



YOUTH REMEMBRANCE CONTEST WINNERS

Legion 
British Columbia/Yukon Command


1926 • 2026

2025-2026 Provincial Winners

LEGIONBCYUKON.CA/REMEMBRANCE/YOUTH-REMEMBRANCE-CONTESTS/

1st Place Poster Winners



1ST PLACE SENIOR COLOUR POSTER

Chaelyn Han

Branch #142 West Point Grey

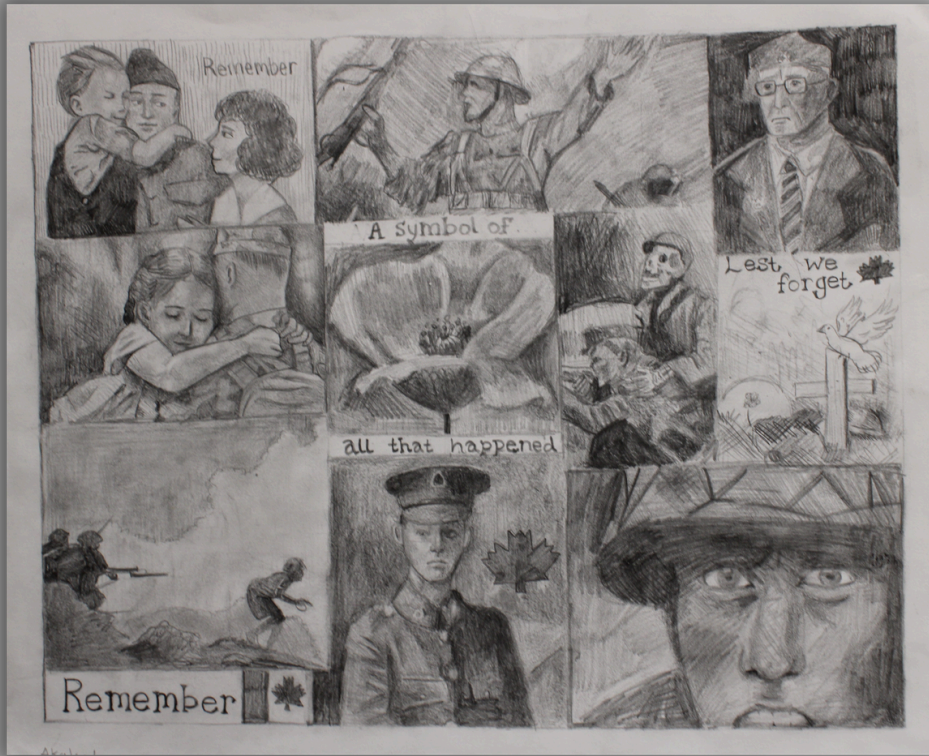


1ST PLACE INTERMEDIATE COLOUR POSTER

Elyn Han

Branch #142 West Point Grey

1st Place Poster Winners



1ST PLACE SENIOR B&W POSTER

Akaljot Brar

Branch #173 K. Knudtson - Osoyoos

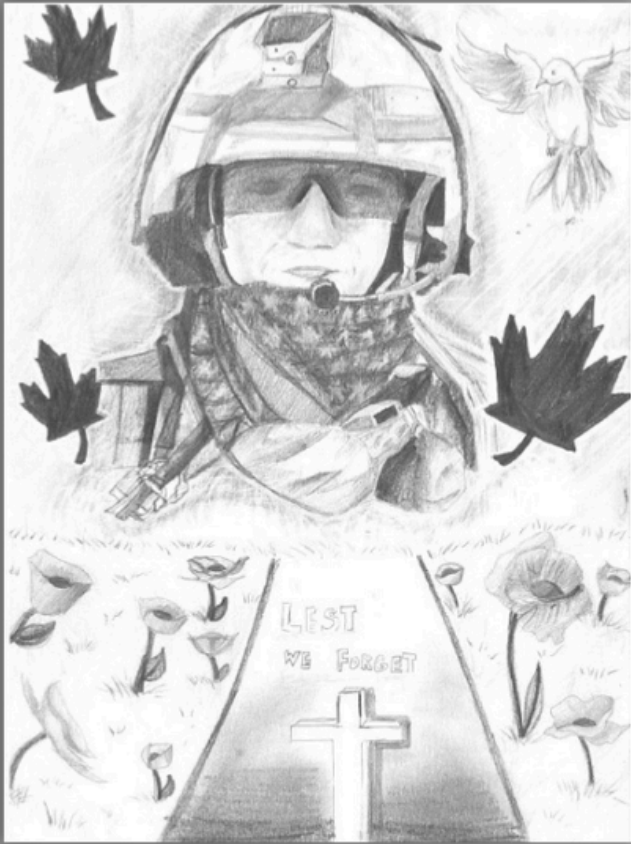


1ST PLACE INTERMEDIATE
B&W POSTER

Annie Tu

Branch #148 North Burnaby

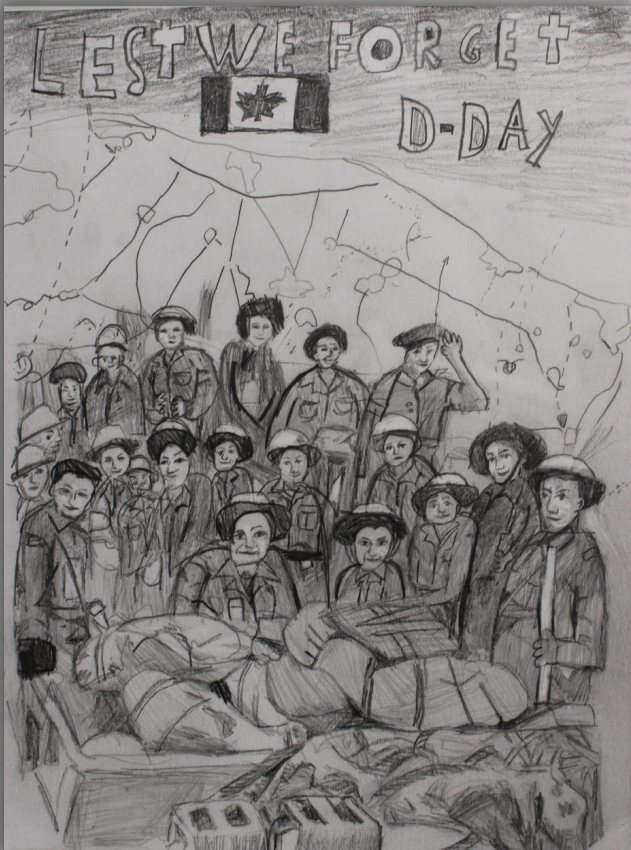
1st Place Poster Winners



1ST PLACE JUNIOR B&W POSTER

Zoe Young

Branch #291 Richmond



1ST PLACE PRIMARY B&W POSTER

Bowen Shao

Branch #291 Richmond

1st Place Poetry Winners

1ST PLACE SENIOR POETRY WINNER

Anna Goodsell

Branch #52 Kamloops

One Moment

One single moment, one single day,
To remember all of those who have gone away.
A somber song filled with silent tears,
To mark the sacrifices made over many years.

The blaring trumpets echo through each hall,
Drowning out each person's desperate bawl.
A moment of silence to honourably say,
Everything about where the poppies sway.

On Juno Beach and in Passchendaele,
Their utmost bravery proved to prevail.
They fought for a new life for children and wives,
Even if so at the cost of their lives.

Where each saddened widow cries and weeps,
A lonely fatherless child lays and sleeps.
So many lost but so much gained,
In the fields of flowers that lay blood-stained.

Their love for their country and freedom guided them home,
Now in our hearts they must forever roam.
From past to present day, they fought for peace and died so brave.
Now grateful strangers cry at their graves.

Each soul, each voice that has been lost,
Will not be forgotten without a great cost.
We remember them respectfully on this day,
By gently placing down our bouquets.

We stand together in a moment of silence,
Trying to understand all the heartless violence.
We remember those lost and those who stayed.
Each courageous person, not the same.

One moment on this sorrowful day,
But I have something else I must say.
We must refuse to forget them despite our fears.
I will remember them every day for all my years.

