



## Anthony Miele

April 22, 2025

Anthony Miele, of Nashua, New Hampshire, passed away on April 22, 2025. To those who knew him, he was a steady presence—a loving husband, father, grandfather, uncle, and friend, remembered for his quiet strength and deep, unwavering care.

For over 62 years, he was married to the love of his life, Arlene. They were true partners, side by side through every phase of life. Anthony built his world around her and was fond of saying, “If Mrs. Miele ain’t happy, ain’t nobody happy.” Their connection was unshakeable, the center of so much, and for so many. For decades, they were simply part of each other’s lives, as natural and constant as the sun rising and setting.

As a father, he was unwavering in his love for his daughter, April. He gave her the tools she would need to navigate a complex world—sometimes literally, like the tiny toolkit he gave her one Christmas. And sometimes figuratively, through modeling what true resilience and grit looked like. Because he wanted to ensure she had everything she needed, not just to survive, but to thrive.

The Mieles’ door was always open. It was the kind of place where you could show up unannounced at dinner and be treated to one of Anthony’s world-famous steaks. Or, if you needed a place to regroup for a while, you might find yourself staying a bit longer than expected.

Which is how Daniel Mansur went from being a houseguest to Anthony's Danny Boy, and "chosen son." There was no single moment, no big decision. Dan simply became part of the family: mostly through years of shared chores and quiet gruntwork, the kind of bonding that happened while stacking wood or shoveling snow before sunrise.

And when Dan married Tarina, Anthony embraced her with just as much love and affection.

While Anthony adored his children, he may have loved his grandchildren a teensy bit more. When Rachel and James were young, they loved "helping" him with small tasks like filling the bird feeders. It probably created more work than it saved, but he was always happy to have them by his side.

As they grew older, he remained just as curious and engaged—eager to hear about their lives, their interests, and whatever they were up to. Whether it was a new tattoo or a track meet, he listened closely and with the totality of his attention.

Anthony was a printer by trade, and proud of it. He was a graduate of the New York School of Printing, a credential he carried with quiet pride throughout his career.

A respected perfectionist, he brought care and precision to every job. When the industry shifted and he was laid off at 70, Arlene assumed he'd finally retire. But the next day, he walked into another print shop and got hired on the spot. "Who the heck hires a 70-year-old man to do this kind of physical work?" she said, a little annoyed, but not at all surprised.

That was Anthony, persistent, and a bit stubborn: not ready to slow down until he decided it was time. And when he did retire, he embraced it fully.

Retirement gave him space to grow in new ways. He took cooking classes and delighted in feeding his family, moving from his comfort zone of grill-only cooking to couscous salads, biscotti and homemade cannoli for the grandkids. He took up golf, or what he jokingly called “swinging a club.”

There was a kind and gentlemanly way about Anthony coupled with an endearing sense of humor. If you asked Anthony how he was doing, his favorite response was “as good as the smile on your face.”

Anthony will be remembered not for grand gestures, but for the way he showed up—for his family, for his work, and for his values. He cared deeply for those around him and did the right thing, even when no one was watching. Like the time he gave his winter coat to a man clearing ice in the rain, then quietly took the soaked one inside to return it clean and dry.

Beyond his immediate family, Anthony was deeply cherished by many nieces and nephews, whom he loved. Anthony was predeceased by his brother, Frank Miele.

As was Anthony’s wish, a dual celebration of life for Arlene and Anthony will be held on Monday, June 9th at 11:00am in the Dumont-Sullivan Funeral Homes, 50 Ferry Street in Hudson, NH. Guests are asked to start arriving at 10:30am. A proud U.S. Army veteran who served during the Korean War, Anthony will be honored for his service during the ceremony. He and his bride will later be laid to rest at the New Hampshire State Veterans Cemetery in Boscawen. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Less Leg More Heart at [www.lesslegmoreheart.com](http://www.lesslegmoreheart.com)

# Previous Events

## Celebration of Life

JUN 9. 11:00 AM (ET)

Dumont-Sullivan Funeral Home Hudson, NH  
50 Ferry Street  
Hudson, NH 03051  
(603) 882-9431  
[info@dumontsullivan.com](mailto:info@dumontsullivan.com)

# Tribute Wall

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“ You were the best Anthony, very hospitable. When Al and I came over your house for a visit, we were always-greeted with a smile when we came in and a bigger when we left. lol We sat in the living room & Arlene entertained us. ,while you were in the kitchen, putti together pepperoni, crackers and cheese. Yum always look forward to having that snack. Then the Misses went into the kitchen to get a few sweets. Yes you did make the best steaks. More to say but I do not want to take up one’s time. P.S. missing you guys a lot, still hard to believe that you’re gone We will not forget you, will forever be in our hearts love from your sister-in-law Fay.

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**Fay Lanteigne** - June 05, 2025 at 09:33 PM



“ The one memory I always remember is when Donny, Danny, and I put up a swing set in the back yard around the early 1980s. I remember him and Arlene being all smiles and so grateful for our help.

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**Richard Lausier** - May 29, 2025 at 10:14 PM

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“ Anthony, and Arlene will be deeply missed. I was their mailman for years. Anthony would often stop on his daily walks(even though Arlene told him not to walk too far), and chat with me about life. He was a man from a great generation of men. He always said I was his favorite mailman because of professionalism and uniform tidiness. Thanks for great memories and the sandals that didn’t fit you old friend. Keep swinging your golf club up there.

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**Garrett** - May 29, 2025 at 06:43 PM