

# MATTHEW ROBERT TOBIN

1967 - 2019



TOBIN, Matthew Robert January 14, 1967-October 2, 2019 Passed peacefully on October 2nd in his Scituate home, cradled in the love of Paige (Margules), his wife of 27 years, and his devoted children, Maxwell and Hannah, as the morning sun lit the room and they played and sang his favorite songs. It followed a marvelous night for a moon dance and a twilight reading of "Old Man and the Sea." Matt's greatest source of pride was his unconditional devotion to his family, and he was known for his fondness of Bruce Springsteen and bad country music, so it was, as it should have been. Raised in Brighton by James and Helena Tobin, he had a remarkable moral compass that was forged in part by the hands of his 11 siblings (Jeff, Paul, Mark, Michael, Catherine, Elizabeth, Sheila, Theresa, Maureen, Eileen, & Amy) during 52 years of Sunday gatherings and Wednesday spaghetti dinners. This compass was honed to guide an ethical and compassionate approach to his work, family, and friendships that commanded an immense respect.

With little more than gumption, a sharp mind, and a strong work ethic, Matt strode through the halls of Catholic Memorial, Boston College, and Suffolk Law School on the way to becoming a partner and owner of the law firm Murphy, Lamere, & Murphy, PC for 21 years with his spouse Paige and their dear law partner, Michele McNulty. Matt often quipped that he and Paige were lucky to be "life partners and law partners." Matt proudly represented many Massachusetts municipalities and school districts, harnessing his passion and skill to strongly advocate for his clients. As a mentor to many young attorneys, Matt wielded his red pen mightier than any sword, guided by the conviction that "education is not the filling of the pail but the lighting of a fire." He was a big fan of the Oxford comma and occasionally enjoyed the semi-colon.

Matt will be warmly remembered and emulated for an unmatched sartorial sense rooted in his respect for others and the good fortune in his life. The imposing figure he cut in his suit, ties, and scarf as he charged from the courtroom to a Scituate Harbor social gathering, however, was quickly outshone by his sparkling sense of humor and an inimitable laugh. No one could laugh more at his own jokes than Matt. Matt deeply valued his friendships, of which he was blessed with many, as well as his community in Scituate. We will sorely miss, yet fondly remember, our lazy Sundays spent at Humarock Beach.

He was the favorite uncle to many nieces and nephews. He took joy in playing Spikeball with them in the backyard and spending time hiking, biking, kayaking, and skiing.

Matt had a special fondness for his brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, treasuring time spent with them at Red Sox games, concerts, restaurants, and travelling to see the Patriots in Dallas and enjoy pinxtos in Spain.

His diagnosis of cancer changed none of this. Matt drew upon his faith, family, and humor to realize that though he was given a cross to bear, he would be sure to carry rather than drag it. "Any fool can fight a winning battle, but it takes character to fight a losing one."

Matt's love is still with us - sure as he was up with the sunrise every morning, strong coffee and the Globe in hand with his beloved dog Pippa by his side, readying to do good in the world. His character is an enduring source of inspiration to all those who knew and loved him.

Matt joins his mother Helena, sister, Theresa, brother Michael and his devoted dog, SportyLulu, in rest and peace.