

Lester Otto La Fountaine “The Fountain” for Youth Part-1
Memories of our Youth - Hello to all who visit ‘our’ page of memories.

I, like so many of you, have memories from the days spent at St. Anne’s Orphanage or Mount St. Ann. A dream wakes you in the middle of the night about dancing on stage, or seeing TV stars, or large rooms with endless beds filled you and other children. Maybe even a scary black and white figure looming about.

Where were you when you had your first connection with Mother Nature? Ah, I do remember our first meeting. Was it a dream or an actual memory? It just happened to be one of my memories from St. Anne’s Orphanage in Worcester, Mass. That “Wow” moment, the Awe of Nature where you least expect it.

As I was milling about the playground I noticed a moving object upon one of the bars of the kids climbing thing (Monkey Bars?) There was this strange creature with two sets of wings on each side of its body. And oh, those eyes! Huge things that kept staring at me. For some reason, I did not run away from this mid-evil creature. My fascination for it lured me closer. It too must have been curious of my presence because it did not flutter away either. We studied each other for a bit before we mutually departed as friends.

Was it a dream I awoke from in the middle of the night? For the longest time, I thought it was. Until My sister and I found some newspaper clippings at the Worcester Public Library. (I took pictures of them.) There were the monkey bars (I believe they were called) in the corner of playground #3. My dream became a reality!

Email me your memories at st.annesorphage.worcester@gmail.com and I will try to add them to this page. Thank you for sharing - JoeM (Lester Otto La Fountaine “The Fountain” for our Youth)

Memories of our Youth - Hello to all who visit 'our' page of memories.

What is in a name? When you are born you are given a name that you have no say in. It could have been derived by your heritage. Many names come from a family or a friend's name. They may be the sole discretion of a mother, a father or whomever is caring for you. Where ever you got if from I'm sure people have either misspelled it or mispronounced it or even changed it to suit their means. Worst of all they make names of your name and pick on you for it.

Well, welcome to the world of St. Anne's Orphanage. Believe it or not it has been misspelled on and off for over a century. Even the 1905 Catholic Directory named it St. Ann's Asylum. It even misspelled the Grey Nuns as the Gray Nuns. The Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes and St. Bernadette, across the street from St. Anne's Orphanage, has also been called the St. Ann Grotto. Numerous newspaper clippings I have posted also show misspellings.

When you Google St. Anne's Orphanage Google automatically pulls up all the St. Ann's on the planet. If one asks for a delicious apple, should one not receive a delicious apple and not a granny smith apple? Type in 'St. Anne's Orphanage Worcester' You find our Facebook page promptly listed on the first search page.

I guess we must all accept what we are given. A name is just that, a name. They can be changed. It is the person that is important. Yep, you and I, or St. Anne. We just tolerate our names and how they are presented. We are us, not by name, but by how we present ourselves to the world.

Email me your memories, pictures, documents, newspaper clippings, or anything of interest you would like to share to st.annesorpahage.worcester@gmail.com and I will try to add them to this page. Thank you for sharing - JoeM (Lester Otto La Fountaine "The Fountain" for Youth)

Lester Otto La Fountaine “The Fountain” for Youth” - Part-3 Memories of our Youth - Hello to all who visit ‘our’ page of memories.

Memories may be the building blocks of our conscience, our personality, our self-preservation, our coping mechanism, maybe even our soul. They can create fears and phobias of things, animals and even people. They can turn us to the dark side or guide us to a loving and giving life. The actual experience that creates a memory is only one stitch that makes us who we are.

Types of memories do play a role as well. We know that seeing a scary movie when we were young brought about nightmares of some creature or monstrous thing. We know that physical trauma can embed vivid memories of the event, maybe even a scar or two. And we also know that psychological trauma can embed hidden scars, fears, and even anger when the memory appears. Don't forget we also have happy memories that provide a sense of wellbeing and happiness that you want to hold onto all long as possible.

Scary, traumatic, happy or unexpected events embed a lifelong memory that may lie dormant as a dream or a childhood fantasy. They may be real experiences, a fabrication of our mind or even a story told us. They can be brought to the surface and proven true or false by the smallest explanation or proof.

I recently told you of my first encounter with nature's dragon fly. The smidgen of proof came 60 years after the actual event. When I saw the aerial view picture of St. Anne's Orphanage there were those monkey bars. BAM! The memory stored way back in my subconscious came to the forefront as a proven fact of my experience.

I encourage you to email us at st.annesorphanage.worcester@gmail.com your experiences while you were a resident at St. Anne's Orphanage. Maybe some are real, or some are just a figment or your imagination, but just maybe someone else had the same experience while at St. Anne's Orphanage and may give you that “WOW! it really happened!” moment we all deserve.

