

**A SERVICE of CELEBRATION for  
Philip David Ingraham**

*born in Hornell, NY on 11 December 1916*

*died in Corning NY on 23 March 2012*

**The United Church**

**Painted Post, NY**

*11am ~ Thursday ~ 29 March 2012*

**THE EULOGY**

Phil Ingraham was born four years before my father. That fact has bounced around in my head so long for so long, it is still so hard for me to comprehend.

My father and I were not close. We shared a last name and at his funeral, I shared some of the ways he made me laugh and some of the things he taught me but for all intents and purposes, we were in two different worlds. I told myself

it was because he grew up on a farm outside of Williamsport, PA, went off to fight in World War II and was one of those in Tom Brokaw's Greatest Generation and I was a Baby Boomer who went off to college and was a war-resister in those Vietnam years. I was just resigned to the fact that too much time and culture separated my father and myself.

But then, a few years ago, Phil Ingraham came into my life; four years older than my father and also part of that Greatest Generation ~ with that twinkle in eye and his delightful smile which he had even in his last days at Founders. Here was a man who connected so easily to my way of thinking and always

seemed to have ready a full barrage of questions that regularly made me stop and say to myself:

*Who was this man and  
where did he come from?*

I love to ask questions, but this man, more than thirty years my senior, asked questions and wanted to explore how the world fit together with the enthusiasm of a child and first computer. A childlike desire to know all that he could know seemed to flood Phil's every encounter... not just with me but with everyone he met.

Phil Ingraham related to people so effortlessly ~ I think it was that smile and twinkle that led the way. Throw in that Phil Ingraham sense of humor and the

most stand-offish person hasn't got a chance.

Phil would go into a restaurant with Bea, and tell the waitress

*I found this young lady out on the  
road and she looked hungry. Can we  
get her some food right away?*

And then after she ordered, Bea was known for her appetite, Phil would sit back and say

*Wow... with that order, I think all  
I can have is a cup of coffee...*

In his seventies or eighties, Phil even taught Sunday School to a group of teenagers. The just knew how to relate to an amazingly wide variety of people.

I got to know Bea and Phil through the Sunday evening series our churches enjoyed during Lent

~ a program that began well before I arrived on the scene in 1997.

Over the years we'd talk and I told him I believed his questions revealed to me that he was truly a Baptist more than a Presbyterian. Now here I must confess ~ there was never any attempted "sheep stealing" on my part ~ Phil truly loved the Presbyterian church where he and Bea worshipped but at the same time, Phil was not the kind of person who would pass up any opportunity to learn a little from some one who was outside the box of other people's expectations.

Pretty soon Bea and Phil asked if they might sneak over on Wednesday evenings to attend our Prayer Meeting and Bible Study.

We welcomed them in and once Phil got over his shyness ~ I'm kidding, that was never a problem ~ these two added in so many ways to the spirit of our gatherings.

The thing about Phil was that he never lost that "little kid" attitude toward life that so many of us lose early on. His sense of wonder and awe about Creation and outer space and different religions and the many manifestations of God and his seemingly endless fascination with the wide variety of people he met during his life made it difficult to categorize this man; he was simply so playfully multi-dimensional.

Phil's writing and his poetry were like little opportunities to get

inside his soul and see him under  
the cover of his playfulness.

When Phil discovered that  
I shared his fascination with  
astronomy and outer space, he  
would regularly send me pictures  
from the NASA website. I am on  
that mailing list today because Phil  
made the connection for me.

One day he gave me this  
webpage framed and included his  
comments.

Gaze if you will  
through the window  
looking out upon the cosmos.  
We barely understand what we  
think we know of  
that which takes place  
on the side which we stand.

Philip Ingraham - Thursday 29 March 2012

+

When you contemplate the beauty  
of our planet and all its miracles,  
think of what wonders must exist  
beyond this window.

Let your mind wander.

Even it requires exercise.

