

Celebrating the Life of

*Geeta
Premchand Wilson
(Née Patel)*



9 AUGUST 1973 - 4 FEBRUARY 2026

28TH FEBRUARY 2026 | 4:00PM

Kettering Seventh-day Adventist Church
3939 Stonebridge Road, Kettering OH 45419

SCRIPTURE READING

Psalms 90

A prayer of Moses
the man of God.

- 1 Lord, you have been our dwelling-place throughout all generations
- 2 Before the mountains were born or you brought forth the whole world, from everlasting to everlasting you are God.
- 3 You turn people back to dust, saying, 'Return to dust, you mortals.'
- 4 A thousand years in your sight are like a day that has just gone by, or like a watch in the night.
- 5 Yet you sweep people away in the sleep of death – they are like the new grass of the morning:
- 6 In the morning it springs up new, but by evening it is dry and withered.
- 7 We are consumed by your anger and terrified by your indignation.
- 8 You have set our iniquities before you, our secret sins in the light of your presence.
- 9 All our days pass away under your wrath; we finish our years with a moan.
- 10 Our days may come to seventy years, or eighty, if our strength endures; yet the best of them are but trouble and sorrow, for they quickly pass, and we fly away.
- 11 If only we knew the power of your anger! Your wrath is as great as the fear that is your due.
- 12 Teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom
- 13 Relent, Lord! How long will it be? Have compassion on your servants.
- 14 Satisfy us in the morning with your unfailing love, that we may sing for joy and be glad all our days.
- 15 Make us glad for as many days as you have afflicted us, for as many years as we have seen trouble
- 16 May your deeds be shown to your servants, your splendour to their children.
- 17 May the favour[a] of the Lord our God rest on us; establish the work of our hands for us – yes, establish the work of our hands

Order of Service

28th February 2026 | 4:00pm

- PROCESSIONAL -

- Musical Tribute**Jeremy Winston Chorale
- Welcome** Dr. Clive Wilson
- Opening Prayer**..... Pastor Andrea Jakobsons
- Scripture Reading**
- Eulogy**
- Musical Tribute**
- Life Reflection Poem** “Between”
- Tribute** Work Family
- Life Reflection Poem** “Inside”
- Tributes** Family
- Life Reflection Poem** “As we make our way to the grave”
- Tribute** Open Tributes
- Video Tribute**..... “Life Reflection of Geeta Premchand Wilson”
- Musical Tribute** DCDC
- Homily** Dr. Clive Wilson
- Musical Tribute**Jeremy Winston Chorale
- Benediction** Dr. Raj Attiken

- RECESSIONAL -

Reception

Immediately following the service, you are warmly invited to join the family for a meal and fellowship in the Fellowship Hall.

Eulogy

Geeta Premchand Wilson (née Patel)

August 9, 1973 – February 4, 2026

Geeta Premchand Wilson (née Patel), a devoted wife, loving mother, cherished friend, and visionary leader in healthcare technology, passed away peacefully at home on February 4, 2026, in Springboro, Ohio, surrounded by her beloved husband Clive and their four sons. She was 52 years old and had fought cancer with remarkable courage, grace, and unwavering faith.

Born on August 9, 1973, in Birmingham, England, Geeta was the only daughter and youngest of four children born to Pravina and Premchand Patel.

Geeta's early years were defined by academic excellence and a profound romance that shaped her future. At Kettering College in England, while pursuing her O and A-level courses, she met Clive Wilson, igniting a whirlwind romance. Separated for a year as Clive attended Teesside University, they sustained their love through tender letters and dictaphone recordings mailed back and forth—a beautiful reflection of their enduring commitment. Geeta soon joined Clive at Teesside, earning her degree in Public Policy. There, she found a nurturing community at the local Seventh-day Adventist church. Welcomed warmly by the women of the congregation, Geeta began a deep spiritual exploration, embracing Seventh-day Adventist Christianity with joy and commitment, and was baptized in faith.

