May 19, 1992

Dear Professor Cappe,

Here is the Hillhead tape - it's an extra so please keep it. Also, I've enclosed the MT story, my parents' letter to the community, and my letter to friends following my Easter catharsis. Enjoy them!

I did have a ticket when I got back to my car. I have found out subsequently that I should ask for visitors pass in such situations. I had parked where we always park for speaking engagements but didn't realize I only had a 'C' lot pass. At any rate, I would appreciate you helping me get this waived.

I presume you saw Sunday's paper. Rather bold of the newswoman I thought! I'm very happy with the article. As you will see from the letter, it capsulizes the events well.

My phone # is 568-3724 and we are at 18 E. 56th St. Hope to have you visit sometime!

Much love,

Michel Kacemans
AIDS: A bittersweet trip back home

By Rhonda Parks
News-Press Staff Writer

S COBEY, MONT. — Mitch Kincannon is home, really home. His mother, Irene, is in the kitchen preparing pot roast, mashed potatoes and gravy, and bread made from scratch. She's already baked caramel rolls — his favorite — for the morning.

Kincannon's snowy-haired, 67-year-old father Don, is sipping a beer at the kitchen table, reading the Billings Gazette as fall's golden sunlight begins to fade in Big Sky Country.

Mitch Kincannon joins his father at the table, sharing with his parents news of what's new at Heath House in Santa Barbara, where Mitch lives with five other men who have AIDS.

One would think that in the Plains of Montana, people wouldn't take kindly to the disease, that they'd reject or shun the Kincannons. But for this Roman Catholic family and most of the 1,000 people of Scobey, Mitchell Kincannon and his disease are accepted.

While strolling Scobey's downtown — a three-block stretch of Main Street — Kincannon is greeted by Bev, who operates the fabric store and dry cleaners, by Burt, whose family owns the town's weekly newspaper, and by Ginger, the auburn-haired barkeep and owner of Ginger's Bar.

Kincannon was born in this wheat-growing region, attended the only local school, delivered the newspaper, attended church here. Everywhere Kincannon goes the people here know him, the women greeting him with a hug, the men with a shake of the hand. They ask how he is doing, sincerity and concern etched on their faces.

The town's acceptance of AIDS is partly due to a letter distributed by the Kincannons to townpeople one day in January 1990.

It was the toughest letter the Kincannon family would ever write. That's why the messages were hand delivered on a Friday night, so Irene Kincannon's coworkers, her customers at the bank where she works, and the other people in town could spend the weekend thinking about the news.

"Our family feels the timing is proper to share with you the fact..."

See KINCANNON, Page A 16
Mitch Kincannon and his mother Irene chat over a lowering plate of his favorite homemade cookies — ginger creams.

Kincannon

Continued from Page A 1

that a member of our family was some time ago diagnosed as having AIDS," the letter began. "This is Mitch, the third oldest of the boys."

Passages from the three-page letter include:

We have known for many years Mitch was gay. He decided he would not hide it and told everyone shortly after entering college. Those were very trying and difficult times for Mitch, and difficult for us to understand at first.

"We learned a good lesson in developing an open mind and accepting people for who they are, rather than what we want them to be. What we all know for sure is that we loved each other and he has always had our family support and acceptance since.

"Education and love took place and we worked through it all.

"We hope you handle this news intelligently and help pass the word around that AIDS is not a death sentence."

Mitch's father, Don, welcomes his son home to Montana with a loving embrace at the Wolf Point Airport early this month.

Mitch Kincannon's father, Don, welcomes his son home to Montana with a loving embrace at the Wolf Point Airport early this month.

Mitch said he heard about one another. Clark native treatments. They talked of. Scooby "He had no much home and worried his heart.

"It's wonderful," he said of his visits with brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles, nephews and old school chums. Of the hours spent eating and talking at the kitchen table. Of the midday naps, the evenings in front of the TV.

"I used to think about getting out of the world," Kincannon said. "What I realize now is that Scooby is as much the real world as everywhere else.

Two days after Kincannon returned to Santa Barbara, he learned of the AIDS death of his 50th friend.

It was Paul Clark of Billings. Despondent but unable to cry, Kincannon sought solace from friends as soon as he got the news. He didn't drink, but on this occasion he accepted a glass of wine.

"We were linked because we were Montanans," Kincannon said, slumped forward on a couch. "Tonight he is number 50. What a milestone."

Clark's death makes Kincannon ponder his own.

"Each time there's one of these deaths it's a reminder of the one that came before it and in a way it's part of living my own. I just wonder when it all will end.

This is the second in a series of occasional stories on Mitch Kincannon, a Santa Barbara man who has AIDS. For this story, reporter Rhonda Parks and photographer Mike Elson traveled with Kincannon to his hometown in Montana.
Mitch Kincannon and his mother Irene chat over a towering plate of his favorite homemade cookies—ginger cookies.

