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NATIONAL YOUTH REMEMBRANCE CONTESTS

CONCOURS NATIONAL DU SOUVENIR POUR LES JEUNES



2025 WINNERS GAGNANTS 2025

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

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

BROOKLYN STANFORD

Gull Lake, SK | Gull Lake School
03-119 Gull Lake Br.

IN HONOUR OF HIS DUTY

Remembrance Day holds a special place in my heart, as it prompts deep reflection, gratitude, and honouring the sacrifices made. While it carries personal significance for me due to my father's service in the army and deployment to Afghanistan, it serves as a poignant moment for countless Canadians to pay tribute to military personnel. My childhood was spent in the midst of military life, surrounded by individuals donning camouflage attire, as my father fulfilled his duties. At that time, the full extent of my dad's responsibilities and the impact of his absence were beyond my comprehension.

I didn't give the uniforms much thought as a child because they were a normal aspect of base life. But I now understand that those uniforms were worn by those who were bearing the burden of sacrifice. This load was particularly heavy for my father. His life was moulded by the military, but it also left him with invisible scars. My dad was struggling with PTSD and had changed after returning from Afghanistan. The things that happened to him abroad haunted him every day.

For my father, a veteran, Remembrance Day holds a deep significance. It's more than just a day of ceremonies and poppies; it's a time for him to reflect on the comrades he lost, the battles he fought, and the lasting memories. For him, it's a day to honour those who never returned and to recognize the ongoing personal struggles he faces.

Diverse viewpoints exist regarding the significance of Remembrance Day. Some people find it to be a moving reminder of Canada's role in international conflicts. Others see it as a chance to show appreciation for the freedoms we value. For my family, it's an opportunity to honour my father's efforts, both during his time abroad and the ongoing emotional struggles he faces. It's a day to honour the soldiers wearing camouflage uniforms, the

brotherhood within the military post, and all those who have served without hesitation.

Today serves as a poignant reminder of the immense significance of acknowledging the sacrifices made by our soldiers, both on and off the battlefield. Many veterans grapple with the unseen scars of PTSD, and it is crucial that we appreciate the ongoing challenges they face. By donning a poppy and participating in Remembrance Day events, we demonstrate our support for individuals like my father, who courageously confront their own battles each day, while also paying tribute to those who have made the ultimate sacrifice.

We commemorate more than simply the past on Remembrance Day. It's an opportunity to support our veterans both now and in the future. For my father and all veterans whose commitment has shaped their lives, this day serves as a reminder of the value of empathy, tolerance, and understanding.

This year, wearing my poppy will evoke memories of my father and the sacrifices he made for his nation. The sound of boots on the ground, the friends he lost, and the fleeting moments of my early years spent on the base will all be cherished memories. Above all, on this special day every year, I will honour the bravery it takes for him to reflect on those experiences.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

MICAH GRIFFIN

Olds, AB | Olds Koinonia Christian School
Alberta-NWT Command | Direction Alberta/T.N.-O.

<https://qrco.de/bfsRh6>



SENIOR FIRST PLACE

SÉNIOR PREMIÈRE 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

YUANXI LIU

Burnaby, BC | Moscrop Secondary School
01-083 South Burnaby Br.

POEM | POÈME

PRESTON KANE

Wemby, AB | Beaverlodge Regional High School
02-121 Beaverlodge Br.

A MOTHER'S HEART, A FATHER'S PRIDE.

In fields now quiet, shadows sleep,
Where mothers' tears still softly weep.
A son, her boy, once held so near,
Now lost beyond this world's frontier.

She feels his laughter in the breeze,
A memory that will never ease.
Her arms ache still, though he is gone,
In dreams, she still sings his cradle song

A father stands with empty hands,
His pride now dust, in distant lands.
Once strong and tall, his son will say,
"Don't worry, Papa – I'll be okay!"

But battles steal what words cant mend,
And silence is a bitter friend.
The fathers strength, now hallowed out,
A heart weighed down with fear and doubt.

A sister's voice calls through the years,
Her laughter stained by hidden tears.
She thinks of games they used to play,
In fields of green on summer days.

