

## Armand Courchaine

He would come in promptly at 7 p.m., taking his place at the middle table so everyone could see what he was working on. Soon we would gather around him as he pulled bag after bag of ancient feathers, chenelle, dubbing, wax, guidebooks, tackle boxes, and hooks from seemingly bottomless containers. His usual crowd would congregate around him, most bringing only their vices because Armand always had enough material for everyone. Those who sat with him followed along with whatever he was tying: bass bugs, frogs, streamers, or giant salmon bombers. Most of the time, though, there wouldn't be any tying at all. Armand would start talking and once he got rolling you could never stop him. Story after story filled the air and we were always keen to listen. More often than not, he was one of the last to leave.

Our club has suffered a loss we are not quite sure how to comprehend. How can someone with such a personality, such generosity of time and energy, such devotion to the sport of fishing, such passion for the art of fly tying, and such love for his fellow anglers, be gone? The meetings of New England Fly Tyers will never be the same without the warmth Armand brought to every gathering. But we will press on, as he would want us to, telling stories, tying flies, and, of course, fishing.

Rest in Peace Dear Friend.

The entire membership of The New England Fly Tyers would like to offer their condolences and prayers to Armand's wife, Shelia, and the entire Courchaine Family, specifically Armand's son, Matthew, who kept us all up to date with Armand's fight with COVID-19.