



## Arturo Franco

March 5, 1987 - May 16, 2022

Arturo Franco was born March 5, 1987 to Vicente & Guadalupe Franco. He was the youngest of 3. It was me, my brother Vince, and now our little brother, Arturo. When he was born, I and my brother Vince were already in our teenage years, so there was somewhat of an age gap. Arturo being the newest addition to our family brought new happiness and joy to our family. My mom and dad were very proud parents, and this was a new chapter in our family. Over the next few years in watching him learn how to walk and talk, you could already tell he was going to be spoiled.

I remember one time when he was 3 years old, we were at the house telling each other to go get milk. None of us actually left, but we kept yelling at each other to get some milk. A little while later, we heard a knock at the door. It was a police officer and he had Arturo with him. We were in shock and wondering how this came about. The officer goes to explain that the clerks at the local convenience store notified them that there was a lost little boy there without his parents. During the time we were telling each other to go get milk, Arturo took it upon himself to ride his bike to the store and buy milk. We had no idea he left or was gone until the police officer had brought him home. At that moment, I knew he was going to be a handful.

As Arturo was getting older he was just like every kid. He played video games, sports, and loved playing with his cousins at the weekend barbeques. He did very well in school, and he liked it too. I can remember him waking up and

getting himself ready for school. Even making himself breakfast and knowing when to leave to catch the bus. He was so independent at that age, and it was so cute to me.

As the years went on and he was getting older, Arturo had a lot of friends. Throughout middle school into high school, he was experiencing life as your average teenager. From homework to girlfriends to school dances to proms. Arturo was figuring out who he was and what he liked. It was about this time that our relationship and bond grew stronger and closer. All because he was maturing into a young adult. I watched him get involved with music, which he loved.

I saw him writing raps all of the time. He was so drawn to music that he started writing his own songs. After that he even went as far as performing these songs at local coffee shops that were hosting open mic nights. I never realized how good he was until I saw the reaction from the crowd and the friends he would rap around. He was very talented. Not only did he have a heart for music, but he could draw. He was also involved with graffiti. He would show me the pieces he would spray paint. It was like the kind of stuff you would see on the sides of trains. He was a true artist. In fact, that was what he called himself.... Artist, kind of like a street or graffiti name.

That was my little brother, Arturo.

# Cemetery Details

## Ceres Memorial Park

1801 E. Whitmore Ave.  
Ceres, CA 95307

# Previous Events

## Visitation

JUN 1. 8:00 AM - 10:00 AM (PT)

Turlock Funeral Home  
425 North Soderquist Road  
Turlock, CA 95381  
(209) 632-9111  
<https://turlockfuneralhome.com>

## Funeral Service

JUN 1. 10:00 AM (PT)

Turlock Funeral Home  
425 North Soderquist Road  
Turlock, CA 95381  
(209) 632-9111  
<https://turlockfuneralhome.com>

## Interment following Funeral Service

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JUN 1. 11:30 AM (PT)

Ceres Memorial Park  
1801 E. Whitmore Ave.  
Ceres, CA 95307

# Tribute Wall

FO

“ I met arturo in 2019 at a time I was not doing the best mentally and was more to my self not feeling like being around anyone but not exactly in a position to seperate myself from people so I would sit out side and let myself stress more and I think Arturo seen that I was not happy because he started pointing out all the stuff that was wrong with the view of concrete and a tiny point of mountains almost completely covered by m more concrete and it was the funniest thing for him and I finally asked what he sees and he said no I realized that my brain remembers that I forgot something but it never can remember what it was that I forgot and I couldn't stop laughingg and I felt better just from that it was needed and I thanked him for the laugh and for making me start to laugh at some of the things I would stress over and not take everything so serious, he helped me learn how to better Cope with hard times and he will be remembered for making me a better person and being a good friend. Condolences to his family. Rest easy art you will be missed homie - N.C.P.W. Your white homie NickFOD

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FOD - March 26, 2025 at 11:09 AM



“ Arturo Franco

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January 28, 2023 at 09:01 AM