



James "Jim" Paul Keener

November 26, 1946 ~ April 29, 2026

Dear Kristine, Jay, Sammy, and other family members, I want to offer you my most sincere condolences on your loss. I was a student of Jim's from 1996-2001 and have kept in touch with him since then although regretfully not as well since the pandemic when I would often see him over zoom at seminars. Jim had a profound influence on me both professionally and personally. He was a great teacher, mentor, and friend. I have many good memories of time spent with him at work, biking, skiing, and even a memorable backpacking trip to southern Utah. His passion for all things that he engaged in was contagious and still inspires my interactions with my own students today. I am sad that he is gone and will truly miss him. Sincerely, Eric Cytrynbaum

- Eric Cytrynbaum

I am sorry for your loss. Jim was a dear friend. We played squash together almost daily for several years at Squashworks until injury prevented him from further playing. I will always cherish the time we spent together. Hopefully he is getting his fill of squash, mountain biking and powder skiing now. Please accept my sincere condolences.

- Jeff Washburn

Please accept my sincerest condolences. Mark Alber, University of California, Riverside.

- Mark Alber

We will not be able to attend the service for Jim. We wanted you to know how much we appreciate Jim and his words of encouragement. As we reach maturity we look forward to seeing our Lord. Bill and I will be praying for the family.

- Bill and Nannette Lowe

I send my sincerest sympathy and condolences. I first met Jim when he visited Oxford and I was a graduate student. He helped me solve a problem in my thesis I had been stuck on for months. This was typical of him, always very helpful and truly brilliant. He will live on forever in our memories and in our mathematics.

- Philip Maini

Dear Kristine and family, I first met Professor Keener and you - his lovely, lovely wife, in the Fall of 1975 when I took Linear Algebra and the next semester, O.D.E.s from Professor Keener. I was an 18 yo sophomore maths major at the University of Arizona. Jim's first faculty appointment after which he moved to the University of Utah. Ever positive, Professor Keener fanned the flames of my passion for mathematics and was one of three individuals (and the most important) who encouraged me to pursue a PhD even at that early age. He and you treated me as a son, encouraging me, attending UofA swim meets (I was a scholarship competitive swimmer on UofA's NCAA team) and most importantly, inviting me to special - home cooked - dinners. I have not forgotten your impactful kindness. I met Jim many times since, often on a math hike or ski. I have many stories and told several at a heartfelt lecture at UofUtah one day after his passing. Though emotional, I felt a profound joy sharing with his Utah community, old stories of hikes, skis and other adventures with Jim's ever happy demeanor buoying all. Those memories brought tears of gratitude and laughter at the memories. At first, my selfish regret was that Jim was not in the audience. I longed to see those piercing, kind eyes, hear those challenging and insightful questions, and shake his hand and give a big genuine hug. But during the lecture, it came to me that Jim was there, through his ever thoughtful mentoring, careful collaborations, and adventurous and encouraging ways. He was helping me lecture, had infused the math community with the importance and joy of mathematics, and had lifted all of our Hearts through his example. R.I.P. James P. Keener, PhD, Emeritus Professor and Internationally respected Applied Mathematician

- Peter J. Tonellato, mentee +50 years

Jim was never a formal mentor to me, but a talk he gave at NYU in 1986 helped confirm me on the path of mathematical biology, and he was very supportive and encouraging in the years after that when I wasn't very sure of where the path was leading. His books were inspiring and practical guides to me on many topics. The last time I saw him in person was at a meeting in Auckland, New Zealand, where I made the washing machine in my hotel room available to him after he had checked out of his own. The wash left rocks and mud in the machine, a testament to his intense dive into nature during the trip.

- Artie Sherman