Message from Kimberly Worsnop:



Bob Hubbard, 1968 West

It is with a heavy heart (and an interesting twist) that I share with everyone that knew him, my father Robert, Bob, Bobbie, <u>Bob Hubbard</u> left us this morning. He had multiple hip surgeries back in March that did not go well and has been bed ridden and struggling all year. I flew up just in time to spend the last of his hours with him.

In an interesting twist, Iceland, the ice rink my father grew up in and was a coach for most of his adult life including helping rebuild the sheet ice once or twice, was vandalized many years ago and has been sitting vacant ever since. I wanted to leave some flowers in his honor outside the rink. When I drove up, there was a gentleman

with a camera and microphone. Apparently, all of the local news crews had just left with the exception of channel 10. He shared with me that TODAY the city is having a committee meeting on whether to revive the rink. Tear-soaked cheeks, messy make up and all, I agreed to an interview.

I only hope it makes any kind of a mark to help restore this historic landmark. The irony of this timing was not missed... and once I crawled back into the car and pulled away, I looked down to see a ladybug sitting in my lap. SI guess you can say...my dad was a "Lady" bug!

Our Final Final at his favorite, Piatti's.

Cheers and RIP Dad A- I LOVE YOU so much! **WWW**I promise I'll stay <u>#HubbardStrong</u>