



JAMES CAMPBELL INGELS JR.

July 28, 2025

James Campbell Ingels, Jr. March 28, 1969-July 28, 2025

In the early hours of July 28, 2025, James (Jamey) Campbell Ingels, Jr. met his Heavenly Father and began the glorious Eternity he had chosen for himself from a young age. A devout Christian, Jamey lived by personal tenets reflecting his faith:

- Compassion
- Hunger for Life-Long Learning
- Family Love
- Patriotic Service
- Care for Those in Need
- Gratitude
- Loyalty
- Faithfulness.

The fraternal head of a family of eclectic and artistic siblings born in the late 1960s-early 1970s (Margo, Jamey, Treasure, Honor, and Robyn), Jamey took his roles of adventurer, maker, and innovator very seriously. In these

capacities, Jamey had built on the substantial U.S. domestic travels his parents had set all their children on to become an international traveller of great experience by his early 20s.

Many of Jamey's journeys occurred near or on the water, and this makes perfect sense as the family business in his early years was Ingels Evinrude in Midfield, Alabama and his beloved father, Jim, had worked as a professional lifeguard in his teen and college years. Following in his Daddy's footsteps, Jamey tackled his first real job with gusto, teaching swimming lessons for the American Red Cross at the Holding Park Pool in Wake Forest, North Carolina at just 11 years old. By 14, he had achieved his life saving certification. His life guarding duties primarily happened at the community pool in Leeds, Alabama and at Oak Mountain State Park Pelham, Alabama.

In addition to being an avid outdoorsman in the footsteps of his father, Jamey was an accomplished artist and maker with the guidance of his mother, Margo, an author, artist, and thespian. Even in elementary school, his designs garnered broad acclaim as his submission to the American Lung Association's Christmas Seal design competition was selected to be dispersed nationwide.

From there, Jamey's creativity knew no bounds. He performed in "Peter Pan" with Theater in the Park at NC State under the direction of Ira David Wood, truly loving the experience and the camaraderie of the stage. When he wanted to make sterling silver gifts for his family, he built a melting furnace with crucible in his backyard, liquified doubloons, cast the liquid beauty into molds he had made by hand, and bestowed one to each of his loved ones without an inkling of pride though all were overwhelmed by the artistry and love contained in the small, simple boxes.

As a musician, Jamey played the clarinet, saxophone, guitar, and snare drums (Heritage Pipes and Drums, Vestavia). He talked constantly about starting a family band, absolutely certain that he and his siblings could make a worthy musical impact on the world even in their 50s. Jamey's passion for artistic self-expression remained a driving force throughout his life. In his last days and many months preceding those, he enjoyed time spent listening to his nephew Rider play the piano and guitar with gusto inspired in part by his music aficionado Uncle Jamey.

After having obtained a license for cosmetology (Florida) and pursuing a degree in Art (University of Montevallo, AL), Jamey set his sights on broader horizons, heading to Seattle to find work on a fishing vessel stationed primarily in Dutch Harbor, Alaska.

The work was grueling and the hours long, but Jamey loved the exercise it allowed him to achieve, believed deeply in the significance of the discipline it required, and quickly rose through the ranks to be first a Freezer Boss and later the 3rd Mate of the legendary Alaska Ranger. Often he and his family said thanks to God that Jamey had retired from that role, as 3 years after he stepped down, the Captain, 2nd Mate, and 3rd Mate of this ship perished in an internationally covered disaster. A man of duty, Jamey surely would have met his Maker that day had he been on board.

Jamey fished in various seas and oceans from the Gulf of Mexico (in those days) to Alaska and even Japan. He entered his first fishing gigs as a fitness-

focused vegetarian but quickly became a well-versed pescatarian in order to stay fed.

Working 18-hour shifts 7 days a week afforded Jamey a comfortable adventure schedule of 3-6 months a year. When he was not at sea, Jamey visited family in the USA, made friends all over the world, and achieved a childhood dream of owning and operating (via 99-year lease) a surf shop on the sands of Costa Rica.