Shortly after completing her studies, Geeta and Clive married. Just thirteen months later, they welcomed their first son, Premkush. Four years into their marriage, the young family—now including three sons under three (Premkush, Rishi, and Kishi)—relocated to the United States for Clive to attend Andrews University in Berrien Springs, Michigan. While Clive trained at the Seminary, Geeta pursued her MBA. A few months before graduation, she joyfully welcomed their fourth son, Khushi.

Geeta's career embodied her pursuit of excellence and purpose. She began in Human Resources at Kettering Health Network, working alongside Clive at Kettering College. She advanced through impactful roles at McCann Worldgroup, NCR Corporation, Humana, and ultimately as Chief Technology Officer for Digital Health and Service Experience Platforms at Elevance Health. Colleagues and peers remember her as an inspiring visionary whose empathy, passion, and innovative leadership transformed

healthcare technology, always driven to improve lives and change the world. Words like warm, engaging, gregarious, generous, and fun-loving capture aspects of Geeta, but the word that truly defines her life is loyalty. Fiercely loyal to her God, her family, her friends, her teams, and her colleagues, Geeta formed deep friendships selectively—shaped by past wounds that made her cautious—yet once given, her loyalty was profound and unwavering. Friends knew her as the one who lit up rooms, elevated experiences, and was always ready for adventure: line dancing, shopping with her best friend, fine dining followed by karaoke, and endless laughter.

Her greatest joys were her faith and her family. Wherever life took her, coming home to Clive and their sons was her anchor and therapy. Playful and affectionate, she delighted in “spot-picking”—swooping in for a hug or kiss before zeroing in on a playful target on her husband or boys. A consummate cook, Geeta fed thousands with love through family gatherings, church events, college functions, and countless hosted occasions—her food always eagerly anticipated and prepared with exceptional care.

Geeta is survived by her devoted husband of 30 years, Clive Wilson; her four beloved sons, Premkush, Rishi, Kishi, and Khushi; her brothers, Ravindra and Devendra Patel; and a wide circle of nephews, nieces, extended family, cherished friends, and colleagues whose lives she enriched immeasurably.

Though her standards were exceptionally high—reflecting her core nature—Geeta offered grace to those around her, gently encouraging growth while rarely revealing the full measure of her expectations. Her legacy lives on in the lives she uplifted, the innovations she drove, the faith she embodied joyfully, and the unbreakable love she poured into her family.

A memorial service to celebrate Geeta's life will be held at Kettering Seventh-day Adventist Church (3939 Stonebridge Rd, Kettering, OH 45419) on Saturday, February 28, 2026, at 4:00 p.m. All who knew and loved Geeta are warmly invited to attend and share in remembering her radiant spirit, deep faith, and profound impact.

Arrangements are handled by Trinity Cremation Care. In lieu of flowers, the family suggests contributions to a Seventh-day Adventist ministry or a cancer support organization that reflects her values and courage.

Geeta's light, loyalty, and love will forever illuminate the hearts of all who knew her. Rest in peace, dear Geeta—your impact endures eternally.

Life Reflection Poems

The Voice of Geeta

LORD, I ASK YOU, BLESS
+ PROTECT THIS BOOK, FROM
FALLING PREY TO PEOPLE'S
HAND WHICH WOULD AFFECT/HARM
MY POSITION. IF IT DOES FALL
UNTO ANYBODY'S HAND, LORD I
ASK THAT THESE WORDS WILL
PROVIDE BLESSING, ASSURANCE
AND UNDERSTANDING OF THY WILL.
IF IN ANYWAY, MY WORKS
CAN HELP ANYBODY, USE ME LORD.
BUT FLEE ALL ^{EVIL} INFLUENCES AWAY
FROM THIS DIARY.

I ASK IN THE PRECIOUS NAME OF
MY LORD JESUS CHRIST.

AMEN.

Wednesday 2nd September 1992

HOOPUM OF THOUGHT?

When the realms of hope
harbour your presence,
the will to surge ahead
appears.
A light to the dynamite
as your motivation explodes.
Your idle perspiration
now soars with a diligent aura.

Such is your enthusiasm
that your day glitters by.
At last! Some achievement,
you bellow.

Oh, but how fleeting the
moment is held,
When to one on one
you face a blockade,
Disabling your growth to success.
Nothing happens, a lifeless
motion exists.

