

NATIONAL YOUTH REMEMBRANCE CONTESTS

CONCOURS NATIONAL DU SOUVENIR POUR LES JEUNES



CREATED BY
CRÉATION DE
**DAYOU MAYA
HOU**
SURREY, BC

2024 WINNERS GAGNANTS 2024

LITERARY, POSTER AND VIDEO CONTESTS
CONCOURS LITTÉRAIRE, D'AFFICHES ET DE VIDÉO

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

ANTONIA TANNERT

Prince George, BC | Westside Academy
01-043 Prince George Br.

**A DAY FOR REFLECTION ON THE
PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE**

When I was younger, I often wondered what the purpose of Remembrance Day was, and over the years, I've been offered various answers. It's a day when we pause to reflect on the sacrifices made by countless brave individuals who laid down their lives for the ideals of freedom, peace, and the betterment of our society. It's also a day to express our gratitude for those who continue to make such sacrifices today. It is a day of remembrance, of recognizing and paying homage to the lives lost in the crucible of war. It's a time when we listen to stories of courage, strength, and sacrifice.

But there's also more to it than simple remembrance. It's a call to collective introspection, urging all of us to look back at history with the intention of learning from it. There's a hope that by understanding the tragic events of the past, we can avoid repeating them. I was told a fundamental part of Remembrance Day was to recognize the lessons of the past so that we could move forward into the future with hearts filled with love and empathy. However, history has not always been a linear path of progress. The Second World War followed the first Remembrance Day, becoming one of the deadliest conflicts in history. In recent years, the news has been dominated by headlines of conflicts in places like Ukraine, Gaza, and beyond. I find myself questioning how successful we are in learning from our mistakes and moving forward. I know that I am not an expert on these conflicts, and I don't fully understand why everything is happening, but it feels like we are stuck in a cycle of violence. It feels as though strife, hatred, and violence persist in our world, and uncertainty looms over us. As we witness and observe the ongoing conflict and turmoil in the world, I often ask the question of what the way forward truly looks like, and what the future looks like. I'm not sure what the answer is, I don't know if anyone does.

So maybe that's another point of Remembrance Day. It reminds us that the work of maintaining peace and preventing conflicts is an ongoing endeavor. It will require unwavering vigilance and commitment to resolving differences through dialogue, cooperation, and empathy. The enduring message of Remembrance Day remains: the human cost of war is simply too high, and the pursuit of peace is an ever-pressing imperative. We live in an uncertain world, and this day especially serves as a poignant reminder of the profound impact of war, the sacrifices of those who came before us, and the responsibility we bear to work toward a more peaceful global community.

It is a day when we can remember the past, reflect on the present, and carry the torch of remembrance into the future. Though the path forward seems unclear, the values of strength, empathy, and love, which Remembrance Day represents, can continue to encourage reflection and thought and guide collective efforts toward a more peaceful and just world for everyone.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

EDEN HAZAN

Thornhill, ON | Westmount Collegiate Institute
Ontario Command | Direction Ontario

<https://youtu.be/bUobucBQcpl>



SENIOR FIRST PLACE

SÉNIOR PREMIÈRE PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

TRACY XIE

Burnaby, BC | Burnaby North Secondary School
01-148 North Burnaby Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

CHAELYN HAN

Vancouver, BC | Lord Byng Secondary School
01-142 West Point Grey Br.

POEM | POÈME

JAKE SOLTYS

Sturgis, SK | Sturgis Composite School
03-351 Norquay Br.

A TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE

In Flanders Fields, the poppies blow,
A symbol of the lives we owe.
We honor those who fought so brave,
Their sacrifice, our freedoms pave.

On Remembrance day we gather near,
To remember those that we hold dear.
Their courage and strength we never forget,
In our hearts their memory is set.

They stood tall, with hearts so true,
Defending what they loved and knew.
For peace and justice they did strive,
Their legacy, forever alive.

So let us pause in solemn grace,
To honor them, in a sacred place.
With gratitude we bow our heads,
To honor the brave, the living, and the dead.