Jamey's greatest times abroad, though, were dedicated to a whirlwind romance that grew to lifelong love affair with his partner Lilia. Together, they made a beautiful, happy family as Jamey learned firsthand the joys of fatherhood as he and Lilia welcomed Ollintzin (Ollie) into the world. Jamey proudly explained to his sisters and brothers that "Ollintzin" meant "she who moves the Earth." Even before his beautiful daughter was born, Jamey knew that she would change the world in wonderful ways.

Prior to meeting Lilia, Jamey enjoyed a rather exciting vagabond lifestyle as he hiked throughout Mexico and other nations. In fact, one of his greatest adventures was hiking the Appalachian Trail with his youngest brother Robyn.

Almost as soon as he had met Lilia, Jamey shared that he was deeply in love with her and thrilled to have her with him for adventure and discovery. As Ollintzin grew, Jamey marveled at the beautiful combination she represented of culture, history, and a future of unity.

Jamey's adventures were often harrowing, as well. In the days when he traveled on his own through Mexico, Jamey had met many wonderful people with whom he worked to keep in touch, but he had also faced off with less desirable types. When he shared stories of having fought his way out of an ambush of knife-wielding bandits, his family accepted the tale as fact because Jamey was a force of nature, absolutely in tip top shape, had the scuffs to prove it, and was the veritable badass in any room.

In his mid-30s, a routine health exam revealed a previously unknown congenital condition necessitating heart surgery. In keeping with Jamey's tenacious personality, a disagreeable relationship with one of his nurses inspired him to retire from the fishing industry to pursue his licensure as a nurse. In this role, Jamey served a broad range of people in need of compassionate, focused, and highly disciplined help. Having begun his medical work at the bottom as a CNA and working up to his nursing role, Jamey exhibited incredible respect for his coworkers and clients alike.

Jamey's nursing duties put him into a bevy of roles from Seattle, Washington, to the Mexican-USA border towns to Yuma, Arizona, and, finally, back to Alabama. He worked as a private contract nurse on an island off the coast of Seattle, nursing homes, convalescent centers, with Alzheimer's patients (at Montclair), with the criminally insane at Brice Hospital, and with prisoners at Donaldson Correctional Facility. True to his powerful personality, Jamey turned a bad experience as a patient in dire pain to a career of compassionate care for those who needed most to be heard and understood. Sometimes, his work as a nurse was daunting. He saw patients healed, but he also witnessed patients die.

On one occasion, a patient who had purposely hidden crucial medicines away instead of consuming them even pulled Jamey's eye out of his head. Jamey subdued the patient according to protocol without doing any harm to the offender, pushed his eye back into its socket, and had himself transported to a fully equipped hospital to have doctors ensure his eye had not suffered any damage. Not only was he vindicated when the video assessment of the event demonstrated he had acted according to all necessary regulations, but his family was unified in our stunned appreciation for his continued badassery.

Although some might doubt this, there are many stunning aspects of Jamey's life and contributions that have not even been hinted at here. His loved ones carry with them memories of his nonchalant telling of amazing stories of his fantastic life as they listened dumbfounded, riveted, always proud. These stories will be gifts we bestow on our progeny and so on.

Of the tales he heard from his uncle, his eldest nephew David shares, "Uncle Jamey's stories of his mariner days helped inspire me to attend the United States Merchant Marines Academy (USMMA)." In addition to his loving relationship with his own daughter, Jamey was a beloved role model for four nephews, three nieces, one great niece, and two great nephews. His oldest niece Ditto emphasizes that her Uncle Jamey was a ravenous lifelong learner and sought self-improvement opportunities every day, often contacting his loved ones with advice on how they might have more fun, better opportunities, and a more fulfilling life.

Most poignant of all, our beloved niece Ollie explains this of Jamey's "pure

and good soul:”

“I feel that my dad was an angel who protected, cared for, and accompanied us all in life. Now, he is the same, just from another place.”

