



Hubert Dale Geiger III

August 25, 1966 - June 6, 2025

Hubert Dale Geiger, III, 58, of Hartland, VT, died on June 6, 2025, after a brief illness.

Hugh grew up in Richmond, Virginia, and graduated from Manchester High School. He served in the US Marine Corps from 1985 to 1990. His military career took him to various parts of the world, and his commitment to his country was unwavering. Following his military service, Hugh completed his undergraduate Studies at Georgetown University's Edmund A. Walsh School of Foreign Services. He then went on to earn his law degree at the New England School of Law. After serving two years in the Public Defender's Office in Charleston, WV, he entered the real estate industry in Boston and founded First Boston Realty International. Following that, he established The Thinking Cup, a Boston-based coffee shop. In more recent years, Hugh followed his passion for farming livestock using ethical and sustainable practices and split his time between Boston and Vermont. A devoted Boston Red Sox and Celtics fan, Hugh always found a way to tune into every game.

Hugh was the son of the late Carolyn O'Quinn of Richmond, Virginia, and is survived by his father, Hubert D. Geiger II (Elizabeth) of Chesnee, South Carolina, sister Kimberly Geiger of Richmond, VA, sister Karen Geiger Adametz (John), and nephew, John Spencer Adametz (Angela), all of Virginia Beach, Virginia. Hugh will be greatly missed by his extended family and

friends.

The family will receive friends at Miller Funeral Home, 3200 Golansky Blvd., Woodbridge, VA 22192 on Thursday, June 26, 2025 from 7-9:00 p.m. with prayers being offered at 7:15 p.m. A service of remembrances will begin at 10:00 a.m. on Friday, June 27, 2025 at United States Marine Memorial Chapel- Marine Corps Base Quantico, 3251 Embry Loop, Quantico, VA 22134, where a Mass of Christian Burial will follow at 11:00 a.m. Interment at Quantico National Cemetery with full military honors to follow.

In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made in Hugh's name to the Wounded Warrior Project at: <https://support.woundedwarriorproject.org/> or (877) 832-6997 .

Cemetery Details

Quantico National Cemetery

18424 Joplin Rd
Triangle, VA 22172

Previous Events

Viewing

JUN 26. 7:00 PM - 9:00 PM (ET)

Miller Funeral Home & Crematory, Inc.
3200 Golansky Blvd.
Woodbridge, VA 22192
703-878-CARE (2273)
<https://millerfuneralhome.net/>

Prayer Service

JUN 26. 7:15 PM (ET)

Miller Funeral Home & Crematory, Inc.
3200 Golansky Blvd.
Woodbridge, VA 22192
703-878-CARE (2273)
<https://millerfuneralhome.net/>

Service of Remembrance

JUN 27. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

United States Marine Memorial Chapel
3251 Embry Loop
Quantico, VA 22134

Mass of Christian Burial

JUN 27. 11:00 AM (ET)

United States Marine Memorial Chapel
3251 Embry Loop
Quantico, VA 22134

Interment

JUN 27. 12:30 PM (ET)

Quantico National Cemetery
18424 Joplin Rd
Triangle, VA 22172-1636
(703) 221-2183

Tribute Wall

JM

“ My deepest condolences and warm thoughts to the family. I met Hugh when I interned at a summer job in Boston in 1997. He was a cool smart good guy.

Jessica Mahony - February 11 at 09:14 AM

PG

“ Hugh and I were at Georgetown together and we served in the Marines at the same time (but not together, and didn't know each other).
He was also a guest at my wedding in 1994. I am so saddened to read of his passing. I was searching for him on the internet in hopes of getting together with him when I came upon this.
My condolences to his family.
Semper fi, Brother. I'll come visit your final resting place the next time I'm at Quantico.
Paul Griffin

Paul Griffin - January 23 at 09:55 PM

CW

“ Hugh was such a great friend and neighbor. We met in Boston and once I dropped my cell phone running through an intersection and Hugh found it and got it back to me. He was always helpful with any RE questions I had and we loved discussing politics together because our views were so aligned. He used to say he admired me for speaking out though when he was more quiet and kept to himself. He was intelligent and a great businessman. He was so happy to be living his dream in Vermont. My heart goes out to his family and anyone lucky enough to have called him a friend. He will be dearly missed. ❤️

Courtney Wood - November 03, 2025 at 10:18 AM

AA

“ He was an incredible person. I am in shock learning about this news. May he rest in peace. I'll miss you friend!

Aakriti - August 28, 2025 at 11:44 AM

OL

“ I am shocked to hear Hugh's passing. I knew Hugh for so many years. He was the first person I met when I moved to Boston, and he helped me find my first apartment as a real estate agent. We became friends and it was admiring seeing him built his own businesses. I even stayed at the farmhouse when it was brand new. He was so proud to show me his farm and all his ideas about new projects he had in mind.
He will be remembered. Happy heavenly Birthday, Hugh!

