

Memorial Book



In Loving Memory of

Nicholas Francis Hubert

(December 10, 1977 - April 12, 2008)



*Be of good cheer about death and know this
as a truth --that no evil can happen to a good
man, either in life or after death.*

Socrates

This memorial website was created in honor of our dearest Nick who was born in Teaneck, NJ on December 10, 1977. He passed away on April 12, 2008 at the age of 30. You will live forever in our memories and in our hearts.

The image features a textured, olive-green background with two roses. One rose is smaller and more tightly curled, while the other is larger and more fully bloomed. The word "Gallery" is written in a white, elegant cursive font, centered over the roses. Below it, the phrase "so sweet, so unforgettable..." is written in a smaller, similar cursive font.

Gallery

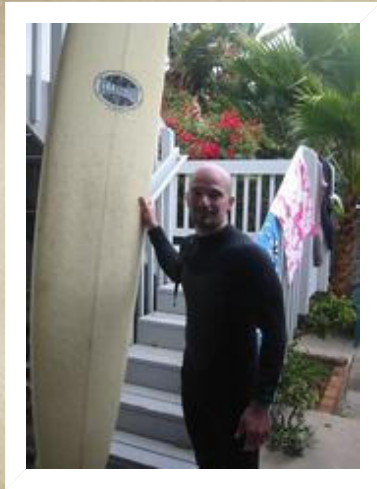
so sweet, so unforgettable...