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow,
To remind us of the debts we owe.
On Remembrance day we stand as one,
To remember those whose battles are done.

SENIOR SECOND PLACE

SÉNIOR DEUXIÈME PLACE

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

DELIAH RACH

Grand Prairie, AB | Charles Spencer High School
02-054 Grande Prairie Br.

I WONDER BY DELIAH RACH

I wonder, with Remembrance Day, only a few days away sometimes I sit, and I wonder. Can you even imagine what life was like then, I wonder. Can you imagine what you would do if your family was sent to war your son, your daughter, your husband, your uncle, your grandpa what would you do? I wonder?

I think of the stories that my mom has told me, that my grandma told her. That my grandfather lived through. I wonder what would it be like giving your life to the service of your country? What would it be like? Leaving everything everyone your entire life behind and not knowing if you would ever come back? I wonder? How would you feel leaving? How would you prepare? I wonder.

How did your family feel when you left? What would they do? What was the right thing to do? I wonder. Beyond the hugs and the tears, the goodbyes, the kisses how did they truly feel when their loved ones left? I imagine there was a lot of prayer said hoping and wishing that they would come back safe and the exact way that they left, but those men and women would never be the same. They would come home forever changed and I cannot imagine what their new normal would be like if they did get to return but I can't help but wonder.

I can't help, but think about the families, the friends, the loved ones of the people who didn't get to return. How would they find out about their loved one? Would they send the letters? How did they find out that their loved ones were no longer with us? Would they return their bodies? What about their Mementos their things what would happen to the things they had left? We recently received my grandpa's war journals. I read about all the things that he went through about the sicknesses about other issues he had. About sometimes when he needed

to leave to come home from the military because there were problems at home, I read about the promises that were made to him for land and that's why he went. He wanted to become a farmer that was what was important to him. He had little education and wanted to work with his hands. He never did become a farmer. Sometimes I wonder why, he was a drywaller he worked with his hands he did beautiful work.

But then I wonder what if they didn't go what if they hadn't fought the fight they fought. Where would we be? I wonder. But often days I look around the world now and I sometimes wonder why did they do what they did. I understand. It's for our freedom. I'm thankful for the freedom that I have every day. I am thankful for all the freedoms in my life, but you look at the way things have changed, and I wonder if they could see today now would they still have fought the fight that they did I wonder....

VIDEO | VIDÉO

SKYE PAVO

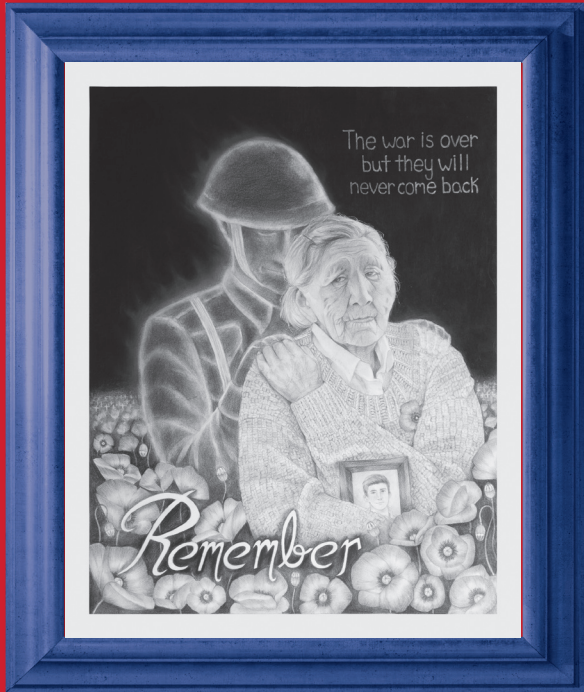
Lloydminster, AB | Holy Rosary High School
Alberta-NWT Command | Direction Alberta/T.N.-O.