Kincannon

Continued from Page A 1

Mitch Kincannon's list of friends who died of AIDS numbered 43. On this trip to Montana, he heard he'd lost four more. One of them, Mike, was a resident of Heath House, Kincannon's Santa Barbara home.

The phone call from Heath House to Mitch at his parents' home in Sycamore came, by the way, that afternoon. Mitch had ended a sleepless night and was still awake to somber skies and rain.

"It's not numbness, it's just," he said, "I don't know what it really is." He said, trying to put words to his re-"I'm feeling like this is a war situation."

Another death, the rain, and the vast, rolling prairie outside his parents' home were an inter-reflective moment.

"It's a melancholy day," Kincannon concluded. "I can't help all the loss. All the loss.""
Solid little town has deep roots in Big Sky Country

S COBEY, MONT. - Sometimes the swarms of grasshoppers get so thick that signs are posted advising drivers to beware of slick roads.

Scobey, population 1,000, is the largest town in Daniels County, wheat country 17 miles below the Canadian border.

In a back corner of the Leader, the county's weekly newspaper ("Little Newspaper Doing a Big Job"), publisher Larry C. Bowler, 55, pulls unfiltered Camels and hangs out the news on an old typewriter. He's been newspapering for 54 years.

"It's a single wire operation," he says. His brother is retired from the Billings Gazette. "He's a daily man — I'm a weekly man." Bowler tells a visitor.

His father, a watchmaker, acquired the newspaper in 1924, when the Leader's former editor got drunk one day, tossed the senior Bowler the keys and hopped a train out of town.

The news in Daniels County hasn't changed much over the years. Front-page news in the Leader includes wheat production numbers and who's had visitors from out of town. Inside is the latest on who's been admitted to the hospital.

The Montana sky is so big it overwhelms the senses, the land so vast it appears to curve on the horizon. Golden wheat stubble covers the flat plain as far as the eye can see. Pronghorn antelope graze in the distance.

Here the folks don't lock their doors. They leave their car keys in the ignition when they bed down for the night.

Mitch Kincannon's oldest brother, Terry, runs Dutch Henry's Club, a bar in Ponderosa, about 15 minutes away. When he is working out back, Terry leaves a note telling customers to help themselves and leave their money on the bar.

Scobey's one liquor store is located in the back of Tande's Toggery, a men's clothing store. Dr. Fritz, a family doctor, shares a storefront with the Scobey Rexall, a pharmacy and hardware store.

In the back room at the Ponderosa Bar, men play a friendly game of poker in a room stacked high with cases of beer.

Montana nights can be as dark as the inside of a coffin, except when the mysterious northern lights spilt across the sky.

In the 1700s, Scobey was bison country, home to the Sioux and other Plains Indians. In 1832, fur
Dear Friends and Associates:

Our family feels the timing is proper to share with you the fact that a member of our family was some time ago diagnosed as having AIDS. This is Mitch, the third oldest of the boys. Over a year and a half ago Mitch was home and called the family together to tell us. At that time he was diagnosed with ARC and was undergoing and apprehensively awaiting test results. Then this last year in June, a year later, he came down with pneumocystis pneumonia and became very ill. At that point it was confirmed and he was diagnosed with AIDS.

Our primary reason for letting you know about this in this fashion (by letter) is because it would be very time consuming to take each individual aside and person-to-person explain these circumstances over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and ... well, you get the point. We would start feeling like our responses were prerecorded and nothing more than a tape recording.

It's not that we mind discussing it whatsoever, it's a matter of letting Mitch's old friends, and our neighbors and friends all know together in timely fashion as efficiently as possible. It's our hope that word will pass quickly along with a basic understanding of the situation so that if anyone wishes to discuss the matter out of curiosity, fear, support, or for whatever reason, we can do so intelligently without being quite so repetitious sounding.

One aspect that we would like to make crystal clear is that we appreciate your thoughts and support but do not solicit your sympathy. We do not wish to be plagued by feelings of sympathy from others when we don't even feel sorry for ourselves. We have experienced death in our family before and fortunately our family holds what we feel is a mature, healthy, and positive attitude about it. This is not to say we don't share in some degree everyone's natural fear of death and the unknown, and, while we certainly do contemplate as to what is actually on the other side, we simply do not care to waste time focusing and dwelling on it. We would much rather progressively continue developing and fostering a positive outlook on both life and death.

Mitch's mother spent two weeks with him while he was hospitalized in Santa Barbara when he became ill last June. He lost 45 pounds in the month of May. He was on oxygen for about a week. She was very impressed with the excellent care he was receiving.