1st Place Poetry Winners

1ST PLACE INTERMEDIATE POETRY WINNER

Cali Loring

Branch #91 Prince Edward - Langford

Not Forgotten

The morning sky is quiet and gray,
A single trumpet starts to play.
Its lonely sound drifts through the air,
Reminding us of those not there.

They marched through fear, through smoke, through pain,
So we could walk in peace again.
Their boots are gone, their voices still,
But we remember – and we will.

The poppies bloom where soldiers fell,
Each one a story none can tell.
We wear them close above our hearts,
To thank them for their selfless parts.

It's not just names on walls of stone,
Or dates in books that stand alone.
It's every freedom we hold near,
That whispers softly, "They're still here."

So when the world feels dark or cold,
I'll think of them – the strong, the bold.
Their courage echoes, soft and true,
They live in me, they live in you.

1st Place Poetry Winners

1ST PLACE JUNIOR POETRY WINNER

Stephanie Sujic

Branch #91 Prince Edward - Langford

On the Eleventh Hour, on the Eleventh Day

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 wone, in quiet grace,
To honour 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.

1st Place Essay Winners

1ST PLACE SENIOR ESSAY WINNER

Matthew Friesen

Branch #61 Delta - Ladner

Two Minutes and a Lifetime

I forget things constantly. It's a talent, really – forgetting my homework, forgetting appointments, forgetting where I put my keys five minutes ago – it all just seems to slip away. But every year, November 11th rolls around and the same thing happens – I'm asked to remember. I'm asked to stand up on my two feet and stand in silence for two minutes. Two minutes. We get one hundred twenty seconds to reflect on an entire history of sacrifice, to carry the stories of millions, to honour every life cut short by war. It feels impossible. How can I condense every life lost, every grieving family, every voice that will never be heard again in two minutes? Two minutes seems too small, too brief, too inadequate for something so vast. But every year I still stand, and I wonder: how can I remember them in a way that truly honours them?

The truth is, no matter how much I think about it, I'll never truly understand. I'll never know what it's like to be a terrified nineteen-year-old kneeling in a trench, writing letters home pretending everything is fine. I'll never know what it's like to say goodbye and understand that "goodbye" might really mean forever. I exist in their sequel, in a world due to their choices, and occasionally that distance feels too far to bridge.

When I look around at the world today, I see their fingerprints on everything – on my freedom to dream, to wish, to pursue without fear. I see it in the opportunities that bloom before me like poppies spread across fields – opportunities to finish school, to choose my own path, or to waste a full Sunday afternoon doing absolutely nothing.

Sometimes I think of the people who never got to live in this sequel. These people weren't "heroes" plucked from a fairytale; they were ordinary people living ordinary lives until history knocked at their door. And maybe that's what haunts me the most – not the grand sacrifices that fill history books, but the small losses. The birthday cake that never got baked – the inside jokes never finished – the "I love you's" that dried on lips before they became sound. Their outlook for the future, much like mine, should have spread out like a map – but instead folded in on itself, collapsing into nothing.

Two minutes of silence. A time that once felt too long now feels impossibly brief. I used to think that silence was just absence, a space where sound should be, but now I understand the true nature of silence. Silence is full. Full of questions without answers – full of lives that weren't lived – full of understanding the outcome of their actions.

1st Place Essay Winners

1ST PLACE SENIOR ESSAY WINNER

Matthew Friesen

Branch #61 Delta - Ladner

Two Minutes and a Lifetime (continued)

Maybe this silence is an invitation – not to find pleasant answers, but to sit with the uncomfortable questions, to ask myself whether I’m building a life worthy of their sacrifice – whether I’m choosing empathy over indifference, understanding over judgement, or action over apathy. I often wonder if the freedom they fought for is the freedom I’m living, or if somewhere along the way, we’ve forgotten what freedom actually costs.

But I still don’t have the answers. I’m still learning what it means to remember, to honour, and to continue pushing forward. As I stand still in the loud silence, the peaceful chaos, I’m starting to see that Remembrance Day is about the past, present, and future. It’s about bridging then and now – about honouring their sacrifice by asking who we are, who we’re becoming, and whether we’re to live the tomorrow they died to give us.

