

Donald J. Munro

March 5, 1931 ~ June 4, 2023

I didn't know Don as well as I would have liked, but I admired him and his work immensely over many years before meeting and getting to know him and Ann when I taught at Michigan. He had a genius for seeing what is most essential about Chinese thought (and much else) and a clarity of thought and expression that made it relatively easy for the rest of us to catch the import of his insights and thereby be both informed and inspired. He and Ann were two of the most gracious, just, generous, and caring people I have ever met and when I went through a very difficult period when "friends" were very difficult to find, they were there, steadfast, true, and clear with wisdom and encouragement. I shall never forget either my intellectual or personal debt to him.

- Philip J. Ivanhoe

Ann. I just read about Don’s passing. I’m sorry to hear this. He was a learned, kind, and sweet man. I’m sure you have wonderful memories of your life together! (69 years!) Take care, Leslee

- Leslee Meltzer

I met Don at Linda and Doug Hollowell's wedding and also had the opportunity to visit his cabin in Michigan. What a rich and wonderful gift Don has been to his family, students, and academics around the world. My condolences to the family.

- Christine Cipriani Wilson

Very sad to hear of Don's passing. he was a always such a warm and thoughtful person. I will miss the intelligent conversations we had. I learned much from him.It was always a pleasure to see Don and Ann at their cabin in the woods. When I was working with youth at the Family Court, Don was very supportive of my gardening with kids program that raised food for the local food pantry. we will miss him.

- TJ and Missie Mayhew

When Great Trees Fall Maya Angelou When great trees fall, rocks on distant hills shudder, lions hunker down in tall grasses, and even elephants lumber after safety. When great trees fall in forests, small things recoil into silence, their senses eroded beyond fear. When great souls die, the air around us becomes light, rare, sterile. We breathe, briefly. Our eyes, briefly, see with a hurtful clarity. Our memory, suddenly sharpened, examines, gnaws on kind words unsaid, promised walks never taken. Great souls die and our reality, bound to them, takes leave of us. Our souls, dependent upon their nurture, now shrink, wizened. Our minds, formed and informed by their radiance, fall away. We are not so much maddened as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of dark, cold caves. And when great souls die, after a period peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration. Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us. They existed. They existed. We can be. Be and be better. For they existed. The woods will miss you Don, rest in peace our “very best” neighbor. Tom & Bobbie Jamison

- Tom & Bobbie Jamison