NH; his brothers-in-law, Daniel Eubanks, Adam Eubanks and wife Jenifer; his sister-in-law, Melissa Hudson and husband Tony; his mother-in-law, Janice Eubanks aka Mom; his nephews, Carlie Franklin of Gilmer, TX, Mark Williams II of Mountainburg, AR, Hudson and Kolton Eubanks of Mabank, TX and Camron Marchbanks also of Mabank, TX; his nieces, Mariah Williams of Lincoln, AR, Addisyn Eubanks of Mabank, TX and Rebecca Garza of Gilmer, TX; and numerous other family members and friends, especially lifelong friends Bean and Soup.

We will all miss you dearly Johnny Bow.

Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted. Matthew 5:4.

A celebration of Johnny's life will be on at 11:00am on Saturday, March 23, 2024 at Byrum Funeral Home Chapel.

Tribute Wall

JM

“ 1 file added to the album *Memory Photo's*



Janice aka Mom - March 22, 2024 at 10:32 PM



“ Sweetest Sunrise Bouquet was purchased for the family of Johnny Eugene Franklin.



March 21, 2024 at 09:09 PM

CN

“ Charlotte, Anna and Norann planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Johnny Eugene Franklin.

Charlotte, Anna and Norann - March 21, 2024 at 09:09 PM

JM

“ 1 file added to the album *Memory Photo's*



Janice aka Mom - March 12, 2024 at 10:40 PM

MF

This is how I want to remember us and our relationship. I love you forever Johnny aka Daddy

Melonie Franklin - October 24, 2025 at 09:19 PM

JM

“ *Johnny you were my son for 24 years and no matter what, I love you and will miss you. Rest in heavenly peace my son.* ”

Janice aka Mom - March 11, 2024 at 08:50 PM

AS

“ My son Johnny was as close to Huckleberry Finn as I suppose anyone could be. He was always in trouble, but never 'a trouble'. I loved him and his brother as much as any person could be loved. I laugh now, but there were times when my patients were truly tested.

His brother Al and I couldn't follow him fast enough to keep up with his antics. One time in particular I recall a knock on our front door. Behind it was a woman in tears. "Is Johnny your son?", she asked. I think I replied, "Maybe".

"Well", she went on, "Your son and my daughter painted my husband's car, and he is going to kill me."

I wasn't sure if she meant Johnny or her husband was going to be doing the killing, but she continued, "My husband loved that car. Could you please come look at what they did, and maybe we can wash off the paint or do something."

"Please", she reaped, and I grudgingly followed the lady over to the next block.

As we turned the corner, I could see a very unusual sight.

It was a 1967 "Chevy" two-door sports car. You know, the kind every man at that time would have loved to have. Only this one was pink and beige-white. The hubcaps were painted, the chrome (oh that beautiful chrome), the tires, and the headlights and tail lights. And, most of the driveway.

I remember asking myself how one gallon of paint would go that far. And Johnny? He was as proud as punch. A grin from ear to ear. The little girl was crying, but Johnny reassured her with a hug.

Yeah, there was some yelling, and a slap on the butt, or two. BUT, I love telling that story, as much as I loved that boy. Sandra, (his mother) said it best. "He's yours today. Tomorrow, I'll reclaim him,

maybe."

There were many more stories. You know, some kids don't have much to say anymore. They play computer games. They watch T.V. They paint the next-door neighbor's car in a dream. Not Johnny. He lived his dreams. They weren't always something I could agree with. But I loved seeing him smile. He had such a beautiful smile.

"Dad", he says. I just had to do it. I know son. I love you.

Al Franklin Sr. - March 11, 2024 at 08:10 PM