Among those who ask that you join us in celebrating Jamey’s incredible life are his wife Lilia Isabel Bermúdez Hernández and daughter Ollintzin Campbell Ingels Bermúdez; sisters Margo Jamelle Ingels and Treasure (Randy) Lois Ingels; brothers Honor (Jana) Ladd Ingels and Robyn (Cheryl) RoySmith Ingels; aunt Jean Bedford; nieces Ditto, Abigail, and Meredith, nephews David (Allison), Rider, Ladd, and Pax; great niece and nephews Lily, Mason, and Miles. Also important to Jamey were his late brother-in-law James Weaver (Margo) and former brother-in-law Charles Thompson, father of David and Pax.

For all Eternity, Jamey now celebrates the rewards of a life well-lived and, ultimately, a relationship with his Heavenly Father that brought him home to Glory. His parents, James C. Ingels, Sr. and Margo Roy Smith Ingels have welcomed him with joyous hearts. This reunion includes his beloved Aunt Doris Jean Woodward; his fun-loving Uncle Ronny Bedford; his paternal grandparents, Melvin Lloyd Ingels and Flora Baker Campbell Ingels; and his maternal grandparents, William Roy Smith and Lois Tow Smith.

A Celebration of Life Service will be held Saturday, September 6, 2025 from 1:00PM until 4:00PM, at Hueytown First Methodist Church.

Tribute Wall

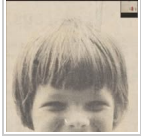


“ *My Dearest Yamey,
I miss you, friend. I am glad we got to reconnect before you left this world for a better one. But I wish you had been here longer. We could have hung out like the Covid days, remember? Just like you said. We weren't sick then, and boy, did you make stuff fun. Routine topics were invariably hilarious. I remember when we sat in church that day, and they took up the offering. You wrote: "Jean Bowick-----\$0" on the envelope. I could have peed myself. No one has ever made me laugh as much as you did. Somewhere on YouTube there exists just one video of me, courtesy of you and our road trip to Tarpon Springs. You wanted to take care of things, and people, in your own special, creative ways, as you always did. (Btw I'm sorry I spent so much time talking about homeowner's insurance.) You introduced me to Gorilla tape, AND you gave me my first machete. Who else could make these claims? No one but you, my epic amigo.*

Your last message to me said that you were "optimistic that everything is going to be okay." And so it shall be. Our time here on earth is all so brief, but one day--in Christ--we will meet you again, Jme Ingels. I look forward to all the heavenly adventures you are probably already planning for us there.

*Much love, mi hermano!
Your pal always,
Yean*

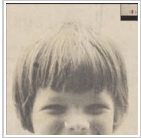
Jean Bowick - October 28, 2025 at 03:36 AM



“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Margo Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 11:35 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Margo Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 11:22 PM



“ Thank you so much for reading and signing this guest book of my amazing brother, Jamey Ingels (James Campbell Ingels, Jr). His was a well-lived life. He lived to the fullest and it was brimming with love of God , his family, friends and service for God and to many people.

*I am the eldest of the five children of James and Margo Ingels. My name is Margo after our mother but my family calls me Margie. Only Jamey was allowed to call me Marge, basically because there was no way to stop him. I will miss hearing him say, " Hey Marge!", as he gives me a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek. I never stopped loving and looking forward to that greeting. He was always glad to see me. I'll even miss , * Hey guys (to our three younger sibs) , " Remember that time Marge did so and so? BO BO." And " Have y'all ever noticed that the end of Marge's nose looks like a butt? " It has not been too long since he said that, one of his favorites. All of our Ingels branch LOVE to tease. But we tease like it's an Olympic sport.*

But Jamey, especially, loved to mercilessly tease us, his nieces and nephews and special friends. . I am really going to miss being one of the butts of Jamey's jokes. He would be waiting for you to look at him, with that very silly grin that is in many of the photos popping up on the screen. He's been making that silly face for 56 years.

Jamey had several love languages. I think his favorite was spending time with you. That is my favorite He didn't have much free time because he also loved to work, " never idle" as Robyn says. . But most weeks , he spent at least one night a week with Lily and me. It was always fun. He even would bring his cat, Lenore, to see us.