Olympia - August 25, 2025 at 04:43 PM

LN

“ I was shocked to hear of Hugh's passing. I first met Hugh in Tokyo when he was on a special assignment to provide security for Vice President Dan Quayle on an overseas visit.

Have been blessed with his friendship ever since that trip. As a Georgetown graduate I was greatly pleased when he chose to study there following his military service.

On my last visit to Boston he showed me some of his real estate projects and his wonderful coffee shop.

I am proud to have known him over these many years and pray that he will rest in peace. The memory of the righteous is a blessing.

Les Novitsky

Les Novitsky - August 25, 2025 at 10:49 AM

JM

“ *Jacqueline Melendez lit a candle in memory of Hubert Dale Geiger III*



Jacqueline Melendez - July 23, 2025 at 09:48 AM

JM

What a blessing to have known you and share such beautiful moments. Say Hi to Lefty for me and Thank you for being such a good friend. Love you from here to heaven.

Jacqueline Melendez - July 23, 2025 at 09:51 AM



“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



m - July 05, 2025 at 12:03 PM

“*Hugh hated groundhogs. He said they wreck the house's foundation, they break the legs of cows on the property with their holes at the Farm near Cass, West Virginia, and even your leg if you didn't watch where you were walking. He said he sent more groundhogs to "Groundhog Heaven" than coyotes, cats, and dogs in the area, combined. I thought it a little odd knowing Hugh to, yes, be the toughest guy I knew, and very logical in his thinking, but also golden hearted as well. Thus, his rodenticidal detestation for what I thought were adorable rodents seemed somewhat out of character...*

It was probably the third time we went up to the Farm, his slice of Heaven, (except for the groundhogs, of course) to do another project Hugh had in mind. Whenever I was back in the States after taking a break from playing tennis around the world, Hugh'd invite me there to do another project he had for the Farm, usually involving impossible tasks that would kill most mortals.

One time, for example, we broke apart the old shed and created a bonfire out of it that you could see from space. Another time, we scraped the rust off the tin roof and repainted it in the middle of July, where the mean temperature on the roof was the same as the sunny side of Venus.

The one that probably would have killed Hercules was when Hugh decided he'd had enough of the cows felling the meager fence, that had surrounded the house forever, when they used it for scratching themselves. Once and for all, we'd put up a fence with 6 foot poles (9 foot if you counted the 3 feet we decided we'd need to bury to keep the poles standing) at 15 feet apart around the entire house. For 2, 11-hour days, we dug and pitchforked and hammered holes through 3 feet of rock to bury what seemed like 900 poles. My hands were bloodied and blistered and cramped, but there was no way I was going to let Sgt. Hugh Geiger, Marine, down, because not only was he like my brother, but his determination was, as always, an amazing inspiration. It was only after we'd finished and gone down to Cass to eat dinner with Lefty and Lois that Hugh's awesome effort was put into stone-headed perspective with two sentences from Lefty: "Are you two complete morons? There's a

reason they call that place Stoney Bottom. 'Less you get a pile-driver and push those things into ground, those cows are gonna scratch themselves ONCE on your precious poles and the whole damn fence'll come down!" Well, next day, Hugh paid for that to get done. You couldn't stop Hugh from doing anything...Ever. Anyway, back to the groundhogs. We arrived and settled in at the Farm. Walking out to the outhouse, I saw what was immediately hilariously thrilling for me, but the unthinkable for Hugh: a mother groundhog had had her babies under the house below the kitchen. As I knew he'd be when I reluctantly told him, Hugh was INCENSED. "I'm gonna get a .22 from Lefty, " he said and turned to head out the door.

"Come on, Sgt.Hugh (my nickname for him)!" I implored. " We can save them! I understand you don't want them here, but let's catch them and take them somewhere else!" He looked at me like I'd grown a groundhog where my brain used to be. "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard." he said, in his blank-faced, you're-an-idiot-sort-of-way that only Hugh could generate. "Please, dude. We'll catch them and take them far away. Like Cass!" I insisted. "Now, what makes you think people in Cass want them there any more than I do, here!?! " he asked like I had lost my marbles. "Whatever, man. You know what I mean. Take them AWAY from under your house!" I said emphatically.

He looked at me, and you could see the goodness, no, the greatness and humor that Hugh had in his heart filter into his face. He shook his head at me and said, "Fine."

