



Gregory Allen Jagow

May 8, 1962 - May 14, 2026

Gregory Allen Jagow was a street performer and philanthropist. He spent every day making the world a better place through random acts of compassion and kindness. He warmed the hearts of all who knew and loved him, as well as the many strangers he encountered along the way. Greg is a funny, intelligent, beautiful soul, who we loved with all our hearts. He genuinely loved all people unconditionally, sharing food, shelter and a hug when they needed it most. He had a heart of gold. He befriended people that others scorned – the invisible people, the homeless, and folks just down on their luck. He gave them compassion, safe harbor, and family. Kindness and empathy came easily for Greg, and we pray he finds the Lord's grace and everlasting joy in heaven. A Mass will be dedicated to his memory on Tuesday June 30th at noon at Our Lady of the Rosary Catholic Church in downtown San Diego. All are welcome.

Greg's father was a brilliant rocket scientist with an edgy sense of humor who brought home missile fuel and blew things up to Greg's delight. He introduced Greg to home repair and computers from an early age. His mother, a pianist, administrator and master bridge player nurtured his musical gifts and creativity. At 14, Greg bicycled 200 miles from Sacramento to Big Sur on a rickety ten-speed that he dutifully repaired every day. Even as his spokes were falling off, he was undeterred. He graduated from Bella Vista High School in 1980, where he played tennis, saxophone and guitar. A master

tradesman, Greg studied radio broadcasting, electronics, technology and watch repair. Although Greg was one of the most intelligent people you'd ever meet, he never flaunted his genius. Instead, he used it to help others. Always curious, Greg was an amazing problem-solver with a brilliant mind. He could fix everything from cars to plumbing to electrical and technology. He rose to every challenge with grace and dedication.

Greg enlisted in the Air Force shortly after graduation, where he guarded missile silos in the Deep South. From there, he moved to Highland Park in Los Angeles County and eventually to San Diego and Imperial Beach. During this time he tended bar, worked construction, built fences and assisted with property renovation and management. At the beach, Seaport Village, Balboa Park and in the Gaslamp Quarter, Greg and his beautiful macaw "Brat" were partners and entertainers. He would strum guitar, sing and show off Brat's skateboarding and tricks to adoring crowds, letting children hold the bird for photos. Brat was his emotional rock and the love of his life.

The last few years were a test of Greg's endurance and strength. Even as he suffered debilitating pain, he continued to offer solace, hope and refuge to friends and strangers. Greg passed quietly in his home from complications related to congestive heart failure. He had just turned 64.

Greg's friendship, loyalty, and light will always be remembered by family and friends. He is survived by Brat, two sisters and a brother, a nephew, both his parents, and countless dear friends that he had adopted like family. In lieu of flowers or gifts, please donate to those in need or pass along some kindness to a stranger or two. That's what Greg would have wanted.

Tribute Wall

FA

“ 1 file added to the album *Memories*



Family - May 21 at 05:17 PM

LI

“ *Greg's mass will be held at Our Lady of the Rosary Catholic Church. It will be livestreamed at <https://www.youtube.com/@OurLadyoftheRosarySD/streams>*

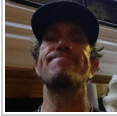
Lisa - May 19 at 08:40 PM

LI

“ *We'll miss you, Greg. You gave your heart to the world. We love you!*



Lisa - May 19 at 04:19 PM



One of Greg's favorite activities was busking with Brat. He and I went out to various local pedestrian hotspots on many occasions to play guitar and take pictures of people flinching as the monster macaw decided if they would live the rest of their lives with or without a nose.

Greg would work his way thru a set-list of hilarious, ribald signature tunes, ("I finally figured out what the problem is - i need to get tortured and teased!") while beach-goers or gas-lamp bar-crawlers gathered in a rapt, apprehensive semi-Taurus, focused on his performance, but moreso on the true showman, that blood-thirsty iridescent siren the world knew as: Brat the Skateboarding Parrot.

But if you think it was just good, old-fashion organ grinder level antics, I am thrilled to disabuse you of this woefully inadequate, luddite impression. In point of fact, at the peak of Gregs public performance powers, his operation had reached such technological sophistication that it rivaled the deployment footprint of a mobile green-screen photography company I used to work for. Except he had developed the process himself, in the field, with a shrill, flying dinosaur doing the crowd-work.

(And no, "skateboarding parrot" was not a typo.)

Nathan Duke - May 20 at 07:55 AM