Another of his love languages was giving gifts. Jamey's favorite mode of gifting was to make things for people, very creative things , which were often time-, consuming and expensive to make, like silver coins , each with a different design, metal cross pendants, wooden keepsake boxes.

Giving gifts of service was another one of Jamey's love languages. After our dad died 9 years ago, and we felt somewhat lost, didn't know exactly how to proceed with the new normal, Jamey decided he was going to step up and be the emotional support that Daddy was so good at. We all really missed Jamey as he spent his youth , exploring God's creation, sailing the high seas and backpacking and surfing around the globe .his adventures, he missed us too and developed a keen appreciation for us. When he settled down finally in hueytown, his mission was to keep the family together, keep our siblings group and our progeny active in each other's lives. He felt responsible for us, wanted us to be happy, healthy, fulfilled, to reach each of our potentials. He was always there when you needed . You usually didn't even need to ask . He was just there. I already miss all that love amd attention to my life .

I can't wrap my head around a life without Jamey in it. We are only 23 months apart, practically the same age. He's in all of my earliest memories, shared all my formative experiences. He's my first sibling and brother , the one I named my first doll after , a big fat baby doll, who i called the "Jamey Doll". I will really miss reminiscing with him about our childhood before the other three came snd we had witnesses . We used to get into fun trouble, with no one to tattle on us

Jamey and I had future plans together because we have so much in common.

He has really been there for my girls, who really love him and miss him, especially Lily. They were partners in crime. They loved to lay on the dirt together, reportedly in the interest of self care. They loved to play spa together, cook, play with cats, make things, go on long walks, play in parks. He even made her a permanent campsite in our back yard, including a fire pit for cooking.

It was fun to watch my partner in childhood crime, be Lily's partner in childhood crime, 50 years later.

Margo Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 11:18 PM

RI

 *he was a great brother. Will miss him forever.*

Robyn Ingels - September 12, 2025 at 06:42 AM

RI

Swwwwweeeet memories

Robyn Ingels - September 12, 2025 at 04:00 PM

RI

Swwwwweeeet memories from the eldest with the earliest account of our Dear Brother

Robyn Ingels - September 14, 2025 at 10:14 AM

DI

“ *I'll miss you until we meet again, Uncle Jamey, but I'm glad the boys got to meet you on this side of Heaven. I wish they could have heard your stories growing up--I know they would have stuck with them, the way they stuck with me.*

David Ingels-Thompson - September 10, 2025 at 10:51 PM

RI

Just think in a hundred years we'll all ne together again. GoGo n Jim Daddy too

Robyn Ingels - September 14, 2025 at 10:17 AM

RI

“ Our house will feel much emptier without you around, and I'm gonna really miss talking to you. It was nice seeing how enthusiastic you were about my guitar and piano playing, and to see you always show us Olli and Lillia so we could talk to each other while being a whole country away. It's difficult to even comprehend the fact that I won't be able to see to you again.

Love you Uncle Jme, you've been a great inspiration and have been firm with heart and soul.

Love,
Rider

Rider Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 05:30 PM

RI

Thats beautiful rider. Thank you.

Robyn Ingels - September 12, 2025 at 01:50 PM

RI

That was beautiful. Thank you Son

Robyn Ingels - September 14, 2025 at 10:16 AM

SG

“ From the minute I met Jamey it was like we'd known each other for years. When he moved to Hueytown, it was like a brother that moved back home. I'll miss our esoteric conversations and his great way of looking at things. Our lives will be a little less interesting now Sail on Jamey.

Shaney Gober - September 10, 2025 at 04:56 PM

RI



Robyn Ingels - September 12, 2025 at 01:50 PM

RI

Thank you Shaney

Robyn Ingels - September 20, 2025 at 10:15 PM

PI

“ *Dear Uncle Jme,*

I am very sad that you do not live on earth anymore. Grandmama doesn't either. I miss you both very much. Mom says that you and Grandmama are happiest in heaven. Someday we will be there too. But that is only when God decides.