<https://youtu.be/rj64ZVLJtg>



SENIOR
SECOND PLACE

SÉNIOR
DEUXIÈME PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

NANCY GE

Waterloo, ON | Laurel Heights Secondary School
05-530 Waterloo Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

OLIVIA FELKER

Centreville, NS | Northeast Kings Education Centre
08-073 Habitant Br.

POEM | POÈME

ABBY BURTON

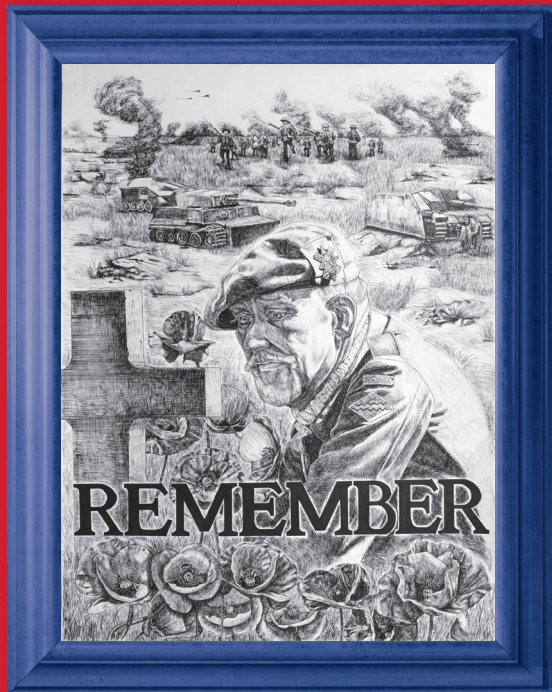
Springhill, NS |
Springhill Junior Senior High
08-017 Springhill Br.

THE WAR IN MY HEAD

I hide like a coward, the feeling of guilt
running through my veins.
The smell of smoke invading my lungs, I can
almost taste it in the back of my throat.
The sound of gunfire ring within my ears, the
mud and sweat cling to my body.
My heart beating like a constant drum.
Aim, Shoot, Kill, move on, I would repeat in my head.
that was an order, it is what I must to.
"Grandad?" A child's voice rang out, my eyes open
and I realize I'm not in the war. I'm no longer
in that battlefield.
I'm with my grandson, in a field with life instead
of death.
I'm here with my grandson watching the night sky
light up with red and blue fireworks.
The innocent look in my grandson's eyes would take
me back to my youth, before the bloodshed...and
all the lost souls.
I hug him close, afraid to lose him. I look up
at the bright lights as tears begin to well in
my eyes.
"Isn't it beautiful?" I whisper as tears roll
down my cheek.

INTERMEDIATE
FIRST PLACE

INTERMÉDIAIRE
PREMIÈRE PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

DAYOU MAYA HOU

Surrey, BC | Queen Elizabeth Secondary School
01-229 Whalley Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

SAMANTHA ROPCHAN EXNER

Calgary, AB | St. Alphonsus School
02-001 Calgary Br.

POEM | POÈME

KATE LAGACY

Bathurst, NB | Superior Middle School
07-018 Herman J. Good V.C. Br.

THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL

On this day we gather round,
To remember those who have been found.
Lost in battles long ago,
Their stories still we know.

From the trenches deep and wide,
Men went forth with tears in stride.
Fighting for freedom, fighting for kin,
They gave their all, we'll not forget them.

Though their bodies lay in foreign land,
Their memories in our hearts still stand.
Their sacrifices, great and brave,
We honor them on this day.

We wear the poppy, red and bright,
A symbol of their valiant fight.
With heads held high, we march in line,
To honor those who crossed the line.

Their names are etched upon the stones,
Their spirits still, forever known.
They gave their lives for me and you,
Their sacrifice, forever true.

We think of them, we say their names,
Their legacy forever remains.
In fields of poppies, they now rest,
Their souls forever at peace, at best.

So let us bow our heads in prayer,
For those who once were standing there.
We thank them for their courage bold,
Their stories we will forever hold.

