

Former MTC Member Killed in Arizona Accident

Barbara Hamaluk, a former member of the Maine Track Club, died Friday, Oct. 16, from injuries sustained when she was struck by a car while jogging in Tucson, Arizona. She moved to Tucson from Portland last year to work at Arizona Mail Order Company. She lived in Portland during the previous 15 years, the last 10 of which she worked at L.L. Bean.

Barb had completed a number of marathons, including Boston, New York and New Orleans. She also competed in triathlons, including the Ironman Triathlon in Hawaii. Several months before her death, she was injured when she was hit by a car while bicycling.

Hamaluk Barbara 11 1992



Barbara Hamaluk & her parents at Highland Lake in 1985

Eulogy for Barbara Hamaluk

The red Casco Bay Marathon long-sleeve t-shirt with its cascade of seals and buoy markers lies ensconced in my dank Portland cellar. It holds the oily axle grease odor of Portland's only triathalon. Barbara and I were there. Purple from the swim, I handed her the shirt. Our eyes met in a "blood-brother" ritual that cemented a friendship that has not ended.

Yes, Barbara's time on earth was abruptly ended on an early morning run in October. But her image, her thoughts and her emotions are alive in my mind - a gift from my fellow traveler.

An accomplished marathon runner, a knee injury sent her into the world of triathalons. On her trip to her mother and father's homeland of Poland, she reveled in the mountainous terrain climbing to the peaks. Similarly, her relationship with the grueling endurance event, the Hawaii Ironman, piqued her Slavic soul and spirit.

I thank Barbara for her enduring inspirational support in this short stream of life we shared. Her energy continues with me and all her Maine friends.

I would like to include the following paragraph from Valerie Andrew's book *The Psychic Power of Running*.

"The awareness of our temporary tenure here on earth creeps poignantly into an occasional run and deepens our appreciation of this life. It comes as a thick, sensuous feeling of being wrapped in a body that is part of the continuously changing fund of matter, of sticks and stones, flesh and bones."

Or as a piercing melancholy that illuminates the edges of existence, described by poet Roger Eischens in *Run to Reality*:

Running
talking of the fear of dying
and the sudden and continuing realization
that my friends and I will soon be gone
Even the earth is temporary
My friend is drained by the burden
of looking death in the eye
Having experienced his mortality so clearly
he can never fool himself again.
He talks of feeling alone
of wanting to relate closely
about energy ties between friends
the importance of community
ties to the life energy of the earth
Reality grows...
A glimpse caught of death
A realization of intimacy
We run on
Lengthening the time of our closeness.