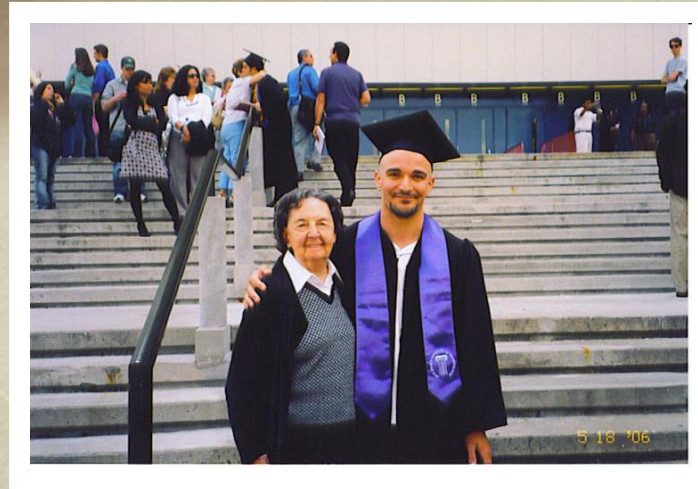
in the clouds



1st Graduation



Surfing in San Diego



With_Grandma_Kay



gallery1thumb



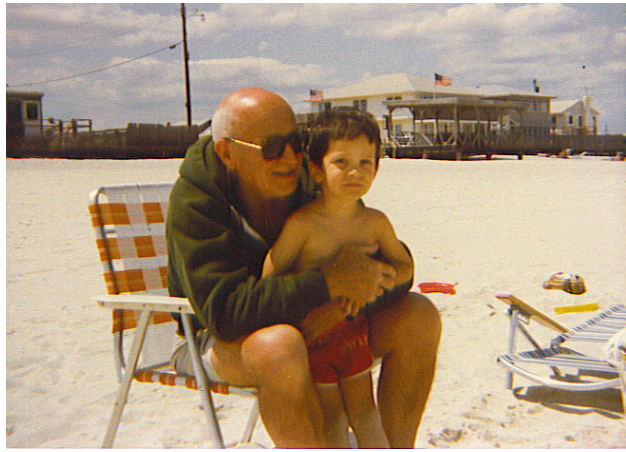
Studio Award



B_Family



Bananzio boys



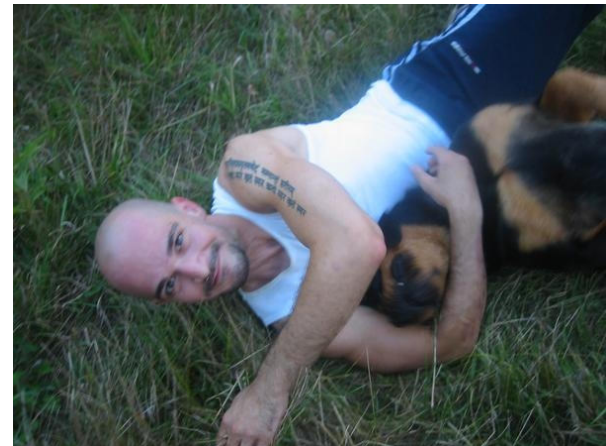
June_1981_with_Pop_Pop



Brian & Jessica



Grandma Lollie



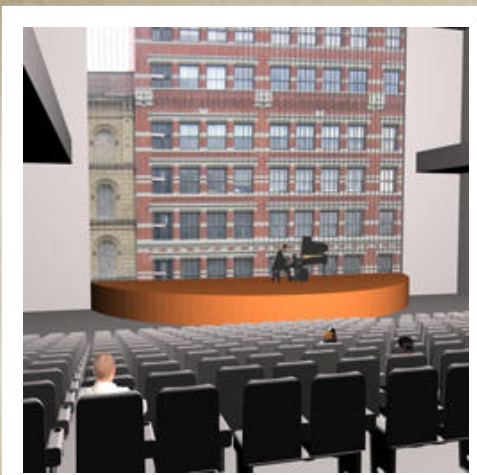
Nick & Izzy



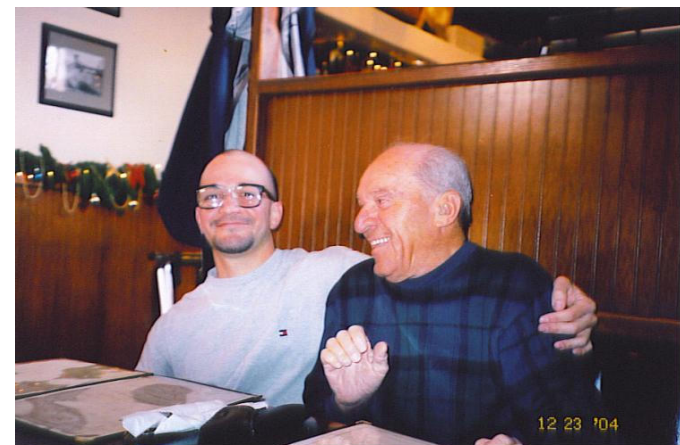
Party_with_Jessica



Golf_with_Dad



openmaxthumb



Fun_with_Pop



Hubert cousins



H_Family



School_Days





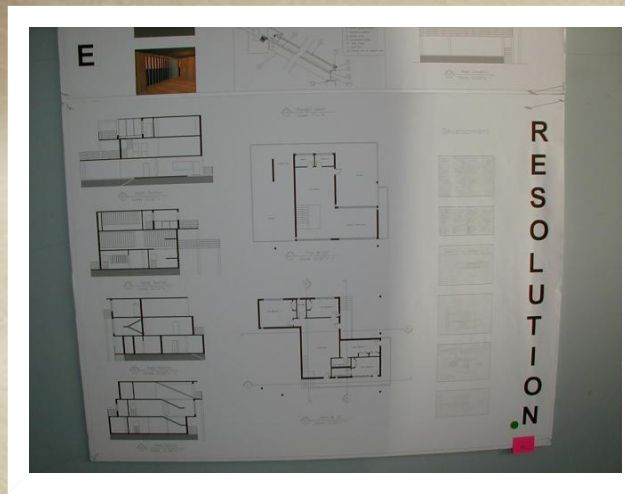
gallery2thumb

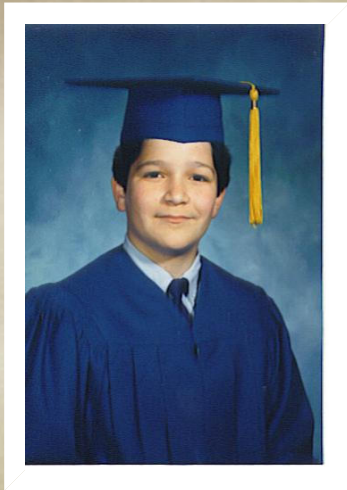


NJIT_Graduation_May_06

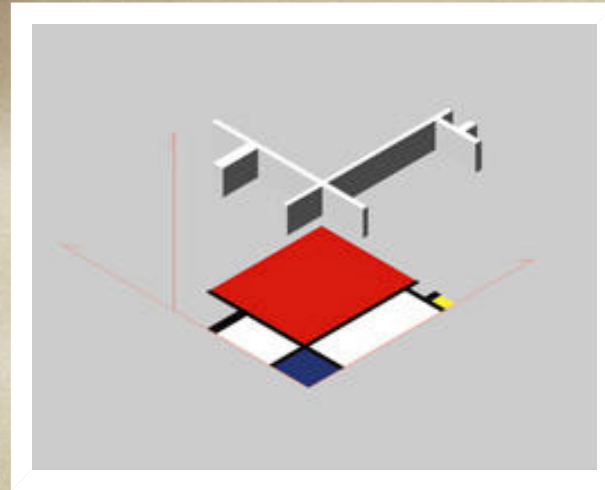


Rendering_1

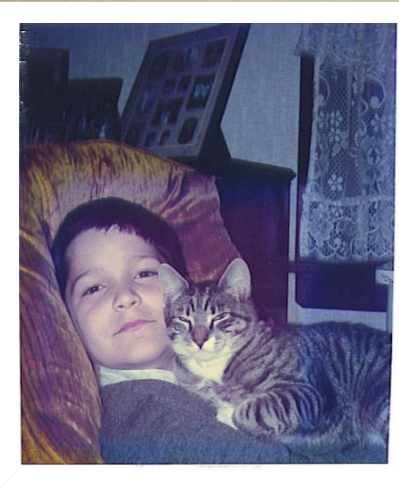




2nd_Graduation



diagramthumb



with_Munchkin



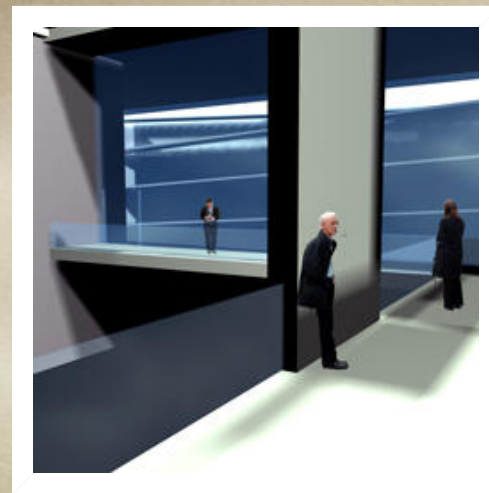
Hans Solo



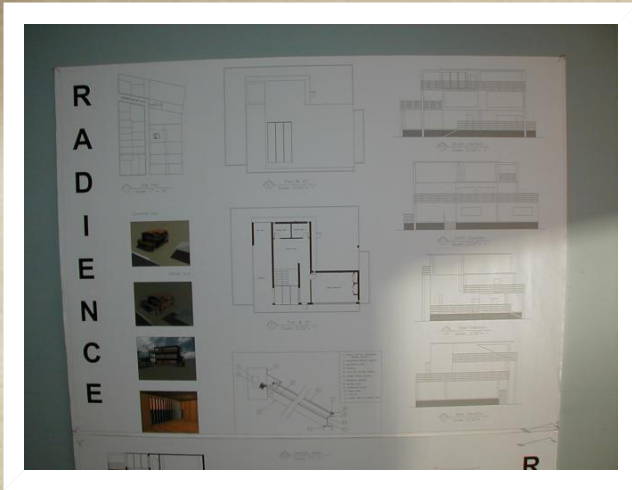
lafayetteX2ofacedethumb



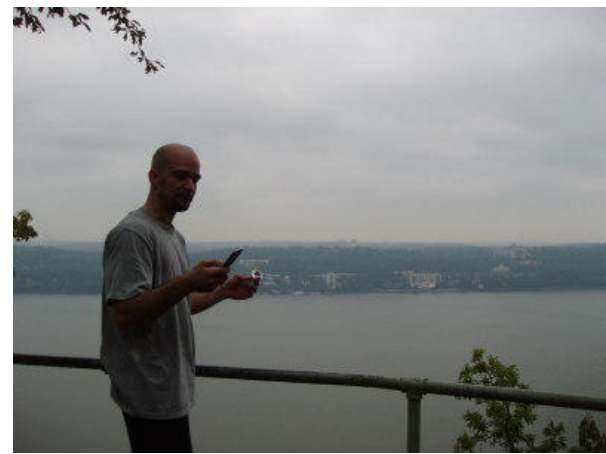
Altar_server



promenadethumb



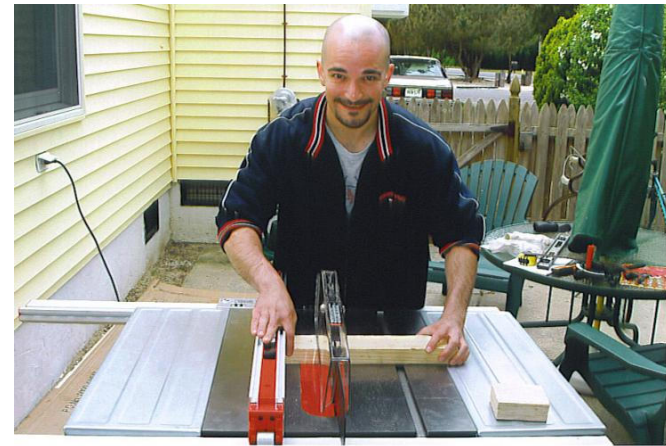
Rendering_2



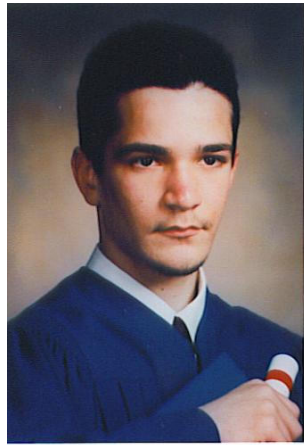
on the Palisades



Sr_Prom



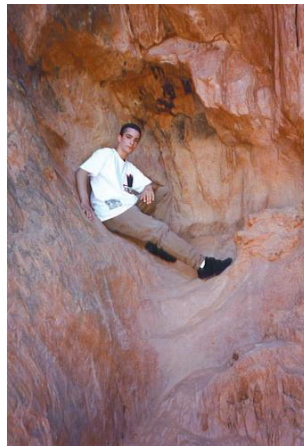
at_the_shore



HS_Graduation



Halloween



Colorado



Disney_1982



Colorado_2



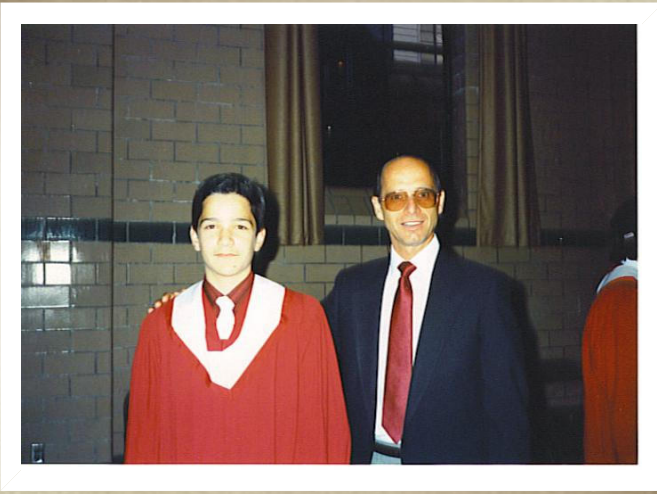
Pop



Uncle_Dan



