



Ron Williams

June 24, 1935 - October 10, 2015

Ron Williams passed away peacefully on October 10, 2015. He has needed 24 hour private home care in Rist Canyon from the time that he was involved in the High Park Fire. His care givers were amazing people who were very close to him. With the warm support of the Davis Ranch community and the Rist Canyon Fire Department Ron was able to stay at home. Ron was born in Sidney Nebraska on June 24, 1935. He is survived by his wife Barbara Williams and daughter Heather Williams and close cousins. He was preceded in death by his older brother Jack Williams who died at birth and by his mother Hannah Bullard Williams and father Guy Williams.

Ron lived in Peetz, Colorado, Kansas City and Albuquerque. He graduated from Aurora High School in Aurora, Colorado and received his Masters degree in Physics from Colorado University. He was employed as a Physicist at the Bureau of Standards for one year. Due to his interest in Aesthetics Ron received his Doctors degree from Stanford University in Philosophy. He was a Professor in the Philosophy Department at Colorado State University for 45 years and he was Chairman of the Department for 6 years. He was an Emeritus Professor from time of Retirement. He loved his work and the involvement with students.

Ron maintained a lifelong interest in Eastern Religions and Rituals and published an award winning book with his research partner James Boyd on

Religious Ritual. The highlights of his life were his travels extensively in India and Japan and research on rituals with James Boyd. He also traveled on Semester at Sea with his wife and daughter where he was a Professor.

Ron was active in the Founding of De Sillio School, an alternative elementary school. He loved Art, music and foreign films.

A Ceremony for the Celebration of his life will be held at the Lory Student Center of CSU, Gray Room, on November 14, 2015 at 2:00 p.m.

In place of flowers donations can be made to Pathways Hospice Center 307 Carpenter Road, Fort Collins, Colorado 80525. The address for the family is Box 126 Bellvue, Co. 80512 email is bkidsworkshop@aol.com

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

NOV **14**. 2:00 PM (MT)

Lory Student Center of CSU
1101 Central Ave Mall
Fort Collins, CO

Tribute Wall

“ I had intended to call Ron and was looking up his phone number when I found his obituary instead. How shocking! I wanted to let him know I was writing a book and he was part of it. What an impact he had on my life!

Chapter 46

My most enjoyable class was Fred Levine's art history class. In my independent class, he thought I would benefit from reading Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance, which I did. "If you try to fix a faucet and your fixing doesn't work, then its just your lot to live with a dripping faucet. Some people aren't bothered by dripping faucets. Why suppress anger at a dripping faucet? You always suppress anger at something you deeply and permanently hate. All this technology has made you a stranger in your own land. Flight from hatred is self-defeating."

I was angry at the painting professors for trying to mold me into their image, and really angry at the print professor who gave me the undeserved D without saying one word to me, all because I made fun of America's insane weapon build-up. One thing for sure, I wasn't good at fixing things, or so I thought. That's because I never had to fix anything because Father always did, then Fred did. Fred was good at fixing things. The ones doing the hateful, obnoxious things remain untouchable. Flight from hatred might be self-defeating, but living with anger is debilitating. The most difficult anger to deal with is with brothers and sisters. I can't say parents or children because I never felt that way about my parents or my boys. Although I'm sure there are people out there who have good reason to hate their parents, I loved my parents and couldn't possibly imagine life without them. I admired my brothers and sisters. What I didn't realize at the time is that they didn't love or admire me.

"We are overloaded with luggage and underloaded with common sense. Maybe they didn't see their job as having anything to do with hard thought, just wrench twiddling." Like most everything I learned in school was excess baggage. My professors were insistent upon loading me up with more baggage, and I sincerely doubt they gave any hard thought to anything, except their paycheck. I was being

robbed of a true education. "Caring about what you are doing is considered either unimportant or taken for granted. Strange separation of what man is from what man does. May have some clues as to what the hell has gone wrong in this 20th century. They depend on technology and condemn it at the same time. Suddenly we are all separate, all alone in our private universe, and there is no communication among us. Familiarity can blind you."

How did we get to this isolation stage? It didn't start out that way. What happened to the church picnics and community socials? What happened to the PTA? Who made these decisions and why? It wasn't for a better life. Nothing really progressed, although we were supposed to believe it had. I did not want to believe that my family had changed. I didn't want to see that. I just wanted to remember the good old days, like nothing changed. Remembering is important because manmade change very seldom is for the good. The changes resulted in something I wouldn't like. .

"Scientific method produces chaos. Whole structure of reason is emotionally hollow, esthetically meaningless and spiritually empty. Institutions tend to direct thought not to truth, but perpetuation of their own functions. It's a problem of our time. The range of human knowledge today is so great that we're all specialists, and the distance between specializations so great that anyone wandering freely must forego closeness with people." This was exactly what was going on, and I was not only helpless in the process, but I was being chewed up and spit out. Scientific method was the alter of the 20th century. We weren't supposed to question it. I was trying to figure things out. If this was true, then all our inventions, way of life, mode of eking out a living was insane. I had to talk to Ron about this.

Janis Schmidt - December 21, 2015 at 02:46 PM

DS

“ Ron had an office near mine when I became disabled in the early 1990s. He was a dear friend and very supportive during my hardest times, always with a smile and a positive attitude that my life was unfolding appropriately. Thanks, Ron--always sweet in my memories.

Dee Spaulding - November 09, 2015 at 10:22 AM