And somewhere, a child cries alone
A face she'll never fully know
Small hands reach out for someone dear,
A ghost who cannot hold her near

Yet in soil, their memory grows
In every flower that bravely shows
They gave the world a gift unpriced
Their love, their lives, their sacrifice.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

**OLUWADARASIMI DAVID
OKETONA**

Kelowna, BC | Kelowna Christian School - Secondary Campus
01-026 Kelowna Br.

THE SOUNDS OF REMEMBRANCE DAY

As I was sitting on the gym floor staring, a sharp, distinct sound pierced the air. My attention was instantly drawn towards the source of the sound like a magnet. I tilted my head up above the rows of students to see my band teacher standing and performing a song on his trumpet.

Each note from the trumpet clearly echoed through the gym that created a strong somber feeling that captivated me. I had never heard a song with such a sad but powerful sentiment attached to it. As the final measures of this song were played, the notes were drawn out providing what seemed to be an enduring sound of mourning. It was as if the trumpet was crying out one final time. Finally the song was brought to a conclusion and my band teacher held his trumpet at his side. The sounds of this song lingered in my mind along with a reserved feeling of sadness.

I looked around and found myself confused at the atmosphere of the gym. Instead of a wave of applause in response to the song, a void of absolute silence seemed to take hold over the gym. My entire middle school sat in this state of total silence until my band teacher brought his trumpet back to his lips and began a new song.

This song still kept the same type of reverent tone as the first song but it felt more uplifting. The notes of this song were sharp and punctuating notes with a brisk tempo. Listening to this song there was still a solemn feeling that it invoked but I also felt like the song was inspiring me towards something. As the final bars were played, the song crescendoed into a poignant finish. This time there was applause after the song finished but it was still quite brief.

After the performance by my band teacher, my principal came up and talked for a time about what Remembrance Day was before dismissing us from the assembly. Leaving the gym, I found that I was still fixated on those songs and how poetic they seemed. Later that day, I learned that the first song played at the assembly was called The Last Post and the second song was called The Rouse. It was my first time hearing both of them but they left a lasting impression. That Remembrance Day assembly in Grade 5 was so memorable to me because of what it taught me. At the time, my younger self couldn't articulate it but I had discovered new things to value.

Hearing The Last Post and The Rouse for the first time, I learned about the true power and emotion that music could convey. In Grade 5 I had just started doing band class and learning about music. We played a lot of different musical pieces and arrangements but I never really saw them for anything more

than that. I thought that their meaning started and ended on the music sheet. I also didn't appreciate music that had a slower and more toned down mood as I thought that it wasn't exciting or interesting. That Remembrance Day assembly changed that for me. When I listened to The Last Post and The Rouse, the sounds of those pieces stayed with me and I gained new thoughts and perspectives about the purpose of music.

I saw that music extended past just the sheet of paper it was displayed on. It could communicate emotions that words could barely even begin to express. I also realized that the power of music is an enduring force. Both The Last Post and The Rouse were written between the late 1700s and early 1800s yet the weight and meaning of both songs remains constant through time. Finally, I came to the conclusion that those songs we played that had a more reserved or hushed tone were just as important as those upbeat pieces we played. Musical pieces like The Last Post and The Rouse give us deeper insight into themes of more complex emotions.

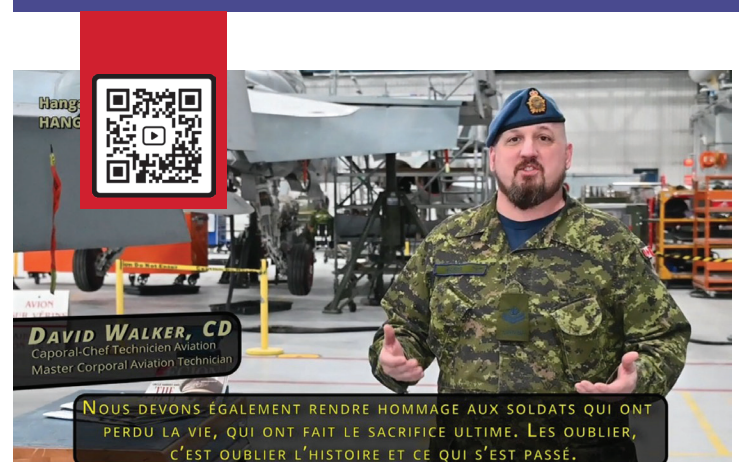
Along with my newfound appreciation for musical symbolism, that Remembrance Day assembly taught me more about the significance of Remembrance Day. When I moved to Canada, there were multiple things that were foreign to me but one major thing I had to adjust to was holidays and celebrations. I quickly got used to the high profile holidays like Halloween and I made a lot of great memories. I knew what Remembrance Day was about since elementary school but I hadn't truly appreciated what it meant until that assembly. Hearing those two songs helped me grasp the sacrifice that men and women made in war so I could have what I have now. This assembly is what inspires me to remember those who are gone.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