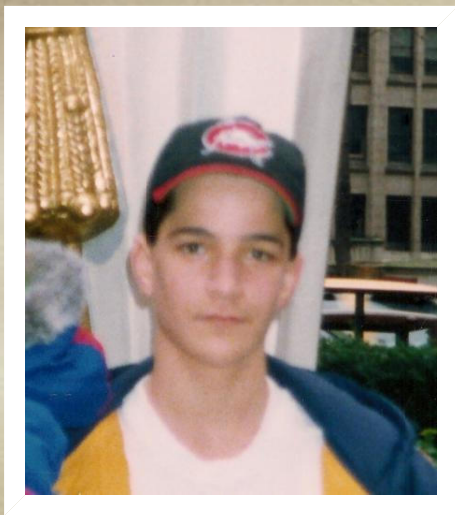
Last summer chillin



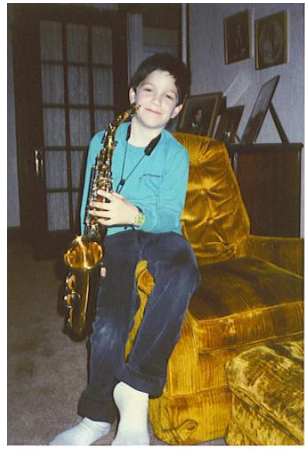
Confirmation



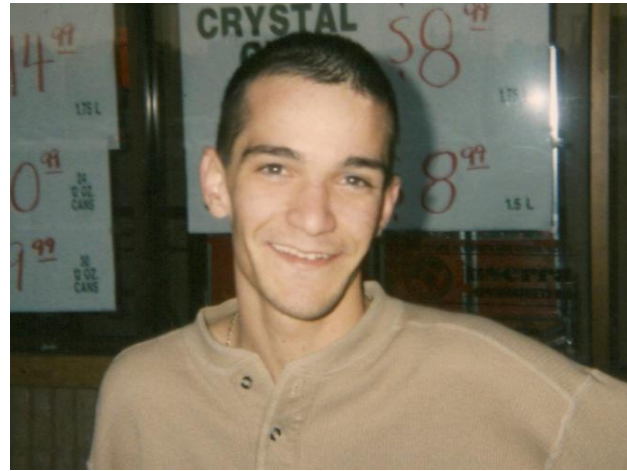
December_1980



More_Best_Cousins



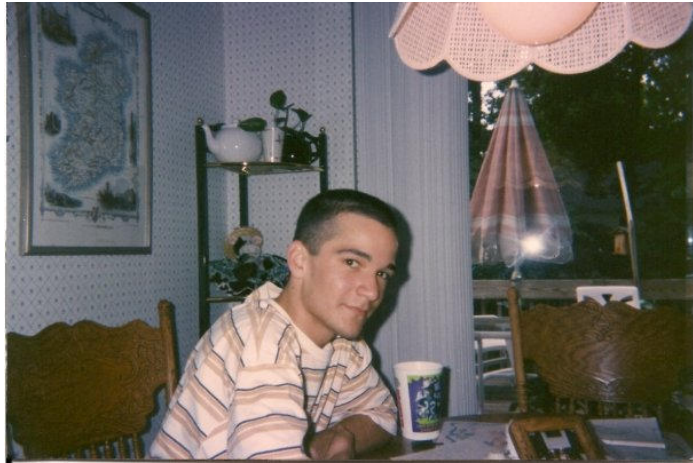
Musician



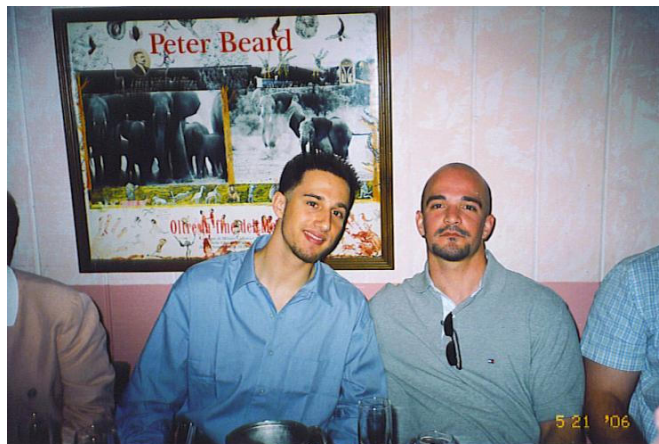
New_Years_Eve_1999



Cousin_Lisa_and_Louann



Best_Cousins



Cuz Jerard



Drew_Jess_Buddy



Arizona



HanginX_with_Uncle_Charlie



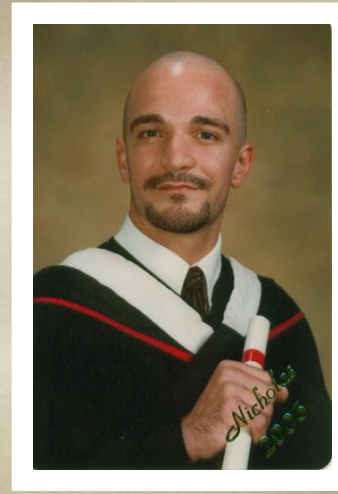
BA from NJIT



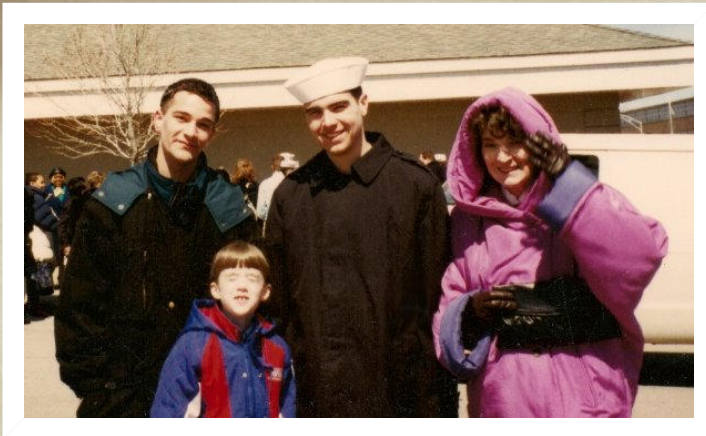
MBA from Univ of Phoenix



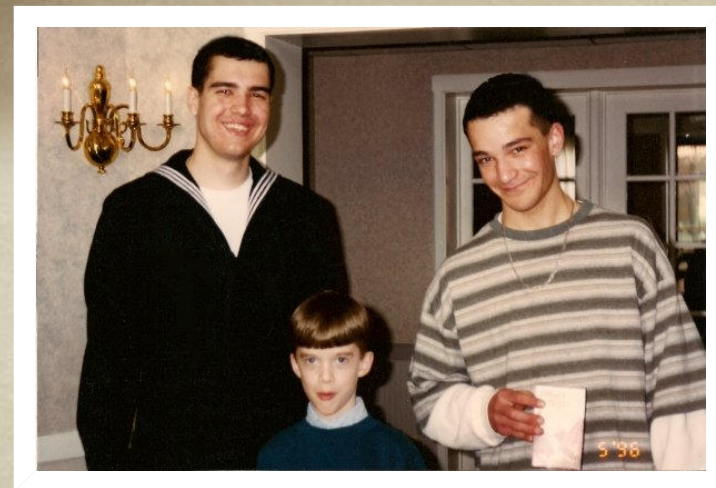
party at Macdonald's



NJIT graduation_0506



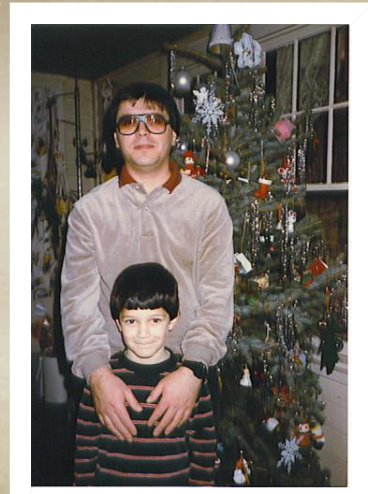
Chicago with the Roths



Rothy & Sean, 5/96

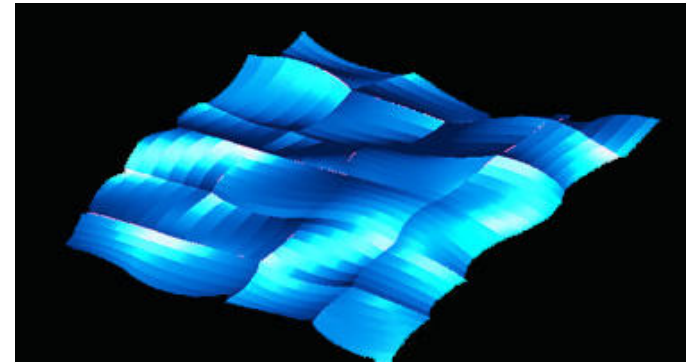


Halloween with Rothy



Final Instances





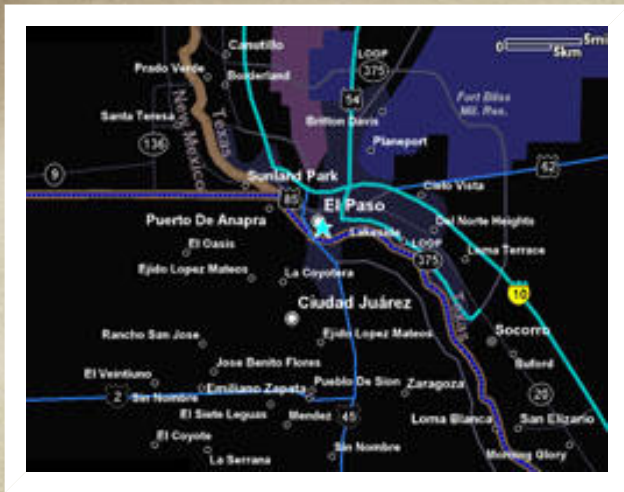
Tiles 2



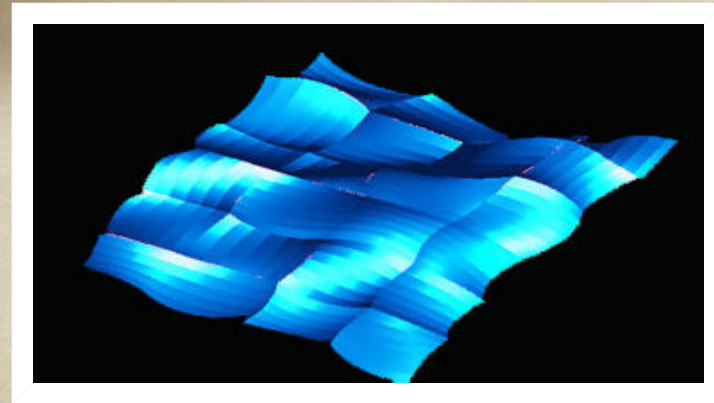
Final Renderings



Project 2



Elpasomap.Project1



Tiles 1



Project 1

Two roses are positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image. The background is a textured, mottled brownish-gold color. The text is overlaid on this background.

Memorial Candles

our words, your light...

03/04/2009

Shadow

I tell my master, "The answer is blowing in the wind."

01/24/2009

Brian D. Roth

"I mourn for those who never knew you"