-Kate Lagacy

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

FARIDA SHADI

Toronto, ON | Bloorlea Middle School
05-643 Flight Lt. David Hornell V.C. Br.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

My head is spinning, my stomach is churning. I can't think. I don't have time to feel sorrow or reminisce about the days that knew a sliver of peace. Yet, I look up to the sky and allow myself one singular moment.

In the deepest parts of my mind, where shame has no name, I'm scared I'm not strong enough. Father fought in the war, now I will continue his legacy.

Mother says that I must not break down, that I am brave. Grandpa says I will serve well and bring honor to my family. Will I bring honor or shame? My eyes water, and my vision blurs, but I quickly compose myself. I will persevere. For my home, for my country, for you.

Time has passed. Battles have been fought. It's August of 1942 now, and we head to Dieppe, a strongly guarded port that will take much force to bring freedom to. However, I have confidence in myself that only comes with time. I am no longer the scared boy I was before.

Hours pass, and our element of surprise is gone. My energy is dwindling, and my body screams for a break. But there are no breaks in war, it knows no mercy. Bodies are scattered, and blood paints the ground.

Cries of soldiers echo the field. Amongst the chaos and carnage, a bullet found its mark deep in my chest, leaving no replies. I clutch my wound and crumple to the ground. Everything slows, sound and sight. I have learned so much in so little time: how to work a rifle, fight, and hold life in my hands. I must not let the Germans win; I must be stronger than them.

My eyes burn as salt streams out of my eyes into my ears. Flashes of memories float around in my mind. I see Mother, wrinkles growing more prominent each year I see her. I see Father, smiling down at me as a child. I see

a younger me, grief shadowing what should be a young boy's bright face.

Pain, unimaginable pain hits me. Realization dawns, I am dying. I look up as the sun sinks below the horizon, painting the sky in hues of orange and purple. A gentle breeze hits me as a light flashes, the world around me fading. Father appears before me, and says "Son, come with me." He stretches out his hand.

Disbelief shadows my face, and then I suddenly stop, "Wait, what about the raid? I have to help them!" I say. Father turns around, a small smile on his face. "Brave soldier, I admire your persistence, even in death. Worry not of the port, fate is in your favor. You have played your part in the scheme of things." With that reassurance, I continue toward the light and welcome death.

Years later on the ground where the soldier passed on, a seed of a promise grew into a sapling, and then into a bright, everlasting poppy.
By Farida Shadi

VIDEO | VIDÉO

ISLA GORDON

Vancouver, BC | Mulgrave School
BC/Yukon Command | Direction C.-B./Yukon

<https://youtu.be/DskNv-Yp858>



INTERMEDIATE SECOND PLACE

INTERMÉDIAIRE DEUXIÈME PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ELLA McFARLANE

Keswick Ridge, NB | George Street Middle School
07-004 Fredericton Br.

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COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

COCO WEI

Charlottetown, PE | Grace Christian School
09-030 Kingston Br.

POEM | POÈME

MC GRACE CASTILLO

Gravelbourg, SK | École Gravelbourg School
03-173 Gravelbourg Br.

HONORING THE FALLEN

In the stillness of November's embrace,
When autumn leaves whisper their final grace,
A ceremonial day emerges, somber and stark,
A time to remember, to honor, to mark.

On Remembrance Day, we gather as one,
In fields of memories, beneath the setting sun,
Where poppies bloom, scarlet petals ignite,
A symbol of courage, bravery, the fight.

We close our eyes, to listen and hear,
Echoes of heroes, their voices so clear,
They stood tall in the face of pain,
Bodies wet by the rain,

In trenches they bravely stood,
Through raging battles, misunderstood
By sacrificing themselves.
Their spirits endure,
loyal and secure,

We remember the fallen, their hearts so pure,
Their names etched on monuments, stories unfold,
In the hearts of a nation, their legends are told.

With gratitude, we pay our heartfelt respect,
For those who served, their lives we reflect,
In silence, we stand, heads bowed and low,
Their courage and sacrifice, we will always know.

