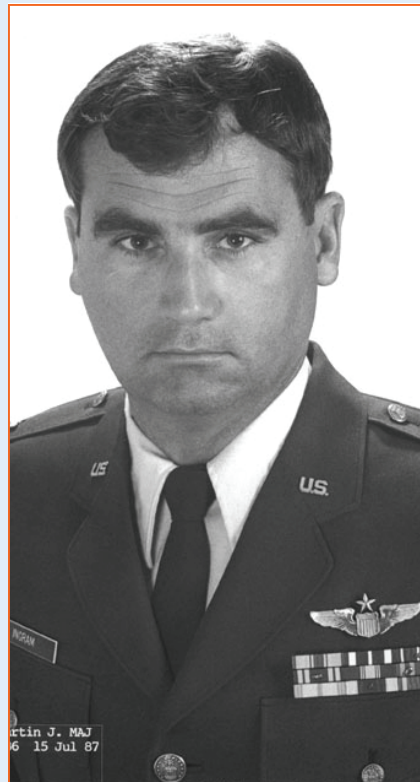


Martin J. Ingram



THE LIFEGUARD

Martin J. Ingram



THE LIFEGUARD

"These things we do, so that others may live."
Creed of U. S. Air Force Air Rescue Service

By Maria Papageorgiou
Washington FSDO

Some people just seem to know what they are all about at an early age. Their life's purpose is clear to them, and they follow a trajectory that sometimes appears to be preordained by a divine influence. When that purpose is noble in nature, such a life appears all the more imbued with dignity, goodness and a certain radiance. It shines bright.

Martin J. ("Marty") Ingram knew who he was and what he was all about at a fairly young age. He understood he was destined to be a guardian of lives — a *lifeguard* — in the highest sense of the word. How did this native New Yorker, an Irish-American kid originally from Jackson Heights, figure out so early, and with such preternatural ease, what he would do with his life?

Yes, some credit must be given to his "great guardian angel," as Marty puts it, but something else was at work forming this future rescue helicopter pilot, ardent proponent of aviation safety and all-around saver of those in distress. Where did it all begin?

HIS ROOTS AND WHERE THEY WERE PLANTED

Born at Mary Immaculate Hospital in Jamaica, N.Y., Marty was the fourth child and fourth son of David and Catherine Ingram. His father was a city police officer and his mother a stay-at-home mom until Marty turned 14. Coming before Marty were brothers David, John and Thomas. As brother John says, "Marty was the baby brother." Thomas swears, however, that birth order had nothing to do with shaping Marty's appealing, people-oriented personality. "What I do re-

member, though," says Thomas, "is that, as the baby boy, he got away with a lot by looking cute." David, the oldest, noted that his youngest brother was "always charming, polite and a joy to be around."

The family was finally graced with the birth of a girl — their sister, Helena — and Marty was bumped from his position as the baby of the family. Thomas says that "for me, he will always be the baby boy."

When Marty was four years old, the family moved from Jackson Heights to Breezy Point, which, with its seaside location on the Rockaway peninsula



“He got away with a lot by looking cute.”

~ Brother Tom, talking about Marty



Known as “The Five,” the Ingram children pose for a portrait (Helena, Marty, Tom, David and John).

and high concentration of Irish-Americans, was affectionately known as the “Irish Riviera.” These days, Breezy Point is a gentrified and gated beach community with picturesque cottages occupied by the same family line for generations. Many of the scions of these families have become professionals of every discipline, while others have carried on the “family business” of policing and fire protection. The neighborhood has a small-town atmosphere and manages to have a magnetic hold on its families.

When Marty returned to New York following his FAA assignments in the south, he was determined to live at Breezy Point. He now lives several doors down from his brothers David (who lives in the original family home), John and Thomas. Helena lives in another community nearby. The Ingrams are tight. The fact that Marty chose to move back to a neighborhood that has been his touchstone to reality since

early childhood tells you much about him.

