



## Franklin Delano Crawford

October 31, 1938 - January 18, 2016

Franklin Delano Crawford

October 31, 1938 – January 18, 2016

Frank passed in his sleep at his home in Bradford, Arkansas. He is survived by his wife, Sonja; their children: Morganda, Fronda, Sondee, Franklin E., Earnest, Morgan, and FrankieLyn, and their families; his sisters Pat Rockwell and Ellen Jewett; and numerous extended family members. Cremation arrangements entrusted Powell Funeral Home of Bald Knob, Arkansas. [www.powellfuneralhome.net](http://www.powellfuneralhome.net)

Condolences may be sent to their website or to 113 Sweet Pine Lane, Bradford, AR 72020.

# Tribute Wall

JB

“Remember the smiles... Cherish the moments... Find comfort in memories... Thinking of you and hoping that time will bring you comfort.” Hallmark always knows how to put the thoughts into words. For Tek and the family.

Julie Boyer, Jayden Brown, David and Kathy Boyer - May 04, 2016 at 03:11 PM

AF

“God comforts you His eyes see each tear you cry... His ears hear your words of loss... His heart knows the pain you feel... And His arms hold you close, just as they do the one who has gone home to Him.” So sorry for your loss may God hold you in His arms. We are praying for you.

Alayna Brown and the Moreno Family - May 04, 2016 at 03:11 PM

MB

“May Frank Rest in Peace, He has a wonderful family and friends.

Michael Barnhart - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM

NK

“we are so sorry to hear about frank. he was a fellow easton bus worker for many years. we have many good memories. nina and leoY

nina and leo kreutzer - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM

JB

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and the family.

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**Julie Boyer, Jayden Brown, David and Kathy Boyer** - February 10, 2016 at 01:12  
PM

MB

“ My memories of my father: playing with me on the carpet with cars that weren't as big as the end of his thumb; down in the field, at grandma Letha's, pulling logs he had cut with the team of draft horses; giving us a ride on the big wooden sled, pulled by one of the same horses, down the hill that was her driveway; riding down tree-lined roads on the weekends in the car listening to the sounds of the grand ole opry and him and mom talking in the front seat just below the music; him leaning into or lying under a piece of machinery he was fixing; him waving down at us from the tower he was helping build; him telling me that  $8+8$  was 16 after carrying a 50 gal. drum of spring water down the hill and putting it in the trunk of the car; bringing us a fox, possum, squirrel and rabbit babies to nurse back to health and then release; him with his .22 heading into the woods and fields to hunt and coming back with enough rabbit or squirrel for dinner; loading rods and reels into the car to take us fishing and then cleaning those fish for dinner; him talking to each of his babies and grandbabies and great grandbabies with his eyes dancing and his hands making them look even smaller; him driving me to college on Monday mornings, before he went to work, and picking me up on Friday evenings after he got off work; eating lunch with me at vo-tech; his grin when I'd join him for lunch at the café in Easton because all the other men were wondering how he had all those younger women (daughters and nieces) always hugging on him. I remember the smell of oil, gasoline, Camel cigarettes and coffee, wood smoke and the cold air on his jacket when he came in the house in the winter. I remember how his hair curled when it was going to rain, and the one that fell over his forehead. That was my papa and that is what I will tell my son when he needs to talk about his papa. I love you, Dad. See you in a little while, I know you will be there waiting for each of us to get home too.

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Morganda Bagwell - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM

MB

“ I have known him since I was a child. He was friends with my father and my uncle, helped us work on cars, gave me my first bike and a pet rabbit. A proud man with a good heart, he knew the value of hard work and valued hard work in others. I was shaken to my core to hear he was no longer with us. I am praying for his soul and for his family in their time of sorrow.

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**Mark Brown** - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM

HO

“ Sorry for the loss of a good man

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**Hobbs** - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM

AF

“ God comforts you  
His eyes see each tear you cry...  
His ears hear your words of loss...  
His heart knows the pain you feel...  
And His arms hold you close,  
just as they do the one  
who has gone home to Him."  
So sorry for your loss may God hold you in His arms. We are praying for you.

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**Alayna Brown and the Moreno Family** - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM

SB

“ *"No matter how old we are,  
losing a father  
is one of the deepest sorrows  
a heart can know.  
Hope the memory of his love  
will surround you now  
and bring you peace.*

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**Steve and Carol Brown** - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM

RB

“ *Leadership is something someone possesses, the ability to inspire  
and motivate. My grandpa was a leader to me. He motivated me to  
be better and to finish my tasks.*

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**Robert Bagwell** - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM

SH

“ *I love you daddy ill miss you forever i know your in heaven now pain  
free and happy.so i know it was time.but i wish i would have been  
able to see you one more time and hug you tight.so i could wisper i  
love you in your ear one more time.i loved stopping by to set outside  
and talk too you lossing track of time and staying way to long and  
having to fly to get where i was going on time.i know your setting up  
there with gale an justin talking now.while were down here missing  
you.love your daughter sondee hewitt,grandaughter kristina hewitt  
grandsons gale jr.an glen hewitt.greatgrand kids  
gale3rd,tiler,breyton,triston,tison,bently,carmella,vidia.till were all  
together once agin.xoxo.bye daddy.*

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**sondee hewitt** - February 10, 2016 at 01:12 PM