Dr. Hosea was his Specialist and a very warm and human person, hugging his patients and supporting them emotionally as well as medically. He is very proficient in his knowledge of the disease. While she was there one night a Jesuit was there to see Mitch and Dr. Hosea came in and said he realized there is still a lot of fear and that education is needed so he volunteered to go speak at the Novitiate. It was learned
later that it was quite well done and well received by the Jesuits and the Novices, many of who Mitch knows. Mitch stayed at the Novitiate for some time during his recuperation after his hospitalization.

His mother also went along to the AIDS clinic that Mitch was to visit once a week. There she met another patient's mother, other AIDS patients, Dr. Gersof, and JoAnn a counselor running the AIDS CAP Program. Since Mitch had been on the road for some time and they hadn't seen him for awhile Dr. Gersof and JoAnn both found it impossible to hold back tears once they saw how sick he was. Dr. Gersof had said Mitch was his star patient. They had started him out on AZT the year before and even though his T cells were low he had been doing very well and had been quite stable throughout the year. Most patients can't take it for a year. The opportunistic diseases seem independent of that.

The doctor said that Mitch, not being an alcohol or drug user, and basically being a hard worker and keeping regular hours in the past, are all in his favor. He has become very close friends with JoAnn and it is evident that these are very dedicated people and have been touched by Mitch's gifted personality.

We've known for many years that Mitch was gay. He decided he would not hide it and told everyone shortly after entering college. Those were very trying and difficult times for Mitch accepting his feelings as bisexual, and, difficult for us to understand at first also. We learned a good lesson in developing and open mind and accepting people for who they are rather than what we want them to be. What we all know for sure was that we loved each other and he has always had our family support and acceptance since. Education and love took place and we worked through it all.

As most of you know, Mitch manages the Royal Liechtenstein Quarter Ring Circus, a traveling troop of actors that perform a variety of skills through opinionated comedy, around the United States. They are a Jesuit based operation originated by Nick Weber a Jesuit priest and still with the show. Although Mitch did not go on the road with the show when it started it's new season in August, he still plans to do the bookings.

Mitch is presently staying in the country close to Sacramento with Bev, a close friend of his who owns land there. She was a real estate agent in Santa Barbara, did volunteer work for the Jesuits, and that's where Mitch met her. She was with him when he was diagnosed with AIDS. She was also an RN and has had experience with AIDS patients and wants him to stay with her. He is still on AZT. She has an extra apartment on her property that we are welcome to come stay in anytime.

We have checked locally to see what the limitations for care are here and in the State of Montana, should Mitch ever be home and fall sick. At this point in time he is doing great. His strength is back and he has even gained weight. He feels good and is joking again like always. One good thing
about opportunistic diseases such as Kaposi Sarcoma(cancer) or pneumocystis pneumonia which AIDS victims are highly susceptible to, is that they are now individually treatable whereas 5 years ago they weren't. This delays his death and gives him more time.

Mitch has touched a lot of lives in his travels around the world. He has brought light and laughter to many, many people in his time. He is a special person and his life's work is a special and unique ministry. He has our total love and support.

It is our hope that our friends and neighbors and community will come one step closer to being educated about this disease that in the future may very well touch you through friends or relatives and more than you probably allow yourselves to realize. We hope you can handle this news intelligently and help pass the word along in a responsible manner. We ask for your thoughts and prayers for Mitch and thank you for your help and understanding.

The Kincannon Family
Dear Friends,

This latest article came out on Easter Sunday but the interview was done on Monday before Easter, preceding the strange and incredible story I now share with you. This is why I asked you to read the article first. I've not personally written to each one of you. I find it easiest to share in this form all that has taken place and not forget certain elements of the experience I've had over Easter each time I tell it.

On Holy Thursday about noon-time, we were having a tea/visit here at Heath House with Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington who was touring several socially-conscious projects in Santa Barbara for her husband's political campaign. (You may have read one of her many published books--the latest is Picasso, Creator and Destroyer). As she walked out the door those of us present had a wonderful moment of "high" because we knew she had grasped and understood what we were sharing about AIDS. The phone rang and Debbie (House-manager) answered. She came to me with absolute fear etched on her face and said, "Mitch, it's for you." I answered and Steve Hosea, my doctor, informed me the previous day's blood work was positive for cryptococcal meningitis, a virulent yeast/fungus which surfaces in immune-suppressed people. I/We went from an incredible "high" to the depths of "low".

I had tried to imagine what this day would be like and here it was now. I was in shock--we all were--in what I now call the "OH MY GOD" stage. The conversation continued; some of it registering, some not. I do remember hearing the words treatable and curable. I remember the biggest fear was that it could be in my spinal fluid and, therefore, possibly my brain. I remember that, of two drugs available, the more effective intravenous Amphotericin B (called Ampho-Terrible by all) is a form of chemotherapy and produced very nasty side effects in my friend Dan. I feared it more than the cryptococcal meningitis. I also remember asking Dr. Hosea if I could wait until Easter Monday or was time of the essence? In that request, I found myself lamenting, "I want to go to Easter mass!" Later, I realized I was reverting to what seemed safe in my childhood. As a child, Easter and the mystery of church was comforting; safe. Reality hit quickly--I doubted whether I could even find a liturgy in this town that would speak to me at this crisis point in my life!