In my next installment of “Memories of our Youth” I will give you examples of my “WOW! it really happened!” moments while I was at St. Anne's Orphanage. In future installments, I will (with your permission) post excerpts your email stories. So, please share.

Lester Otto La Fountaine “The Fountain” for Youth - **Part 4 - Page 1**
Memories of our Youth - Hello to all who visit ‘our’ page of memories.

In this installment of “Memories of our Youth” I will give you examples of my, **“WOW! it really happened!”** moments while I was at St. Anne’s Orphanage as well as **“Was that real or did I dream it up?”** and the **“Why can’t I remember this?”**

Proof you always were looking for is now: “WOW! it really happened!”

1. I remember being on stage doing a Snowman dance routine. WOW! - It really did happen - A newspaper clipping on Dec. 24, 1954 the Worcester Gazette Santa stopped by to do magic and watch us perform the Snowman Dance and other routines. (See it in the “Newspaper Clippings” photo album)
2. Honey I’m Home dance - I remember doing this routine in a large audience setting. “Was that real or did I dream it up?” - I just learned that for many years, starting in 1952, St. Anne’s Orphanage was part of the Catholic Charities Stadium Festival at Fitton Field, Holy Cross college. - So just maybe it isn’t a figment of my imagination.
3. Remembering the large brick building was a bit confusing for me. After leaving St. Anne’s Orphanage I went to Wollaston Elementary School. When you entered the playground it reminded me every day of how St. Anne’s looked from its playground. “Was that real or did I dream it up?” - This is one memory I always had.
4. Once I sat at the bottom of a sloping driveway between two playgrounds. My sister and I would roll a ball or marble up and down the hill to each other since we could not play in the same playground together. “WOW! it really happened!” When Rosalie and I visited the Worcester Public Library last April we found some newspaper clippings and WOW! There it was... A newspaper clipping showing the dedication of the playgrounds. I came to tears when I saw the monkey bars and the hill between playgrounds 2 & 3. I didn’t remember a lot while at St. Anne’s but this one really got to me. Being separated from your family was hard for all of us at St. Anne’s. So, taking whatever chance you could to stay connected meant so much.

Memories are yet to be exonerated: “Was that real or did I dream it up?”

1. Getting an Easter Bunny - There is one photo in the Gallery though.
2. Racing against my sister in school.
3. Odd Truck with large girl on side with bread. (Sunbeam Bread truck?)
4. I'm sure I'm not the only one to have a Bathroom Nightmare. Were you afraid to get up in the middle of the night? Two fears come to mind. First, getting lost trying to navigate to the bathroom and back through that maze of beds. One wrong turn and...

Well, you get the picture. And secondly those tall dark figures that loitered about looking for their prey. OK, A little mellow dramatic. Ladies, don't forget the ever watching Jesus that hung in your dormitory.

And there are the proofs without the memories: “Why can't I remember this?”

1. Funny enough that I have the pictures with Rosie & Denyse all Dressed up to Dance but the memory evades me.
2. I see the newspaper clipping but still don't remember the USMC picture day.

Memories are weird things. Some things you think you should have remembered, some you don't know why you do, and others you wished you didn't remember at all.

I encourage you to email us at st.annesorphanage.worcester@gmail.com your experiences while you were a resident at St. Anne's Orphanage. Maybe some are real, or some are just a figment or your imagination, but just maybe someone else had the same experience while at St. Anne's Orphanage and may give you that “WOW! it really happened!” moment we all deserve.

In my next installments of “Memories of our Youth” I will provide memories of others who have graciously opened their past stories/memories for me to share with you. Their memories as well as mine may help solidify some of those memories you have tucked away or even bring back some you didn't realize you had.

Lester Otto La Fountaine "The Fountain" for Youth
Memories of our Youth - Inspiration
Hello to all, who visit 'our' page of memories.

Part-5

INSPIRATION - It seems that people are "inspired" to do many things; write books or music, draw or paint, create things we all can use, make movies, go where no one has gone before, etc. But how do we get inspired? Memories, or dreams come to the top of my list. During our life time our senses recorded an encounter or need into your sub-conscience and as time passed it became an inspiration.

Today I have an inspiration, of sorts. I am going to tell you a little story that happened at St. Anne's Orphanage way back during the 1950's. The story was passed on to me by one of our followers. Names have been changed to.... Well, you know.

Let's start out with a little drama... See if this sounds familiar...
Dun.... Da-Dun.... Dun.... Da-Dun.... Dun, Dun, Dun-Dun-Dun... Da-Dun-Da-Dun...
Ah... You're close... But, think of a Baby Ruth candy bar... Remember them?
Now think of a Baby Ruth in a pool.... and in a movie. OK, some of you got it.
Did you ever think that an actual event may have INSPIRED someone to put a scene about a Baby Ruth in the pool?