I am glad that you are my Uncle.

Love,

Pax

PS I love the Gladiator helmet you made me.



Pax Ingels-Thompson - September 09, 2025 at 01:09 PM

RI

Awesome Pax

Robyn Ingels - September 12, 2025 at 01:51 PM

RI

thank you Pax

Robyn Ingels - September 14, 2025 at 10:16 AM

AC

“ Hard to believe you are gone you and all your family have always been an important part of my life. I am so glad that I had the pleasure to know you and even happier you followed all the dreams you had. Thank you for always sticking up for me and being there.

Ann Shepard Curl - September 08, 2025 at 03:41 PM

RI



Robyn Ingels - September 12, 2025 at 01:52 PM

RI

Thank you Ann

Robyn Ingels - September 14, 2025 at 10:15 AM

AC

“ Jamey, words can't begin to describe the sadness I felt when you gained your wings. You were such a jack of all trades. I'm so honored to call you friend and so glad God decided I need a Jamey in my life.

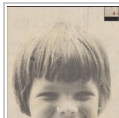
Until we meet again ,my compadre. I'll miss you, brother!

Adam Campbell - September 08, 2025 at 07:15 AM

RI

Thank you Adam

Robyn Ingels - September 08, 2025 at 03:15 PM



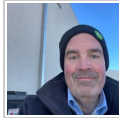
THANK YOU ADAM! It's wonderful to know that my baby brother has such a friend as you!

Margo Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 06:44 PM



Thank you Adam! It is wonderful to know that our baby brother has a true loving friend, such as you! You definitely had the evasive Jamey Ingels Stamp of Approval !!

Margo Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 06:48 PM



He was a good man!

Adam Campbell - September 13, 2025 at 05:05 AM



“ *Dear Jme*

I will forever miss your sense of humor so much like Robyn's. It's hard to believe you will never walk in my house again phone in hand pointed at me with Lillia and Olli on the screen. Celebrating their birthdays at our house eating their cake. Coming home and your in the recliner cat on lap. Fred loved you most. Wondering what you were going to make out of the kitchen table we gave you after we got a new one. That one time in the Vestavia apartment you decide to make roasted tomato salsa in the middle of the night which woke me up because my sinuses were on fire.

You were so much a part of our lives and a huge part of so many memories.

It leaves a big hole that can't be filled ever.

Love always Cheryl your favorite sister in law

Cheryl - September 08, 2025 at 06:57 AM



Haha yeah flashing back to themidnight roasted pepper salsa....

Robyn Ingels - September 08, 2025 at 03:17 PM

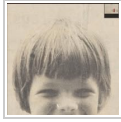


Robyn Ingels - September 08, 2025 at 10:46 PM

RI

Haha that was funny...the killer part though was it was roasted pepper salsa

Robyn Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 09:00 AM



Cheryl, thank you so much for your heart-felt words !!

Margo Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 06:49 PM

RI

“ *Jme was like Gandalf or Aragorn or something and i was like Bilbo Baggins. His loyal weary companion that just wanted to sit around enjoying easily aquired comforts but he insisted on always dragging me off on adventures that I would've never undertaken by myself, that I will treasure til the end of my days. Thank you dear Brother. I will catch up with you someday and we'll get into further adventures. I LOVE YOU FOREVER, WILL NEVER FORGET YOU AND WILL TELL PEOPLE OF YOUR INCREDIBLE LIFE ALWAYS.*

Robyn Ingels - August 05, 2025 at 07:45 PM



“ *We love and miss you, Jamey* ❤️❤️❤️

Treasure Ingels - August 04, 2025 at 09:38 PM

RI

Amen

Robyn Ingels - September 10, 2025 at 09:00 AM

PG

Words cannot describe what you meant to me as a friend. From our early days and into our adulthood you stayed the same. I am sorry we lost touch in later life but I hope and pray that you know how much you meant to me as my friend. I will miss you and I am grateful that I could call you my best friend so long ago. I love you Brother and my you rest in peace

Phillip Greer - September 10, 2025 at 05:25 PM