Thus began a surreal journey for myself and those around me. I felt like Alice In Wonderland where nothing was as it should be. I'd followed the rabbit through the hole and all was topsy-turvy.

That evening, as I lay in my bed, I slept very little. I did some free-flowing visualization work which opened up a flood of positive images coming in so quickly I could barely hang on to the images--one was my father who died last year. He said, "You are not ready to come over yet, you have work to do. You will recover." My entire body sighed deeply after hearing him but I also knew it did not mean I wouldn't have to go through the struggle with this infection.

The surreal atmosphere continued on Good Friday. The doctors, the Heath House staff, and I had moved out of the "OH MY GOD" panic. I started the oral medicine, called Diflucan, which has a 70-75% success rate. There was a 90%
chance that the infection was already in my spinal fluid given the titer ratio (1 in 16,000) measurement which determined the diagnosis. (Negative is good. For a positive ratio of even 1 in 2, treatment is started.) Blood work on Tuesday would tell if the drug was effective. If not, a spinal tap would take place and Ampha-Terrible would be used. My day was spent jumping back and forth between an all-encompassing knowing and tremendous fear.

A visit from my dear Minnesota cousin Libby, planned for the following week, was moved up and she arrived Friday evening. Her first statement was not even hello, it was "You look terrible." And I did. I had begun a soul-searching journey which took me to the darkest, most fearful side and the most light-filled, blessed side of my spirit. The sense of urgency was completely overwhelming. I felt it essential to work through as much emotional baggage as absolutely possible before my physical body would begin to heal.

That evening at Henry's Beach (my favorite beach), Libby and I watched the sunset. As we started to leave, I had a panic attack. I was certain, with high tide approaching us rapidly, we would not make it back to safety. All my worst fears manifested themselves in those panicked moments--I KNEW the infection was in my brain. I KNEW I was dying. I KNEW this was the beginning of the spiral downward. Logic and rationale tossed and tumbled in the waves.

Later, in the comfort of my own bed, I consciously chose to enter my fear however I could. Once again, it was essential to my health. Just as they had before, the visual images began to flow quickly. However, this time I saw and confronted frightful, warped faces grabbing at me and blocking my way. As soon as I recognized the fear, the faces dissipated and fear became illusion. One powerful visual image which remains for me was seeing myself traveling in a black-gray, dimly-lit tube. To my left, I was aware of evenly-spaced bumps on the tube wall. Suddenly, I knew I was in my spinal column. A hair-raising fear overtook me--I didn't know if I was moving up or moving down the spinal column! If I was going up, I knew without a doubt, the cryptococcus was in my brain. This image ended without me working through the fear and, given the events of the next 72 hours, there was no way I could have faced it then--the unfolding experiences needed to happen to me first.

You wouldn't have recognized me Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday. My mind detached completely and my heart opened more fully than I ever experienced before. My speech pattern changed radically. I "tuned or zoned out" mid-sentence much of the time. At one point, Libby asked if I were not talking about my feelings anymore. (We usually do alot.) I answered, "I feel like one big feeling; like my body is one giant emotion." I opened the closet door so completely on my emotions and the force was so great I could not shut the door again. A sense of Pandora's Box mixed with ecstatic excitement was ever-present. What would be next? A flash of anger? A peaceful joy? Love? A simple, loving embrace of myself and the world around me? All of it happened--and it happened over and over. So much insight flowed around and through me. For those of you who can understand, I was a channel for as much as I possible could handle--even in my vulnerable state.
Easter Sunday brought a mixture of surging emotions again. We were entering new territory with this latest article—my spirituality. An Easter greeting on my message machine from Debbie triggered sobbing tears. We often hear people say, "I'm not ready to die." I rocked back and forth on my bed sobbing, "I'm not ready to be sick." That evening, Barry, a 1st year resident doctor who is a dear friend as well as the Heath House doctor, Libby, and I sat on the front porch concerned over what was happening to me. At one point, Barry said to me, "You have done all this great, positive work. But I have to say, and I'm talking as your doctor now, I have seen your health progressively deteriorate in the past 6 months. Mitch, you have to realize you are a very sick man with AIDS right now." Believe me, this was difficult to hear. It hit hard. In my dreams I struggled with Barry the entire night—HOW DARE he tell me I was sick! Who was HE to know what and where I was inside my body! Only I could REALLY know!