Why not do so when all it requires  
is a tour of the mind imagining  
what lies beyond the window.

It becomes apparent it is God's  
domain and must contain beauty  
beyond human description.

We have but reached in this life,  
a framing of a picture.

Its beauty lies ahead of us.

Words like these do not regularly  
flow from the mind of an eighty or  
ninety year old man. I pray to have

++

just half of Phil's joy for life and insight in my later years.

In Phil's words we hear the voice of a mystic. Sometimes he would talk about the Hubble telescope and those beautiful pictures it sent back to Earth as if it was his own personal efforts ~ almost like a science project of which he was so proud. Phil's gift was taking that joy and pride and linking it with the sacred and the mystical.

These words are titled

### ***Outreach 2000***

We may never get to be significant until we realize the extent to which are insignificant.

As we become adults and age continues its insidious march, we suddenly realize that God has no "most favored status" for any of us. The largest mountains become small as our gaze leaves them and we get to the cosmos overhead. With the advent of the modern computer and NASA's Hubble telescope, we are able in our homes to view astronomical graphics, the beauty of which is simply beyond description. It is difficult to think of these scenes as close by considering the whole scene which becomes infinite. You may ask "Where is all of this leading us?"

Somewhere out there is the ultimate. It defies description.

It glows with the presence of our  
Creator.  
Spoken of as God,  
it is love and but a  
heartbeat away.

Phil was also a devoted Child of  
God. He was a man of faith whose  
devotion to God was life long.  
With every day he aged, he never  
lost that devotion ~ even as he  
contemplated death.

Here is a meditation he entitled  
***Fear Not***  
Fear not that which is inevitable  
The moment set for you alone,  
Time and tide will carry on  
When you set out on your journey  
home.

Time is but a fleeting thing  
That no one can define  
The tide is but a changing sea  
That joins the long shoreline.

Fear not, for when you do arrive  
In a far, far better land,  
There will be no fear from  
                  there on out  
For you will understand.

Phil loved life and he loved his God  
but the way Phil Ingraham's life  
most clearly demonstrated the love  
he felt was in his relationship to his  
wife Bea ~ about whom Phil was  
fond of saying

*Ah Bea ~ I raised her from a pup.*

He was six years older than Bea when they met. She was still in high school and although we all certainly admire their relationship that would have reached seventy years this September, it is interesting to note there were some rocky times there at the beginning.

Even today, imagine if your daughter was a junior in high school and she was dating a smooth-talking young man with that previously mentioned smile and twinkle in his eye who had already been “out in the world” for four years.

I know I’d be a little suspicious of his intentions. And Phil made his intentions clear. When his mind was made up, he did not beat

around the bush. After only a few dates, Phil was introducing Bea by saying

*This is the girl I am going to marry.*

Please understand Phil are two of the most honest and upright people I know, but by Bea’s own confession there was a lot of sneaking around in that courtship that included a few half truths in order to get around Bea’s step-father who simply did not approve of the relationship.

But it was clear these two were in love and it was clear Phil’s sense of humor was in great form even seventy years ago when Phil proposed to Bea and offered a diamond engagement ring on... April Fool’s Day 1940.

Of course, Bea's first response  
was very appropriate...

*Are you kidding?*

*Is this some kind of a joke?*

But it wasn't. Phil loved Bea  
with a love she could not have  
imagined. I will close with these  
words Phil wrote to Bea on their  
60<sup>th</sup> anniversary.

***To Bea, with Love***

Without you near me, I would be  
Half the person you now see.  
Your kindness and smile  
    light up my day  
And cause my troubles  
    to melt away.

As Time wears on and  
    if we are blessed,

There will be more time  
    and yet the best  
We were born for each other  
May God make it so  
We will be together  
    wherever we go.

God gave us each other  
May God grant that it be  
That way forever...  
... throughout eternity.