So, on Remembrance Day, let us vow,
To honor their memory, to bow,
And from their legacy, together we'll learn,
To cherish each moment, to love and recognize .

For in remembrance, we find strength again,
To build a world that's kind and true - pure.
Where freedom rules, and compassion shines bright,
A testament to those who fought the brave fight.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

MATTEO MERCER

Elmsdale, NS | Riverside Education Centre
08-048 Elmsdale Br.

SARAH MERCER - CANADIAN HERO IN SERVICE By Matteo Mercer

In a world full of uncertainty and adversity, heroes emerge as a beacon of hope and freedom. They captivate our hearts and draw us to them, earning our respect and admiration. Many of us want to make a positive impact on the world. To do this, we can learn from those who came before us; those who change the world on the front lines. This is the story of a hero from Fredericton, New Brunswick, who went on to brilliantly and courageously serve her country. This extraordinary woman is my aunt and hero, Sarah Mercer.

Sarah's story began in 1996, when at 23, she joined the navy to travel the world. In 1999, Sarah was deployed to Northern Europe with the NATO SNF. She served as an NCI Operator, searching for submarines, tracking surface vessels, and learning to evade enemies trying to board their ship.

Shortly thereafter, Sarah was deployed to the Persian Gulf, supporting the U.S invasion of Afghanistan during Operation Enduring Freedom. Acting as an NCI Operator, Sarah played a key role in tracking smuggling ships. She recalls one experience in particular, when their ship was tracking a vessel that kept disappearing. Eventually, they found and boarded the ship, one they discovered the hull had been painted differently on each side to evade detection.

In September 2006, after becoming an Intelligence Operator and joining the Canadian Forces Joint Imagery Centre, Sarah deployed to Afghanistan as part of the Afghanistan Intelligence support team. There, she worked with the Deployed Imagery Support Team, supporting Operation Medusa. As an Imagery Analyst, Sarah provided crucial intelligence that assisted in locating and dismantling Taliban hideouts. Sarah also helped locate and disrupt Taliban supply lines via drone strikes. She remained in Afghanistan until February 2007, contributing to other operations in Kandahar, while also

going "outside the wire" on an assignment at a Forward Operating Base in Sperwan Ghar.

After returning from Afghanistan, she became a Naval Intelligence Officer and took a 3-year posting in Miami, Florida. Upon her return to Canada, she retired after 24 years of service. For her dedication and service, she received the Southwest Asia Service Medal, the General Campaign Star, and the Canadian Decoration Medal.

Sarah now lives in Ottawa, Canada with her two playful Corgis; Oscar and Cooper. She works for the Department of National Defence, continuing to serve, just in a different way. Sarah does not regret her decision to join the military, and says that if she had to live her life over again, she would absolutely choose to serve.

The story of my aunt, Sarah Mercer, is a testament to the bravery and valour of our veterans. Sarah joined the military for the opportunity to travel, but now realizes that it was really about a sense of service, to protect her country and its people. To me, in her own way, she changed the world. She inspires me to try to do the same, and makes me honoured and proud to be her nephew.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

TAUREAN TEICHROEB

Melfort, SK | Star City School
Saskatchewan Command | Direction Saskatchewan

<https://youtu.be/7tRbJHlddKE>



JUNIOR FIRST PLACE

JUNIOR PREMIÈRE PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

MADELINE SANCHEZ

Toronto, ON | Northlea Elementary & Middle School
05-010 Todmorden Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

FREYA GAO

Charlottetown, PE | Grace Christian School
09-030 Kingston Br.

POEM | POÈME

NASH HOVE

Gunn, AB | Rich Valley Elementary School
02-132 Onoway Br.

ENLISTED

The man in the uniform came today.

I was told Father had to go far away,
"Take care of the farm my son"...he trembled holding his green beret.

I really don't know what it means to fight in a war,
My brother and I only pretend with a sword.

Momma is up crying most of the night,
An old photo of Father, she holds really tight.

