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NATIONAL YOUTH REMEMBRANCE CONTESTS

CONCOURS NATIONAL DU SOUVENIR POUR LES JEUNES



CREATED BY
CRÉATION DE
BOWEN SHAO
RICHMOND, BC

2026 WINNERS GAGNANTS 2026

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

INTRODUCTION TO THE NATIONAL YOUTH REMEMBRANCE CONTESTS

Each year, nearly 100,000 students from Kindergarten to Grade 12 take part in the National Youth Remembrance Contests, reflecting on the sacrifices of Canada's Veterans. Through art, writing and video formats, they share what Remembrance means to them in ways that are honest and personal.

From the thousands of entries received across the country, the winners featured in this booklet stand out for their originality and thoughtful commitment to carrying forward the lessons of the past.

This program is made possible by donors, partners, Legion Branches, volunteers, and educators whose contributions bring the program into classrooms nationwide.

We extend special thanks to Canvet Publications, our National Tier Sponsor. Through publications like Legion Magazine and Canada's Ultimate Story, Canvet has long helped bring Canada's military history to life. Their support expands the program's reach, ensuring Remembrance is explored meaningfully and inspires new generations to Remember.

We also recognize the dedication of Legion Branches across the country. Their members serve as connectors in their communities, encouraging participation and guiding entries through each level of judging.

To the teachers, families, and community leaders who champion this program, thank you. And to the students, whether this is your first submission or one of many, this booklet celebrates you. Your creativity and reflection give these pages their purpose and help ensure Canada's Veterans are Never Forgotten.



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Learn more about the National Youth
Remembrance Contests at
www.remembrancecontests.ca

INTRODUCTION AUX CONCOURS NATIONAUX DU SOUVENIR POUR LES JEUNES

Chaque année, près de 100 000 élèves, de la maternelle à la 12^e année, participent aux Concours nationaux du Souvenir pour les jeunes, afin de rendre hommage aux sacrifices consentis par les vétérans canadiens. À travers l'art, l'écriture et la vidéo, ils expriment ce que le Souvenir signifie pour eux, de manière sincère et personnelle.

Parmi les milliers d'œuvres reçues de tout le pays, les lauréats présentés dans cette brochure se distinguent par leur originalité et leur engagement sincère à transmettre les leçons du passé.

Ce programme doit son existence aux donateurs, aux partenaires, aux filiales de la Légion, aux bénévoles et aux enseignants, dont les contributions permettent de le faire découvrir dans les salles de classe de tout le pays.

Nous tenons à remercier tout particulièrement Publications Canvet, notre commanditaire national. Grâce à des publications telles que la revue *Légion* et *Canada's Ultimate Story*, Canvet contribue depuis longtemps à faire revivre l'histoire militaire du Canada. Son soutien permet d'élargir la portée du programme, en veillant à ce que le Souvenir soit exploré de manière significative et en inspirant les nouvelles générations à se souvenir.

Nous tenons également à saluer l'engagement des filiales de la Légion à travers tout le pays. Leurs membres jouent un rôle essentiel de relais auprès de leurs communautés, en encourageant la participation et en accompagnant les participants à chaque étape du processus de sélection.

À tous les enseignants, familles et responsables communautaires qui soutiennent ce programme, merci. Et à vous, les élèves, que ce soit votre première participation ou l'une parmi tant d'autres, ce livret vous rend hommage. Votre créativité et votre réflexion donnent tout son sens à ces pages et contribuent à faire en sorte que les vétérans du Canada ne soient jamais oubliés.



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Commanditaire national
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Pour en savoir plus sur les Concours nationaux
du Souvenir pour les jeunes, rendez-vous sur
www.remembrancecontests.ca

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

AINSLEY PEREZ

Pickering, ON | St. Mary Catholic Secondary School
05-606 Bay Ridges Br.

LAST TIMES

As the sun begins its decent in the sky, I lay on this battlefield of death and valor, remembering those 'last times'. I have done so many things in my short life that at some point I did them for the last time! I took advantage of the small things life has to offer because what I didn't realize was that there would unknowingly always be a last time for everything.

I've been thinking about the **last time** I used a pencil. The **last time** I petted my dog. The **last time** I played the piano.

The Battle of Passchendaele is the **last time** I will know the hell of this war. For that, maybe I should be thankful. It will be the **last time** I will witness unimaginable hardship for my fellow Canadian soldiers as we battle through relentless mud, driving rain and heavy enemy fire.

The mud is cold through my coat. The air tastes of iron, fear, and loss. Blood cries out from the ground. My blood. The blood of my comrades. The blood of our youth. The blood of a nation standing up for peace and freedom. But my last thoughts go back to what seems like a faraway world - back to my home. Back to a place where, not long ago, I innocently took for granted all of the **last times** that I would never experience again.

Life's greatest moments are the simplest of moments. Those moments that are untouchable as I lay on death's bed. How I long for those **last times**. If only I could have just one more moment at home, doing the most mundane of things. Basking in the simplicity of some of those greatest moments. I never imagined that my life would be taken away so quickly. And now those **last times** are all I have left to hold onto until the minutes of time run out.