“At the time I was growing up, Breezy Point was a community made up of mostly cops and firemen,” explains Marty about the neighborhood that had such an enormous influence in forming the man he eventually became. It’s a place that remains close to his heart. The spirit there was one of “service over self,” he continues, “and I learned my most important life’s lessons there.” It doesn’t take a giant leap to see the connection between the small boy observing his community’s culture of helping others and the grown man devoting himself to rescuing, in multiple ways, those in distress. But of course, he had to have a kind and good nature to begin with to be receptive to the influences that surrounded him. One of Marty’s favorite Bible passages echoes this philosophy of caring for others: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends” (John 15:13)

Interestingly, Marty recently retook the Myers-Briggs Type Indicator assessment. He had learned many tests ago that he was the type coded as “ESTJ,” Extraverted Sensing Thinking Judging. This time around, though, he learned something else — that under the ESTJ rubric he could be characterized even further as a “Guardian.” It all fit. His first real employment was as a lifeguard, and, in one way or another, he has faithfully remained on a path of protecting his fellow man his entire work life. It was an illuminating moment for Marty.

According to the Myers-Briggs, an ESTJ “honors traditions and laws and has a clear set of standards and beliefs.” ESTJs are typically “model citizens and pillars of the community” and “naturally step into leadership roles.” Marty has certainly realized the full potential of his innate personality type, to the benefit of those who have known him personally and professionally.

WATER NOURISHES WHO HE BECOMES

As a young boy, Marty took to swimming like the proverbial fish to water. By the age of 16, he was so dominant in the Rockaway Point Association's Ocean Swim Classics meets that he was nicknamed "Barracuda" and compared to the association's great champions of the past. Here are a couple snippets from the Sept. 1, 1966, *Rockaway Point News* (a newspaper Marty himself sold as a youngster), describing his triumphs: "...we now hail Marty (Barracuda) Ingram of Oceanside, emulating the old timers by winning ... the 1/2 mile RPA open." And another: "Lifeguard 1/4-mile race won by Marty Ingram..."

Lifeguard.

The word that would be at the core of his life's work was already defining him from the moment he began his first lifesaving job for the Rockaway Point

**Marty
"Barracuda"
Ingram**

Association. Marty worked for the association for the 1965 and 1966 seasons, and was briefly the captain in 1966 – his first supervisory position – before becoming a New York City lifeguard at Jacob Riis Park. "I worked that beach [Jacob Riis] through college until I joined the Air Force," Marty recounts. How many lives did he save as a lifeguard? His answer – "I saved many lives but never kept a count."

Brother John says, "I always knew Marty would be a lifeguard. He loved the water. Even on my wedding day he went surfing."

Thomas fortifies this view of Marty as surfer boy when he comments, "Marty was ... crazy about surfing, even in the winter. I can still picture him in a wet suit, driving on the frozen sand beach in his VW, with air low in the tires to get better traction." Marty's swimming prowess landed him a scholarship to St. John's University. Thomas, older by five years, explains Marty's swimming talent this way: "...my parents often told me to take my Marty [along with me] to swim practice and ball games – that's why he became a good swimmer in high school and college."



Breezy Point



Painting of Marty to the rescue



Marty "Barracuda" Ingram winning big at the Rockaway Point Association's Ocean Swim Classics meets.



Earning His Wings. Nancy pins Marty's wings on him at Fort Rucker in 1972.

Marty Falls in Love. One of Marty's favorite films is *Dr. Zhivago*, whose female lead, Julie Christie (left), strongly favors the woman Marty fell in love with and married, Nancy Allen (right). Did he discover his feminine ideal in that movie?

During the time Marty kept a watchful eye over swimmers from his lifeguard perch at Riis Park, he began to notice something else, something that would lead him in a new direction. Marty was fascinated by the stream of airplanes that continually cut through the skies over the beach. As he describes it, "Riis Park was under the approach for JFK and the Navy's Floyd Bennett Field. I was intrigued by the planes flying overhead." The water-rescue guy didn't know it, but he had just discovered his newest mode for saving lives, aircraft.