I awoke on Monday and, somehow, I knew I had resolved the night's struggle. Barry's message had gotten through. I accepted the fact that, indeed, I was very sick. I tested myself. When I push myself too far physically a heaviness builds in my chest. This indication of too much stress would act as my gauge. I put my shirt and pants on—and felt it. So I rested until the heaviness subsided. I made my bed—and had to rest again. a 10 minute project took me 75 minutes to accomplish. I had observed physical compromise in all the residents and now, very possibly, my turn in facing it had arrived. Could I handle it? The weakness increased.

I felt I had entered the eye of the storm—a little reprieve before the next onslaught. It was dead-calm. When I went downstairs, I shared this feeling with Debbie. She said later, "You looked absolutely awful. I thought to myself, We're losing him." A volunteer took one look at me and had to go out back and cry. I tried to eat a late breakfast even though it was an ordeal.

Dr. Barry called. The last cryptococcus antigen test done on me before this positive one had been over a year. I thought it had been done recently. I was panicked. Visual changes, headaches, and stiff neck are meningitis symptoms and I've had some visual problems for quite awhile. We decided to hospitalize me, do a spinal tap, and start Amphotericin. So much for a lasting "eye of the storm!" I went to pack a few things and had to laugh when Debbie asked if I was taking any practical things? Perhaps, my toothbrush might be a good idea? I was packing only emotional support-type things such as music, crystals, books that inspired me, etc.!!

I must say, I felt a little better. The past few days had been an uneasy limbo. Now we were into action. I was admitted through emergency. After a dilemma over whether-or-not I should have mom come from Montana, I had Debbie call her. I realized I've included mom every step of the way with AIDS and I wanted her to be here with me. Blood was taken and Barry did the spinal tap while Libby helped me stay in the fetal position. We had no problems. He was happy the fluid was clear and sent it for lab tests.
I was taken to my room where the wait for the lab results began. The Ampho-Terrible was started intravenously, along with several counter-symptom drugs. The treatment would last 3 hours. Libby sat with me and Debbie was in and out. An hour into the Ampho, Barry called and said, "Good news! The spinal fluid was negative--no cryptococcus in it(my brain was okay!). Also, your blood work is finished.

Your ratio count has dropped so far into the negative it's immeasurable! We must have gotten it early and the Diflucan worked!" He hung up. I closed my eyes, sighed the biggest sigh of relief ever, and said a silent thank you to God, to the universe, to myself. It was reprieve! It was resurrection! Libby, Debbie, and I exclaimed, "A miracle has taken place!" As Debbie took her leave, I said, "The Diflucan worked, but also what I went through this weekend." We all agreed on that!

Later, as the Ampho treatment was finishing, we played a song called Strange Angels by Laurie Anderson, a performance artist. I first heard it in the film The Doctor--a story about a heart surgeon who, through his own trial with throat cancer, becomes a much more humane, loving person and doctor. For me, a dance scene in the film between him and a woman with an inoperable brain tumor captures the essence of the film; living each moment to the absolute fullest.

The music began. Suddenly, an odd feeling came over me. My body literally began to dance in bed. Short, jerky movements and then I started to moan and sigh. My chest lifted off the bed trying to fill space, expanding as fully as my physical shell would allow. I experienced tear-shaped wisps of white light/spirits flowing around me, surrounding me with ecstasy, profound peace, and comfort. I said to myself, "Dan(my dear friend who died in Oct.) has sent me the angels!"

At one point I thought, "Libby must think I'm having a seizure due to the Ampho-Terrible." I opened my eyes and saw incredible fear in hers. I smiled at her to let her know everything was okay and closed my eyes again. Later, she said she was just about ready to call the nurses! Near the song's end, I saw myself walking away with my head turned back over my right shoulder and I was waving goodbye. I focused on the image I was waving to and this is what I saw: All my friends who have died were there waving goodbye to me. My dad, Hildegard of Bingen, Peter, Dan Bill, Paul, Dave, Nona, and so many, many more. Though there was a sense of actual figures, it was more a deep, profound sense of their presence--and they were all smiling big, full smiles. Words came to me, "We've given you a glimpse!"

On Tuesday morning, Dr. Hosea told me the medical staff was baffled and confused with the dramatic blood test reversal. I responded, "Well, let me tell you about my weekend and last night!" I shared my tale and ended by saying, yes, the Diflucan worked, but what I had been through spiritually and emotionally worked also. He answered, "If you were to ask my professional opinion, I would say it was what you experienced this past weekend. The drug
could not have brought about such a quick, extreme reversal chemically." (He is a spiritual man who believes, through his medical work, he is called to helping people with AIDS as part of his life journey.)

Later, after an MRI (a cat scan is similar) to make absolutely sure there were no brain lesions, abnormalities, or signs of infection, he returned to my room and said, "I have good news, and... I have good news! Mitch, you have a perfect brain! And, you can go home!" He also said the medical staff had decided my original blood work must have been a false-positive. It would go into the charts that way. I half-kidded him, "Could you put false-positive-slash-miracle on it??!!" We had a reverent moment of silence in the room—a quiet peacefulness while the sacredness of what had transpired over the past six days was acknowledged by both of us. Finally, I turned to him and remarked, "I'm not sure what all this was about or where it takes me—but I do know it's going to be exciting. A new part of the journey for me!" He agreed, gave me a big hug, and left.