10/01/2008

Ana Montes

Your memory & friendship will be with me forever. I've never met anyone like you. I love you. Ana Montes

09/28/2008

Penny Linskey

To a boy I once knew who would come to work with his dad. God bless you. May your soul soar!

08/22/2008

becky maynard

I am 11 now, i have lots of pets in heaven. cat amber, dog fudge and my ginepig. can you take care of them for me please, love becky

07/12/2008

Your Cuz, Eric

You always made everyone around you feel so genuinely loved and special. I think about you all the time, you know I love you, cuz.

06/29/2008

your dad

You will always be in my heart and soul, my son and dearest friend. Thank you for being the best person I could ever imagine.

06/20/2008

Mom

You always were and always will be the bright shining light in my life and in my heart. You are always with me, and I with you. X

The background of the entire image is a textured, mottled olive-green color. In the upper right quadrant, there are two roses. The one on the left is a smaller, tighter bud, while the one on the right is a larger, more fully bloomed rose with many layers of petals. Both roses are rendered in a light, almost white color, making them stand out against the darker background.

Condolences

from the deepest of our hearts...

I had to write an autobiography and asked Nick for help.. I kept it all this time b/c of how funny it was and I just found it so i thought i'd share it. I don't have to write a condolence... Nick's humor speaks for itself. Nick, I hope you don't mind me sharing this... :)

April 9th, 2007

Nick Hubert: Ana montes was born on a cold snowy evening in ecuador in 1980. the world would never be the same. It wasn't until the year of 1991 that she came to the united states in search of a better life for her and her ferrit.

Ana Montes: 1981..portugal.

Ana Montes: but continue.

Nick Hubert: i was close...

Ana Montes: :)

Ana Montes: and it doesnt snow in portugal.

Ana Montes: but i like it !

Ana Montes: lol

Nick Hubert: upon graduation from high school, ana enrolled in some college for some major (insert correct ones here)

Nick Hubert: what about ecuador

Ana Montes: i dont think it snows there either.lol

Nick Hubert: where she still studies vigorously in pursuit of her degree. Someday ana aspires to be a wealthy oil-rich millionaire who preforms all her own inspections in order to ensure the finest quality product.

Ana Montes: u are a nut !

Nick Hubert: in the meantime she spends her time being both difficult and beautiful as well as strange

Nick Hubert: and endlessly obsessing about the love of her life who left her and moved to philadelphia in pursuit of a better career.