I remember the **last time** I lay in the wheat fields of Saskatchewan - golden and endless, under the hot summer sun. I remember the wind brushing against my face as I ran barefoot, chasing after my brother, laughing at nothing, laughing at everything.

I remember the **last time** I was in my farmhouse kitchen. My mother humming softly as the smell of warm yeast from the baking bread filled the room. My mother looked up from her work to greet me with a smile, so gentle and joyful. A small expression I will never see again.

I remember the **last time** I took the train, the smell of burning coal and the last goodbye from my father as he shook my hand like a stranger, because it was the only way to keep his voice steady.

I remember the **last time** I had a snowball fight with my best friend Caleb. The ice stinging our faces as we chased each other endlessly around our front yard.

I remember the **last time** I skated on the pond with my little sister, laughing and giggling as she fell for a third time.

I remember the **last time** I received a letter from her - the girl I will never get to marry. Her words giving me great comfort and filling me with love and hope.

It's strange what we remember in our last moments. I don't remember how much money I have in my pocket. I don't remember the speeches of political leaders or what my final marks from high school were. I only remember seeing those who made my life what it was. I only remember the feeling I had at home, how those close to me made me feel. I laughed. I loved. I was loved.

And now there are no more **last times**.

Perhaps what this war will teach us is that each life, however brief, leaves an imprint and impression. Mine will rest in the fields of Europe but also in the voices of those who remember us - the soldiers who never made it back home to our beloved Canada.

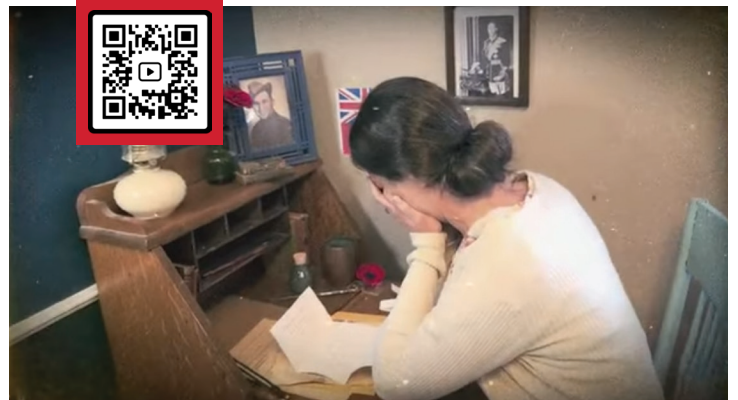
The mud is cold through my coat. The air tastes of iron, fear, and loss. I close my eyes for one last time, and home is right there - just past the gunfire, just past the cries of anguish, just past the death and destruction - for the **Last time**.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

MADELYN MARCELLIN

Caledonia, ON | Haldimand District Christian High
Ontario Command | Direction Ontario

<https://qrco.de/bfsZTC>



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

KAITLYN HEWETT

Barrie, ON | Maple Ridge Secondary School
05-147 Dr W C (Bill) Little M M Br.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

AMELIA RIDEOUT

Gander, NL | Gander Collegiate
10-008 Gander Br.

THE PRICE OF PEACE

Every November, the air feels heavier. The sky seems quieter, the world slower. The red poppies bloom across jackets and hearts, small and fragile reminders of something far too big to forget. We stand in silence for two minutes, but behind those moments is a lifetime of stories - stories of fear, courage, sacrifice, and love. For me, Remembrance Day isn't just about the past. It's about what it means to live in the world those soldiers left behind, and to remember that freedom has never been free.

When I close my eyes during the ceremony, I imagine the trenches - the mud, the chaos, the sound of rain mixing with gunfire. I picture young Canadian soldiers, barely older than my classmates, standing shoulder to shoulder in the cold, praying that the next bullet doesn't find them. They weren't superheroes. They were sons, brothers, and friends - boys who once laughed at inside jokes, wrote letters home, and dreamed of coming back. Some never did. The image that haunts me most is the thought of one soldier - not anyone famous, not in the history books - just an ordinary Canadian. Maybe his name was James, or Michael, or Thomas. Perhaps he was from Newfoundland, like me. I picture him writing a letter to his mother by candlelight, his hands shaking from the cold. He writes that he's fine, that the food is good, that he's making friends. But the truth sits between the lines. He's terrified. He's seen things no one should see. He's watched his friends fall beside him, and he's wondered if he'll be next. Still, he folds the letter, seals it, and sends it off - because he doesn't want his mom to worry. That kind of love, that quiet bravery, is something I'll never forget.

What makes Remembrance Day so heartbreaking is that it reminds us of both loss and love at once. Behind every soldier who fought, someone was waiting. A mother who pressed her hands together every night, praying. A wife who clutched a photograph. A little sister who counted the days until her brother came home. When the telegrams arrived, hearts shattered across the country. Thousands of Canadian families had to face the truth - their loved ones had given everything so that others could live freely. It's hard to imagine that kind of sacrifice in today's world - divided, loud, and angry. I complain about homework, Wi-Fi, and early mornings, but those soldiers would have given anything for one more sunrise, one more warm meal, one more letter from home. They fought for something bigger than themselves - for hope, for peace, for the future they'd never get

to see. And that future is us. We are their future.