Your mental crib convicted
of a notional bereavement.

Wednesday 2nd September 1992

Confused and disheartened.
A dying attempt you make
to scramble the head of
your forgotten breakthrough
alas! Your head is weak
and your grief so fresh.

As a moth you flutter
blindly to a chaotic panic.
Desperate and in despair,
time slips by as your
struggle dilutes to pity
How unfortunate I am, you exclaim.
What is there to do? You cry.

Get down, my Lord says,
rest on your knees and Praise Him.
Remember the asylum the Lord
provides.

Commemorate His love and
surrender your all,
so that His sobriety
may quench your mortal being.

PRIDE PA 2ND SEPTEMBER '92.

March 1992

It started today the sadness. We had been happy these past few days weeks, but knowing it was short-lived. I crossed over my limit. Feel guilty always feel guilty when times such as these arise. I'm afraid of the present and the future, can't seem to get it right. Don't know what it is. But seems like I always do wrong. Feel confused, I wish I knew how to handle this. Became so dependent I can't break away, but it seems like it will happen. What is it that I'm doing wrong? Why is it my situation? I want to break free. I want to do right, but it's so difficult. Sometimes I feel like a criminal knowing that I am doing wrong but still persisting. Don't know what's going on gradually but surely feel as I am deteriorating. I need god's help and I want it but how comes I never feel right? Always feel dumb. Never felt like this before. I've lost my confidence, and my independence. Letting everybody down my parents, Clive, these two years crying, like I used to, except this time not a child. He sees me as trouble, and he wants to get away from me. But he can't, because I'm there telling him to stay, through my actions and through my words. This time, if he wants to part. So be it, I can't have a man staying involuntarily today after the complaint. He grew colder towards me there. I was again 'trouble'. It makes me think what happens if we survive? I will definitely have no support for my family. If a similar situation arises, will he turn cold again. Then, who do I lean on? I'll be on my own. He thinks I'm stupid when it comes to my religion and that I don't know anything that I do everything with malice afterthought. I really do want to go God's way, and i'm trying every day, I think of it.

Wednesday 29th July 1992

So, at this point of my life, it was devastating to my identity. The base that I had stood on for all my life was quickly crumbling. I was on my way downwards; there was only 1 arm left holding on. I was in literal despair, everything that I had believed in and stood for, for my once firm foundation was no comfort or refuge. For me at all. Mon, That hurt me. I felt a traitor to my culture, my people, why did I feel this way? And no one else did. If out of 100 people, everybody is in agreement except one, surely the crowd are in the right as they have the majority. But this rationalisation didn't detract from the way I felt, I didn't feel that I belonged, I wanted something fulfilling something. I could hold onto, to give me strength. I tried rather pathetically to keep holding on to what I used to. My ritual's, Friday prayers, but no comfort was found my head still hurt.

Saturday 18th July 1992

SHALLOW
//////////

FITTING, it is for those
whose life is insecure,
to bring forth society
with them.

But, look within
and seek their intentions.

Do not be afraid
to unravel hidden truths. ©

Be Persevere and question
thy self.

FOR WHOM IS IT REALLY SECURE?

Persevere 18/7/92.

Friday 26th August 1993 - 9:45pm

I'm writing in anticipation of what is to come, this may be the last time. I shall write my thoughts in this house. I have lapsed to write for a long time and as a result chapters of my life, this far, have been missed. For the past few weeks, I have been undergoing spiritual turmoil. My thoughts have become cloudy and smeared with Satan's recipes. I have becoming short to anger, slow to its patience and a consistent liar and alas, a foregoing sinner, this is the path to destination. I needed to find my way back to peace, which can only be found by following the steps to Christ.

December 1992

Family Ties

Seldom is it fun,
When laughter roars
from sunken bridges.
A kinship bondage
strained through attachment.
Yet love exists, for my
heart's hurts me so.

From the conflict, to the war,
to the culture, to the religion,
to the strength of my
generate race.

A fortitude of traditional
embarkments.

To detachment myself of not
the race, but of the religion,
is but the twin,
a viewpoint of my Indian Martyr.



