



Britta Neu Gell

February 16, 1958 - February 22, 2017

Britta was born on Feb.16, 1958, in Hamburg Germany. At the age of ten, Britta and family moved to Australia. Three short years later, in 1972 her family again decided on a major move to Wilmington, NC.

This is where Britta grew into the wonderful woman that she became, and found the love of her life, James A. Gell. Britta and James were married in September 1976. That day started the rest of their life and the forty years that they spent together so much in love.

In 1979 Britta gave birth to her first born son, Kristopher Briant Gell, followed by second son, Aaron Scott Gell in 1985, completing their small but very loving family. Britta is preceded in death by her father, Karlheinz Hinrich Neu. Surviving are her mother, Karla Martha Neu, her husband, James A. Gell, her two sons, Aaron and Briant Gell, and her sister, Dagmar N. Cannon.

Britta was a very loving daughter, mother, wife, sister, and friend. She will never be forgotten but always missed.

Services will be held at the convenience of the family.

Tribute Wall

DA

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Dagmar - March 22, 2017 at 05:24 PM

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Dagmar - March 22, 2017 at 05:22 PM

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Dagmar - March 22, 2017 at 05:20 PM

DC

“ I remember when Britta was still living at home and dad would always love to play pranks on her. One day she was doing something to her hair and he told her that if she washed her hair with HONEY it would make it soooooo shiny. Of course Britta believed him at the time and proceeded into the kitchen to get the honey. Dad was in the living room with such a straight face that no one could have suspected anything. Maybe 5 or 10 minutes later we could hear a terrible scream coming from the bathroom. She was yelling "DADDY". Britta put on a robe and came out with her hair all stuck together with the longer pieces sticking straight out. Dad ran out of the house laughing so hard he could barely contain himself. Needless to say Britta was MAD!. She was finally able to wash her hair enough times (not all in the same day) that she got the honey out, but the bathroom was sticky everywhere and it was tied up all day. This is just one of very many practical jokes Dad played on her, but she had many things in return she did also which of course we thought was funny but dad didn't. It seemed strange to me at the time because I am 7 years younger than Britta. But looking back now at all the practical jokes they played on each other, I feel extremely fortunate to have have been at least a by stander to witness all their fun. Thinking about these times puts a smile on my face, and I know that is what she would want.

From your loving sister,
Dagmar



Dagmar Cannon - March 22, 2017 at 02:45 PM