

balls-out skier, pedal-to-the-metal mountain biker, and ultra-competent ice climber. His wacky sense of humor and buoyant spirit inspired me, as well as the scouts. I can still hear the laugh he'd give when he got in a tense situation—whoooooahhhhh.

A native of Minnesota, Rich climbed extensively in Yosemite in the 1970s. He and Lou Dawson did their first El Capitan route, the Dihedral Wall, in 1973. The hardest thing they did together was the second ascent of the Hallucinogen Wall in the Black Canyon of the Gunnison River in 1981. At the time it was the hardest aid climb in the Black, and had such a scary aura that no one wanted to repeat it. Rich was always proud of being part of the duo that took some of the foreboding away by doing the second ascent. Another of his accomplishments was a first ascent, the Dawson-Jack Route on the Diamond on the east face of Longs Peak in Rocky Mountain National Park, in the summer of 1975.

His adventurous spirit took him to the Canadian Rockies to ice climb, to Moab to mountain bike, and to Crested Butte and Aspen to ski. Professionally, he was a highly respected critical-care nurse and supervisor in the Intensive Care Unit at Boulder Community Hospital for over 20 years. His skills saved countless lives and his compassion comforted patients and families coping with end-of-life issues.

Due to medical issues, he retired from climbing and turned his energy and drive to long-distance motorcycle riding. Always hardcore at whatever he did, he completed two trips from Boulder to Alaska and crossed the Arctic Circle on both the Dempster and Dalton Highways. He'd ride in snow, sleet, and hail, always in full-on motorcycle safety regalia.

Around this time, he met and married the love of his life, C.J. Joplin. He was as happy as I had ever seen him, was looking forward to retirement, and was dreaming of riding his bike to the southern tip of South America. His dream was cut short when a deer jumped in front of his motorcycle, throwing him off his bike into the path of an on-coming truck.

This summer friends and family will be trekking into Chasm Lake near Longs Peak to scatter his ashes. *Vaya con Dios, mi hermano.*

SALLY MOSER

CHRISTIAN WILLIAM PRUCHNIC, 1968–2010

Chris Pruchnic died on November 20 as the result of an accident while climbing the All Mixed Up route on Thatchtop Mountain, in Rocky Mountain National Park.

A graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, Pennsylvania (where he was born), Chris received his master's degree in archaeology from Denver University. His love of travel and interest in exploring other cultures took him on adventures touching all seven continents. He used his degree in archaeology to learn about history and cultures wherever he traveled, whether under the ocean or high in the mountains.

It was through his work as an archaeologist that Chris came by the name by which many in the climbing community knew him: Haliku, Zuni for bighorn sheep. Chris earned the nickname through his fearlessness and love of climbing. Many of us are familiar with the Haliku pictogram that Chris used as the logo for his company, Haliku Adventures.



Christian Pruchnic. Barry Reese

Chris participated in and led a number of expeditions to remote locations to attempt classic high-altitude peaks. A list of his climbing exploits can be found on summitpost.org/users/haliku/16437.

Chris described himself as mountain climber, ultrarunner, scuba instructor, world traveler, and student of life. To us he was a partner, son, brother, friend, teacher, and colleague. Chris was known and loved for his indomitable spirit, incredible generosity, genuine caring, impressive talent, and dedication in all that he applied himself to. Chris was never known to give anything less than his best effort, be it a personal accomplishment or assisting others. For example, in October 2010 he ran his first 100-mile race, the Boulder 100, and finished in eighth place.

Chris joined the AAC in 2003 and became Colorado's Front Range Chair in 2008. Professionally, he was Manager of Disaster Preparedness and Risk Management at Qwest, and was an Advanced Open Water Instructor with Denver Divers. His interests extended well beyond these official roles. He volunteered at many events including the AAC's Exit Strategies conference, cooking at the Teton Climbers' Ranch for Iranian exchange participants, organizing trips to Ouray, and co-organizing the Lumpy Ridge trail repair in October. He could be found at many AAC events promoting new memberships.

Chris embodied the concept of life-long learning and never passed up an opportunity for new experiences or relationships. He lived as he encouraged others to: "Get out and explore the world!" He took every opportunity to share his enthusiasm, experiences, and knowledge with those around him. He was an active participant in online communities, where he is remembered for his unfailing good humor and willingness to offer assistance wherever he could. He shared many of his stories on his blog, halikuadventures.wordpress.com.

Never without plans, Chris would have gone to Romania later in November, would have participated in the Iranian-American Alpine Club exchange in Iran in June, and would have been with his family and friends on Kilimanjaro in October. Among his future plans was Annapurna IV; a possible return to Denali, which he summited in 2009; travel in South America to improve his Spanish and climb more extensively in Ecuador and neighboring countries; and a possible move overseas. Whatever the future was to bring, we can be sure that Chris would have filled it with adventure.

Chris was unforgettable; his indomitable spirit will live on in all those whose he touched and enriched by his presence. He will be missed forever and remembered by so many. Thank you, Chris, for being you and for touching our lives in the many ways you did, for your enthusiasm, love and unfailing support.

Chris is survived by his parents Dr. William F. and Carol Ann (Urbas) Pruchnic; brother, Timothy F.; and me, his partner.

CAROLYN M. WALLACE