December 1992

A let down, a traitor,
the dirt from which, not
even a pig would snort,
my fame, my body,
my insidious mind.

It's with confusion I write,
for in it breed,
a senseless, selfish, softened
spirit.

For to my father, I would say
..... what?

For to my mother, I would say
..... what?

For to my brother, I would say
..... what?

It's at these times, when
words escape me,
but the rambles of a fool
invade me.

Bemusement appears, the road
do I block?
or another sign do I await?

Lord, help me to do right

Praveen
DEC 92

Tuesday 7th September 1993

Well, a lot, a lot has happened since the last time I wrote from home. It's hard to explain it into words. But boy, the time has come. On Sunday 29th of August 1993 at around 1:30pm I told my parents. The day went like this...

Saturday 5th September 1993 - 5:30pm

To everybody at home, I know that all of you are at present shocked and anguished at my actions. It seems that these past couple of days have opened your eyes to a Geeta that you never knew existed. I pray that you all are safe and well. I know that it's hard to believe, that I wish that upon you. But I do I feel that you perceive me to be heartless, selfish and unloving. I received your letters a couple of days ago, and I have searched the depths of my mind of how I would write back to you and what next to do. The reason I had not written sooner was not because I didn't care which you may think already, but because I was unsure of how to express my feelings towards you without you brushing them aside as nonsense again. Even if you do not think I care or love you and no matter how many times you deny that I do, I will tell you that I do love you all. This is the hardest letter that I have ever ventured to write inside I feel tentative about revealing my all to you.

Wednesday 22nd July 1992

--- Limited --- X

Sheltered within the confines of attachment. X

Allowed the freedom to explore. X

Indeed, given the opportunity to exalt thyself, to return only to the oppressive Igloo X

Discard of past actions. X

Generate a new future. X

Linger amongst extortionists, whilst the attachments mature to greater depths. X

Know of thy boundary Walk beyond the borders Then be prepared to run from the cage X

Look back for justice, Be Confronted with Hatred. X

Pranab 22/7/92.

Tuesday September 14th 1993

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN

It's hard to explain, as the process has been an ongoing stage where gradually I became fully pledged with Christianity. That there was no way I could turn my head back to Hinduism. God as a compassionate loving being was alien to me, but God as a dictator and judge, was what I knew of God before, I really began to understand what he is really like. Clive played a role in bringing me closer to God but in emphasis he did not make me believe in Christianity. If anything, I would shut him up and act as if I didn't care and defend Hinduism to the extreme even though I didn't know much of it. I still held my argument that I could never be Christian. And would say this with all my conviction.

As time went on, I began to understand or look at God, In a way I did never known him before. To talk to him and I had to get down on my knees and he would listen, and he has been a living proof to me in my life. This God was a personal God for me. I really think that clinched it. Looking at Adventism, I could see no flaws. Yes, I could pick details and argue them, but I found an answer that would settle my query, something that never happened with Hinduism.

I am now not confused about which religion I believe in, I know it. God is my purpose.

Geeta Patel.

4th MAY 1992.

"THE LORD IS BLESSING ME"
OH RIGHT NOW
OH RIGHT NOW
THE LORD, THE LORD,
THE LORD... IS BLESSING ME."

THE HOMILY

THE VOICE OF GEETA

Friday 30th January 1995

“My Jesus”

My Jesus is in my heart
a precious Savior
so near and so dear.
It's to you I come
for I know your love
knows no bounds.

When people ask me why...
I may not have the art
of a gifted tongue.
I may not possess
knowledge as deep as the sea.
I may not please my beloved
blood. I may not show my
weeping tears.
I may not hold the wisdom of
age.
I may not even live a life
trouble free.

