



## Gary Henry Frans

September 24, 1960 - January 11, 2026

Gary Henry Frans, 65, of Huntsville; passed away peacefully Sunday, January 11, 2026, at his home in Huntsville. He was born Saturday, September 24, 1960, in Vinita, Oklahoma; to Perry Clayton and Elizabeth M. Whitfield Frans.

Gary installed siding for R&H Siding for many years. He was a simple, kind-hearted man who loved motorcycles—especially Harley-Davidson motorcycles. He had a natural talent for mechanics, enjoyed working on vehicles, and was a skilled pool player. Above all, Gary cherished his family and friends.

Gary was preceded in death by his loving wife, Theresa Ann Frans; his parents, Perry Frans and Elizabeth Brown; and three brothers, Robert Frans, Clayton Frans, and Ross Schwalm.

He is survived by his step-son, Chris Mangrum, of Huntsville; three sisters and one brother-in-law, Linda Frost, of Florida, Karen and Darel Green, of Raymore, Missouri, and Shirley Young; two nephews, Bryan Frans, of Huntsville and Clayton Jr. Frans; and one niece, Tina Dawson, of Raymore, Missouri. He is also survived by two grandchildren, Evan and Destiny Mangrum.

Services are entrusted to Brashears Funeral Home and Crematory of

Huntsville.

# Tribute Wall

KG

“ To my loving little brother, i miss you so very much! I remember going with you to play pool and how fun you were to hang out with You had such a lust for life and like me you never met a stranger. i wish that we had more time together and i could hear your voice one more time! Rest peacefully my little brother, till we meet again. Love you, always Karen

---

**Karen Green** - February 03 at 07:13 PM

CF

“ To my silly uncle I will always remember the time you and Aunt Linda were arguing, and you were leaving Florida to live with Bryan in Arkansas. You asked me to check your fluids in the Satren and you were adding the oil and transmission fluid. You started to put the fluids in backwards and I stop you. Then you started arguing with me saying that you were right because of the direction the transmission tube was going, trying to tell me it wrapped around to the back of the engine to the transmission. I told you silly the fluids were color coded in the tubes and the bigger tube is always the transmission. However, you and Aunt Linda are just alike and always having to be right. Then you put the fluids in backwards anyway. I was so mad I went and told Linda you were never going to make it to Arkansas that you were going to end up broke down before you ever left central FL. I was shocked when I heard you made it to Bryan's. I still bet the Satern didn't last very long! However, I had a long 52 years with you and have some great memories! Keep ridding your Harley Davidson in heaven! Love and miss you Clayton Jr.

---

**Clayton Frans** - January 30 at 02:27 AM

TI

“ To my loving uncle to whom I sorely miss so very much! You were like a big brother to me growing up and I'm so thankful for the time that we had together. I remember you taking me for a motorcycle ride when you lived in Florida, we went to a somewhat sketchy biker bar that you frequently visited. Although the surroundings were unfamiliar to me I felt safe and comfortable knowing that you would never let anyone harm me. All of the people I spoke with that day had nothing but respect and admiration for you! You lived life the way you wanted to free and full of adventure! I feel you are at peace with the Lord now and riding that winged motorcycle in the sky. Until we meet again , I will carry you in my thoughts and heart!

---

**TinaDawso** - January 27 at 12:51 PM

LF

“ My little bro bro, I miss you. I have a lifetime of memories. I remember when you first came home from the hospital. Mom laid you in the middle of her bed and I laid beside you amazed by you. I remember when you got into green paint you found in the garage ( not water based at that time), and you painted your hair. You were about six. What a mess! When asked why you did it, you said, "I like green". Your hair was never the same! I also remember when you were speeding down the hill by the Masonic Temple on your bike and crashed head over head in order to avoid hitting a black cat that had run out in front of you. You broke your jaw and swore that black cats really are bad luck. With your mouth wired almost completely shut, the only thing you could eat was shakes through a straw. Boy, did you get spoiled! Throughout your life you tried to act gruff, but we saw through you and saw your soft side. Like when you put your life on hold when our nephew, Bryan, was critically ill for several months. You were there for our brother, Robert, and Bryan. You took care of everything so Robert could be at the hospital day and night. And, again, you put your life on hold when you flew to Florida to stay with me to help me care for Marge. For almost three years you not only helped with her care, you also heaped her with love and attention. I will forever be grateful. You have joined her in a much better place. I can see her flashing a big smile at you and welcoming you home with wide open arms. Rest in peace little brother. You deserve a rest.

---

**Linda Frost** - January 27 at 12:21 PM

DH

Gary you & I have known each other since when I first met & went out Bobby when I was 16. You have always been a good friend. You were a good guy & I really appreciate what all you did for your family especially Bryan!!

---

**Debbie Heard** - January 28 at 01:26 PM