



*JEREMIAH DIEGO ALEXANDER KRAMER*  
*“JER,” “MIAH,” “JERRY,” “UNCLE MIAH,” “JER BEAR”*

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Jeremiah Kramer, 20, of Bismarck, ND, passed away on April 21, 2026.

Born on May 6, 2005, in San José, Costa Rica, to Jeannette “Nette” Kramer, Jeremiah lived a life that, though far too short, was filled with plenty of laughter and a love that will never fade.

From the very beginning, Jeremiah brought a special kind of light into the world. His childhood was a unique experience, one of adventure, curiosity, and joy—growing up in Costa Rica, learning two languages, and finding his way through life played a big role in the person Jeremiah was. He never quite followed the expected path, and that was exactly what made him so unforgettable. Whether it was surprising his teachers, like when he started preschool and it came time for bathroom breaks, Jeremiah found the nearest tree, much to his teacher’s shock. Or learning to ride a bike when there weren’t a lot of sidewalks. Once he ditched his training wheels, he fearlessly took a joy ride, straight down a hill and into the back of a pickup, leaving a dent the size of him.

He had a heart that gravitated toward others, especially children. As a paraprofessional at Dorothy Moses Elementary, Jeremiah found genuine purpose and joy in helping his students succeed. He cared deeply, showed up fully, and built meaningful relationships not only with the kids he worked with but with his coworkers as well. No matter how his day went, he always made time to call his mom and share every detail—those conversations were a constant thread of love between them.

Jeremiah’s creativity was a reflection of his soul. He expressed himself boldly—through his art, his clothing, his ever-changing hairstyles, and the stories behind his tattoos. He created his own unique style of clothing using spray paint and bleach and couldn’t be prouder of his wearable art. He saw the world differently and wasn’t afraid to show it. He found joy in the simple things: gaming, basketball, skateboarding, collecting and building Lego art, and his extreme sport of searching for hidden treasures while thrift shopping.

But above all else, Jeremiah loved deeply. He had an incredible group of friends whom he loved dearly and created great memories with. His niece, Adalynn, and nephew, Atlas, were the center of his world. He found so much happiness in making them smile, surprising them with small gifts, and simply being with them. The love he had for them was pure and unwavering, and it was one of the truest reflections of who he was. They really were the most important thing in the world to him, and he made sure everyone knew that.

Jeremiah had a way of bringing light into any room and was often the comedic relief in the family. His humor—sometimes intentional, often not—was a gift to everyone around him. He could turn an ordinary moment into something unforgettable, whether it was through his facial expressions, his stories, or his wildly confident claims. It was almost his mission to have wildly hilarious debates with his siblings over the craziest topics—like being able to take on 50 zombie squirrels without an issues. He embraced who he was completely, always exploring, always learning. Jeremiah didn’t consider himself religious but found

comfort in his spirituality. He was very outspoken in his own beliefs and never conformed to societal norms. He really enjoyed broadening his horizons and learning something new whenever he could. He would always tell everyone how much of a lady’s man he was and how charming he could be. The one thing that he felt really set him apart from others was his taste in music which Jeremiah considered far superior to everybody else’s, while his siblings still disagree to this day.

Even in his imperfections, there was so much love. The kitchen may not have been his strong suit, but even those moments became memories that will be laughed about and cherished forever. Like the time he poured marinara sauce over spaghetti noodles in the strainer, standing in the middle of the kitchen, then panic walked around letting it drip all over the floor until someone stopped him! Jeremiah didn’t need to be perfect—he just needed to be himself, and that was more than enough.

Blessed to have shared in his life is his loving mom, Jeannette “Nette” Kramer of Bismarck; his siblings, Kelly, Kristin (Alex), Brooke (Brian), Jonathan, McKenzie (Ryan), Abigayle (Mason), Destinee, Jacksson, and Jaymason; his cherished niece, Adalynn, and nephew, Atlas; and his beloved dog, Zoey.

Jeremiah recently reached a milestone he was proud of—finding a place of his own (and sadly it wasn’t under the bridge). It was just one of many dreams he carried, and though he is no longer here, the impact he made, the love he gave, and the memories he created will live on in everyone who knew him.

Jeremiah was one of a kind—fiercely himself, deeply loving, endlessly memorable. He will be missed beyond words, but never forgotten.

*“It was a great party while it lasted... and we trust it will continue elsewhere.”*

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CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF JEREMIAH KRAMER

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MEMORIAL SERVICE

4:00 PM, SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 2026

WEIGEL FUNERAL HOME, MANDAN, NORTH DAKOTA

OFFICIANT

RENDA HANSON

SPECIAL MUSIC

SPECIAL ONE BY PHONY PPL

WHITE FERRARI BY FRANK OCEAN

RUNAWAY BY KANYE WEST

IN A WAY THAT REFLECTS WHO HE WAS, ALL WHO ATTEND JEREMIAH’S  
MEMORIAL SERVICE WERE ASKED TO WEAR COLORS—  
BECAUSE JEREMIAH’S LIFE WAS ANYTHING BUT DULL.  
(WE COULDN’T EVEN PRINT THIS IN BLACK & WHITE!)