ALIXIA CÔTÉ

Saguenay, QC | École Polyvalente Arvida
Quebec Command | Direction du Québec

<https://qrco.de/bfs55f>



SENIOR SECOND PLACE

SÉNIOR DEUXIÈME PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ISABELLA HUANG

Calgary, AB | Rundle College
02-264 North Calgary Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

SIGNE EVREN

Minnedosa, MB | Minnedosa Collegiate
04-138 General Hugh Dyer Br.

POEM | POÈME

AVERY JAMES

Pisquid East, PE | Morell Regional High School
09-026 Morell Br.

REMEMBER THE MANY AND THE FEW

In the hush of the morning, when the world stands still,
We gather together, our hearts to fulfill.
With poppies adorned, in red vibrant hue,
We honor the brave, both the many and few.

They marched into battle, with courage so bold,
With dreams of a future, a story untold.
Through fields of despair, in the depths of the night,
They fought for our freedom, for what is right.

With echoes of gunfire, and shadows of pain,
Their memories linger, like whispers of rain.
Each name tells a story, each face etched in time,
Of valor and sacrifice, a climb so sublime.

For loved ones they left, for the life they once knew,
They forged a new path, with a vision so true.
In trenches they lay, with the hopes of the brave,
Defending our right, our land they would save.

So we pause on this day, to remember and stand,
With gratitude swelling, we united.
For peace is a treasure, hard-won through the years,
And honoring their legacy softens our fears.

Let us not forget those who gave all they could,
For freedom and justice, for the greater good.
With hearts intertwined, we pledge to uphold,
The values they fought for, more precious than gold.

In silence we bow, in reflection we meet,
With respect for the fallen, our promise is complete.
For the heroes among us, both near and afar,
We remember their light, our enduring star.

INTERMEDIATE FIRST PLACE

INTERMÉDIAIRE PREMIÈRE PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ANNABELLE HE

Waterloo, ON | Kitchener - Waterloo Bilingual School
05-530 Waterloo Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

ANNABELLA MANERY

Campbellford, ON | Campbellford District High School
05-100 Brighton Br.

POEM | POÈME

VERONIKA HAIDAICHUK

Carleton Place, ON | Notre Dame Catholic High School
05-192 The Capt. A. Roy Brown Br.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

In fields where bright red poppies grow,
Lie those who fought so long ago.

They stood for peace, they stood for light,
They stood together through the night.

They left their homes, their friends, their town,
They gave it all, they laid life down.

Through darkened skies and days of dread,
They kept our hopes and dreams ahead.

They braved the cold, the fear, the pain,
They battled storms and endless rain.

They fought for days so we live right now,
For peace to last, they took a vow.

They dreamed of what the world could be,
A place for all, for you and me.

They held their courage, hearts so true,
So, we could build a future new.

They knew their fight would shape the way,
For children to be safe and to laugh and play.

They carried faith, they carried pride,

They left their mark, they paid the cost,
For peace to bloom, for hate to frost.

For freedom's light, they took the stand,
To guard our lives, to guard our land.

So now we stand, our heads held high,
And thank those heroes who said goodbye.

They gave their all, they gave their best,
So future hearts could live and rest.

Veronika Haidaichuk

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

ZIYAN BAI

Charlottetown, PE | Queen Charlotte Intermediate School
09-001 Charlottetown Br.