When the trumpet sounds and the notes of The Last Post fill the air, I feel my throat tighten. The sound feels like a goodbye and a thank-you at the same time. The names on the memorials - carved into cold stone - once belonged to people who laughed, who loved music, who maybe wanted to be teachers, doctors, or artists. They never got the chance. The least we can do is remember them, speak their names, and live in a way that would make them proud.

Remembrance Day is not about glorifying war. It's about facing the truth of what it costs. It's about the blood-soaked fields of Vimy Ridge, the frozen beaches of Juno, and the endless rows of crosses that whisper stories of courage and heartbreak. It's about the soldiers who came home with invisible scars and those who never came home at all. It's about the tears of generations who refused to let their memory fade. As the years pass, fewer veterans remain to tell their stories. That means it's up to us now. We are the next generation of remembrance. Our voices must carry their stories forward, not just as history, but as a reminder of who we are - and who we owe everything to.

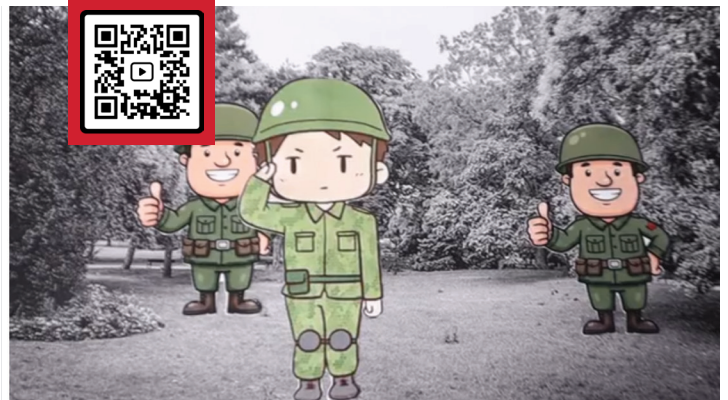
So when I wear my poppy, I wear it for more than just remembrance. I wear it for James, or Michael, or Thomas - for every soldier who gave up their heartbeat for mine. I wear it for their mothers, who never stopped waiting. I wear it for peace, and for the hope that someday, no one will have to die to protect it. Because remembering isn't enough. We must live in a way that's worthy of their sacrifice. We must live the peace they died for.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

ELIA BÉLANGER

Magog, QC | École secondaire de la Ruche
Quebec Command | Direction Québec

<https://qrco.de/bgiVDn>



SENIOR
SECOND PLACE

SÉNIOR
DEUXIÈME PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ERIN NICHOLSON

Elmsdale, NS | Hants East Rural High
08-048 Elmsdale Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

ALYSSA BYRNE

Goulds, NL | St. Kevin's High School
10-034 Southern Shore Br.

POEM | POÈME

LOUJIN FARHAT

Charlottetown, PE | Colonel Grey High School
09-001 Charlottetown Br.

SCARLET ECHOES OF COURAGE

The air is cold, the sky is grey,
The flags hang low this quiet day.
A single bugle starts to play.
And all of Canada stands this way.

From schoolyards where the children stand,
To snowy fields across the land,
A thousand hearts, one solemn beat,
Where memory and gratitude meet.

The poppy blooms, a scarlet flame,
Each petal whispers someone's name.
Not lost but living, deep and near,
In every voice that's silent here.

We think of peace, of skies now clear,
Of dreams they fought to keep so dear,
Of courage born where fear once lay,
And freedom's gift we hold today.

The maple leaf drifts through the air.
It's red and gold beyond compare,
Like those who gave, then slipped away,
Yet walk beside us, still, each day.

They stood in rain, in mud, in flame,
With courage none could quite explain,
They fought for peace, for truth, for right,
Through endless days and sleepless nights.

They wrote their names in history's hand,
They carried dreams of this fair land,
Of maple trees and skies so wide,
Of families waiting side by side.

So when the clock strikes eleven's chime,
We stop the world suspend all time.
To honour those who lit the way
The heroes we remember today.

Loujin Farhat

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

AALIYYAH KAZMEEN-ABIMBOLA

Winnipeg, MB | Transcona Collegiate
04-007 Transcona Br.

November 11th, 2025

Dear Diary,

Today I felt different in ways I cannot express. Not heavier but deeper, as if something inside me had shifted. This morning when I stood with my instrument in the cold, crisp air waiting for the ceremony to commence, I felt something trans- pose inside me. It was like an absurd mix of emotions with a quiet feeling lingering in my chest. Every year, playing in the band on Remembrance Day hits like a ton of bricks plummeting from the sky, but this time, it landed differently. It wasn't just about performing music or following the tradition. It was a promise I made to people I have never met.

As we set up, no one talked much. Usually someone cracks a joke, complains about the way their instrument is blowing or how early we must play, but today the air was calmer and more respectful. Our sounds came out softer, almost careful, like our instruments understood what the day stood for.

While I sat there waiting, I found myself thinking about the soldier I imagine every year. He is not anyone that I know, not a family member, or a person whose story I know, yet he is pivotal to me. I do not have a clearly painted picture of him in my mind, only an outline of a person. Someone who once laughed, who had dreams, who planned a future, who messed up some- times, had favourite meals, fears and memories with his loved ones. Someone real. Someone of material.