Nick Hubert: the end

Nick Hubert: thats good stuff - submit that

Ana Montes: hahahah u know i just might

My name is Geoff Page and I was Nick's supervisor for much of the time he spent out here in San Diego helping us with a claim we were working on. I just wanted to express my condolences to you and your family. I found Nick to be a friendly, conscientious, hard-working guy with a ready smile and a willingness to pitch in wherever needed. My overall impression of him was that he was a quality person that I would have been happy to have on our staff full time. Sometime after he left Trauner, he contacted me and explored the idea of coming back out here, but at the time, we had just hired two new people. I told him to make sure he kept me updated on his contact information and that maybe something would work later on.

I'm 57 years old and I find the passing of very young people hardest of all to take. I also have two children of my own and I can only imagine the heartache that descends on a parent who loses a child, regardless of their age. So, I know I can't really say anything that will assuage that grief, but I did want you to know that we met Nick, worked with him, and liked him and that you had a fine son. He did not go unnoticed. I hope you can take some comfort in that.

Dear Nicholas, Here's a condolence from your dad. Rest in Peace. Everybody misses you. Your friend Ana wrote about the only way I can make sense of your death: "I do believe the good die young. I believe they've already earned enough heaven points to leave this world and move onto a better one. I believe that God wants them in a better place immediately." That's what has happened to a lot of young people in Amerika. Martin Luther King, Carl Wilson (Beach Boys), Mozart. And Nicholas Francis Hubert. I hope your world is now filled up with a lot of spirituality. I hope you dream. I hope you're happy, looking down, and guiding family and friends through life because of the life you lived. Nick, you were a true gift. Not always perfect. But a true gift. To your mom and dad. To your step-family. To your aunts and uncles. To your niece and nephews. To all of your friends. To all your co-workers. And to all of the homeless people on the streets of Philadelphia that you gave \$5 to. And to all the animals you cared for and loved. \ Especially Shadow (my dog). I often call Shadow "Nick." Nick, you will always be very incredible person. I'll be okay as long as I have memories of the wonderful times we spent together. dad



Memories

all the gray you turned into colors...

Brian D. Roth



My name is Brian, and I have known Nick since we were in preschool. Nick and I became quick friends, and played all the time together. As we got older Nick and I shared many of the same interests. We both played saxophone and baseball, we both loved the Mets, and Nintendo, but most of all we loved Transformer toys.

When 4th grade came I transferred to a different grammar school, and moved a few towns away. The move however did not break up our friendship. Nick and I were part of a clique with our friends Rory and Mike. It didn't matter if it were freezing snow, pouring rain or blazing sun; we would ride our bicycles to each other's houses (usually quite a few miles) just to hang out.

As grammar school changed to high school we put away our transformer toys, traded the saxophones for CD players, upgraded from Nintendo to Super Nintendo, and as

Baseball went on strike we started wearing Chicago Bulls or Charlotte Hornets hats. Rory fell out of touch, but Mike, Nick and I were still as tight as ever. We all started dating girls, listening to different music, and doing different activities, but we never let the changes that happen at that age get in the way of being best friends. I had a very special and different friendship with Nick than I did with Mike, as I am sure Mike and Nick had with each other. Nick and I would stay over each other's house, and play Super Nintendo all night, go to lots of movies, and compete in arcade tournaments.

We would go to five movies a day having only bought one ticket between us, and handing it off duping the usher ripping the tickets at the theatre. We even got the crazy idea to simply walk into the movie theatre BACKWARDS as all the people leaving a show were walking out, The logic was that when the ushers looked up for a split second, they would see us facing the same way as all the people leaving. The craziest thing is IT WORKED! I'm sure today we would have been thrown right out of the theatre, but back then we were just goofy kids trying to push the boundaries, and laughing it up the whole time. We were good kids and we always looked out for one another.

After high school I went to a semester of college, but decided it was not for me and joined the military. Boot camp was what you would expect it to be... and at 18 years of age, it was quite a shock to my system. One of the most comforting things I had when I was so far away from home, and wondering what I had gotten myself into were letters from Nick. He wrote to me on a regular basis, and anybody who has done military service knows what those letters mean. Imagine my shock when I was graduating from boot camp in the freezing winter of 1996, and Nick came all the way out to Chicago with my parents to see me "pass

and revue". Nick will never know how much that meant to me, that he would care so much to come out and watch me graduate from what was to that point the hardest thing I had ever done. I remember thanking him, and he would just smile and say "you would do the same thing for me". As my military service continued I would come home on leave and see Nick. We would go to Mike's house and have crazy parties in the backyard and reminisce about the fictitious adventure we all had hopping a train to Atlantic City. The last time I saw Nick was at Mike's house, and I was home on leave having been pretty badly injured, and very scared about my future. I had gotten grumpy with a few of our friends and Nick smoothed it all over. We talked afterwards and it was great to have a peer to relate to. I was honorably discharged from the military. And then went about my business of claiming my medical benefits and going on with my new life in Arizona. A place Nick said I would love. After a year out there I was pretty well recovered and moved back home to New Jersey.

Nick and I had lost touch at this point, but I had moved to an apartment in Dumont, and decided to just walk over to his Mom's house and ask her for his phone number. I remember that night like it was yesterday. I was so excited to get Nick's number and his mom told me all about how great he was doing going to school to become an architect. Nick and I got back in contact, and he was so proud to be going to school.

As I worked at the Sheriff's department I felt like something was missing. I remember discussing it with Nick, and he told me quite frankly I was wasting my time, and I needed to go back to school. I remember him being just a phone call away when I was making the very difficult decision to give up my whole life in New Jersey and try to go away to school becoming a 26 year old freshman living in the dorms of Penn State. More importantly I had to get accepted first. Nick assured me that I would have the time of my life in college, and made me confident that I would excel as an older student. He talked about rebuilding study skills and how important it was to never miss a class, and to live AT school, to minimize the distractions of real life.

I am glad to say that I recently graduated from Penn State with honors, and if it wasn't for Nick encouraging me, I may have never pursued my dream. Nick told me "hey, if I can do it, you can too". Nick was there for me then, just like he was there for me during boot camp and all the other times we spent together. I am so lucky to have kept in touch with Nick all these years. The last time I spoke to him he was talking about how much he loved the animals on the farm, and about moving out of Philadelphia. He was so excited that I was working for the Mets during college, and spending my summers at Shea Stadium where we had gone to so many games together as kids.

