



Alan D. Kincaid

July 24, 1970 - March 19, 2013

Alan D. Kincaid age 42 of Vinings Died wensday March 19, 2013

Arrangements are pending

Comments



“ It is nearly two years after the fact that I discovered with a heavy heart that Alan " Duane" Kincaid has passed away. So much time has passed that I doubt anyone will see this poor attempt at a eulogy. I apologize in advance as I will need to refer to Alan as he was known to me, back when I met him his name was Duane Alan Brown.

I met Duane quite by accident one summer's night back in 1992. I was 20 years old, Duane was 21. I saw him across a crowded dance floor and we danced all night together. Duane was my first real love, and we fell hard and fast for each other. Some of my best memories are of Duane, I'd never felt so alive and free as those years I spent with him. We both had very harsh childhood traumas and we just understood each other. Back then I always thought we would spend the rest of our lives together, I was so certain he would be with me for the rest of my days. Regrettably it all came to an end for us. We were too young and so naive, but I never stopped loving Duane. In a way it seems I would be woefully correct in my belief of being with him forever. He continues to live now in my heart and mind, adding to the richness and color reserved for the glorious memories of a young love that burned so wild and free it could never be duplicated.

I regrettably don't know how Duane died, I know very little in fact and I regret discovering he had passed nearly two years ago. Towards the end of his days, he pushed me away abruptly and with great sadness. I knew Duane was not spared the mental illness that ran through his bloodline. He suffered from the same bi-polar disorder that claimed his brothers and ultimately his mother. When he pushed me away towards the end, I figured it was due in part to his disorder taking hold. I will never really know for certain, but I ultimately believe he loved me, and I will continue to love him regardless. That love which we had never goes away, and the truth of that love should be more than enough to carry his soul into a greater plane of existence. To all of his friends and family remaining, I feel your sorrow for such a tragic loss.

I have been listening to Queen's song, "these are the days of our lives". The last verse sums up everything for me in regard to Duane, "when I look, and I find, I still love you....I still love you!" Duane, I still love you. I wish you love, I wish you heaven.

Dan "Joe" Mjelde

Dan Joseph Peterson - January 12, 2015 at 03:22 AM



“ Thank you for the beautiful post. I also dated Alan and loved him tremendously. I had the opportunity to see him at his last visit back to Seattle. I was shocked to see the change in Alan physically and mentally. Alan had all talent and drive a young man could have. I miss him tremendously and I know he is in heaven. I love you, Alan. Always will. Steve Sawicki

steve sawicki - September 04, 2016 at 10:47 PM



“ If you cant be a light house be a candle..tho your flame it may flicker in the wind..if you cant be a lighthouse be a candle..and guide that lonesome sailor in.if what you say means nothing to the masses..somebody somewhere needs to hear..altho your voice is but a wisper..you shall find a willing ear..so if you cant be a lighthouse.....be a candle. RIP Alan



stacey gamber bukoski - March 29, 2013 at 07:29 PM



“ My cousin Alan.
He passed away this last Tuesday night.
Got a flu over the weekend. Very tragic.
We were kids together, Holidays and visits. Part of a large family at the time.
Then there was a long time where I just heard word of events through the family grapevine.
Tragedies..one after the other.
Both his brothers lost tragically as teens..his mother.
Last year when his father (my Uncle) also died tragically, I met Alan again.
Not in person.
First through writing. Then telephone conversations.
He was many states away across the country.
His life was about ten times harder than mine.
His sadness, so heavy, it sometimes overwhelmed him.
We talked of warm memories, the things we do now for our enjoyment and strength.
He thought he had no family left, and realized, that was not the case.
Struggling a bit with some illness, he'd just gotten a new job, and was doing well with it.
... We became friends in our, just a few conversations.
There were things he was afraid to tell me yet.
His kitties were his loved ones. Another side of us in common.

When I called on Wednesday, there was no answer. I left a message.
A few minutes later the phone rang.
He was gone.
On the phone was a person I had never heard of before.
A very kind-hearted individual.
We talked for hours.
The necessity to get some of the logistical, technical, legalities and such were part of it.
The other was a personal story that made me smile and cry both.

If there's one thing I'd like to share, those of you that know of some of the tragedies, throughout his life.

He had love.

To the last minute, he had someone who cared.

They never gave up.

I become closer to my cousin, even after he is gone again.

Little things, like his loved one calling him Eeyore. (Liz does that with me, when I'm being mopey).

Silly stories about the kitty-cats.

And some of the intense stuff.

I am so glad for the little time we were somehow shoved together to communicate with each other.

Tragedies and miracles. Life can be so amazing sometimes.

I love you Cousin Alan, and I hope you can read this somehow, where-ever you are now.

Hugs to all of you up there.

And don't worry about the piddly crap down here.

We got it handled.

Peace.

Cousin Murray

Murray Brown - March 29, 2013 at 11:00 AM



“ Frankie Ann Bolar lit a candle in memory of Alan D. Kincaid



Frankie Ann Bolar - March 27, 2013 at 07:02 PM



“ Those we love don't go away,
They walk beside us every day,
Unseen, unheard, but always near,
Still loved, still missed and very dear.....
Alan, you have left a lasting impression on my heart!

(Frankie Bolar - Worked at Panalpina and UTC with Alan)

Frankie Ann Bolar - March 27, 2013 at 07:09 PM



“ Amanda Jenkins lit a candle in memory of Alan D. Kincaid



Amanda Jenkins - March 27, 2013 at 04:17 PM



“ I feel very privileged to have known Alan. He had a huge heart & always thought of others before himself. He will be missed but never forgotten.

To live in hearts we leave behind

Is not to die.

~Thomas Campbell

Melissa McGahee (Worked with Alan at UTC)



Meliss McGahee - March 25, 2013 at 02:56 PM