During the quiet part of the ceremony, when the room grew still that I could hear my own heartbeat singing inside me, my mind went straight to him again. It was as if everything else went away and the only thing that existed for a moment was the thought of all he gave up. Not just his life, but every moment that fills a life, the ordinary ones too, the warm tea on a chilly morning, the inside jokes with friends, every birthday celebration, every all-nighter he pulled. All the regular moments he never got to keep.

Thinking about that felt both unfair and important. It is unfair that someone lost so much, and important that I treat the loss greatly. Maybe that's what remembrance means; feeling the weight of someone else's sacrifice and choosing not to look away from it. Choosing to let it change something within you, no matter how miniature it may seem.

When I got home, I could not shake the feeling away. It was pressing against my rib cage, begging to be poured out. So, I wrote him a letter.

Dear Soldier,

I do not know your name, but today I thought about you. I thought about the life you once had, the life you should have had, and I wondered what your dreams and ambitions were. I wondered what you were like as a child, what made you laugh, what made you scared. I do not have answers to any of these questions, and maybe I never will, but one thing I know is your sacrifice still matters.

Today, in the band, I played for you. I played for every moment you missed and every chance you lost. I played for the birth- days that never happened, the conversations you never got to finish, the future you planned, the people who loved you and the people you would have met if time had waited a little longer for you. I played your name - even though I do not know what it is, hoping somehow the sound reached you.

Thank you for giving up tomorrow so I could have mine.

Sincerely,
A stranger.

After I wrote it, I sat with the letter for a while, staring at the words and the little water droplets that I did not know had fallen. The simple fact that I get to wake up, go to school, laugh with friends, complain about homework, and play music sudden- ly felt enormous. That's what remembrance really is. Not just the silence. Not just the ceremony. But the moment something inside you shifts and you remember someone who sacrificed everything for you.

Maybe that's why today felt different. I finally understood, not perfectly, but a little more than before what it means to honor someone's memory through something as simple as a song.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

CARELLE GEORGES KEPWA TCHIEYEP

Edmundston, NB | Saint Mary's Academy
New Brunswick Command | Direction Nouveau-Brunswick

<https://qrco.de/bgiVFI>



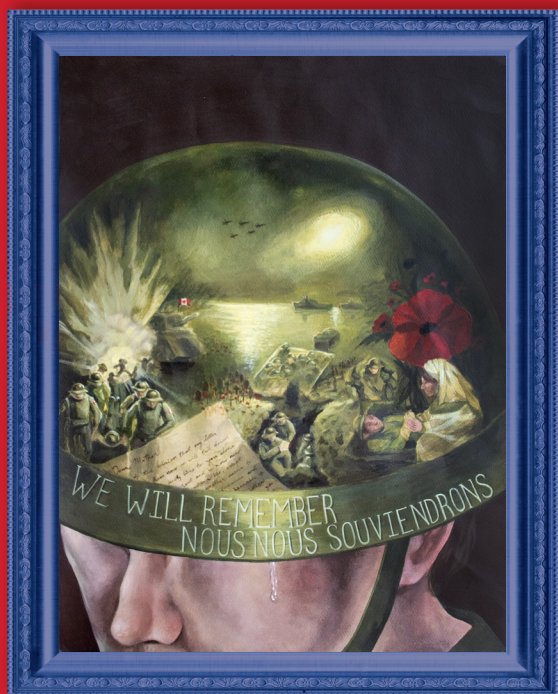
SENIOR
THIRD PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ASHLEY NADEAU

Neepawa, MB | McCreary School
04-173 McCreary Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

CHAELYN HAN

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

SÉNIOR
TROISIÈME PLACE

POEM | POÈME

DINA AL-HILAL

Brookfield, NS | South Colchester Academy
08-070 Stewiacke Br.

WE STAND IN SILENCE

We stand in silence, our hearts trembling with sorrow.
The wind drifts gently through fields of red poppies-
each bloom a whisper of someone we've lost.
Each petal holds a memory time that cannot be erased.

They left with courage shining in their eyes,
their families waving, not knowing it was goodbye.
They left warm dinners half-finished,
letters half-written, dreams half-spoken.

But some never came home.
The poppies grew where they fell-
soft red against the earth they fought to defend.
Mothers cried into folded flags,
fathers stood tall though their hearts were breaking.

We whisper their names like prayers,
hoping the wind carries them to heaven.
For every soldier who faced the fire,
for every soul who gave their tomorrow for our today-
we remember.

From sorrow, love still blooms.
Their bravery lives beneath our feet,
their spirit in the colors of our flag,
their love in the tears we shed.

They are the whisper in the dawn,
the stars that guard our sleep,
the reason we bow our heads
and promise never to forget.

We stand in silence, poppies in hand,
tears on our cheeks, pride in our hearts.
And as the silence deepens and poppies sway,
we stand tall-unbroken, remembering.

By: Dina Al Hilal
Grade 10 - South Colchester Academy (SCA)
November 5, 2025

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

ONAJEVWE ODUMA

Calgary, AB | Glenmore Christian
02-285 Centennial Calgary Br.

