



Terrance P. Miklas

May 30, 1945 - May 29, 2020

Hampton -Terrance P. Miklas, 74, of Hampton, formerly of Newburyport, MA, suddenly May 29, 2020. He was born May 30, 1945 in Omaha, Nebraska a son of the late Frank and Margaret (Carney) Miklas.

Terrance graduated from St. Paul High School in Santa Fe Springs, CA and received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Southern California. He was employed as a senior vice president and manager in the commercial title insurance field for over 30 years retiring in 2019.

He made his home in Hampton since 1997 coming from Newburyport, enjoyed travel, was an avid reader and fanatic Los Angeles Rams football fan.

He leaves six sons, Eric, Jamie, Noah, Torin, Niles and Joel, seven grandchildren, two great grandchildren, his siblings Patty-Jo Barry, Frank Miklas, Jr., Mary-Kay Rosenseld and John Miklas, his longtime companion and best friend Rachel Harrington, the mother of his children Rebecca Lee Miklas, nieces and nephews.

He was predeceased by his son, Shane Miklas and his sisters, Colleen Kamel and Lauren McDermott.

Private services will be held at the convenience of the family. In lieu of

traditional remembrances donations may be made to St Jude Childrens Research Hospital (<https://www.stjude.org>) 282 Danny Thomas Place, Memphis, TN 38105. Arrangements by Remick & Gendron Funeral Home-Crematory, Hampton.

Tribute Wall



“ *Terrance P. Miklas*

September 18, 2022 at 12:49 AM

“ Loss in the time of Covid-19 is pretty challenging. The inability to gather, share stories, reminisce and remember has made the last week even more challenging. Thankfully, Niles, Joel and Sandra, Jamie, Ivette and I has a little time to grasp this loss together and share some grief and tribute.

I have the need to share some thoughts and this may be my only opportunity and forum.

Terrance or "T" as he was affectionately known by me, and others, came into my life when the world seemed pretty dark and hopeless. I often say he opened the shades and brought the sun back into my life.

We had a lot of differences. 22 years in age. West Coast/East Coast, Republican/Democrat, Rams/Pats, Lakers/Celts. I often joked that we disagreed about everything except love of family, football, friendship and each other. It made for an interesting, fun filled, vibrant relationship, the hallmark of which was the complete acceptance for the other and gratitude for the time we spent together.

T was immensely smart and a scholar on many topics. He had a wry, quick wit. His voice was craggy and gentle, but powerful. I am struggling with missing the sound of it each day.

T still had dreams as he approached his 75th birthday. He spoke last week of how he wished he could help coach a football team or learn to help a forensics team solve crime.

He had a terrific singing voice and often started a phone call with me or a voicemail by singing lyrics by Willie Nelson, Carole King, Frank Sinatra or the Beach Boys.

In 5 short years we visited 10 states and 3 countries. We saw amazing theater, heard great concerts, ate incredible meals together, binged many TV series including our beloved Friday Night Lights. We watched sports in many venues and I had 3 fairly tale trips to the SuperBowl. He introduced me to family, friends, colleagues and neighbors. We visited the campus of USC and he showed me Yosemite, a place so dear to his heart.

T was a deep thinker, sentimental and compassionate. His generosity knew no bounds. Not just with money, but with his heart,

his time and his ability to forgive. He did not hold grudges. He accepted people, warts and all. He was not in the business of changing people.

Being a father was incredibly important to Terrance. More than anyone probably ever knew. It was a role that brought him enormous pride, great joy, some deep regret and a certain amount of heartache. He often told me that the love he felt for Eric made him sure that being a Dad was the most important thing he would ever do in his life and lead to the big brood. In addition to his 7 sons, he considered Tony, Keith and Andrew his adopted boys. He always shared stories of the escapades and conversations with those guys. He had great affection for my 2 boys too.

I wish I could have filled a room this week with flowers. With friends and family. I wish we could have had a proper goodbye. Alas, circumstances make that impossible. But this is possible- today, in his honor, do a kind thing for another person, forgive someone a transgression, tell someone you love them. Share a story about this amazing guy.

For me this is a time for reflection. For gratitude and also profound sadness. But T taught me the sun does come back out. So I will wait for that day.

I will see you somewhere over the rainbow my sweet T.

*Always,
Blondie*

Rachel Harrington - June 04, 2020 at 09:18 AM



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Terrance P. Miklas.*



June 03, 2020 at 12:11 PM

ST

“ Miklas Family: I was so sorry to hear the news last weekend. Terrance was a very special, very positive and very complicated man. I happen to love complicated. He was a student of Everything. Work was a means to an end. He had fun, and dove so deep into whatever his passions were at the time. History, politics, sports, surfing...

I was his guest at the Baseball All Star Game in 99 at Fenway. Ted Williams, the pride of Orange County/Whittier drove by us in a golf cart as part of a pre-game ceremony. T-Man high-fired him. That was his boy. Great intellect, great athlete, war veteran, larger than life. He broke down emotionally. That's how I will choose to remember him. Tough as nails, but willing to let his guard down with family and friends.

Have each other's backs, boys. He would want it that way.

Scott Tully - June 02, 2020 at 09:32 PM



Monique Mckenna

Beautifully written 🙌❤️

Monique Mckenna - September 17, 2020 at 08:37 AM

AC

“ Happy Birthday in heaven my dear friend Terrance Miklas. You had a big heart, a loving soul and a personality that will never be forgotten. Thank you for being you. I will miss you forever ❤️ My sincerest condolences to the entire Miklas family. May his memory live in all of you 😞

Annette M Comer - June 02, 2020 at 05:04 AM