I will never forget his voice and how he used to call me "Rothy" and how I ALWAYS called him "Nicky". I really think Nick's Mom, myself and Mike were the only people allowed to call him "Nicky".

Nick is gone now, and anybody who knew Nick will understand when I ask "who am I going to talk to where I can just laugh about nothing at all?" I have spent the past few days looking at old pictures of Nick to post on this website, and hope to remember every little thing about Nick. But the details don't really matter. I just wish I could thank Nick for being there for me when I needed him. And hope I was there for him when he needed me.

Sincerely,
"Rothy"

dad

Hi! One of my favorite memories of Nick was Friday nights in Dumont, NJ, about twenty-five years ago. In the early evening, Nicholas and I would always go out—wind, rain, or snow—and walk down Virginia Avenue to the public library. Nick was about eight, and as we walked down the street, St. Mary's church steeple was in the distance. I'd always ask Nick, "Did you see him up there?" Nick wanted to know "Who?" I told him it was the bell ringer, Quasimodo. Nick never saw any bell ringer, and after a while, he wanted an explanation. So I said that Quasimodo was a fictional character. And even though he never really existed, he's good to think. A year or two later, I phoned Nick on Christmas morning and asked if Santa was good to him. Nick said he was having a great Christmas, but he knew that Santa Claus doesn't really exist. Detecting something (a touch of sadness?) in me, Nick said, "It's okay, dad. Even though Santa Claus doesn't exist, he's good to think." I hope that anybody who met Nick and needs some inspiration will reflect on his kindness of spirit. If you ever feel down, please go outdoors. Enjoy the environment. Enjoy the architecture. And have a super 2009. Peace, Nick's dad

Jerry Dixson

My name is Jerry and I lived with Nick for a year in Philadelphia. Okay, so I have meant many people hear in Philadelphia but none as Fun loving and Free spirited as Nick! He was by far one of the most real people in my life and he will be deeply missed by many of us in Philly! What I wouldn't give to have him here to have another walk around the city talking about our life experiences and sharing many laughs! Sometimes laughing about nothing at all....which if you knew Nick then you would totally understand!

God, please let Nick know just how much I really do miss him and how truly thankful I am for having the opportunity to know such a wonderful soul! Always, Jerry (Dude)

Mom

A dear relative shared what he expects family gatherings will now be like without Nick's physical presence . . .

A certain two people inevitably get into heated discussions about (most often) insignificant issues, at most family get-togethers. Nick would always act as the mediator, encouraging them to be reasonable, etc. He said "now, without Nick to intercede, we'll just be a bunch of assholes."

The world is a better place, and we are better people, for having Nick's love, spirit and wit.

Mom

I asked the person for whom Nick deeply cared, if she could recall the meaning of his tattoos. This is what she wrote. . .

I do not remember exactly what Nick's tattoos meant, he always rattled it off so quickly it was difficult to follow. I do know that the one on his arm was a verse from the Upanishads (Hindu scripture), about how we are all one and nothing is real, impermanence is our true nature. The one on his chest was from the Bible, I think. Something about a song of life? I am so sorry I can't be more specific.

Ana Montes (ACM)



I met Nick through a mutual friend and like everyone else who knew him, I know that I met someone truly special and regret that I'll never meet anyone like him again. Even though he's passed on, I know that his memory, his vibe, his love, his friendship and his way of being will be with us forever.

Nick & I used to talk for hours every day and share just about everything about each other's lives. I'd vent to him and he did the same to me. It's impossible to summarize our Nick and our friendship in a page online in a message short enough to keep the attention of the reader because Nick was so much more than someone you write about. He's someone that touches your life in ways you never knew someone could. I speak in the present tense because, as we all know, Nick will live on with us forever.

We shared stories and laughter that I'll never forget and I'll carry with me forever the love that he shared with me and all his friends.

I miss you so much Nick. I check your Myspace and this page all the time just to get another connection to you. I hope to see you again someday. Hold my spot up there.

I love you.

I miss you.

I'll remember you forever.

Ana Montes

Jim Millea

I worked with Nick for a brief time in San Diego. While he was out west, he and I spent some time talking

about how things were on the east and west coasts- I grew up in Massachusetts and moved out to San Diego in the year 2000 and am still here. One of the things I enjoy about it here is the comfortable year-round weather that allows you to be outside almost every day, and living near the beach I've gotten into surfing. Nick was interested in giving it a try so one day we grabbed a couple of my boards and went out on the water in [Pacific Beach](#), San Diego, at the northernmost end of the beach called Tourmaline Surf Park. There's a picture of Nick on this website holding a surfboard; I took this photo of him that day just outside of the apartment I was living in at the time.

We took the surfboards and walked the few blocks from my apartment down to the beach. He went right in and had a really good time trying to figure it out. The waves were a couple feet high or so- not too big and great for learning. I've only been doing it a handful of years and am probably not the best teacher, but gave him a few tips on what works for me on how to paddle into a wave and stand up on the board...he got some good ones, took some spills, paddled around and figured out how to balance on the board, and his face was generally all smiles mixed with the look of determination whether he stood up on a wave, fell off, or just sat floating in the ocean enjoying the scene. I will say though he didn't spend much time floating- he was very intent on getting it going and spent most of the time catching or trying to catch wave after wave.