"Yes!" I yelled, and we peered out the kitchen window to see what the plan was. The mama was about ten feet from the side of the house where her hole was, munching clover. The four groundlets were 15 feet away, near the fence. "We split it up." he stated in his Mariney way. "Which ones you want? The mom or the babies." I figured if one bit Hugh, he'd probably punch it in the head, and I figured the mom could probably take it, where a baby might get brain-damage. "I'll get the kids." I said.

Hugh disappeared from the kitchen and returned with a 2' x 2' x 3' box, a bucket and a piece of cardboard to cover it. He handed me the box. "If we're going to do this," he said, "We need a name for

this operation." Sgt. Hugh Geiger was back, and, reluctantly, better than ever. I wasn't going to laugh in case it changed his mind.

"I don't know. You're the military guy who loves acronyms! What do YOU think?" I asked. He again gave me that look of his. "You're the damn writer! You come up with something!" Again, I didn't laugh.

"Fine." I said, and thought about it for 30 seconds.

"Operation GRP." I said, hopefully with confidence.

Hugh laughed in that way only he could laugh. "What the hell does that mean!?! " As straight-faced as possible, I said, "Operation Groundhog Relocation Project." He nodded at me with acceptance, the greatest compliment. "Operation GRP it is. Follow me. Mom's closer to the house, so I go first."

We quietly snuck out the kitchen door and went left around to the back of the house. Watching Hugh crouched in front of me, carrying the bucket and cardboard, I couldn't help but think of him on all his missions for his country. I was proud to be his friend as much as anyone in my life, and here he was, acting against his better judgment, but from the goodness of his heart, to save lives.

Groundhog lives.

We hit the corner of the side of the house. Hugh peered around and then pulled back. He mouthed, "On three." He nodded his head, and I counted to myself, "3, 2...1!"

We came around the corner like two ninjas. Hugh nabbed mom perfectly as she broke for the house. Fortunately for me, the groundlets were totally confused and crashed into each other trying to escape. I got the box over them and closed it up instantly. I will never forget the smile on his face as he took in our triumph. It matched the one on my face.

When we made it to Lefty and Lois' front door with the groundhogs, Lefty surprised us with a genuine laugh. "Hubie? You telling me YOU saved a family of groundhogs and you want to put them HERE?" I half expected, Hugh to point at me and say, "It was his idiot idea." but the Buck always stopped with him. Hugh is the type of person who would always take responsibility, would always keep his word, and would always act from a place of honor. "Yessir. Operation Groundhog Relocation Project" is all he said as if that explained it all. Lefty lifted his eyebrows, shook his head, and

pointed to the area among the houses. "Well, go on, then. I guess we'll have some new neighbors."

We let the groundhogs out near the house. We watched the mom lead her babies down into the nearest hole. I looked at Hugh with a huge grin on my face and held up my hand. He high-fived me.

"Mission accomplished." he said with pure satisfaction.

For three years after, I never had to ask Hugh how the groundhogs were, because he always proudly offered me the continuing success of Operation GRP. The mom raised her babies there and Cass kept their groundhog neighbors for all that time until they all disappeared; something Hugh loved.

Because that is Hugh. A person filled with fascinating contradictions, filled with an unerring zest for life, an unbending determination, a person who inspired everyone who ever met him and a person who couldn't help but care for everyone and everything in his Circle of Life. He is, and always will be, one of my greatest heroes...

mathew dry - June 27, 2025 at 08:58 PM

JC

“ I met Hugh by pure coincidence.. but we became instant friends.. I was lucky enough to spend significant time with him on the farm .. I watched first hand him build multiple companies.. he was my mentor & friend .. he will be missed



jason comtois - June 26, 2025 at 03:41 PM

SF

“ Shaun , Kathleen Hennelly and Family purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Hubert Dale Geiger III.



Shaun , Kathleen Hennelly and Family - June 26, 2025 at 06:33 AM

HL

“ Helen L. planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Hubert Dale Geiger III.

Helen L. - June 26, 2025 at 04:30 AM

DM

“ Hugh was truly a kind soul, always thinking of others first. It was my honor to call him cousin. Rest in peace, my friend.



David Meeks - June 25, 2025 at 12:28 PM



“ Serenity Wreath was purchased for the family of Hubert Dale Geiger III.



June 25, 2025 at 09:25 AM

TS

“ *Tufts Veterinary Field Service purchased the Beautiful in Blue for the family of Hubert Dale Geiger III.*



Tufts Veterinary Field Service - June 23, 2025 at 09:21 AM

IM

“ *I had the pleasure of staying at Hugh's farm. A beautiful retreat he created and shared. Forever grateful for the memory created.*



Ivette Medina - June 19, 2025 at 09:46 AM

RK

“ *RIP Marine, 1stSgt Ron King, retired "lurch" Moscow 1988*



Ron King - June 16, 2025 at 10:20 AM