As I pull these weeds and feed the cows,
I'm constantly reminded of my Father's vows;

'Work. Respect. Love. Honor. Faith.'

Like Father like son, we have a duty to our land,
My burden is this farm, while his I don't understand.

Maybe when I am older I will know why he went,
Momma says it's the flag and everything we represent.

We listened to the Philco about the Men in the war,
They use the word 'enlisted'...more and more.

The letters from Father stopped coming all at once,
Kids at school haven't heard from their fathers in months.

We got a knock on the door and we thought it was him,
So I ran to the door with a massive grin.

But... Momma collapsed to the floor and could only pray - when,

The man in the uniform came today.



ESSAY | COMPOSITION

JIYA PATEL

Brampton, ON | Macville Public School
05-329 Tottenham Br.

CARRYING THE TORCH
OF REMEMBRANCE: HONORING
THE LEGACY OF THOSE
WHO SACRIFICED FOR OUR
FREEDOMS

In the midst of the autumn season, when nature itself appears to be paying homage to the heroes of the past, we gather together on Remembrance Day to honor the profound sacrifices made by brave people. This solemn day holds a significant place in our hearts as we remember the lives lost and the enduring legacy of those who fought for the values we hold dear.

As the sun rises over the horizon, brushing the sky with hues of red and orange, we are reminded of the blood that was shed on battlefields. Each poppy pinned to our chests signifies not only the fragility of life but also the resilience and camaraderie that developed from the turmoil of war. It serves as a compassionate reminder that the beauty of peace is nurtured by the memories of haunting rivalries.

On this sentimental day, we are called to reflect upon the unimaginable horrors endured by soldiers who willingly stepped forward, leaving behind their families and homes. Their selflessness and unwavering pledge to protecting our liberties underscore the very essence of heroism. They confronted dread with courage and fought for freedom, knowing that the price they might pay would be the ultimate sacrifice - their own lives.

As we stand together, listening to the somber notes of the Last Post, our thoughts drift to those who returned from the horrors of war eternally changed. We must remember the physical and emotional scars they carried, the battles they continued to fight within themselves. The least we can do is offer them our unwavering gratitude and understanding.

Remembrance Day is not just a page in history; it is part of our collective identity. It reminds us that harmony and freedom should never be taken for granted and that it is our duty to assure that the sacrifices of those who came before us were not in vain.

Remembering is a solemn act: one that humbles us, unites us, and carries us onward. So, on this Remembrance Day, let us honor, with utmost reverence, the exceptional sacrifices made by those who gave everything for our freedom.



JUNIOR SECOND PLACE

JUNIOR DEUXIÈME PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ALEXANDER KADIAN

Meadow Lake, SK | Jonas Samson Middle School
03-076 Meadow Lake Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

BONNIE LI

Onoway, AB | Onoway Elementary School
02-132 Onoway Br.

POEM | POÈME

GEORGIA MORSON

Saskatoon, SK | Saskatoon Catholic - Home Based Education
03-063 Saskatoon Br.

WAR POPPY

By Georgia Morson

A little flower, a beautiful sight;
Seen by the soldiers who came to fight.
But it's fate was, as it sank in the mud,
To be covered with young soldiers' blood.

By that poppy sat John McCrae,
Sat; and then began to pray.
For in Flanders was scattered the bodies of men,
Terrifying Ypres, way back then.

And then, inspired! Was our John,
As he watched the orangey-purple dawn
Rising behind that field o' flowers,
Glowing on him in the early hours.

So, McCrae, he wrote a poem,
While he sat and thought of home,
"In Flanders Fields" is still famous today -
Because of that soldier, John McCrae.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

MAHMOUD ATTA

Medicine Hat, AB | Southview Community School
02-017 Robertson Memorial Br.

THE STORY OF TOMMY PRINCE

Tommy Prince was born in Brokenhead, Manitoba. He was one of eleven children born to Henry and Arabella Prince. Tommy tried many times to join the military, but they rejected him because he was an indigenous person. Eventually, he got in the army called the 1st Canadian Special Service. The Germans called it the Devil's Brigade.