There was another element that added excitement to Marty's last season on the beach – he was dating his future wife, Nancy Allen, who stopped by frequently to visit him as he kept his beach vigil. Nancy had caught his eye on campus at St. John's, but he could never work up the gumption to speak to her. It took spring break of 1971 for fate to bring them together at Daytona Beach, Fla. Among the thousands of kids who flocked down there that spring for sun and fun, they found each other. Both agree it was love at first sight. It's interesting to note that one of Marty's favorite films is *Dr. Zhivago*. If you scrutinize a photo of the female lead in that film, Julie Christie, and then look at a photo of the young Nancy, you will spot a very strong resemblance between the two. Marty claims *Zhivago* was a favorite of his because of its adventure, music and scenery, but it just may be that in its star, he had found his feminine ideal.

When remembering this period, he summarizes it by saying, "It was an enjoyable time of my life." What's interesting is that Marty assesses several other periods of his life with the same words. This is one satisfied man.

TAKING OFF IN A NEW DIRECTION

As Marty worked the beach during his last year as a lifeguard, aviation began to dominate his thoughts. Oddly enough, at age 10, Marty had confidently announced to his father that he would become an airline pilot when he grew up, so aviation had an early hold on him. Believe it or not, this prescient assertion came after his first airplane trip, a stomach-churning flight to Minneapolis. It was a horrific experience for everyone in the family except Marty, who thought the wild ride was like being on a roller coaster.

With his itch to fly, Marty's life adventure started to take him in a new direc-

tion. His yearnings began to move upward into the heavens instead of down into the deep blue sea. No matter which element he was in, though – water or air – Marty always threw himself in completely. And so he started his aviation adventure by joining the Air Force on Aug. 4, 1971.

When he received his wings at Fort Rucker in September 1972, it was Nancy who pinned them on him for they had married on July 1, 1972. (They became engaged about seven months after they met. After all, Marty had met his ideal, so why wait?) Apropos of an aviator, he was in the air when he proposed to Nancy in 1971. They were flying home from Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, where he had just been commissioned as a 2nd lieutenant, when he decided to pop the big question. Theirs has been a happy and successful union for the last 40 years, despite Nancy's flat refusal to cook his favorite dish, fish, in the house throughout their marriage. He does love her lemon chicken dish, though.

The Air Force was another match made in heaven for Marty. He remained affiliated with it for 30 ½ years, counting active duty, the Air National Guard and the Air Force Reserve. For much of his Air Force career, Marty was a helicopter rescue pilot. "Rescue service was a



Proud Mama and Son. With mother Catherine at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, when he was commissioned as a 2nd lieutenant.



The Helicopter Air Rescue Crew. Marty (far right) and his crew once received the Military Airlift Command (MAC) Excellence in Airmanship award.

big part of my life,” he comments. Marty’s complete self-actualization simply had to involve rescuing others. It’s woven into his DNA. As his wife, Nancy, says, “He wants to ‘rescue’ and help everyone who he feels needs it.”

He flew the HH-3E (the “Jolly Green Giant,” his favorite) and the MH-60G on his rescue missions. There were many moments of unparalleled valor when he saved individuals in distress. In fact, once he and his crew received the Military Airlift Command (MAC) Excellence in Airmanship award.

However, there was one moment when Marty, in his zeal to save someone’s life, created an international incident involving the Soviet Union. One night when there was pea-soup visibility, Marty, who was a pilot for the New York Air National Guard, was transporting a critically ill patient to a hospital. In desperation for a visual reference point, he unwittingly chose the brightly lighted mansion of the Russian ambassador to the U.S. It was 1981 and tensions were high between the U.S. and the Soviets. Buzzing the mansion got Marty called on the carpet, but after explaining what occurred, he was able to temper his superior officer’s anger and make him understand his innocent decision. “Fortunately,” Marty says, “the Soviets also accepted my explanation and life soon returned to normal for me and my crew.” That little episode earned

Marty the nickname “Raider of the Red Mansion.”