I prepared for a Heath House volunteer to come get me. Marcus, a dear friend who had first taken me to the hospital, arrived saying, as he walked into the room, "It's out on the streets! Mitch has a perfect brain!"

Needless to say, that line has been quoted many times since!

Wednesday, the House was filled with such joy. For once, one of us had beat the odds. Hope lingered at the edges of our joy but hope is passive. With belief, imagine what might be able to be done with HIV infection! I acutely recognize this experience has been a gift given to me and, though, I do not know where this gift will take me, I will honor it as fully as I can. I do know this "thread of truth" has to do with reclaiming who I am; claiming my own unique power. It also is about finding what is true and what speaks that truth to me. I am listening to that call.

Did or didn't I have cryptococcus? It will always remain a mystery. I DID have something which caused the symptoms and triggered the crazy ratio count. It's possible that other antibiotics I started right after the first blood samples were taken wiped out whatever it may have been. We do know they wouldn't have worked on cryptococcus.

Were the experiences I had a miracle? I use the word "healing" now. I accomplished this from within me—all the work I've done the past four years (if not my lifetime) came through for me steady and strong—my "tools" as I call them. To me, miracle somehow implies it came from the outside. I healed myself, if not physically, definitely spiritually and emotionally. I am the healing miracle. We are all. That is what the God-force is for me.

Was I "on the other side?" I do not feel I had a near-death experience. More so, I believe I was seeing it from another angle; a different dimension than where we observe our world and the universe. A glorious glimpse—Did it really happen? With all my body, heart, and soul, I say to you, "Yes."
GOOD TIME LUAU

November 16, 2014

Pilot lands disabled plane on Hwy. 101

By Jerry Casefield
News Press Staff Writer

A paramedic landed a disabled
plane with six people aboard on
Highway 101 near Galicia on
Saturday morning, bringing under
a power loss and landing in a
southbound lane of traffic ahead
of an accident involving a motorist.

The driver of the plane, 52-year-old
woman from Santa Barbara, said
when pilot Bill Burton-Goff of
Palo Alto, said the engine cut out
at about 8,000 feet.

The engine had been damaged
from flying through a thunder
storm.

Burton-Goff said he was able to
descent back to the Santa
Barbara Airport just south of the
Quinta Moody and that Burton-
Goff said he was able to make
evacuation landings.

As a result, the wing was cut.

We were able to stop at 9,000
feet, but we're not sure where
the best, said Burton-Goff, who
described the plane noise just
moments ago.

Burton-Goff said the slides
descented to about 1,000 feet
and was able to make contact.

See PLANE PACIFIC, page 12.

AIDS: One Man's Journey

Mitch's Story

A summer celebration of living

This is another in an occasional series
on the life of Mitch Kinnison, a Santa
Barbara man living with AIDS.

Toby’s Park

Santa Barbara Staff Writer

July 1994. For Mitch Kinnison, it
has been a month of milestones
and moments of joy.

He celebrated his 30th birthday on
June 24 in the United States,
and he received his bachelor's
degree in social work from
UCLA on June 28.

Kinnison, who is a native of
Santa Barbara, was one of the
first AIDS patients in the United
States to be diagnosed when he
was 18 years old.

Since then, he has traveled to
over 20 countries around the
world, and he has been a
pioneer in AIDS research.

He is the author of the book
"Living with AIDS." Kinnison

San Diego, CA

Body may be kidnap victim

Associated Press

NEWARK, N.J. — A body be-
died in the hot of running home
exercise on Sunday. A man was
found dead in a heated, indoor, clus-
ted center of northern New Jersey.

The identification of the body is
under investigation, and the scene
in the Newark area of West New-
ark is being searched.

See BODY, page 12.

Auto slams parked car; two killed

Santa Barbara News Press

Two people were killed in a brush
fire that started in the area of
Highway 101 and Santa Barbara
drive on Monday morning.

The driver of the car was not
identified, but the driver of the
brush fire was not identified.

See KINGANCE, page 12.
AIDS: ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

MITCH'S STORY

A summer celebration of living

This is another in an occasional series on the life ofMitch Kincannon, a Santa Barbara man living with AIDS.

By Rhonda Parks
News-Press Staff Writer

J une 1992. For Mitch Kincannon, it has been a month full of milestones. Monday, June 22 marks the fourth anniversary of Kincannon's AIDS diagnosis. For AIDS patients, living that long after diagnosis is indeed an achievement. Four years ago, AIDS patients rarely survived more than two years.

"I never dreamed I'd be one of those exceptional patients," Kincannon said. "I always thought I was a middle-of-the-road person, and here I am on the exceptional side."