This is one of Tommy Prince's very famous moments. He was near Littoria, Italy on a Reconnaissance mission. Prince was spying on the Germans. An abandoned farmhouse two hundred meters away from the enemy served as his observation post. 1,400 meters of telephone wire connected him to the Canadian forces. He had a clear view of the enemy's artillery emplacements and promptly reported them until his wire got broken. He had to get outside and with a hoe, he acted like a farmer weeding his crops. Slowly, he made his way to the telephone wires. When he got there he got down and pretended to tie his shoes, but he was actually putting the telephone wires together.

He managed to take down four German posts so they couldn't get any radio signal.

After all that, Tommy Prince was awarded the elite First Canadian Special Service battalion.

Another time Tommy Prince was in the battle of Kapyong in the Korean War. He participated in the defense of hill 677 in the battle of Kap'yong.

When Tommy Prince got back to Canada, he was not allowed to vote in elections because he was indigenous. He was also not given money other war veterans got.

Tommy Prince even though he didn't get the money or got to vote in the elections he still wanted to make things better for indigenous people. He tried to get rid of the Indian Act, and get better education for indigenous people.

Tommy was featured on a Canadian stamp in 2022 so people could recognize his achievements.

PRIMARY

FIRST & SECOND PLACE

PRIMAIRE

PREMIÈRE & DEUXIÈME PLACE

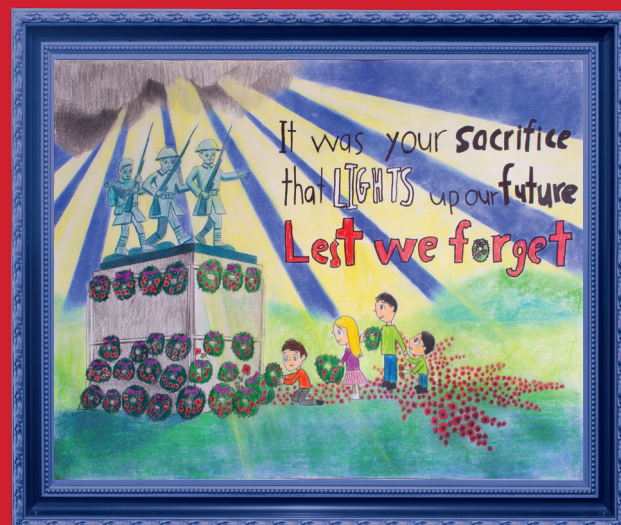


FIRST PLACE | PREMIÈRE PLACE

B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

LILY CRETNEY

Onoway, AB | Onoway Elementary School
02-132 Onoway Br.



FIRST PLACE | PREMIÈRE PLACE

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

AIDEN CHUI

Markham, ON | Ivy Yin Yuk Leung Art Studio
05-614 Scarborough Centennial Br.



SECOND PLACE | DEUXIÈME PLACE

B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

EVELYN HAYWARD

CBS, NL | Upper Gullies Elementary
10-050 Conception Bay Br.



SECOND PLACE | DEUXIÈME PLACE

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

JULIE NASBY

Stony Plain, AB | St. John Paul II Catholic School
02-256 Stony Plain Br.

ALL CATEGORIES

THIRD PLACE

TOUTES CATÉGORIES

TROISIÈME PLACE

SENIOR | SÉNIOIR

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

JACOB McGANN

CBS, NL | Holy Spirit High School
10-050 Conception Bay Br.

BLACK & WHITE POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

HANNAH SHKOLNY

Bezanson, AB | Bezanson School
02-244 West Smokey Br.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

ADELINE POST

Kincaid, SK | Kincaid Central School
03-224 Pinto Creek Br.

