



Joseph Arrazola

June 18, 1933 - April 20, 2021

Here is a poem called The Dash, written by Linda Ellis. It discusses the importance of embracing each and every day of our lives. After each of us passes away, we will be remembered by two notable dates: our birth date and our death date, separated by a dash in between. That tiny dash mark represents all of the time we lived on this earth. How will we spend the time we have? How will we make the most of every single moment? The “Dash” in between is what truly matters in life.

Thoughts about this Dash and what it represents for Joe, that tiny dash and of course, the first thing that came to mind was the hundred yard dash in track and field. A quick search via the internet and see what was said, it fit our Joe perfectly.

100 Yard Dash –

“This sounds like potential for greatness. However, if you are not prepared, you might have to settle for good, or even pretty good. But who wants to settle for good? You want to be great! If you want to be a dangerous sprinting machine, you have to work extremely hard and have a realistic understanding of how to run the 100m faster than your competition.”

That’s how Joe lived life, he wanted to set up all his athletes for greatness to be powerful, strong, and explosive! The later part in his life dealing with Cancer and Parkinson’s, Joe was such a courageous fighter. He looked at Cancer as a difficult sport that made him work harder to be more successful in fighting! He loved life and it really showed. Through it all he remained a great father, grandfather, brother, mentor, coach, and most of all friend to many.

Survived by:

2 brothers, David Martinez and Max Martinez Jr

4 daughters and sons in law, Joella & Bob Keys, Karla & Kelly Doud, Leslie & Daniel Stone, and Schakara & Ray Tiscareno

11 Grandchildren Ryan, Nicolle, Kevin, Lindsey, Doug, Elizabeth, Alycia, Alex, Stacia, Samara and Muki

17 Great Grandchildren Aidan, Sean, Iris, Anthony, Eli, Cade, Aubrey, Annalise, Mathew, Adam, Harper, Sammy, Adam, Libby, Alex, Gemma & Lexi. And numerous more kids and parents that adopted Joe as part of their family.

There are not enough words to describe how wonderful he was and the difference Coach Joe made in so many lives, is amazing. He was truly a great man and will be sorely missed.

The services will be held at:

Romero Funeral Home

15150 E Iliff Ave

Aurora CO 80014

Rosary at 9:30 A.M.

Mass to follow

Cemetery

Ft. Logan National Cemeter

3698 S. Sheridan Blvd.

Denver, CO, 80235

Events

MAY **Rosary** 09:30AM

5

Romero Family Funeral Home

15150 E Iliff Ave, Aurora, CO, US, 80014-4553

MAY **Funeral Mass** 10:00AM

5

Romero Family Funeral Home

15150 E Iliff Ave, Aurora, CO, US, 80014-4553

Comments



“ In 1971, I was the cross country and track coach at Lakewood High School. I got to know Joe because he and his camera were everywhere. One day he suggested to me that we organize a national track meet for high school seniors to be run right after most seniors have graduated. We decided to get it sanctioned so we called Ollan Cassell the director of track and field at the AAU.

Ollan told us it was a great idea and asked us to include 19 year olds, college freshmen. If we did, he would use it as the qualifying meet to form a National Junior team to compete in Europe that summer. The Europeans compete in that age group, but Americans had never participated because we did not have a way to select participants.

Joe and I agreed and I became the meet director of the first ever National Junior Men's Track and Field Championships, Ollan, Joe, and I were its founders, but the big idea was Joe's.

Rest In Peace.

Pat Conroy

Pat Conroy - October 25 at 09:42 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Tim Carlson - May 05 at 02:39 PM



“ My memory. There used to be a road race that started and finished at Arapahoe High school, a five mile loop with 3 major hills. It was a beast of a course and in the high 80's for a 10 mile race June of 1970. Back then So Colorado Blvd was in the middle of nowhere, no houses, no businesses just a road paved two lanes wide in each direction the few cars driving were on a single lane. I was trying to catch Joe going up the monster hill on So Colo Blvd. I knew Joe was in trouble as he was weaving all the way from one side of the road to the other, going more distance sideways than forward. He was on the far left edge of the roads shoulder then and then weave all the way back to the left side. It's the reason I was able to catch him. Right at the crest of the hill, we are running 5th and 6th place in the race.

“Joe are you all right?” I ask (a stupid question-I knew he wasn't all right)

Joe says, “Where are we?” I say, “We are almost at the 7 mile mark.” Joe says, “Where ARE we?” “Joe we are running the Arapahoe 10 miler.” “WHERE ARE WE?” he again asks. This is sending up a million red flags. “Joe we are in Denver Colorado running a 10 mile race,” As we are now going downhill Joe is on the far left running on the shoulder of Colo Blvd, I am just next to him. Every time he thinks about weaving, I have him boxed in, he starts hitting my arm and pushing on my shoulder, he wanted to go right. I'm pushing him back. I shout, “JOE WE NEED TO STOP!” (Knowing Joe you know THAT didn't even get a response)

I don't know if it was a divine intervention but just then a race official speeds past us honking his horn in his white Chevy station wagon, turns east onto County Line road, and before the car has come to a full stop people are jumping out of the doors, as Joe approaches they toss him a huge wet sponge and 3 strides later they hand him a cup of water, I had to break stride to get behind Joe to get my water and when I finally looked up Joe was up the next hill, he was one tough runner. He finished the race in second place, yes he passed three runners in the last two and a half miles. Joe was on the ground shivering and covered with a blanket when I finished. A few minutes later the ambulance with the siren blaring, the red and blue lights flashing screeched to a stop, right in front of me. It was the first time I had ever seen a runner taken to the hospital after a race. It was a horrible event to watch, and to be a part of.

Results 10 Mile Arapahoe 1- Brent Weigner Cheyenne Wy 1:00:36.5

2- Joe Arrazola Aurora Track Club 1:02:13.5

3- Lee Courkamp unattached 1:02:31.5

4-Al Hoffman Denver Track Club 1:02:38.0

5- Tom Berger unattached 1:03:13.0

A few weeks later I heard that Joe was the opposite of a diabetic; he had too much sugar/ glycogen in his system. I wonder if that was true. I wondered what you do for that. I had never heard of anything like that, but I was just a 20 year old kid. I have no idea how long it took for Joe to recover, but I suspect that it took several years for him to get his Mo Joe back.

Joe running a 10 mile race over a hilly course, with heat stroke and battling hyperglycemia on that June morning in 1970 was the closest I ever finished to him in a race.

Joe Arrazola, one of a kind....he will be missed. TS Berger

T.S. Berger - April 30 at 11:50 AM



“ Omg!!! My dad!! Thank you so much for sharing

Leslie Stone - April 30 at 12:10 PM



“ Tom, thanks for sharing. Great tribute! I remember running the Joe Arrazola 5 Mile in Washington Park. So fitting he had a race named after him. RIP Joe. ♂

Brent Weigner - May 03 at 06:25 AM