Kincannon is looking thin, but well. And he's been out living—and celebrating—with gusto.

Late in May, he was a guest speaker at an AIDS conference in his home state of Montana. He returned in June to celebrate at Santa Barbara's Gay Pride prom, where 200 people dressed in all their finery delivered a standing ovation to Kincannon during the community awards ceremony.

The following weekend he attended a nighttime cruise and dance aboard the boat'Connor." The event was a fund-raiser for Heath House, where Kincannon lives with six others with AIDS. The next day, he sat at the Heath House fund-raising booth during the Gay Pride celebration at Oak Park, taking breaks now and then to dance with friends as his music played.

A county/western band played under a glowing sun.

In between, Kincannon attended Circus Vargas when it came to town. In 1979 he spent one year on the road with the troupe. Visits with old circus friends, and the smell of cotton candy, popcorn, and wild animals brought back memories of the good old days.

Next came the Summer Solstice Parade. Kincannon worked diligently on his costume. He was part of one of the parades' balloon bubbles complete with a giant beehive, outrageously costumed.

Mitch Kincannon and Dana Torres dance in the sunshine during the Gay Pride festival in Oak Park.

With a spool of thread attached to his head, Kincannon was dubbed the "sting bee." Another bee wearing a comically huge brassiere was to represent a "boob-bee." Still another member of the hive wore a towering beehive hairdo. This was "Aunt Bee." Not that the celebrations and active pace Kincannon keeps haven't taken their toll. But he is conscious more than ever of pacing himself. In fact, he told himself not to feel too badly if he wasn't able to make the entire parade.

Body may be kidnap victim

Associated Press

NEWARK, N.J. — A body believed to be that of missing Exxon executive Sidney J. Reso was found Saturday in a rugged, forested section of southern New Jersey. Reso, 57, president of Exxon Co.'s international division, had been missing since May 36, who oblically said that Reso's remains just two miles from where a motorist spotted a body that was later exhumed and identified as Reso.

FBI officials refused to release any other details or answer questions, but said more information would be released at a news conference late Sunday morning.

Reso, 57, president of Exxon Co.'s international division, has been missing since May 36, who oblically said that Reso's remains just two miles from where a motorist spotted a body that was later exhumed and identified as Reso.

Auto slams parked car; two killed

News-Press staff report

Two people seated in a disabled car parked on the side of Highway 101 south of Carpinteria died early Saturday when a suspected drunken driver plowed into their vehicle, California Highway Patrol officers said.

CHP officers arrested Arturo Cruz Quintero, 22, of Panorama City, on suspicion of manslaughter and gross negligence due to driving while intoxicated.

Goleta resident Jacqueline Andrews, 22, suffered major injuries in the accident and was reported in critical condition at St. Francis Medical Center.
New doors open for AIDS specialist

By Rhonda Parks

"It will be very hard to lose Bar- ron," Kincannon said softly. "There's a connection there that is very strong part of this that we've both trying to find our way through."

Bratt said that he knew Chas-eday was young Santa Barbara doctor doing research on AIDS had been diagnosed with the disease.

"Chaseday is working with us on research on AIDS. He has been hired to work as a partner with researchers at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and his research will be focused on finding a cure for the disease."

Chaseday is working on a project that involves testing the use of a new drug to treat AIDS. The drug, called T-20, is currently in clinical trials and has shown promise in treating the disease.

"I am really excited about this project, and I believe it has the potential to make a significant impact in the fight against AIDS," Chaseday said.

Chaseday's goal is to find a cure for AIDS, and he is working tirelessly to achieve this goal. He is a dedicated and passionate doctor who is committed to finding a cure for this disease.

New doors open for AIDS specialist

Kincannon

Continued from Page A1

parade route. But by end.

"As it's all at a certain sound, it was such a sense of accomplishment," he said. "It's a great moment for us, and it's a moment that will be remembered forever in the history of AIDS."
New doors open for AIDS specialist

By Rhonda Parks

Santa Barbara News Press

“It will be very hard to lose and to see,” said Aids. “It’s been a wonderful experience, there are so many wonderful people on the network.” But seeing Aids leave the network has been difficult, especially for Aids patients who have been part of the network since its inception.

The network is going through a transition, as they continue to work with patients and families to provide support and care. The network is committed to ensuring that patients have access to the best possible care and support, regardless of their needs.

The network is also working to expand its services to reach more patients and families. They are exploring new partnerships and collaborations to increase access to care and support, including partnerships with community organizations and healthcare providers.

In addition, the network is working to improve patient outcomes and reduce disparities in care. They are focusing on identifying and addressing the underlying causes of health disparities and working to eliminate them.

The network is committed to providing the best possible care and support to patients and families, and they are dedicated to continuing to work towards this goal. They are grateful for the support of their patients and families and look forward to continuing to provide the best possible care and support in the future.