AMONG THE POPPIES - THE UNNAMED Destiny Oduma - 9R - Glenmore Christian Academy

He closed his eyes and saw a clear, blue sky. The air played with his long black hair, the birds chirped, and the world felt whole. The trees stood tall like a squadron, their leaves swaying in the gentle breeze. He lay in a field surrounded by flowers. The air was fresh and he could smell the sea.

Peaceful was the right word. Peaceful.

He opened his eyes. Reality hit.

The sky was not blue. It was far from it. It was grey and thick. It was hot. The trees were keeled over, their leaves decayed. There were no flowers. Only mud. Only blood. Only bodies. No birds were singing, just constant screaming, groaning and wailing. **Fwip!** A storm of bullets.

He stood up from the muck. His uniform was heavy on his back. He was dazed. His vision was foggy, his head was pounding. Wrapped in his arms was his machine gun. He clutched it tight. He stumbled-over what, he did not want to know. It could have been his friend, John, with a wife and child. John, the one who whispered every night that he would live for them. That he missed them.

How was a boy like him going to manage that?

It did not matter.

Shoot! Do something, he thought. But really he wanted to sink into the ground. He wanted to lay with the flowers that grew near his home. He wanted to dream again. What difference would it make, though? Dreaming! When there was a battle happening and he was doing nothing.

He leaned against the trench wall that faced the enemy. Placing his gun over his shoulder, he braced himself. A round of bullets flew as quick as falcons. Bullets tore fast, some hit, some missed, he could not tell.

He closed his eyes. His mother ran her fingers through his hair and sang to him. She whispered into his ear. *Don't go hurting people - be a good person. That's all I hope for you.*

Sorry, Ma.

Fwip!

He yelled. A bullet punctured his shoulder and the warm blood gushed out like a fountain. He cradled his shoulder as he fell onto the floor.

He cried. Tears streamed down his cheek; he wiped them with the sleeve of his mud-stained uniform.

Get up! He scolded himself.

Another round of bullets. Another. Another.

Bang! The man next to him dropped.

Don't look, don't get distracted!

Bang!

Another cry, he heard him yell, 'PLEASE!' as he fell.

Don't look! His eyes stayed fixed on his gun.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gone. Gone. Gone.

All of them. So young, but the weight of war had aged them. If they died did he have a chance?

Bang!

The bullet met his forehead.

He stumbled back. His vision blurred. He closed his eyes and the field returned - flowers swaying, the sea glistening, his mother's hand in his hair.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

GWEN BEAUDOIN

Amherstburg, On | Anderdon Public School
Ontario Command | Direction Ontario

<https://qrco.de/bgiVHK>



POEM | POÈME

CHANELLE KEATING

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



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

RACHEL STAHL

Oak River, MB | Oak River Colony School
04-150 Oak River Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

CLAIRE KIM

Calgary, AB | Griffith Woods School
02-264 North Calgary Br.

WHERE SILENCE SPEAKS

The battlefield is gone now,
but it lives behind my eyes.
Grass grows where fire once burned.
Beneath the soil, the roots of poppies
drink what the Earth still mourns.

We called it duty,
but sometimes it felt like falling
into something bigger than reason,
smaller than forgiveness.

I buried friends with hands
that still remember the warmth of theirs.
The dirt never leaves your palms.
Nor the faces you couldn't save.

They said we fought for peace,
but peace feels heavy.
It sits in your chest at night,
asking if it was worth it.

And I wonder,
Did the stars see us then?
Did they turn away,
ashamed that flames can tear apart
the fragile parts of a human heart?

Now, when people stand in silence,
two minutes stretching into eternity,
I don't think of war.

I think of the laughter we lost,
letters never sent,
and how courage sometimes
looks a lot like fear
that refused to die.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

ANYA WALDNER

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

THE SOUND OF SILENCE: AN ESSAY BY ANYA WALDNER

I'm scared.

Gunshots ricochet through the air all around me. Bullets fly over me as I sit in a trench. I didn't want this; nobody did. I look up and see my friend, hunched over, blood-soaked, and obviously on his last breaths. Is that the fate that awaits me? Is that how I'll end up? Scared, hopeless, dying, and alone? Will I really never see my family again? As I struggle to wrap my head around my conflicted thoughts, I realize that it can't be. I won't let it.

Determination pumps through my veins and adrenaline rushes to my head. I can't cover away while others fight my battle. Our battle. I have to defend my country, I have to defend my family, and I have to protect the future. I reload my gun and silently pray for protection as I climb out of the trench. My fear almost pulls me back down. The stench of death, blood, and smoke surrounds me. A lump rises in my throat, tears sting my eyes and wash down my dirty cheeks. As I lift my weary eyes, I notice a flower, untouched, growing in the midst of fallen soldiers. I bend to pick up the bright red bloom and hold it against my heart. This small symbol of hope, beauty, and survival amongst this chaos is enough to bring me to my knees. Deep down in my heart, I know we have won. Though I bear many scars, most of them are on my heart. It is over! The sound of silence is

almost deafening. We should be celebrating, and yet many of us will never know we are victorious. I walk through the fields in search of survivors, and I know I will never forget.