OVER THE TRENCH

By Scarlett Bai

The air felt heavy, even heavier than the mud on my feet. The skies were dark, and we were all crouched up in the trench. I can feel the beat of my heart, the pulse in my temples. The silence between artillery blasts was almost deafening. Every pause made me wonder if the next shell would be the one to end this all. The Earth rumbles as strike by strike hits, but here in the trench, it's the silence that closes in, wrapping all of us like an invisible shroud.

Beside me, Davies shifts slightly, his breath visible in the cold, damp air. He drummed his fingers absentminded against the barrel of his rifle. I glanced at him, having to catch him looking at me. "Hold still, lad, hold still," he mutters, muffled but clear for me to hear. I nod, clenching my rifle as if it's the only thing tethering me to this reality, to the fight. I've lost count of how many days we've been in this pit, shivering under the sky's relentless grey, counting breath and trying to ignore the smell of gore and mud that seeps under our skins and into our bones.

In the distance, a faint shout echoes, and my pulse quickens. Someone down the line is calling for reinforcements, or perhaps warning us about an incoming shell. I grip my helmet tight, pressing it down as if it could somehow make me invisible. Around me, the others stand just as still, every face a mask of exhaustion and fear. We were young—even too young, most of us—but after all the time in this hell, youth feels like an out of reach memory.

Then comes the shrill, piercing sound of the whistle. My breath stopped for a moment. The time has come. It's for us to go over the top.

My heart pounds harder and harder, drowning out the sounds of my surroundings as I hoist my body out of the trench and into the open field. The mud pulled on my boots, as each step I took the Earth sucked them down. I pushed myself forward, moving one foot at a time, each step a battle of its own.

Around me, men stumble, some fall, swallowed by the mud or lost to the haze of smoke that clings to the field like a dark, suffocating blanket. The greenish gas is beginning to drift across the field, curling and creeping low to the ground. The gas blinds us, turning everything into a nightmare of fog and shadows.

A sudden pain sears through my leg, and I drop to one knee, clutching the burning wound. My mind flashes to home—moments I'd tucked away for safe-keeping. Green fields. Warm sun. My mother's smile. I press my hand against the wound, teeth clenched, pushing through the pain.

In this chaos, survival is all that matters. I force myself up, staggering forward. Every step is an act of defiance, a promise that I'll make it through this, somehow.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

OLIVIA CRASWELL

Charlottetown, PE | Queen Charlotte Intermediate
Prince Edward Island Command | Direction Île-du-Prince-Édouard

<https://qrco.de/bfsRkG>



AND BEING FOUND IN ONE OF THE MANY MASQUERADES

INTERMEDIATE
SECOND PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

JESSICA JIA

Surrey, BC | Grandview Heights Secondary School
01-008 White Rock Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

ZIXUAN ZHENG

Calgary, AB | West Ridge School
02-001 Calgary Br.

INTERMÉDIAIRE
DEUXIÈME PLACE

POEM | POÈME

NASH HOVE

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

HENRY

1-0-7-5-6-4,

I am just a number and nothing more.

Why am I here? Why did I come?
I'm only a bullet in His Majesty's gun.

Make no mistake I am the patriot kind,
But I've abandoned all hope fighting the Gothic Line.

The mud, the mortars, the mayhem of Mussolini's lair,
How can any man overcome this sadness and despair?

"Frieda, you wouldn't understand all this death and misery,"
The homestead in Onoway is where I want to be.

"And Frieda, why don't you write to me more?"
Letters are the only thing keeping me alive in this war.

"Sell all my tools, you will need the cash,"
The Battle of Coriano Ridge will be my last.

Why am I here? Why did I come?
Fighting a war that fools have begun?

Surrounded by everyone, yet alone I go,
Regret and self-pity are the only things I know.

I am bitter and salty like the Adriatic Sea,
Where my stone will face East to a fading legacy.

Who is Henry? I am a broken man,
1-0-7-5-6-4 is all that I am.

*From the letters of Private Henry Zeiler #107564 to sister Frieda Hove
New Westminster Regiment Mortar "C" Division
Gradara, Italy September 13, 1944*

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

LEAH DUNHAM

Nanaimo, BC | Dover Bay Secondary School
01-257 Seaview Centennial Br.