More gay doctors should enlist in fight, Chday says

A new number of AIDS deaths increases. More gay doctors should enlist in fight, Chday says.

Chday leaves his job to take a job in Hawaii. In 1992, with two AIDS networks in Hawaii, Chday was able to take on a new role and continue his work.

Chday left at the age of 60, having devoted his life to fighting and advocating for those with AIDS. He was a tireless and dedicated advocate, and his legacy will continue to be felt for years to come.

Chday was a powerful voice in the fight against AIDS, and his work will continue to inspire others to take action and make a difference. He will be deeply missed by all who knew him and loved him.
New doors open for AIDS specialist

By Rhonda Parks

"It will be very hard to lose Barry," Mitch Kincannon said slowly. "There's a connection there that is very deep. Part of that is that we're both living our way of life through this way..."

"Barry" is Dr. Barry Chadsey, a young Santa Barbara physician specializing in AIDS treatment. Now he's moving on.

Chadsey leaves Santa Barbara in July to embark on a new journey of his own. He has been hired to work as a partner with researcher Dr. Michael Gottlieb of Sherman Oaks, renowned for being among the first in the country to track mysterious immune deficiencies that began killing gay men in 1981. The deadly syndrome would later become known as AIDS.

For Chadsey, 32, the job is a once-in-a-lifetime chance to work on the cutting edge of AIDS science and patient care. For Santa Barbarans who have worked with Chadsey his promotion is bitter sweet: There is overwhelming pride, as well as pangs of loss and sadness.

Chadsey came to Santa Barbara as an intern at Cottage Hospital one year ago. In a short time, he endeared himself to the community for his care and treatment of AIDS patients — most of it done without pay on his own time, despite 80-hour work weeks at the hospital.

One of those patients is Kincannon, with whom Chadsey has shared more than just test results and medical remedies. They're a true friendship.

In a hospital room on Oct. 4, Dan Hiatt struggled with his last breaths as Kincannon and Chadsey comforted him during his descent toward death. Hiatt became Kincannon's second friend to die of AIDS.

As others died at Heath House, Chadsey was present. When Kincannon's weight plummeted in December, Chadsey came to his room and dispensed a long hug before having Kincannon transported to the hospital for observation.

And Chadsey took charge during Kincannon's frightful Easter week ordeal and hospital stay. Tests showed cryptococcal meningitis had invaded Kincannon's brain. Medical treatment began immediately. Meanwhile, Kincannon's fear propelled him through a strange and enlightening spiritual transformation. Later tests showed no traces of the debilitating brain infection, a reversal Kincannon considers nothing short of a miracle.

While the two men have shared shared dramatic emotional and medical experiences, some of Chadsey's fondest moments with Kincannon occurred outside clinic setting.

"I remember the candlelight vigil," Chadsey said to Kincannon one recent evening during dinner. "I remember the candlelight vigil," Chadsey said to Kincannon one recent evening during dinner. "Walking arm in arm and remembering all the people we've lost."

Through it all, the two men have developed a strong bond.

"I have a feeling I'll be driving right back and forth a lot," Chadsey said.

The two men plan to keep in touch by telephone and Kincannon is considering driving to Sherman Oaks once a month for appointments with Chadsey.

Working in private medical practice will give Chadsey a chance to try new therapies for people with AIDS — therapies often hampered by financial constraints in public health care systems.

Burly and muscled after 12 years of competitive bodybuilding, Chadsey plans to use exercise physiology, intravenous nutrition, and anabolic steroid supplementation to stave off AIDS Wasting Syndrome, a frequent killer of people with AIDS. During his time in Santa Barbara, Chadsey also introduced the use of Eastern medicine, acupuncture, massage and herbalism, all of which he will encourage in his patients. And Chadsey wants to look into transplanting the thymus gland from aborted fetuses into the bodies of AIDS sufferers, a procedure which might help regenerate T-4 helper cells that are crucial to fighting infection but drop dangerously low in AIDS patients.

In Santa Barbara, Kincannon's primary doctor the past four years has been Dr. Stephen Hosea. Chadsey credits Hosea for being a mentor and hopes one day to return to Santa Barbara to work with him.

"The other gay doctors here are so closeted. But they stand to benefit themselves and others," Chadsey said in July to take a job in Sherman Oaks with famous AIDS researcher Dr. Michael Gottlieb. Chadsey will be treating patients at Gottlieb's clinic, one of the most progressive AIDS treatment centers in the world.

Chadsey leaves Santa Barbara with hopes of returning with his longtime companion, Mark Rinecon, to practice medicine again someday.

"Mark and I will truly miss Santa Barbara and the many friends we have," Chadsey said.

"Hopefully, we will return to find a job when a need for AIDS is found. Wouldn't that be great?"

— Rhonda Parks