The sound of silence on November 11th every year is not just the absence of noise, but the weight of history, sacrifice, loss, and remembrance. November 11th is more than remembering our past; it's about honoring those who made our future. Those who fought daily for freedom, those who cried for help that would never come, those who were carried home in boxes, and those who never made it home at all. This day is about making a better future. On November 11th, 2025, don't forget to remember, and as you stand wordlessly for 2 minutes at 11, you can hear the sound of silence too.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

MILO KATUSKI

Wynyard, SK | Wynyard Composite High School
Saskatchewan Command | Direction Saskatchewan

<https://qrco.de/bgiVJ3>



INTERMEDIATE
SECOND PLACE

INTERMÉDIAIRE
DEUXIÈME PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ALYSSIA MOHAMMED

East York, ON | Gordon A Brown Middle School
05-345 Brigadier O M Martin Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

ELYN HAN

Vancouver, BC | Trafalgar Elementary School
01-142 West Point Grey Br.

POEM | POÈME

MEADOW SMID

Onanole, MB | Onanole Elementary School
04-143 Erickson Br.

**FOR MY COUNTRY
BY: MEADOW SMID**

I am a nurse.
I know the sound of pain.
Their screams echo in my soul.
I will heal the soldiers for my country.
I am a bluebird flying into action; when everyone is healed,
I know my duty is done.

I am a soldier.
I know the feeling of pain.
The agony echoes inside me.
I will protect this land for my country.
So as the bullet pierces through me,
I know my duty is done.

I am a horse.
I know the smell of death.
Gunshots echo in my ears, a horrific harmony.
I carry the wounded soldiers on my back for my country.
When I pull the last weapons into the sunset,
I know my duty is done.

I am a peacekeeper.
I know the sights of international conflict.
Words of peace echo in my ears ringing again and again.
I will try to spread peace everywhere for my country.
Therefore when peace is finally reached,
I know my duty is done.

I am a child today.
I know the meaning of remembrance.
We all carry the echo of lost soldiers.
We pay our respects in November for our country.
So when I place a poppy on their grave,
I know my duty has just begun.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

SOFIA BAZYLEWICZ

Lark Harbour, NL | St. James All Grade
10-013 Corner Brook Br.

IF EVERYTHING CHANGED TOMORROW

Sofia Bazylewicz

If everything changed tomorrow, what would really happen?

Would our streets lie empty, our schools becoming only memories? I sometimes think about this on the eleventh, as time slows, and the world pauses for two minutes of silence. The poppy I pin over my heart no longer only feels like a symbol of the past-but a reminder that freedom, safety, and peace are all fragile.

If tomorrow fell apart, I'd need to know what it'd be like to face my fears without warning-like walking through fog, blind to what the next step might bring. Canadian soldiers, brave and young, have been in these shoes. Leaving homes, comfort, and certainty behind. Placing their nation above themselves. Their strength, once easily taken for granted, now feels alive as we stop to remember. Standing in silence, I feel the weight and responsibility to honour such courage.

If all changes by morning's light, I would think about those who live where freedom is not guaranteed. People in war-torn countries who wake each day in fear, instead of calm. Where every day brings uncertainty, danger, and loss. The scent of smoke filling lungs where laughter had once escaped. Standing safely here in Canada, I'm both grateful,

and humble. Remembrance Day asks us to recognize how much we rely on the sacrifices of those who came before us, and how quickly everything could change. Urging me to live with awareness and respect.

If everything changed tomorrow, Remembrance Day would still hold its meaning. Teaching us that peace is a gift, courage is a legacy, and that acknowledging it cannot be forgotten. It is not only a day to look back, but a day to look forward-actively carrying dignity, empathy, and gratitude into the world we live in today. One step at a time, one act of remembrance at a time, we honour the past, and protect the future.

VIDEO | VIDÉO

MANNIX MEAGHER

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

<https://qrco.de/bgiVQ9>



POEM | POÈME

CASSIDY WOLLMAN

Tisdale, SK | Miner Creek Colony School
03-050 Tisdale Br.

THE COST OF OUR CALM

They marched through dust with trembling hands,
In foreign lands of blood and sand,
Where silence broke with every blast
And courage wore a fragile mask.

Their boots sank deep in fear and mud
While our hearts beat loud beneath the flood
Of thoughts of home, a child's soft cry,
A lover's note, a lullaby.

We brewed our coffee everyday
Complained of traffic and bills to pay.
While they stood guard on sleepless nights
In shadows cast by war's dim lights

We laughed in parks, we sang in cars
With lots of scars, they counted stars
Each breath a prayer, each step unsure
In their hearts, they held memories secure.

So let us not forget their pain
The quiet tears, the crimson stain
The soldier's deed, both brave and true,
Deserves our thanks, the whole year through.



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

COLYN FENG LI

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



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

CATHERINE ZHAO

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



ESSAY | COMPOSITION

AUDREY WILSON

Wentzell Lake, NS | West Northfield Elementary
08-102 New Germany Br.

REMEMBRANCE DAY TO ME

By: Audrey Wilson Gr. 5/6 WNES

Remembrance Day to me is remembering all the people who did amazing things for our country. I have multiple relatives that used to be in the war. Remembrance day is a very special day for me. I'll be telling you about these relatives

The first member was my mother's grandfather. His name was Neil MacPhee. He served with the Cape Breton Highlanders. I know how much he loved Remembrance Day and how he was proud to be a soldier in all the stories told. This could be why I love Remembrance day too.

