



### Adolph Aguilar Franco Obituary

With much sadness and a heavy heart, I announce, Adolph Aguilar Franco, passed away at the age of 79, on February 16, 2023, at his home in Live Oak, TX. He was born in San Antonio, TX, on September 27, 1943. He was preceded in death by his father, Juan Soto Franco, and mother, Anita Aguilar Franco.

He is the eldest of 8 boys. His brothers are Refugio, Simon (preceded in death), Geronimo, Martin, Jesse, Eusebio, and Aurelio.

He is survived by his wife, Cindy Grams; son, Fabian Franco; daughter-in-law, Bethany Franco; daughter, Margie Hirstein; son-in-law, Mat Hirstein (preceded in death); current son-in-law, Paul Sutton; grandchildren, Sasha Franco, Devon Franco, Brennan Hirstein and Alexis Sutton. He is uncle to many nieces and nephews, and a friend to an even greater number.

He and Cindy were together 24+ years, and married for 4 of those years.

He loved traveling and lived as far away as Republic, Washington and Seward, Alaska. One of his most memorable trips was to Mt. Rushmore with Cindy, and grandson, Brennan.

For much of his life he worked as a concrete finisher, and general contractor doing remodeling, and room additions. He also was a City of San Antonio Building Inspector. He credits as one of his achievements, building from the ground up, including designing and architecture, a triplex.

After retiring from construction, he worked at various places including O'Reilly's Auto Parts and later included deliveries for Uber/Uber Eats, and Lyft.

He enjoyed working on automobiles, to the extent of spending hours passing his auto mechanics knowledge to his grandson, Brennan.

He was an avid pool player having established, organized and operated Texas Shooters Pool League, with his wife, Cindy, for 9 years.

My father cared deeply for the league. After he was admitted into hospice care, I recall what turned out to be the first day he remained in his bed all day. He was still reviewing the league numbers. The regular season just finished and the playoffs were beginning. He was still taking phone calls discussing who was playing where and

when. At one time, with the final numbers on how all the teams, in hand, as well as stats for all the players in the league, he asked me, "Mijo, can you please take these numbers and verify \*pool talk\*pool talk\*pool talk\*". Unfortunately, I had to tell him "Dad, I'm not understanding what you are asking me to do". He said he will take care of it tomorrow. Unfortunately, unable to muster enough strength to review the numbers, tomorrow never came. What impressed me, was even on his death bed he still wanted to make sure he was taking care of the league, literally, on his death bed and until he died. He loved you Texas Shooters.

My father, in his younger days, was known to some as the troublemaker. Many times not making decisions that was the best for himself or his family. However, I honestly say that the father that I grew up with was not the same man that was put to rest. He died a better man than how he started. He learned to love, to live and to give of himself.

I was 25 years old before he told me he loved me, but after that day he never missed a time to I say "I love you, Mijo".

You are missed and you are still loved. I love you, Dad.