LIFE HAPPENING: HIS CAREER UNFOLDS AND HIS FAMILY GROWS

When asked to distill the essence of Marty into one word, brother Thomas chose “go-getter.” A quick glance at Marty’s résumé substantiates the accuracy of Thomas’s word choice. The steady upward climb of the enterprising “baby brother” is apparent as he advanced from one position to the next with dogged determination and clarity of purpose.

After leaving active duty Air Force, Marty worked nearly two years for the U.S. Park Police – first, in Washington, D.C. (where he had the foot beat at the White House) and then in New York (at Gateway National Park, Floyd Bennett Field).



Left, when Marty flew for New York Airways, he landed at the Pan Am Worldport on top of the old Pan Am Bldg.

He had a brief departure from federal service when he decided to realize his childhood ambition of becoming a commercial pilot. For several months he flew for New York Airways, routinely landing at the Pan Am Worldport atop the old Pan Am Building. Now *that’s* one heck of a prime memory to store in one’s memory bank. And to think that he was only 25 at the time.

Although thrilled to live his dream, Marty was discovering that some things about the profession were worrisome, so he began looking at FAA with interest. His mentor at New York Airways liked to kid him about not really being a pilot until you had experienced a furlough. With two young children at that time, Marty wasn’t particularly keen on having a work hiatus in order to establish his bona fides as a pilot. Job security was important, and so working at FAA became an increasingly attractive option. In 1977 he applied for a position and was picked up as an Air Traffic Control (ATC) Specialist at the New York Center.

That guardian angel of his must have been working double-time because one month after he left New York Airways, while in training at Oklahoma City, he learned that a New York Airways helicopter, one operated by his old crew, had crashed while attempting to take off from the heliport. There were multiple fatalities. “That accident validated my decision to leave the airlines and come to the FAA,” he states with conviction.

As so often happens in life, things didn’t go as smoothly at ATC as Marty had wished. After a couple years, he realized his new job was not a good fit for him, so he returned to full-time hands-on rescue work. What he did gain during his first go-around with FAA, though, was a solid glimpse at Flight Standards, and he had concluded it was a superior organization. He filed that thought in the back of his mind.

Leaving ATC behind, he transferred to the New York Air National Guard in 1979. In the Guard he was destined to learn some more of life’s lessons. He began to understand that what they offered wasn’t all that attractive either.



Family Man. Pictured on the left are Nancy and Marty when they started their family. Nancy is holding their first-born, Brendan, on her lap. After becoming a family man, Marty sought a profession more financially secure than that of a commercial pilot. He set his sights on FAA and snagged a job with the agency. Good he did because he and Nancy eventually had four children: Brendan, Mj (Martin James, Jr.), Christopher and Erin. Pictured above, l to r, are Christopher; Jenn Huerter (Christopher's fiancée); Mj; Erin (holding baby Catherine); Brendan; Mike Adams (Erin's husband, holding Luke Adams); Michael Martin Adams, with little brother Thomas Adams in front; Nancy; and Marty. Taking the picture at Catherine's baptism was Maureen Miranda, Brendan's close friend.

There were some unpalatable rules for retirement and an extraordinary amount of overtime. "That job," Marty recalls, "could consume you."

Meantime, his family was growing, and he wanted to be present for them and not just provide for them.

He and Nancy had been blessed with four children. There were sons Brendan, Martin James, Jr. ("M.J."), Christopher and daughter Erin, a tiny charmer if there ever was one. She fondly remembers "walking on his feet when I was a little kid, standing on his flight boots as he walked to his car." Brendan recalls his dad "heading out in his flight suit to fly for the NYANG."

Erin describes an important understanding that she and her brothers had: "We knew we were his priority and always on his mind." Brendan adds, "He was a good dad because he worked hard and sacrificed a lot for us, even if it meant being absent for long periods of time." Christopher recalls this "selflessness," too. He deeply appreciates the sense of family that his father fostered with "regular trips to see my mom's side of the family and visits to Breezy Point, where it seemed that around every corner there was an Ingram." M.J. remembers with some amusement that "when my father did something, he'd go

all out. One time, he got bikes for all of us and he'd make us go on these crazy bike trips with him. We'd have to bike all the way from Holbrook to Montauk!" Marty's namesake assesses the impact his father had on him and proudly states that "I look up to my dad. He's one of my role models."