TWO MINUTES OF SILENCE

On November 11th, close your eyes and take a minute to remember. Have you ever tried to fully understand the concept of *war*? Have you ever taken a short moment to think about the soldiers on the frontlines, the families they had to leave? Or is war something you've never needed to understand, as it was always something far away, something that will never affect you?

This November, close your eyes and try to reflect on how a war has affected you. Maybe you have family members who have or are experiencing a war. Maybe you know what it's like to feel afraid, unsure. We cannot go back in time to experience the past; we cannot travel to the future; but we *can* close our eyes and pause in the present. Pause and take a moment or two to reflect, to remember, to honour. Honour the soldiers who put their life on the line for us, the future. Remember the doctors, nurses, factory workers, the ones who lost their lives, the veterans and the poets, and the authors who recorded the stories. We honour the heroes beneath the graves, and the heroes who returned home to us.

As the eleventh hour draws closer, we gather our poppies and pin them over our hearts. The symbol of remembrance and hope. The symbol of eternal sleep. Why do we wear poppies? You ask. Poppies are worn in support of the Armed Forces community and soldiers who lost their lives. During the First World War, among thousands of graves, poppies began rising from the soil, in the centre of all the chaos and destruction. How something so beautiful could grow where so much heartbreak and grief lay was breathtaking. We wear poppies to show that even in our darkest hour, hope is always there. Just under the surface.

When our poppies rest over our hearts and the clock strikes eleven, it's time for our silence. We bow our heads and close our eyes, joining the thousands of Canadians in their silent reflection. Imagine what it must feel like to be so truly, so absolutely *afraid*, as they stand at the front, uncertain if they're ever going to see the family they love again. There are few things words alone cannot truly describe, and one of them is emotions. Emotions in their truest, most profound form. Like true fear, true uncertainty, true love. The fear that wracks their body as their hands shake when they load their gun. The uncertainty of ever being able to see your loved ones again. The love they hold for their country, risking their lives to protect it.

When we remember them, we shouldn't just mourn their deaths. We should celebrate their lives; their courage, love, and sacrifice. We should celebrate the lives of those brave people who protect their country at all costs. Those are the ones we remember.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

GUS CASSIDY

Saint John, NB | Rothesay Park School
New Brunswick Command | Direction Nouveau-Brunswick

<https://qrco.de/bf8w7M>



JUNIOR FIRST PLACE

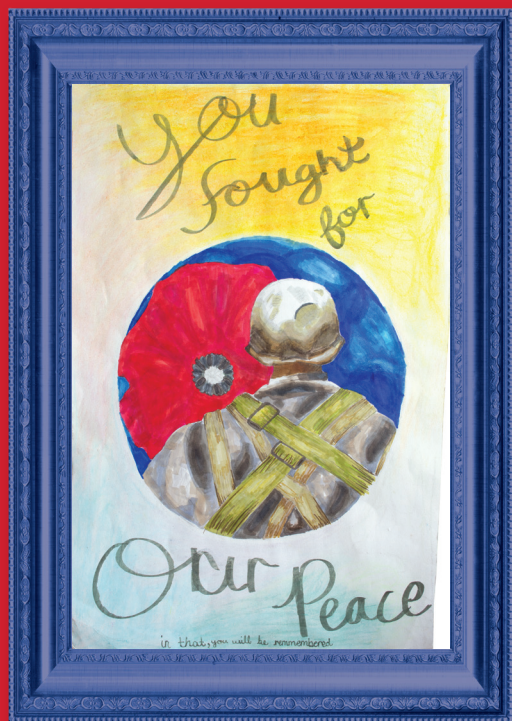
JUNIOR PREMIÈRE PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

EVONNE CHENG

Richmond Hill, ON | Bayview Hill Elementary School
05-614 Scarborough Centennial Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

ELIZABETH BOUCHARD

Chapleau, ON | École Sacré Cœur
05-005 Harry Searle Br.

POEM | POÈME

MAXIMUS SNIDER

Woodstock, ON | Hickson Central Public School
05-055 Woodstock Br.

IN THE HEART OF CANADA

Beneath the vast and endless sky,
Where mountains rise and rivers sigh,
We gather on this solemn ground,
To honor heroes, lost but found.