Although we had hoped to get out there again, unfortunately we only got out there once together. Nick flew back to Philly shortly after that, as he was only visiting San Diego short term. He was a good man with a good spirit- energetic, good-natured, friendly, and fun.

kathy maynard marienthal

dear nick , i knew you thru your friendship with my son buddy(brent) and my daughter michele. i remember a young man with a ready smile, kind word and open heart. i remember one time when in a panic i called you looking for buddy - only to find he was being held in "the tombs" in new york somewhere. i remember you and i driving all over new york trying to find it- getting lost , finally getting there only to be told we wouldnt be allowed to retrieve neither him nor my car. your willingness and kind words to a panicked mom will never be forgotten. michele chose you as a god father for her daughter rebecca in 1997 - i remember the pride in your face as you held that baby and promised her that you would stand for her forever. distance, death , nothing changes that vow. love endures, you may not be physically

standing here but we both know that now you have a better view of the paths her life will take and i am confident that you will forever both follow and guide her in her lifes choices. forever you will be the Godfather of my granddaughter, a friend to my children and a child of my heart. - kathy

Grace C.

Nick and I worked together at Trauner Consulting. I had just started at this job and my employers said I would be sitting next to a guy from our Philo office. I must admit, I wasn't too excited because I was afraid that I would be stuck sitting next to someone rude or unexciting. God truly proved me wrong. When Monday rolled by, I walked into the office and Nick was there with a big smile. He introduced himself and we quickly became good buddies. Sometimes I would get sleepy at work and he would be my look out guy warning me if anyone was coming down the hall so I could nap for 5 minutes. He kept every single day he was here in California fun and interesting. We would have so many insightful conversations about our lives, religion and people. As time went by, he wasn't just my coworker but really a friend.

The day he left California, I wrote him a letter. I think it concisely described what he meant to me as a friend:

March 16, 2007

I think I'm going to be really sad that you're leaving—mostly because you've been a huge blessing in my life. It is really nice to have a friend to chat with every day—whose real and can talk about real things every day. I enjoyed those serious and goofy conversations we've had. Although we've had the steeper moments in our friendship (I.e. paper ball in my face), I've enjoyed every moment of your visit to Cal. I think you really have a gift to reach out to people and I see how you affect them. They really feel comfortable and feel like they can be themselves when around you (me being one of those people). I know that God put you in my life to brighten my days:)

:) Grace

Even after Nick left California, we still kept in contact. He genuinely cared about my life. I am so thankful for your friendship and I will miss you a lot.

Zach

Three years ago, maybe four, I had talked to Nick and told him about the speed dating group I was with, and we decided to go to one together, since if it stunk at least we could hang out. We both got there and each talked to about eight women (you switch around after 3 minutes or so). Well, turned out we both liked the same girl! After the speed date, you go on a website and check off who you liked and find out if anyone matched you.

I got about two matches. Nick had about six...including the girl I liked!

I told my mom later that I wouldn't go with Nick anymore because he made me look bad. 🤔 Of course, Nick didn't deliberately do that, people just liked him for the same reason I loved him, because he was a great guy.

By the way, although they dated a few times and nothing huge came out of that, Nick and that girl (Laura, IIRC) remained friends, and he still had her number on his cell.

I'll always love you, Nick.

Shadow

Dear Nick, Your dad told me about the last time he was together with you. After breakfast, you walked back to the car and wrapped your arms around each other. You told Nick, "I love you." And Nick said, "I love you, dad. And I love that dog." Dad told me what happened. RIP. I miss you, Nick. Nobody played better with me than you did. Love, Shadow

The background of the entire image is a textured, mottled olive-green or brownish-green color. In the upper right quadrant, there are two roses. One is a smaller, tighter bud, and the other is a larger, more open rose with many layers of petals. The roses are rendered in a slightly lighter, more detailed tone than the background, giving them a subtle, embossed appearance.

Life Story

every hour, every thought, every smile...

December 10, 1977



Nick was born Saturday, December 10, 1977. His first home was an apartment in Maywood, NJ, just a few blocks away from his Godmother, Aunt Joyce, his Uncle Connie and cousins Eric and Adam. Nick loved visiting the zoo, riding the train and feeding the ducks at near-by Van Saun Park. He was a huge Star Wars fan and had quite the collection of Star Wars toys and play figures. He was great at making Leggo models, and loved to draw and read. Many summer vacations were spent with the Hubert family at the beach in Lavalette. Nick has 8 cousins -- Zach, Chris, Susannah, GB, Eric, Eric, Adam and Jerard.

In 1982, Nick moved to Dumont with his parents. He lived in an colonial house with a backyard and wonderful neighbors. He attended St. Mary's elementary school which was just 1 block from home. Throughout those years, Nick took saxophone lessons, joined the cub scouts and became an altar boy. He always loved animals, and had a ginea pig, 2 rabbits and a cat named Munchkin while growing up. Nick took his first trip to Disney World when he was 8 years old.

After graduating from Dumont High, Nick attended Bergen Community College in Paramus. Not sure of what he really wanted to do, he left school to work at PriceWaterhouseCoopers in Fort Lee. Before long, he realized his passion for architecture, and decided to attend New Jersey Institute of Technology.

Nick's love in life was always architecture. He worked hard at NJIT and was on the Dean's List most semesters. He earned excellent grades, and received honorable mention, along with a monetary reward for his work in a competition sponsored by Hunter Douglas. He received his bachelor's degree in May 2006. During his time at NJIT, Nick formed a very special close relationship with his cousin Jerard.

After graduating from NJIT, Nick moved to Philadelphia to work for Trauner Consulting Services. Trauner quickly realized his fine abilities, and sent him to help out at their San Diego office for 2 months. Nick enjoyed his time there; he learned to surf on weekends and took in the sights -- one of his favorite being the San Diego Zoo.

Back in PA, Nick met a young lady who owns and operates Indraloka Animal Sanctuary. He spent most of his weekends at the Sanctuary, helping to care for the animals and soaking up the peace and tranquility he found there. He was extremely happy. Nick attended University of Phoenix online to pursue his Master's degree. Because of his fine academic (3.92 GPA) and financial standing, he was recently awarded his MBA posthumously.

Nicholas truly loves his parents, family, step-family, friends, and co-workers.

Please don't forget the times Nicholas touched your feelings with a spiritual thought.

And please don't forget the times Nick made you laugh.

Thank you for visiting. Please do so again soon. This is only a small portion of the many things he enjoyed in life. It is a work in progress.

Our Deepest Sympathy

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