Because he was often on the road in his career, Marty deferred to Nancy to be the stronger disciplinarian in the family, but Christopher adds that the kids knew when their dad had reached the end of his patience. He'd say, "Quit breaking my shoes."

The family has sweet memories of his returning from trips bearing gifts, exciting bedtime stories (no matter how exhausted he was) and throwing a baseball on the front lawn during the warm weather. Marty was, plain and simple, a good, devoted family man.

And FAA was still on his mind...

FLIGHT STANDARDS, FINALLY

Deep down, Marty knew he wanted to return to FAA on "the Flight Standards side of the house," and he kept alert for the perfect re-entry opportunity.

Half a decade passed before it came. Dave Hill, manager of the Farmingdale

GADO, knew Marty's strengths from their earlier time together in the New York Guard. So, in 1984, when Marty applied for a Flight Standards position, Dave did not hesitate to hire him on as an Aviation Safety Inspector. According to Dave, "Marty knew right from wrong and stood up for it. He was needed at the FAA." He saw in Marty someone who was "cooperative, an effective communicator – a good guy. I expected him to be successful." You only have to glance at Marty's rise through the ranks of Flight Standards to understand that Dave's hunch paid off. Of Dave, Marty says, "He had a lot of influence over me." They have remained good friends to this day.

His first FAA manager also recognized Marty's writing ability, a talent that has enabled him to see his work published in a variety of outlets. Incidentally, Dave wasn't the only one to note Marty's ease when it came to expressing himself and interacting with people. In fact, brother John characterizes his younger sibling as "outgoing" and "loquacious." He's a genuinely likable guy, and those who have come into contact with Marty over the years know that the man has a way of putting you at ease. His daughter, Erin, says of her dad: "My father might be the nicest person you will ever meet."

But it was something more than his Mr. Nice Guy persona and solid aviation safety credentials that gave Marty's career momentum: His secret was that he had figured out his purpose in life.

Marty's realization of his higher calling came a year after returning to FAA, when another aviation accident forced him to think about his life. (It is peculiar, but aviation accidents have wielded a lot of influence in shaping Marty's life, but more on that later.) According to his good buddy Mike McMurray, "Marty and I had the distinction of not getting on an [Air National Guard rescue] helicopter that crashed, killing everyone on board. He was going to be the pilot, and I was going as an invited guest. We were spared together." Continuing, Mike divulges that he and Marty "experienced collective survivors' guilt." This near-tragedy set Marty to thinking, "Because I had been spared, I felt that I was here for a reason and a purpose." For someone who had once considered entering the seminary as he had, this

sort of thinking was not that foreign. He figured out that he was here to dedicate himself to aviation safety. It would be another way in his life that he could protect lives.

This sense of dedicating himself to saving lives imbued Marty's FAA career with meaning, and he has loved passing on his particular vision, his sense of purpose, to others in Flight Standards. For him, the work of aviation safety is nothing short of *noble*, to use his word. "We do noble work at FAA because we are in the business of saving lives," he would often say when visiting FAA offices within his jurisdiction. Whenever he uttered those sentiments, FAAers of all stripes felt a certain sense of pride well up inside. Because of Marty's pithy way of expressing FAA's overarching goal, many looked at their work in a new light. They were inspired.



TAKING HIS EXPERTISE ON THE ROAD AND THE "FORREST GUMP" FACTOR

Some of Marty's most productive and satisfying work was performed at remote points around the globe. One of his favorite assignments took him to Saudi Arabia, where they needed his sort of expertise to set up an airmen certification program. In South Africa, he provided technical assistance for an upcoming International Aviation Safety Assessment Program (IASA) evaluation.

Marty has an unusual take on his success at FAA. In some ways, he says, he feels like Forrest Gump, the lead character in another of his favorite films. "My career has been marked by big airplane accidents," he explains. "Like Forrest, I happened to be there when they needed to assign someone to develop new programs addressing the causes of those accidents. I was involved in the start-up of IASA, which



Up, Up and Away with FAA. Marty returns to FAA but this time on the Flight Standards side of the house. He excelled at his work, earning awards (see above photos of Marty with Nick Sabatini) and climbing higher in the corporate structure.



