

Jerrod Lee Stokes, son of Daniel and Jeanelle (Johnson) Stokes, was born on March 25, 1980, in Pocahontas, Iowa. He began his education at the Little Red School in Emmetsburg before attending fifth grade in Mallard. Jerrod later graduated from West Bend-Mallard High School. During and after High School he worked at Horizons in Emmetsburg.

Throughout his life, Jerrod also worked and/or lived in Burt, Humboldt, Spirit Lake, and most recently back in Emmetsburg. He was also a part of Hope Haven, where he formed many meaningful friendships. The staff and those who knew him loved him dearly. Although he could be ornery at times, his infectious personality and kind heart made him easy to love.

Jerrod lived life with enthusiasm and determination. At the time of his birth, he was diagnosed with Cri-du-Chat syndrome and they told his family he would likely never walk or talk. Jerrod proved everyone wrong. Through his determination, he learned to walk, talk, and even communicate using sign language.

At an early age, Jerrod loved swimming and spending time boating. He especially treasured his grandmothers and was a proud uncle who dearly loved his nieces and nephews. Jerrod loved telling everyone, "Me Uncle 10 times!" He had an incredible memory, a vivid imagination, and was very determined.

One of Jerrod's greatest passions was buses - diesel buses were his favorite! He absolutely loved and admired the bus drivers who operated them, even at 2.5 year old when he started school. He also enjoyed anything with flashing lights, especially fire trucks and ambulances. One of his favorite traditions was participating in the Emmetsburg St. Patrick's Day Parade, where he was their proud co-pilot and siren operator in the Mallard fire truck.

Jerrod was rarely seen without his pockets full of treasures, including handkerchiefs, Chapstick, hand lotion, quarters, and other small items he liked to carry with him. When he didn't have pockets, you could find his treasures in his socks or a bag. He loved riding his bicycle around Mallard and had his favorite stops along his rides. He could finish his ice cream faster than just about anyone, and an Oreo Blizzard was always his favorite treat.

Those who knew Jerrod will remember his joyful spirit, his remarkable determination, his unforgettable smile, and the special way he touched the lives of everyone he met. Jerrod remembered each person he met and never forgot their name, even though he would still ask every time. He would even ask, "Where's your honey?" Jerrod was not a keeper of news, as he would tell everyone about the family events, "new baby!" "truck gone", or even a speeding ticket. Jerrod knew no strangers and talked to anyone he met.

Jerrod passed away on July 3, 2026, at MercyOne North Iowa Medical Center in Mason City, Iowa. He was preceded in death by his grandfather, Donald Stokes; grandparents, George and Jeanne Johnson; and his nephew, Myles Scott Stokes.

He is survived by his parents, Daniel and Jeanelle Stokes of Mallard; grandmother, Annette Stokes of Emmetsburg; brothers, Ryan (Lori) Stokes of Mallard and Scott (Sarah) Stokes of Estherville; sister, Crystal (Ryan) Boes of Glidden, Iowa; nieces, Jordyn, Haylee, Ashlyn, Emerson, and Peyson; nephews, Tyler, Austin, Sean, and Jayke; and many other relatives and friends who will miss him dearly.

In Loving Memory



Jerrod Stokes

1980 ~ 2026



In Loving Memory
Jerrod L. Stokes
March 25, 1980 - July 3, 2026

SERVICE

Wednesday, July 8, 2026
10:00 AM

Grace Church
Emmetsburg, Iowa

CLERGY

Rev. Curtis DeFord

PALLBEARERS

Scott Stokes

Tyler Stokes

Ryan Stokes

Austin Stokes

Ryan Boes

Sean Stokes

Jayke Stokes

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Jordyn Stokes

Emerson Boes

Haylee Stokes

Peyson Boes

Ashlyn Stokes

INTERMENT

Rush Lake Cemetery
Mallard, Iowa

Geelan
FUNERAL HOME

*With buses,
bright lights,
and bike rides
through town,
you found joy in
life's simple
moments. Your
determination,
kind heart, and
unforgettable
smile touched
everyone who
knew you,
proving every
day that anything
is possible.
Though your
pockets are still
and the sirens
have grown quiet,
your love,
laughter, and
gentle spirit will
forever ride
alongside us. You
will always
be deeply
loved, fondly
remembered, and
never forgotten.*