

Bryce Douglas McMurdo

March 8, 1947 – January 28, 2025

A lover of science, games, wine, good conversation, his family, and his many friends, Bryce lived a full and curious life, always seeking connection, challenge, and joy.

Bryce was born and raised in San Mateo, California, the son of Bernard and Laura McMurdo, the oldest brother to John and Mollie, and later a stepbrother to Linda, Steve, and Karen. He played trumpet in his high school band and carried that talent to the University of California at Santa Barbara, where he played with a traveling orchestra and earned a degree in physics.

What was meant to be a brief stint in Ohio turned into decades. There, he built a career in scientific computing at Lubrizol, taught technology courses at Case Western Reserve, and raised two daughters, Meredith and Lindsay, with his first wife, Joanne. He started collecting wine, excelled at racquetball, introduced his daughters to science, bodysurfing, and Leonard Cohen, and tried to adjust to the Midwest humidity without success.

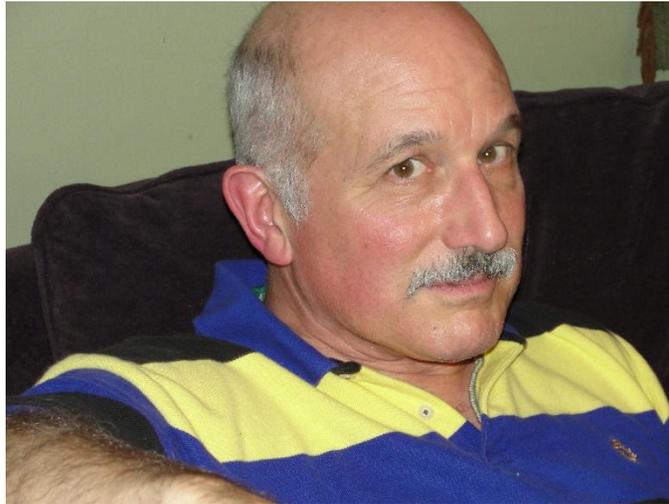
Eventually, the West called him back. He retired early, packed up his wine collection, and moved to Oregon, where he married Cindy, settled in Raleigh Hills, and embraced a second act marked by good food, lively friendships (his humor and generosity made him very good at collecting friends!), and the occasional overzealous wine club membership - wine that is still being delivered today. He became a stepdad to Colin, watched his daughters marry and start their careers, enjoyed the company of sons-in-law Kevin and Darien, and became a proud grandfather to Linus and Simon.

Bryce loved numbers and patterns—bridge, sudoku, chess, computers—and loved sharing that enthusiasm with others. He was a Life Master in bridge and a founding member of the Blazing Paddles Pickleball Club. He read every issue of Scientific American since 1966 (and kept them all until his final move forced him to give them away).

Even in his final year, after selling their home and moving to Terwilliger Plaza with Cindy, Bryce found ways to build community. He started a duplicate bridge club and a wine group, joined the science and movie committees, and kept making new friends with his wit, warmth, and endless curiosity.

He died at home on January 28, 2025, just a week shy of a year in his new home. He is deeply missed, lovingly remembered, and will be impossible to replace.

Bryce sent the message below out to his new community last year. We think he'd like his family and old friends to remember this side of him, too.



I can't let Poetry Month pass without contributing something by Leonard Cohen. I've considered him my personal muse since about 1966. He died in 2016 at the age of 82. He was a masterful poet/songwriter, a less masterful (but improved) singer, and a bad novelist, IMHO.

Bryce McMurdo

This is one of Leonard Cohen's poems, later adapted to song:

A Thousand Kisses Deep

Don't matter if the road is long, don't matter if it's steep, don't matter if the moon is gone and the darkness is complete, don't matter if we lose our way it's written that we'll meet, at least, that's what I heard you say a thousand kisses deep. I loved you when you opened like a lily to the heat you see, I'm just another snowman standing in the rain and sleet who loved you with his frozen love his second hand physique with all he is and all he was a thousand kisses deep. I know you had to lie to me, I know you had to cheat, you learned it on your father's knee and at your mother's feet, but did you have to fight your way across the burning street when all our vital interests lay a thousand kisses deep. I'm turning tricks, I'm getting fixed, I'm back on boogie street, I'd like to quit the business but I'm in it, so to speak, the thought of you is peaceful and the file on you complete except what I forgot to do a thousand kisses deep. Don't matter if you're rich and strong, Don't matter if you're weak, Don't matter if you write a song the nightingales repeat, don't matter if it's nine to five or timeless and unique, you ditch your life to stay alive a thousand kisses deep. The ponies run the girls are young the odds are there to beat, you win a while, and then it's done your little winning streak, and summon now to deal with your invincible defeat you live your life as if it's real a thousand kisses deep. I hear their voices in the wine that sometimes did me seek, the band is playing Auld Lang Syne but the heart will not retreat, there's no forsaking what you love no existential leap as witnessed here in time and blood a thousand kisses deep.