



A Tragedy & A Triumph:

December 20, 2016

We don't usually get phone calls at one o'clock in the morning, but someone was persistent. Beth's dad had been taken to the hospital and it wasn't looking promising. We grabbed the computer and called her mother who had just been told the doctors had done all they could. Her husband, James Franks, had shed the mortal shell he donned here in this world, took on immortality and joined the saints who have gone before.

Less than two days later, we boarded a plane and flew to the states to mourn, to comfort and to serve. Jim's passing was unexpected, but not sudden. Chemotherapy and radiation had weakened his body, but not his spirit. All his neighbors and many others were told, "Don't worry about me. I know where I'm going." Gentle and unassuming, he had ministered to many people who gave testimony to the impact he had on their lives.



[Click on the pick to read the obituary](#)

Mr. Franks was also a champion for world missions. He loved to attend prayer meetings, give to missions, talk to missionaries, send them packages and humanitarian aid, and even went overseas a number of times to help missionaries and mission associations. For a while he was a part-time volunteer mobilizer for our mission, WorldVenture, and the number of short-term to mid-term missionaries he recruited astounded the full-time staff mobilizers under whose direction he worked.

Our tragedy was Jim's triumph. Beth has lost her dad. Her mother has lost her husband. I've lost a friend and father. The world has lost a powerful ally for world missions. But that's alright... we'll be seeing him again - we know where he went.