

# Being an Altar Boy In the Covent

*Alfred Durocher's Story*

*Told By: Granddaughter Kelsie Couillonneur*

I remember becoming an altar boy in my early age at the convent. After learning the duties and answering in Latin I became an altar boy. The nuns would wake me up at about 6:30 in the morning and go and serve mass either at the convent chapel or at the father's house chapel.



I remember one time I was awarded the best altar boy of the year. My award was a rosary. I was really proud of my rosary. The highlight of being an altar boy was when they had the centennial Year Celebrations. I was so surprised to see so many people that attended the celebrations. They came in canoes and they stayed in tents. People from all the surrounding communities attended the celebrations. Anyways I was chosen to be an altar boy for all the masses they had.

In the evening they would have concerts and plays. I was also in one of those plays where I was a little Indian boy. I also remember three couples that got married at the celebrations. I think the couples were Melchoir and Pauline Bouvier and Vital and Therese Morin. The other couple I think was from Buffalo Narrows.

This all happened in the years between 1942 and 1946.