



Gregory R Warren

MAY 19, 1961 - MAY 28, 2025



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Cremation Services
of East Alabama

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Gregory R Warren

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Gregory R Warren, 64, of Jacksonville passed away on the morning of May 28, 2025 in Anniston, Alabama. He was born May 19, 1961 to James and Trilbie Bice.

Preceding Gregory in death are his parents, along with two brothers, John Warren and Lamar Warren. Left to cherish his memory are his three children, David Martin, Crystal Martin, and Jayden Warren; a sister, Millie Traywick; grandchildren Payton Martin, Spencer Livingston, Shala Livingston, and Hunter Livingston; along with several nephews and nieces.

Gregory dedicated much of his life to civil service, spending more than 40 years as a firefighter, and after retirement he enjoyed traveling and photography, and spending time with his family. He was loved by everyone he met, and he will be missed greatly.

A memorial service will be held at 1:00 p.m. on Saturday, June 7, 2025, at New Oak Grove Baptist Church.



Events


Gregory R Warren

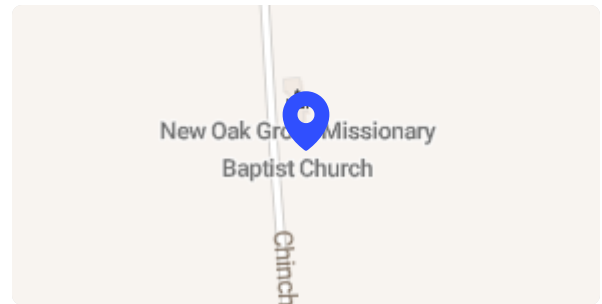
MAY 19, 1961 - MAY 28, 2025

Memorial Service

 **Saturday**, June 7, 2025

 1:00 PM CT

 **New Oak Grove Baptist Church**
3280 Chinch Creek Road, Piedmont AL 36272





Tribute Wall

Gregory R Warren

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EW

Eric Wayne Key posted:

The Flame That Through the Red Clay Drove the Man
In Memory of Gregory R Warren
May 19, 1961 – May 28, 2025
The flame that through the red clay drove the man
rose from the hush of Northern Alabama, where lint-stung mills turned dusk to breathless sleep, and boys were carved from dust and heat and lack. In that still town of broken cotton belts, we ran—barefoot and laughing—toward the edge, two shadows bound by rust and need, by hunger, by wonder, by something unnamed. You were the quieter of the two. I remember your eyes before I remember your voice—steadfast, absorbing, knowing more than you said. You listened like stone listens to rain. You held your pain like a man holds fire—not to banish it, but to warm the world around him. Even then, you carried the weight of others without ever asking for return. The wind that bent the pine trees north of home drove you into flame—not the kind that consumes, but the kind that saves. For more than forty years, you wore the coat, the badge, the burn. A firefighter not only by name but by every inch of your will. You stepped into houses others fled, into days that never ended clean. You gave your breath for those who had none left. You stayed. You stayed until the smoke cleared. You stayed until they were safe. When the firehouse faded behind you, you took to the open sky—a camera in one hand, a steering wheel in the other, chasing light down long back roads the way we used to chase the stars. And still, you gave—to your children, your grandchildren, your kin. The same hands that once held hose and hammer now lifted birthday candles and cradled tired heads. But there was another silence in you too. A silence that no one could name. A shadow that no lens could capture. You never wanted anyone to worry. Never wanted the world to turn its gaze. So when the time came—you slipped between the seconds like a breath held too long. No sirens, no goodbyes. You vanished on your own terms, as you lived—without fuss, without fail. Now I walk the edge of memory, hearing you in the hush between my thoughts. You are not gone. You are wind in the long grass, heat in the summer road, a figure just ahead on the trail. The flame that through the red clay drove the man drives me still. Adedum: Go not with sorrow—go as flame, Who chose the hour, who kept his name. My friend, my brother, ever free—The road rolls on ahead of me.

June 10 at 5:16 AM

LM

Lisa Mahieu lit a candle in honor of Gregory.



May 30 at 5:46 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Gregory by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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