The next relative is one of my dad's grandfathers, Todd Wilson. He drove a tank with the New Brunswick Hussars. He helped with the Liberation of the Netherlands. I had never met him before he died but I know that he was proud to serve which makes me proud of him too.

The last soldier is a family member I did meet. He was my Great Papa and my dad's grandfather. His name was Russel Melvin. He served with the Canadian Army Pacific Force. He was very kind and peaceful. We would

go to visit him when I was younger and he was one of the sweetest people ever.

As you can now see, Remembrance Day is a very special day for me and my family. Remembrance day is a day to remember the people who we might not know who served and the family members that served for our country. Every year I have a picture of these family members on our school's wall of remembrance. I place a poppy every year in remembrance of these relatives at our school's Remembrance Day ceremony. I lay a wreath in New Germany on Remembrance Day for West Northfield Elementary School. On this day I think to myself "Superman isn't our hero, these people are." That is what Remembrance Day is to me. To think about those heroes.

JUNIOR
FIRST PLACE

JUNIOR
PREMIÈRE PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

EVIE LI

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



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

ZIYU CANDICE LI

West Vancouver, BC | Collingwood Junior School
01-060 West Vancouver Br.

POEM | POÈME

MARIIA KHANINA

Charlottetown, PE | Spring Park Elementary School
09-001 Charlottetown Br.

WE REMEMBER

by: Mariia Khanina

Red poppies grow where soldiers lay.
Brave hearts who fought so far away.
They left their homes, their hopes, their fears,
To give us peace through all these years.

We stand in silence, heads bowed low,
For all they gave us long ago.
The world we have, the lives we live,
Are gifts that they were proud to give.

So on this day, we stop to say,
“Thank you” in our own small way.
We’ll keep their stories, brave and true,
And promise to remember too.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

JORDAN FOWLER

Corner Brook, NL | École C.C. Loughlin Elementary
10-013 Corner Brook Br.

Remembrance Day is an important day in Canada because it helps us honour the people who served and protected our country. Every year on November 11th, Canadians think about the soldiers who fought in wars and the many men and women who worked to keep our nation safe. Their bravery helped protect the freedoms we enjoy today.

At 11:00 a.m., we take part in a moment of silence. This tradition began because the First World War ended at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month. During the silence, we think about the people who never came home and show respect for everything they sacrificed. Even though many of us have never been in a war, this moment helps us understand how serious and life-changing these events were.

The red poppy is the most common symbol of Remembrance Day. Canadians wear poppies to show support and to remember those who lost their lives. The poppy became a symbol after Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae wrote the poem *In Flanders Fields*, where he described poppies growing on battlefields. Today, wearing a

poppy shows that we care and that we will not forget the past.

Remembrance Day also reminds us to appreciate the soldiers who continue to serve today. Many Canadian service members help with peacekeeping, respond to natural disasters, and support countries in need. Their work shows that courage and kindness are still important values.

Most of all, Remembrance Day teaches us the importance of peace. It encourages us to treat others with respect, solve problems peacefully, and be grateful for the safety we have. By remembering the sacrifices made by others, we learn to value freedom and work-toward a better future

JUNIOR
SECOND PLACE

JUNIOR
DEUXIÈME PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

STELLA McDOWELL

Yorkton, SK | St. Micheal's School
03-077 General Alexander Ross Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

MERRIGAN MONK

Dartmouth, NS | Michael Wallace School
08-031 Somme Br.

POEM | POÈME

THEA BRADSHAW

Lashburn, SK | J.H. Moore Elementary School
03-073 Lashburn Br.

THE SOLDIER'S DAWN

By Thea Bradshaw

He woke up before the morning sun his duty called.
The day began with a steady heart and eyes of flame.
He marched for honor, not for fame.
The fields were wide; the skies were gray,
Yet courage lit him every day.
He thought of home, of laughter's sound,
Those he loved, of hallowed ground.

Through storms and fire, he held his stand
With brothers fighting, hand in hand.
Each step was heavy, yet he knew
That peace was something worth marching through.
And when the stars came out to shine,
He whispered prayers through the battle line.
For though the night was cold and long
His heart still beat a hopeful song.
Now years have passed, the war is gone
But in his soul, the light lives on.
For every tear the earth once bore,
He planted dreams and peace once more.

ESSAY | COMPOSITION

MADELYN SCHNEIDER

Kyle, SK | Kyle Composite School
03-124 Kyle Br.

REMEMBRANCE DAY ESSAY

Today is a day to remember those who fought in war, whether it was World War I, World War 2, or any war. In this essay I will tell you about so many people have helped in so many ways in lots of wars.

SOLDIERS

The main people in the war were the soldiers. They did all the fighting. 9 million died – about 6 thousand per day. 66 thousand of those people were Canadians They suffered disease, muddy trenches, rats, poison gas, and more, so you see getting shot was not the only fear. Only 2678,813 Canadians ever got home. Some outstanding soldiers included: General Arthus Currie, Billy Bishop, and Francis Pegahmgabow.

