



## McGregory Allen Sr.

September 16, 1964 - January 20, 2021

MACON — McGregor Allen Sr., 56, died Jan. 20, 2021. Graveside services will be at 1 p.m. Wednesday, at Cedar Grove M.B. Church. Lee-Sykes Funeral Home of Macon is in charge of arrangements. Mr. Allen was born Sept. 16, 1964, in Macon, to the late Lucy Harris Allen and Julius Allen Sr. He was a graduate of Noxubee High School and Rust College. He was formerly employed with the National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency. He is survived by his wife, Sheila C. Allen; children, Kionza Shanita Allen, Kyrra Shalynn Allen both of Laurell, Maryland and McGregor Allen Jr. of Chicago, Illinois; siblings, Lugene Bailey of Wilberforce, Ohio, Frankie Maden of Memphis, Tennessee, Mary Ann Peterson of Starkville, Alice Allen of St. Louis, Missouri, Ethel Shambley, James Gaston, Edward Allen, Clark Allen all of Macon and Julius Allen Jr. of Jackson; and three grandchildren.

# Tribute Wall



“ *McGregory Allen Sr.*

October 09, 2023 at 04:28 AM



“ *1 file added to the album Memories Album*



**William bassetjr** - April 06, 2021 at 04:00 PM



“ *1 file added to the album Memories Album*



**William bassetjr** - April 06, 2021 at 03:58 PM



“ *1 file added to the album Memories Album*



**William bassetjr** - April 06, 2021 at 03:57 PM

“ I apologize for coming late to this tribute wall, but it takes some time to notify old friends in retirement of an untimely and tragic loss.

We were in the same training class at the old DMA starting on 8/8/88. McGregory Allen was unexpected and surprising, a lot like his name. People would sometimes insist on calling him Allen McGregory, when it was the reverse. We spent free time together during the first year we were in D.C. I recall the time, when he was living in the city on 16th St. and we were walking to a neighborhood barber shop. We crossed a side street and lo and behold, a police motorcycle cop came up on the sidewalk to our front to block our path, another cop came with a yapping German Shepherd on a leash, and a third cop came up behind us accusing us of jaywalking. These were the dark days of the crack epidemic when Washington was called, incorrectly, the Murder Capital of the World. So the cops were cracking down on all who fit the profile, even though we were clean-favored and our pants weren't sagging. This may have convinced Mac to move to the suburbs in '89.

He was surprising when he told people that he was a math major. When I first heard it I thought, "oh, well, imagine that!" I wanted to be a math major, but I didn't have the chops for it, so I was impressed by him being one.

We drove home for the Christmas holiday once and he dropped me off at my home in St. Louis before he headed down to Mississippi. He met my grandmother, and after he left she asked me, "who was that big, country boy, main" (my old nickname 'little man' got shortened to 'main'). I told her he was a coworker from Mississippi, but she knew it instinctively being that she was born in Yazoo City, MS and raised in Greenwood. There must be a Mississippi swagger or something recognizable to a native.

He was a country boy, but you couldn't go to sleep on him. He had a competitive fire burning just below his surface. There was a time when we were playing pickup basketball at a park. Two-on-two, McGregory and I against some locals. My man was zipping past me

*with regularity, going in for easy lay ups. I told Mac at one point when a win for us looked hopeless, that I couldn't check my guy. He was too fast for me. McGregor told me not to give up, and he said he would help me. Well, old zippy zipped past me again but McGregor was waiting for him in the paint. He put his arm out, not up as if to block a shot, but out, head level. It's called a low bridge in basketball circles, and it has the same effect as a 12 foot tall truck trying to drive under an 11 foot bridge. Zippy went down in a heap, and McGregor and I stood waiting to see if we'd have to prepare to throw hands or what. But Zippy just got up, checked his jaw to make sure it was still in one piece, and never, no never went in the paint again. And we won! McGregor was a country boy, but he knew how to win against the city slickers and in life.*

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**William bassettjr** - April 06, 2021 at 03:55 PM

MP

“*How could I not like someone who thought I was the funniest man on the planet? That was Greg, and it was a two-way street: I'd make him laugh, and he'd make me feel better with his reaction. Really, though, I liked Greg for more than that one reason. He was a lovable giant, from whom I learned a thing or two about the value of kindness and a smile. I've been retired for over four years, and while I don't miss the job, I certainly miss people like Greg. Hearing the news of his passing is a downer, to put it mildly. My condolences go to Sheila, their family, and to all of Greg's coworkers.*

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**Matthew J. Poole** - January 29, 2021 at 02:30 AM

WH

“ I’ve known McGregor for at least 25 years, he was a very nice gentleman and extremely helpful in the work place. My condolences to Sheila and extended family whom he spoke of with sincere love and admiration. He will definitely be missed.

*‘To be absent from the body, is to be present with the lord 2:  
Corinthians 5-8*

*Sincerely,  
Mr. Winfred Hayes*

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**Winfred Hayes** - January 27, 2021 at 11:52 AM

KP

“ McGregor was a friend and great co-worker. I called him the Candyman. He always had candy on his desk or wanted some good candy. He was polite, respectful and kind. We always had a good laugh along with another co-worker about work or life in general. I also called him Allen. I will miss my friend. I'm so sorry for your loss but thank God that heaven is not a punishment and we will see him again. May the God of all comfort meet you at your point of need with great joy and fond loving memories to strengthen you at this time. God Bless you. -Evangelist Karen Phillips

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**Karen R Phillips** - January 27, 2021 at 11:30 AM

TW

“ My condolences to Shelia and Allen Family. I met McGregory simple by chance as we passed each other in the hallway of NGA. I was wearing a Rust College shirt and his words were "What do you know about Rust"? I smiled and said that I had graduated from Rust and he immediately said I am a Rust Graduate. We both laughed and the thought of two Rustites working for the Agency from the State of Mississippi and especially from Rust. Once he told me that his last name was Allen the conversation took off from there. I had gone to Rust with four of his siblings and it was like he was just an extension of those that I knew. From that point a new friendship was formed. I am truly going to miss him. He was indeed a person that made you feel comfortable even if he did not really know you. RIP my friend.

Terry Watson

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**Terry Watson** - January 26, 2021 at 06:16 PM

SC

“ My condolences to McGregory's family and friends. We enjoyed many great learning experiences and laughs during our early days as cartographers.

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**Scott Cappelluti** - January 26, 2021 at 04:34 PM

DH

“ Condolences to my family in Macon, MS. God will give you strength and peace on this journey. From your family in Memphis, uncle Ed, Patsy, Sandra, Doris, Dianne and Chuck.

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**Dianne Harris-Cooper** - January 26, 2021 at 11:38 AM