That was Phil ~ whether he was  
talking about his plans for the day  
ahead or the wonders of the  
Universe or his love for Bea ~  
he always had one foot in the  
temporal, day-to-day joy of this life  
and the other in all that is  
mysterious and without words.



Bea said Phil was the best husband  
a woman could have ever asked for.

*He was so good to me ~ I could  
not have had a better husband  
or a happier marriage.*

Bea ~ we saw the truth of those  
words whenever the two of you  
were together.

We will miss the gift of Phil's  
presence and loving spirit in our  
day-to-day lives and the many ways  
he gently touched each of us with  
his loving ways but we will rest in  
the promise of Phil's eternal life...  
in our hearts and with God.

**AMEN**

*Gary McCaslin, Pastor  
First Baptist Church, Painted Post, NY*

## **CORNING LEADER**

Philip D. Ingraham (Phil) of 175 Deerland Ave.,  
Painted Post, NY, expired on Friday, March 23,  
2012, at Founders Pavilion in Corning, NY.

He was born on December 11, 1916, at Hornell, NY,  
the son of Robert and Ratie Ingraham. His  
parents; two brothers, Robert and Lee; and a  
daughter, Sandi Slater, have predeceased  
him. Phil is survived by his loving wife, Beatrice  
(Bea) of 69 years; a nephew, Robert Ingraham of  
Vancouver, CA; a niece, Helen Francis of Silver  
City, NM; and a great nephew, Kevin Crowe, of  
Tucson, AZ. Phil graduated from Painted Post  
High School in 1936. He worked for Painted Post  
Post Office and Quigley's Drug Store prior to  
enlisting in the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1942. Phil  
married Beatrice Mathews in 1942 in St. Louis,  
MO, near Scott Field, IL, where he was stationed at  
the time.

He served in the South Pacific for nearly three  
years. He was a M/Sgt. In the Army Airways  
Communications System in the U.S. Army Air  
Force and was honorably discharged in 1945. He  
was an Amateur Radio Operator (W2OSY). He  
was the first radio operator to be licensed in  
Painted Post by the Federal Radio Commission  
(now the Federal Communication  
Commission). This took place in 1934. Phil  
enjoyed life, he loved people, ham radio, traveling,  
photography, children, animals, and birds. He

enjoyed writing poetry over the years and had several poems published. He worked at Corning Radio and Corning Building Co. prior to being employed by Corning, Inc. He retired from Corning, Inc. in 1976 having been employed at their laboratories as an electronic technician in Corning and Sullivan Park. He had 20 years of active service before an accident whereby he had to take a disability retirement. He was a member and an Ordained Deacon in the First Presbyterian Church in Painted Post where he has been a member since 1945. He sang in the Church Choir, was at one time a member of the Barbershoppers, and loved playing the electronic organ at home. He was a member of the American Legion and the VFW in Corning.

There will be no calling hours. There will be a Military Funeral at the First Presbyterian Church in Painted Post (now the United Church of Painted Post) on Thursday, March 29, at 11:00 am with Pastor Glenn Kennedy officiating. The eulogy, remarks and readings from Phil's poetry book are to be given by Pastor Gary McCaslin.

Phil will be missed by his many friends, especially by his closest friends and next door neighbors, Donald and Gloria Krebs, who couldn't possibly have been more helpful to both Bea and Phil. They are as close as any real family could be. Also, Gloria Morrison deserves a lot of credit too. She

has been a tremendous help in many ways including so many daily trips for Bea to Founders. Whenever she couldn't take Bea, Don Krebs would take her or one of her other friends would if he was not available. Bea is so grateful to all their friends who have been so helpful during Phil's illness. Thank you one and all. Also a special note to Hospice for their loving care.

In lieu of flowers, memorials may be donated to the First United Church of Painted Post and/or the Southern Tier Hospice at 11751 E. Corning Road, Corning, NY 14830.

Arrangements have been entrusted to Phillips Funeral Home & Cremation Service, 17 W. Pulteney Street, Corning, NY 14830.