From shores of gray to northern lights,
In fields of poppies, our spirit ignites.
They answered duty's fervent call,
With bravery that inspired us all.

In trenches deep, through mud and fear,
They forged a bond that drew us near.
With every step on foreign lands,
They held our hopes in steadfast hands.

Their laughter echoes in the pines,
In whispered winds, their courage shines.
From Vimy Ridge to Juno's shore,
Their legacy, we can't ignore.

So let us bow our heads in grace,
For every soldier, every place.
In the heart of Canada, strong and free,
We remember them—eternally.

With gratitude, we mark this day,
As we live the lives they paved the way.
For in our hearts, they'll always stay,
Our brave, our proud, this Remembrance Day.

The end 😊!!!

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

GEORGIA MORSON

Saskatoon, SK | Home School
03-063 Saskatoon Br.

YEARLONG REMEMBRANCE

By: Georgia Morson

I recently visited a military museum. As I toured it, running my eyes over the many fascinating and curious historical objects, I noticed something I had never realized before: “remembrance” does not just mean going to a Remembrance Day service on November 11, though obviously that is a good thing to do. Real remembrance is yearlong, not just in November—the sacrifice our soldiers and their families made for us is far too big for that.

It would be unheard of for a family who had lost a loved one in war to only remember them in November or even just on Remembrance Day. Despite the sorrow in remembering a dear family member who has been lost, it is essential to do so anyway. Even though they are not present in body, in remembering them they have a special place in their families’ hearts.

A treasured tradition, in place since the Vietnam War, is the setting of a separate table (at a large event or holiday, such as a wedding or Christmas celebration) in honour of a missing comrade. The Table of a Fallen Soldier uses many symbols to aid us in remembering our sisters and brothers

in arms. For example, some of the most significant symbols are: the white tablecloth representing the purity of their motives in answering the call of duty. The slices of lemon on the bread plate mean the bitter loss of the fallen soldier. In addition, the inverted wine glass represents that the dead comrade will not be able to participate in the joyful toasts at the gathering.

The soldiers who have fallen in war are gone from us in earth, but that is no occasion to forget them. It would be no less than tragic to completely forget someone who had been previously loved, and ignore them as if they had not given their lives for us.

JUNIOR SECOND PLACE

JUNIOR DEUXIÈME PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ARYA SMITH

Lundar, MB | Eriksdale School
04-140 Eriksdale Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

FREYA HE

Stratford, PE | Stratford Elementary School
09-001 Charlottetown Br.

POEM | POÈME

OLIVER VIDAL YANG

Burnaby, BC | Suncrest Elementary School
01-083 South Burnaby Br.

IN FADED FIELDS OF VALOR

In fields where poppies gently sway,
We gather hearts on Remembrance Day,
With solemn grace, we bow our heads,
For those who fought, for those who bled.

The echoes of courage, through silence resound,
In the whispers of wind, their stories abound,
Brave souls of yesteryear, steadfast and true,
In the tapestry of time, we honor you.

With every candle flickering bright,
We remember the darkness, we cherish the light,
A rifle rests gently against the cross,
Symbol of sacrifice, of honor, of loss.

In the eyes of the old, the tales intertwine,
Of battles and heartaches, of courage divine,
Each tear tells a story, each silence a prayer,
In the hears of the nation, their spirits still care.

So let us not forget, as the years drift away,
The price of our freedom, the price they did pay,
With poppies of red, let our memories bloom,
For in love and remembrance, they conquer the gloom.

On this day of reflection, let unity rise,
Together we stand, with hope in our eyes,
For peace is the promise, our hearts shall convey,
As we honor the fallen on Remembrance Day.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

ANNA HARTLEY-BANKS

Corner Brook, NL | École CC Loughlin School
10-013 Corner Brook Br.

REMEMBERING OUR HEROES

On November 11th, the mill whistle blows and people are quiet. The Last Post is played on a trumpet. I look at my mom and dad, they are standing in their military uniforms along with the other military people who are saluting.

Ever since I was small I have been going to the Remembrance Day parade in Corner Brook. When I was young, I remember waiting at the cenotaph for the marching band to play their music. I watched the legionnaires march while holding their flags with pride and saw people lined up to lay wreaths. I didn't always know why we went to this ceremony but I knew it was important.