Exporting Aviation Safety

Marty particularly enjoyed his FAA assignments that took him to such far-flung destinations as Saudi Arabia, Ukraine and South Africa.



began as a result of the Avianca crash at Oyster Bay, Long Island. When Valujet came down, I was returned to Washington to start work on what ultimately became the Air Traffic Oversight System (ATOS) and the Certification Standardization and Evaluation Team (CSET). ”

The tragic circumstances of these aviation accidents demanded astute aviation safety inspectors who possessed vision and fresh ideas. Marty obviously could deliver the goods. He proved his capabilities repeatedly and was rewarded appropriately by the agency with steady advancement along his career path. In 2011, he won the Eastern Region Administrator’s Eagle award, and in 2012, he earned the Eastern Region Flight Standards *Distinguished Service* award.



Above, with his admiring family looking on, Marty (far right) accepts the Eastern Region Administrator’s Eagle award from Eastern Region Administrator Carmine Gallo (behind Marty) in 2011.



Left, Marty, who will retire from the position of Assistant Manager of the Eastern Region Flight Standards Division, stands with Lawrence (“Larry”) Fields, Manager of the Eastern Region Flight Standards Division. The photo was taken in July 2012, a few weeks before Marty’s retirement.

THE DIFFERENT FACETS OF SUCCESS

Marty's success within FAA is obvious from his rise to the top and deserved awards. He moved with ease from the GADO/FSDO level to temporary assignments at the Regional Office, to a Field Office manager slot (at the Charlotte FSDO), then on to an Executive Officer position in the Southern Region Flight Standards Division and, ultimately, to the post of Assistant Division Manager of the Eastern Region Flight Standards Division, the position he will vacate upon his retirement.

It wasn't just his steady climb to higher positions that has pegged Marty as a success. His natural proclivity for helping others advance professionally and his unfaltering kindness have also

brought him much respect. Just ask his most recent secretaries if you want the scoop on what he's like on the human level.

Mable Morrison, Marty's right hand from 2004 to 2010, remembers him as "genuine and caring – even my husband calls him a good man." She adds: "he would encourage and guide me..." Audrey Carter, who has been Marty's secretary for the last two years, reinforces Mable's opinion when she says that "...he understands the road to success and he is very devoted to ensuring that not just his employees, but anyone he is in contact with, has opportunities to advance." She then adds, "He is caring."

Not one to boast, there is one arena where Marty feels particularly proud of the work he has done and where, he

believes, he has made a real difference. He feels especially satisfied with his involvement in Women in Aviation (WIA) International, an organization dedicated to providing opportunities for women (and men, too) in the aviation and aerospace industries. Quite honestly, he has had a significant impact.

Marty initially became involved with WIA when his daughter had a nascent interest in an aviation career. Although, in the end, she took a different career path, Marty continued working with the organization and has faithfully attended the annual conference every year for the past 14 years.

When you hear from those who have directly worked with Marty through WIA, you get a greater understanding of his helpfulness and persuasive powers.

WOMEN IN AVIATION



Above, Marty stands behind the Flight Standards table at one of the 14 WIA conferences he has attended. Below, Marty hands Tatyana ("Tanya") Corbin her IIOA. Tanya met Marty at a WIA conference, where he persuaded her to join Flight Standards.



WASHINGTON FSDO



Above, Marty stands with Washington FSDO Manager Nick Scarpinato, Jr. (to his right), during one of many visits to the FSDO. Below, James Viola (now of AFS-800) receives his IIOA from Marty during one of those visits.



Here are a few excerpts from the testimonials of several FAA women who have benefited from Marty's knowledge and selfless interest in helping others:

When I was attending the WIA conference to network, I happened to talk to Marty, who was representing FAA. He led me in the right direction to become a part of the agency.

