Joan Squires-Lind (Kodai '58) has written the following obituary for her younger brother, Judge Donald Squires (Kodai Class of 1964), who attended KIS from 1956 to 1958:

**Donald Browning Squires**

**1947 – 2018**

Donald Squires, retired Superior Court judge, died on July 3, 2018 in Fremont, California, of sudden cardiac arrest.  He had been a Superior Court judge for 25 years and a resident of Fremont for over 36 years.

Donald was a tall, soft-spoken and mild-mannered man, whose demeanor was courteous, almost courtly.  Both on and off the bench, his calm was unshakeable, and throughout his life he displayed three qualities:  he was kind, he was decent, and he was fair.

He was the son of Robert Charles Squires and Jayne Arline Browning, and was born in San Francisco on January 7, 1947.  From the age of 2 years he had a peripatetic childhood, leaving California to accompany his family to the oil fields of Saudi Arabia, to Lebanon and Bahrain,   going on to boarding schools in Switzerland, England and India – all this by the age of 13 – then studying for three years in Bronxville NY, and three years at Trinity School in New York City.  He attended the University of California (Berkeley) where he participated in ROTC before being commissioned as an officer in the US Navy, serving first in VietNam and then at the Kagnew Communications Center in Ethiopia.  At the end of his military service, he decided to pursue a career in the law, attending McGeorge School of Law.

In his early career he worked for the District Attorneys of Fresno and Alameda before being appointed as Commissioner for Alameda County by Governor Deukmejian in 1982. He went on to serve as Superior Court judge for Alameda until his retirement, at the age of 60.

His years on the bench were well documented in the press, but a single vignette reflects the way he ran his courtroom, and his cross-cultural sensibility.  A young Afghan woman had been severely beaten by her husband.  Before the bench, the husband asserted that, in his culture, such a beating was within his marital rights.  The judge commented that he was familiar with Afghan culture, and pointed out that within that culture the husband would stand in danger of reprisal from his wife’s father and uncles.  “In this country and in this courtroom” said the judge, “I stand for her father.”

He was intensely proud of his American heritage, and, in particular, that he was a third generation Californian.  He was delighted when genealogical research revealed that he had ancestors who had arrived in California prior to 1849 –on both the maternal and paternal sides of the family.  In a letter famous within the family, one of them wrote from Sacramento, in 1846, that the climate was fine, but he feared that California would never amount to much, so he thought he’d head home to Missouri.

Travel was the great passion of Don’s life, followed closely by the pleasures of planning that travel, and he would spend untold hours creating itineraries of immense complexity.  These documents rose to the status of minor art forms. But sometimes he travelled without any itinerary whatever: on his discharge from the Navy he drove from Addis Ababa to Cape Town, some 3200 miles over very uncertain roads, without a plan or a reservation. It would be inaccurate to say that he organized family ‘vacations.’  Rather, they were major family adventures – to Namibia, to Nepal, to India – trips lasting weeks or months, each providing material for the Homeric story-telling for which he was fondly known.

At 60 he retired from the bench, and focussed his energies on his dogs, his books, his fountain pens, his knife-making, his sharpshooting, his photography and his music. He was comfortable in the widest of circumstances, and could move with perfect ease between Burning Man and an orphanage and his subscription seats at the San Francisco Symphony. He embraced all things Mexican, and had hoped to build a house in the Yucatan near a nature reserve.

Wild animals in general, and cheetahs in particular, held a privileged place in his heart. Elephants came next.  Beautifully machined objects fascinated him, and the more intricate their manufacture, the greater his pleasure: whether it was a camera or a car, a watch or a firearm, the object itself was secondary to the precision and the craftsmanship it reflected.

All these interests had to be fitted around a voracious reading habit (military history, travel, politics).  He was congenitally incapable of resisting the blandishments of anything sweet, and if a black and white box from See’s was involved, it was instant capitulation.  No picture of Donald would be complete without some mention of his relationship with Diet Coke.

Everyone who knew him could immediately produce a list of things he loved.

No one who knew him could think of anything he hated.  Except injustice.

He is survived by his wife, Marsha Smith Squires, by his sons Jeffrey Ryan Squires and James Remy Christian Squires, by his sister, Joan Arline Squires-Lind, by his daughter in law Nikki Vroom, by his grand-daughter Eva Vroom Squires, by his nephew Jason Mark Alexander Lind and by his niece Vanessa Alexandra Antonia Lind.    He is also dearly missed by a great gathering of friends, several of whom viewed him as a surrogate father.

We remember him as a gentle man.

[Shared by Julian P. Donahue, Kodai '58]