BLUEBIRDS

Bluebirds were nicknamed that because of their blue dresses and white veils. Also known as the nursing sisters, they were nurses whose bravery came through even though they themselves risked disease caught off from the soldiers they were saving. Lots of bluebirds were the wives of soldiers who had left for the war and decided to help too.

HORSES

Horses were the power of the war. The soldiers rode on the horses for transport. They pulled artillery, medical wagons, ect. More than 8 million horses died in World War One. The most iconic was Warrior, horse of General Jack Seely.

DOGS

Dogs played an important role in WWI. They delivered messages, sniffed for bodies, and hauled machine gun carts. 30,000 dogs went to war and 7000 died. The most famous dog was Stubby, more commonly known as Sergeant Stubby. He won more medals than his owner coming home as a hero. He even attacked a German spy! Stubby died of old age in 1926.

CONCLUSION

The meaning of this essay was to tell you about the people and animals who fought for our freedom. There were lots of sad parts, but happy things too. After the war, the baby boom happened and lots of new relationships started. Thank you for reading my essay.

JUNIOR
THIRD PLACE



B/W POSTER | AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC

ALICE CARRUTHERS

Port Williams, NS | Port Williams Elementary School
08-073 Habitant Br.



COLOUR POSTER | AFFICHE EN COULEUR

SIHA SHIN

North York, ON | Lester B Pearson Elementary School
05-527 Wilson Br.

JUNIOR
TROISIÈME PLACE

POEM | POÈME

STEPHANIE SUJIC

Victoria, BC | Lighthouse Christian Academy
01-091 Prince Edward Br.

On the Eleventh hour, on the Eleventh day,
We praise the soldiers who went away,
Still young with futures wide and bright,
Who faced the darkness, enduring fright.

They marched to battle, brave and true,
For freedom's cause, for me and you.
Through mud and wire, cold and deep,
While families at home would weep.

Their laughter silenced, dreams undone,
Before their life was even done.
A final breath, a whispered name,
Consumed by war's destructive flame.

The weight of sorrow, heavy, vast,
For lives too precious, gone too fast.
A hollow pit in every heart,
From loved ones torn, forever apart.

Red poppies bloom, a scarlet sign,
On fields where brave young souls recline.
From Flanders' soil, they softly grow,
A silent tribute to the woe.

Two minutes of silence, solemn, still,
Our thoughts on trenches, icy chill.
We stand as one, in quiet grace,
To honor every fallen face.

Though years may pass, and seasons turn,
A vital lesson we must learn:
Their sacrifice was not in vain,
To spare us from such bitter pain.

So let us vow, with solemn plea,
To guard the peace they fought to free.
Remember all who paid the cost,
Lest their precious memory be lost.

PRIMARY

B/W POSTER

PRIMAIRE

AFFICHE EN NOIR ET BLANC



FIRST PLACE | PREMIÈRE PLACE

LOUISA MONK

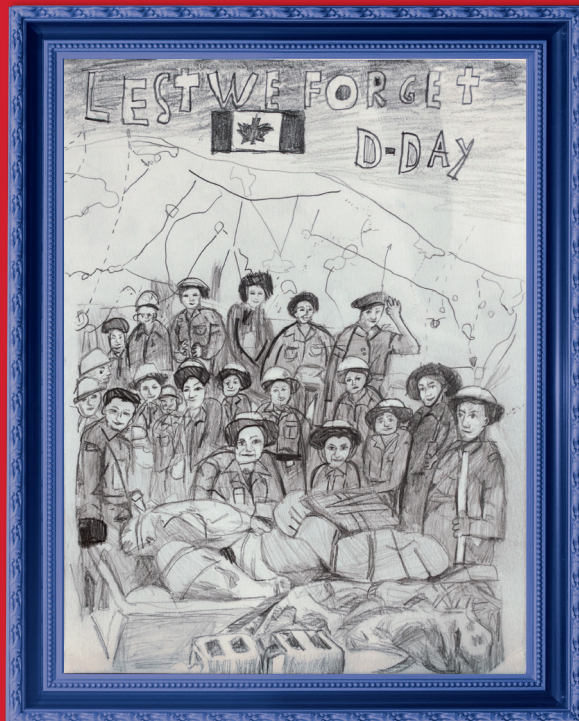
Dartmouth, NS | Michael Wallace School
08-031 Somme Br.



SECOND PLACE | DEUXIÈME PLACE

WHITNEY COOPER

Bellevue, AB | Horace Allen School
02-009 Coleman Br.



THIRD PLACE | TROISIÈME PLACE

BOWEN SHAO

Richmond, BC | Canada X Academy of Art & Design
01-291 Richmond Br.

PRIMARY

COLOUR POSTER

PRIMAIRE

AFFICHE EN COULEUR



FIRST PLACE | PREMIÈRE PLACE
MONROE ARCAND

Municipal District of Greenview No. 16, AB | Penson School
 02-054 Grande Prairie Br.



SECOND PLACE | DEUXIÈME PLACE
ELEANOR ROBERTSON

Sechelt, BC | Kinnikinnick Elementary School
 01-140 Sechelt Br.



THIRD PLACE | TROISIÈME PLACE
LYNXTON GARDINER

Big River, SK | T.D. Michel Public School
 03-136 Big River 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.