Tatyana Corbin, Aviation Safety Inspector, Washington FSDO

I have had the privilege of working three WIA conferences with Marty. What a wonderful event and what a treat to watch someone in Marty's position take time to do recruiting. He was "selling" the advantages of Flight Standards careers with enthusiasm and conviction.

Kathleen Person, Assistant Manager, Wichita FSDO

I first met him [Marty] at a WIA conference in Minneapolis, Minn., at the FAA booth. Essentially he helped drive me toward my goal and achieve becoming a productive, hard-working ASI.

Linda J. Magee, FAA Academy Instructor/Course Manager, Mike Monroney Aeronautical Center

Marty introduced WIA to the Charlotte FSDO while the office manager there, and brought word of it to Nigeria when he was assigned to a project there. He's thrilled to report that at the 2012 conference, Nigeria was represented by two chapters. "I'm happy to have a small piece of it," he offers in his typically modest manner.

**WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT —
FAMILY, FRIENDS, FAITH AND
COMMUNITY**

As someone who has enjoyed much personal success on several levels, Marty has been lucky and wise enough to follow his personal North Star. He learned his rock-solid values from his parents, the firemen and policemen who lived at Breezy Point during his youth, his teachers, his swim coaches and his church. But his real good fortune has been his self-knowledge. He's always known he was a lifeguard, a protector, a helper.

Even as a teenager lifeguarding at Breezy Point, he had a certain responsible tilt to his head. Just ask Andrew Healey, who met Marty when he was about five years old. Most other young lifeguards would be too full of themselves to deal with the likes of a little kid hanging around their stand, but not Marty. He assigned the little boy "gofer" duties, and something truly wonderful followed. Andrew grew up to be not only a lifeguard, which he is

to this day, but also an Executive Board Member of the U.S. Lifesaving Association. Of Marty, Andrew says, "He absolutely started me on the lifeguarding path. He is a true Irish Catholic gentleman."

Marty's involvement in his community, small and large, also enriches him. Friend Phil "Fotophil" Gilson finds Marty "genuinely sincere." He and Marty were among the escorts who transported World Trade Center artifacts to the Arlington County and Baltimore City Fire Departments. Phil remarks, "Being an American is very important to Marty."

That 16-year-old who, in the 1960s, volunteered at the Point Breeze Volunteer Fire Department is now its Fire Chief. And the four-year-old who played in the streets of Breezy Point now sits on the Board of Directors of the seaside community's coop. To add to the list of his exceptional community involvement, Marty is also the Commander of Breezy Point's American Legion Post (#1847). There are so many fibers of Marty's life that emerged at an early age and, to this day, continue weaving in and out of his personal history. His continuums in life appear to be multiple and go on and on. So rare for this day and age.



Marty is now the Fire Chief of the Point Breeze Volunteer Fire Department. He was 16 years old when he first became a volunteer fireman with them. Inset, Marty wearing his fire chief's hat.



Marty: Always a part of his community.



Nancy and Marty, looking forward to their retirement together.

He may have retired from the Air Force, but Marty still likes to put on a uniform. George DeSimone knows Marty through the 88th Brigade of the New York Guard. The two faithfully march in New York's St. Patrick's Day and Puerto Rican Day parades. His pal is expecting the retired Marty to "work more on the New York Guard stuff." Observing Marty over the years, George knows that the most important thing in the life of his patriotic and generous friend is his family.

With an upcoming marriage, the Ingram family is continuing to grow. Life is sweet.

Marty is aware enough, and wise enough, to have kept in his life the constancy of his wife (about whom he says,

"I couldn't have done any of this without her"); his children; his faith; his local and national communities; and his obvious love for his fellow man. His long history with the same people and places is enviable. Lucky guy. Or did he just instinctively know how to lead a good life? He'd definitely score low on those tests that gauge the destructive effects of stress and change in one's life.

He's been a lifeguard for years, but the time has come for him to step down from his stand. The moment has arrived for him to relax in the sun and play idly with his grandchildren. We know Marty, though. That heart of the lifeguard, the guardian, will continue to beat till the end. God bless him and his family in his well-earned retirement.