

November 30, 2011 is a very heavy day for me. Exactly 28 years earlier, Jonathan Mathew Franco (Jonny Franco) made his debut into the world weighing in at 8lbs and 14 ounces. At our church nursery he was nicknamed the 'flirt' because of his huge dimply smiles and constant joyful nature.

As a child he often played with the small children other kids ignored and helped little kids learn to skate. Sometimes he gave away his lunch money when someone forgot theirs. He loved reading, learning, sports and home school. He was all boy!

His love for guns began as a toddler when my mother bought him a cowboy set of guns with holsters, sheriff badge, hat and boots. He would have slept with all of it on if allowed to. When he was about nine he wanted a BB gun as badly as I wanted him to try a different haircut so we worked out a deal. Here is an essay he wrote about that arrangement in his own words and spelling.

Best thing I ever heard

The best thing I ever (heard) was the day Mom said I could have a B.B. gun. I thaohtg I would faint when Mom said yes but I had to get this awfull haircut but I didn't care.

Mom had already gotton me B.B.s and later got me some pellets. We went in to Shopco and thier it was the most buitiful thing I ever saw.

After school I couldn't wait to go shooting I was very angcious to knock some cans of the hey stak. A few weeks later I got a scope and after Christmas I got a case for it.

The End.

September 24, 2011 ripped through my heart like a bolt of lighting. News of my son's fatal motorcycle accident echoed throughout the walls of my mind leaving me in a state of numbness and disbelief for many weeks. Night after night I was unable to sleep while scenarios of the accident repeatedly played in my mind. Even now, two months later, I have moments of 'forgetting' about the accident and wonder while driving through the city of Rathdrum if he is on duty in his police cruiser at that time.

News of the accident tore through the communities of Coeur d' Alene, Post Falls and Rathdrum where Jonathan was a caring police officer as well as a generous and loving special friend to many, leaving everyone with the big question.

"WHY?" "He was doing so much good in the community." "Why him?" Only God can answer that question.

Jonathan, your family and friends so miss you!

Jonathan left a legacy of devotion to God and one of love and friendship to those around him that is hard to beat. People over and over express what a "gift" he was in their lives.

I strongly believe Jonathan's first and middle names were carefully and specifically chosen by God Himself. Jonathan and Mathew. They mean: 'A Gift of God'

Please feel free to drop me a note about how my son blessed your life. It would be of great encouragement. Thank You.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Yalian (Jonny's Mom) P.O. Box 611, Rathdrum, ID 83858