



Hubert M. Law

October 18, 1918 - April 16, 2002

Hubert M. Law age 83 of Cambridge, Ohio, passed away Tuesday, April 16, 2002 at The Southeastern Ohio Regional Medical Center. Hubert was born October 18, 1918 in New Concord, Ohio. He attended Christ's United Methodist Church in Cambridge, Ohio. In the 1940's he worked at Marchant Calculators. Ran Pine Truck Stop in the 1950's in Middleborne, Ohio. He was a landlord and retired from the Cambridge State Hospital. Grad of New Concord High School in 1938.

Mr. Law is preceded in death by his parents Bert Law and Rata Clark Law. His first wife Martha I. Law who passed away in 1988. One brother Malcom Law. Hubert is survived by his 2nd wife Sally Eaton Law. One daughter Mrs. Robert Raeta Ann Watson of Salesville, Ohio. One son H. Clark Melody Law of Cambridge, Ohio. Two sisters, Agness Duncan of Zanesville, Ohio and Mrs. Elwyn Marilyn Tedford of Johnstown, CO. One grandson, Kyle Clark Law and One granddaughter Hannah Rae Watson.

Friends may call Thursday evening from 6 to 8 p.m. at Bundy-Law Funeral Home where the Funeral Service will be held at 2:30 P.M. Friday with Rev. Kenneth Mansfield and burial will be in Friends Cemetery, Quaker City, Ohio.

Tribute Wall



“ *Sally and family,I just wanted you to know our prayers and thoughts,are with you and your family at this time.I have kidney stones and was not able to come to the visiting hours.Sally,I go to Columbus next Thursday to an eye specialists,things don\'t look to good.Please keep me in your prayers also.##imported-begin##Mr.Ora W.Ice and Family##imported-end##*

April 18, 2002 at 12:00 AM



“ *##imported-begin##JOYCE RICE##imported-end##*

April 18, 2002 at 12:00 AM



“ Graveside by The Penniless Poet

There stands a lonely and deserted grave

Whereunder lie my father\'s whitened bones

No floral tribute lies beside the stone

But in the breeze the weeds discreetly wave.

Not for long years have visitors been seen;

Scarce could I find the place e\'en should I try

And heartless time goes falter-stepping by

Throughout the seasons brown and white and green.

I think, from time to time, about that place,

And, grievingly, recall a winter\'s day

When shoes, new-cleaned, were soiled by clinging clay

And unchecked tears ran shameless down my face.

I wonder, when I\'ve met eternity,

Will anybody still remember me?

##imported-begin##Susan Golshani##imported-end##

April 18, 2002 at 12:00 AM