Well here it is... a day at the pool at St. Anne's Orphanage in 1955ish could have been the catalyst that inspired the scene in the movie Caddy Shack... Just saying. LOL
Here is the story straight from my un-named source:

"Did you ever see the movie Caddy Shack with the Baby Ruth in the pool? (it's called Caddy Shack Doodle in the Pool on YouTube). If not you should watch this short clip before you read my next paragraph:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TPxiXGr9nFM>

So, the nuns would not let you into the building with a wet bathing suit! You might know how little kids are, they always wait until the last minute. Well, I had to go, now I'm about 5 years old... and I had to go but they wouldn't let me go into the building because my bathing suit wasn't dry. This is so vivid in my mind and always has been.

Sooooooo, I went back in the pool, found a quiet corner (Note: that must have been difficult since the pool was round, but we understand - JoeM) where nobody was around me and dropped the back of my bathing suit and did my thing. I then went to the other side of the pool and figured no one would be the wiser. It was just like in the movie. Well, I was at the movie theatre when I saw the movie for the first time and I laughed so hard I was literally rolling on the floor. My family couldn't figure out what was wrong with me. I still watch it on YouTube occasionally when I need a good laugh.

They made everyone get out of the pool - lined us all up, I don't remember how many kids, guessing at 25 or 30 They tried to get someone to admit to it. No one came

forward - do you think I was going to? Even at five I wasn't that dumb! So, they punished everyone by not letting anyone swim in the pool. I don't remember what other punishment there was or how long we couldn't use the pool. They had to drain and refill the pool. Maybe it took a week to fill or before we could use it again. I never told anyone until later in life."

So, there you have it. A former resident of St. Anne's Orphanage has unburdened his/her soul to us. Thank you for your honesty. As the nuns used to say, "La confession est bonne pour l'âme" (Confession is good for the soul). Or at least I think they said that.

Aaaaahhh - INSPIRATION - What a wonderful thing.

Email me your memories, pictures, documents, newspaper clippings, or anything of interest you would like to share to st.annesorphage.worcester@gmail.com and I will try to add them to this page. Thank you for sharing - JoeM (Lester Otto La Fontaine "The Fountain" for Youth)

Lester Otto LaFountaine “The Fountain” for Youth
Memories of our Youth - The Good, The Bad and The Indifferent
Hello to all, who visit ‘our’ page of memories.

Part-6

As I read through the many postings of former residents I see a mixture of good, bad and indifferent experiences. It is interesting to see how children from the same age group have different memories. The longer a child is a resident the more embedded are the memories. But one thing is sure, as one looks back a specific event more than likely made the overall experience fall into the good, the bad or the indifferent category.

The weighting of each experience seems to change over the decades. As time progressed from the “All children should be seen and not heard” to the more modern approach that “Children are People and should be treated with the same respect that others receive. Over time the Golden Rule finally became understood that children should be included. (The Golden Rule - The common English phrasing is “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.”) This was the utmost Rule at St. Anne’s Orphanage.

It seems the staff at St. Anne’s Orphanage had a different Rule for themselves. The “Do as I say and not as I do.” Rule seemed to guide them whenever you made even the smallest of unintentional mistakes. Taking St. Anne’s Orphanage as an example, first and foremost, you had to obey the Grey Nuns. At first glance this seems to be reasonable since it would be utter chaos if 250 children were allowed to run amuck.

But as all rules go, there must be some leeway. Some children may have been very dependent on one or both parents before they arrived at St. Anne’s Orphanage. Others may have had a physical or psychological issue that wasn’t their fault. Others could just have been very shy, introverted or even extroverted. We all are different in many ways. So, the children’s fear of the consequences caused them to follow strict rules. And doing as they were told, ‘No Matter What’, most likely led to the creation of the good, the bad and the indifferent memories.

I will attempt, in my future postings of “Lester Otto LaFountaine “The Fountain” for Youth - Memories of our Youth”, to give examples of former St. Anne’s Orphanage residents good, bad and indifferent overall memories of St. Anne’s Orphanage. I will also try to sort these experiences within certain decades. One’s experiences in the 1940’s may have been quite different than that from the 1970’s.

PLEASE - Email me your memories, pictures, documents, newspaper clippings, or anything of interest you would like to share to st.annesorphanage.worcester@gmail.com and I will try to add them to this page. Thank you for sharing - JoeM (Lester Otto LaFountaine - Resident from 1954-55)

Lester Otto La Fountaine "The Fountain" for Youth
Memories of our Youth - **An angel in disguise**
Hello to all, who visit 'our' page of memories.

Part 7

As we all look back at our time spent at St. Anne's Orphanage and/or Mount St. Ann many of us had the good, bad and indifferent memories. While I read the blogs and comments about St. Anne's Orphanage and/or Mount St. Ann one memory stood out as the best part of their stay. It was truly evident that one person constantly came up as the epitome of greatness.