Today, I know that Remembrance Day is about honoring those who fought for our country and freedom. These are our heroes. Some of our heroes are gone. Some of our heroes are here with us today. Some of these heroes are still protecting our Country.

World war one ended on November the 11th at 11am. This was a happy day but it was also a very sad day. It was happy because the fighting had stopped. It was sad because

some soldiers and volunteers never made it back home to their families. Many husbands, sons and brothers were killed. This was very sad for many families. Every November we wear a red poppy to remember all these heroes. It is important that we remember our heroes not just on Nov 11th but every day.

At the end of the Remembrance Day Ceremony, I pin my poppy on the cross and say thank you to all those brave soldiers and veterans. The Canadian flag is raised, and the band plays O Canada. I am 9 years old and I stand next to my parents at the cenotaph. I am thankful and I sing along:

"God keep our land glorious and free!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee".
- Canadian National Anthem

We will always remember them!

PRIMARY

FIRST & SECOND PLACE



FIRST PLACE | PREMIÈRE PLACE

B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

SOLOMON VELJI

Calgary, AB | Renert School | 02-264 North Calgary Br.



SECOND PLACE | DEUXIÈME PLACE

B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

DAVID FOLKERTS

Winnipeg, MB | Immanuel Christian School | 04-007 Transcona Br.

PRIMAIRE

PREMIÈRE & DEUXIÈME PLACE



FIRST PLACE | PREMIÈRE PLACE

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

ETHAN CHEN

Kitchener, ON | Verideia Classical Christian Academy | 05-050 Fred Gies Br.



SECOND PLACE | DEUXIÈME PLACE

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

SOPHIA COVARRUBIAS

Calgary, AB | Lycée International de Calgary | 02-264 North Calgary Br.

ALL CATEGORIES

THIRD PLACE

TOUTES CATÉGORIES

TROISIÈME PLACE

SENIOR | SÉNIOR

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

KERSTINE SEBIANO

Esterhazy, SK | Esterhazy High School
03-249 Esterhazy Br.

BLACK & WHITE POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

STEPHANIE SIMONSON

Hawardan, SK | Outlook High School
03-262 Outlook Br.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

ELLEN TURNER

Kenora, ON | St. Thomas Aquinas High School
04-012 Kenora Br.

POEM | POÈME

MEGHAN CORMIER

St. Teresa, NL | Bayview Academy
10-038 St. George's Br.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

MICAH KENT

Waterville, NB | Hartland Community School
New Brunswick Command | Direction Nouveau-Brunswick

JUNIOR | JUNIOR

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

CALEB LEE

Calgary, AB | Dr. Roberta Bondar School
02-264 North Calgary Br.

BLACK & WHITE POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

EWA HU

Calgary, AB | Calgary Christian School
02-264 North Calgary Br.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

EMERY STEWART

Big Valley, AB | Big Valley School
02-070 Big Valley Br.

POEM | POÈME

ESEOSE LILY-OJO

Dieppe, NB | Moncton Christian Academy
07-006 Moncton Br.

INTERMEDIATE | INTERMÉDIAIRE

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

ABIGAIL HOSKINS

Gander, NL | St. Paul's Intermediate School
10-008 Gander Br.

BLACK & WHITE POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

PHOEBE BOREJON

Stoughton, SK | Stoughton Central School
03-133 Tecumseh Br.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

ELOISE LUSH

St. John's, NL | St. Bonaventure's College
10-056 Pleasantville Br.

POEM | POÈME

LOUJIN FARHAT

Charlottetown, PE | Queen Charlotte Intermediate School
09-001 Charlottetown Br.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

ROMAN POLSKY

Barrie, ON | Home School
Ontario Command | Direction Ontario

PRIMARY | PRIMAIRE

COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

VIVIAN ANDERSON

Saint John, NB | Fundy Home Educators
07-053 Jervis Bay Memorial Br.

BLACK & WHITE POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ELIZABETH ZHANG

Waterloo, ON | Verideia Classical Christian Academy
05-050 Fred Gies 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.