POEM | POÈME

VINCENT NADON

Longlac, ON | École secondaire Château-Jeunesse
04-213 Sig Scotthiem Memorial Br.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

GLEB GOODKOVSKY

North Vancouver BC | St. Thomas Aquinas Regional Secondary School
BC/Yukon Command | Direction C.-B./Yukon

JUNIOR | JUNIOR

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

AVERY JONES

Montréal, QC | Roslyn Elementary School
06-014 Royal Mil Regiment Ass. Br.

BLACK & WHITE POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

TRISTAN MYERS

Morell, PE | Morell Consolidated School
09-026 Morell Br.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

DAMARIS KLEINSASSER

Newton Siding, MB | Sunnyside Colony School
04-065 Portage La Prairie Br.

POEM | POÈME

ADÈLE ARSENAULT

Wellington, PE | École Évangéline
09-017 Wellington Br.

INTERMEDIATE | INTERMÉDIAIRE

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

NAOMI CHEANG

Markham, ON | Peoples Christian Academy
05-459 Stouffville Br.

BLACK & WHITE POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

KALEI ROSS

Spring Valley, PE | Kensington Intermediate Senior High School
09-009 Lt. Col E.W. Johnstone Br.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

LETITIA WIGGLESWORTH

Canoe, BC | Shuswap Middle School
01-062 Salmon Arm Br.

POEM | POÈME

REAGAN MATTHEWS

Cobourg, ON | Notre Dame Catholic Elementary School
05-133 Cobourg Br.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

LEILANI SMITH

Winnipeg, MB | La Barrière Crossings School
Man. & N/W Ont. Command | Direction Manitoba/N.-O. Ontario

PRIMARY | PRIMAIRE

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

NORA BREINING

York, PE | Grace Christian School
09-030 Kingston Br.

BLACK & WHITE POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ALYSSA RECIO

South Freetown, PE | Somerset Consolidated
09-010 Borden-Carleton Br.

THE CONTESTS | LES CONCOURS NATIONAL YOUTH REMEMBRANCE CONTESTS

Through the annual National Youth Remembrance Contests, the Legion National Foundation, with the support of The Royal Canadian Legion and schools across the country, invite Canadian youth and children to honour Canada's Veterans and foster the tradition of Remembrance through visual art, writing, and video.

The contests include multiple levels of competition. Poster and literary works compete first at the Legion Branch local level, with winning entries moving forward until they reach the provincial level. Video entries compete first at the Legion Command provincial level. Provincial finalists of all contests then move forward for final judging by the Legion National Foundation to determine the national winners.

All winners at the national level are awarded a cash prize for their work. First Place Senior Winners are eligible for our most prestigious award – a trip to Ottawa and an opportunity to represent the youth of Canada at the National Remembrance Day Ceremony.

For more information visit RemembranceContests.ca or email contests@legion.ca.



CONCOURS NATIONAL DU SOUVENIR POUR LES JEUNES

La Fondation nationale Légion, par le biais de ses concours annuels du Souvenir pour les jeunes, et avec le soutien de La Légion royale canadienne et les écoles à travers le pays, invite les enfants et adolescents canadiens à rendre hommage aux vétérans du Canada et à promouvoir la tradition du Souvenir par l'entremise de l'art visuel, de l'écriture et de la vidéo.

Les concours se partagent en plusieurs niveaux de compétition. Les affiches et les œuvres littéraires concourent d'abord au niveau local des filiales de la Légion, d'où les œuvres gagnantes progressent jusqu'au niveau provincial. Les vidéos concourent d'abord au niveau provincial de la Légion. Les finalistes provinciaux de tous les concours sont par la suite soumis au jugement final de la Fondation nationale Légion pour déterminer les gagnants nationaux.

Tous les lauréats au niveau national reçoivent un prix en espèces pour leur œuvre. Les grands gagnants (1^{ère} place) de la catégorie sénior peuvent quant à eux prétendre à notre prix le plus prestigieux, soit un voyage à Ottawa et l'occasion de représenter la jeunesse du Canada lors de la cérémonie nationale du jour du Souvenir.

Pour plus d'informations, visitez ConcoursDuSouvenir.ca ou veuillez contacter contests@legion.ca.