Father Alfred (Roland) Berthiaume

From 1940 thru 1970 Father Alfred was the chaplain of St. Anne's Orphanage and Mount St. Ann. He went to the orphanage on almost a daily basis. He heard confessions, presided over masses and celebrated the Eucharist. He was retired in 1970 but for the next 10 years before falling ill and passing away in 1981 he continued to be an integral part of Mount St. Ann.

There is a web site that eulogizes his life:

<http://www.assumption.us/about-us/portraits/74-alfred-roland-berthiaume-aa-1909-1981>

Today I want to post what really counts; What past residents of St. Anne's Orphanage and Mount St. Ann have said in their comments and blogs over these past years.

Feel free to comment here if I missed anyone's previous comments.

Many just commented that they remembered Father Alfred. The thing is, almost everyone remembered him above all others.

- To this day, I really do not know why, I only remember the name Father Alfred who was nice to me.

- My brother and I were altar boys with Father Alfred

- I remember Father Alfred

- I remember Father Alfred

- I remember Father Alfred

- I remember Father Alfred and being a flower girl for the Bishop

- I remember Father Alfred and made my first communion & learned French

- I remember Father Alfred and treasure a picture of Father Alfred and Bishop Wright

- I remember Father Alfred Berthiaume AA was very nice to me

- I remember Father Alfred and made my first communion

- I remember Father Alfred and made my first communion

- We had a beautiful chapel and resident priest Fr. Alfred

- I got to go to a baseball game, watched Jim Brown play for Syracuse, and went to see and meet Bob Cousy at the Boston Garden.

- Father Alfred... good decent people who cared for the Cuban refugees and helped us during a most trying time.

- My uncle was Father Alfred Berthiaume. When I, Paulette Berthiaume, was a young girl he would bring a group of children from the orphanage to an annual picnic at our house in Spenser, Ma. We always looked forward to these picnics.

- Just wanted to let you know how much I loved and appreciated your Uncle, Father Alfred. I have very fond memories of your uncle. He used to bring us to your house where I met you. You and your family were very nice to all us girls. He used to drive us around playing Rock and Roll music on the radio. He took us swimming, to get ice cream and to your house, sometimes other friends' houses. He used to give us rides to the dances and then pick us up. He was the greatest, I would never have enjoyed my stay there as much as I did if it weren't for your Uncle. I was given the responsibility of taking your Uncle's breakfast, lunch and dinner to him. Every weekend I was tasked to change the linens in his room. These were the best chores of all the chores they had for us girls. I was honored to do these things for him and happy and felt lucky that I was chosen. I just wanted to let you know how much he was appreciated and well liked. I'm sure many other children felt the same.

- Father Alfred Berthiaume was the serving priest

- Fr. Alfred gave us our first communion and our confirmation

- Father Alfred was FANTASTIC

- I remember Granite St and Salisbury St, the orphanage and Fr Alfred

- Thanks to... Fr. Alfred for taking such good care of me.

- I love Fr Alfred. He took us places and to his family's house. We went indoor swimming and to the ballet (I think it was at Assumption College).

- I had the mumps and couldn't attend my First Holy Communion. Fr Alfred brought me unblest host and I made my first communion all by myself. This was one of my best days of my life!

- I know I drove Fr Alfred crazy with my many questions. To me he was the answer man sent to me personally.

- Didn't Fr Alfred have a wooden leg?

- One time I sat on Fr Alfred's lap and he let me knock on his wooden leg.

- I had a picture taken with Fr Alfred kissing him on the cheek after he took me to see the Nut Cracker Ballet.

- Fr Alfred took me to see my mother, who was sick with cancer, after church every Sunday. One Sunday as we left she died. On the way back to the cottages, he took me to the church. I remember his words of comfort. He told me my mother had passed to heaven. He and Sr Helen helped me deal with my mother's passing. Fr Alfred was a God sent to me at one of my darkest hours. Had it not been for him, his counsel & care, I know I would have lost total faith in God. To this day I carry with me what he told me the day my mother passed," Your mother is out of pain and in Gods loving arms. She promised she will watch over you from heaven and that when you see a rainbow it will

be her smiling down on you. God will protect and guide you. Keep your faith in Him. Promise me you will pray daily and heaven will help you find peace.” I promised him I would. He gave me a big hug and let me cry. We just sat there in the church for what seemed like hours. I wrote down the conversation in my journal and took it with me when I - Fr Alfred took me to see my mother, who was sick with cancer, after church every Sunday. One Sunday as we left she died. On the way, back to the cottages he took me to the church. I remember his words of co

Loved by ONE, Loved by ALL

Father Alfred was a true man of God - An angel in disguise!

We will all miss him. Say a prayer for him tonight. Amen

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