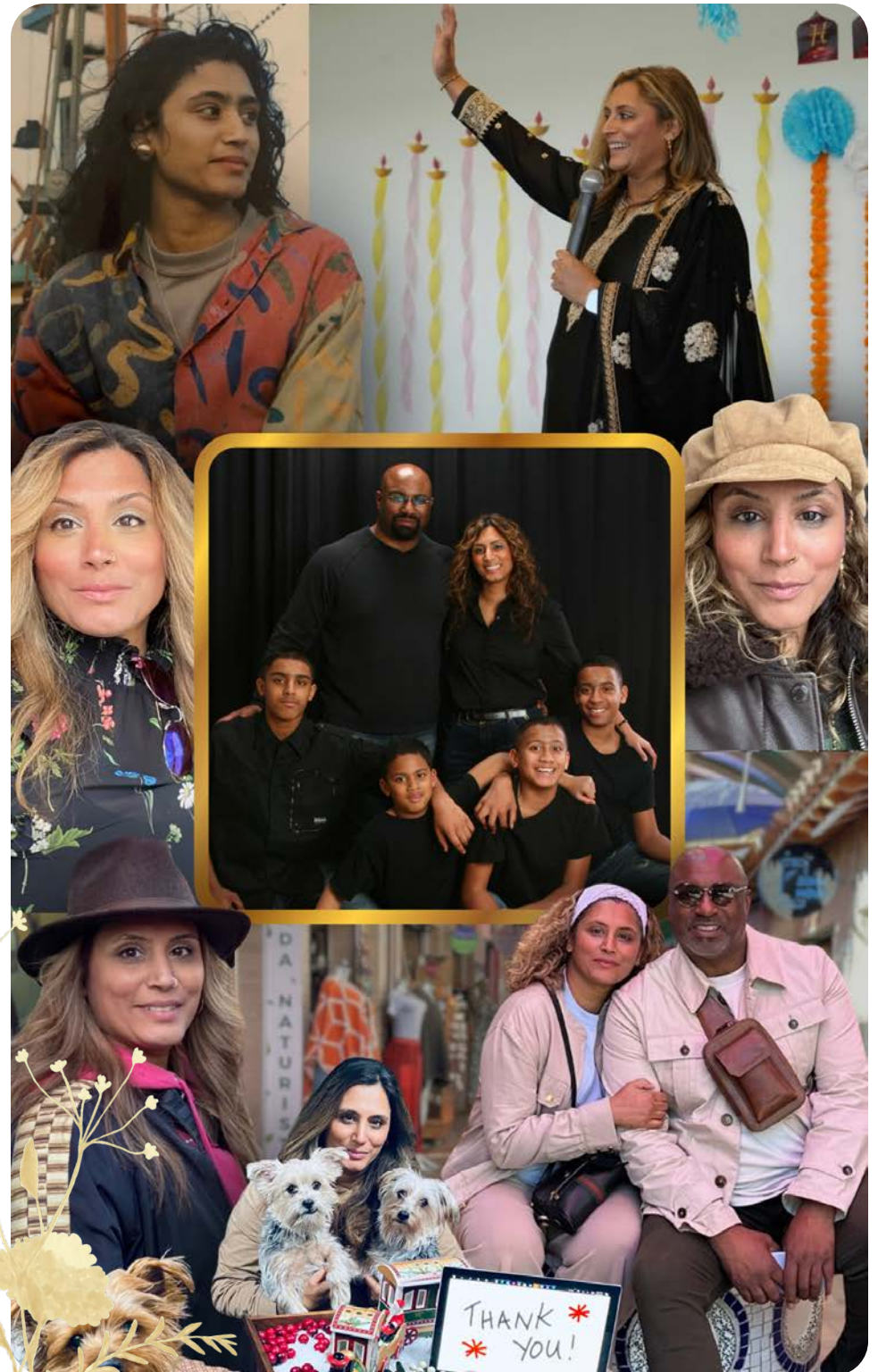
But one thing I do know,
one thing of which I am sure,
one thing I cannot deny,
is that You, my Jesus,

are as real as
the sun is to the sky.
You are my only hope.
You are the one to whom I can
say “mold me.” You are my
strength when my bones are
weak,
You are my shield
when my defense is naked,

You are my friend,
when I sit with my foes.
You are my sanity,
when I cannot comprehend.
You are my food,
when I long to be fed.

Tis the reason why I say,
I Love You.

Tis the reason why
I say Amen.





Geeta Patel

9 AUGUST 1973 - 4 FEBRUARY 2026