So I stand. And I listen to what the silence has to offer – two minutes to hold a century of sacrifice, to contain millions of stories, to carry the weight of every life cut short. It’s impossible to condense all history, all loss, and all dreams into one hundred twenty seconds of thoughts. But maybe that’s the point. Maybe the inadequacy of two minutes is meant to remind us that Remembrance can’t be confined to a single day, a single ceremony, or a single moment of silence. Maybe it’s just meant to be a beginning, something that spills into every other day. To honour the fallen by remembering we’re still standing, still breathing, still here – knowing that every breath we take is both a gift and a responsibility to live the lives they never could.

1st Place Essay Winners

1ST PLACE INTERMEDIATE ESSAY WINNER

Karen Bai

Branch #83 South Burnaby

The Weight of a Poppy

Every November, I pin a Poppy over my heart and wonder, “Do I truly understand the weight of this?” The red flower is so light I barely feel it. But what I mean is the weight it carries: the stories of thousands of Canadians, families with empty chairs, and children growing up knowing their fathers only through faded photographs.

When I was young, I thought Remembrance was simple. We stood in silence, listened to trumpet music, thanked Veterans, and that was it. But as I grew older, it feels heavier and more complicated. Remembrance asks us to look at everything: the pride and the pain. We won at Vimy Ridge but lost so many at Dieppe. We freed people in Europe while locking up Japanese Canadians back home. Real Remembrance means facing the whole picture, not just the parts that feel good.

The truth starts with people. They weren’t superheroes. They were teachers, factory workers, farmers – ordinary people who did extraordinary things. At Juno Beach, Canadians fought through freezing waves and bullets to help free a continent. At Passchendaele, they pushed forward through mud. In the Atlantic, they hunted submarines in the dark. Most of them just wanted to go home, yet they persevered for world peace. That’s what makes their choice matter.

Today, Canadian soldiers still serve in places I rarely think about. Peacekeepers stand between old enemies to resolve conflicts, and doctors treat people caught in wars I barely understand. They still choose to help strangers rather than stay home. I can’t imagine what that feels like.

So, when the trumpet sounds and everything goes quiet for two minutes, my mind fills with faces and names. I think about Sergeant Masumi Mitsui, who led people at Hill 70 and came home to find his property stolen during interment. I think of Katherine Maud MacDonald, the nurse who stayed with the wounded through a bombing raid and never made it out. And I think of Tommy Prince, who returned with eleven medals but still faced hatred and racism. Their courage didn’t end when the war did.

At eleven, we are not just remembering the dead. We are making a promise to the 19-year-old who never left Juno Beach, to the nurse who died when her ship went down, to the Japanese Canadian soldier who fought for a country that locked up his family, and to everyone who gave their future for ours. We are telling them we see what they went through. All of it – the bravery, the cruelty, the victories, and the injustice. Let’s build a Canada they would be proud to come home to. A country where everyone’s sacrifice matters, and nobody is forgotten.

The Poppy weighs nothing on my shirt, but what it represents weighs everything. This November 11th, I will wear mine, knowing that Remembrance isn’t just about the past; it’s a promise about who we will choose to be tomorrow. I want to be someone worthy of their sacrifice.

1st Place Essay Winners

1ST PLACE JUNIOR ESSAY WINNER

Aleythia Benson

Branch #239 Pender Island

They Are Never Coming Back

“Ugh,” Madison said as she stood for the minute of silence. They were in the school gym on Vancouver Island on November 11th. She didn’t get it. Some people died in a war that she didn’t even know about, or why it was started. Now they had to endure a month of suffering about “Remembrance Day.”

When Madison got home, she told her mom about the Remembrance Day history project they were doing. They had to interview a Veteran. “Your grandma might know about that,” her mom said.

So, Madison biked over to her grandma’s house and rang the doorbell. The door quickly opened to her grandma’s smiling face. She ushered Madison in and sat her down with a muffin and tea. “So, what can I help you with?” her grandma sweetly asked.

“Well, we need to interview a Veteran from the war, and I thought you might know because of Great-Grandpa...” Madison trailed off. Her great-grandpa had died in the war the year before it ended – a sad thing, he could never have the freedom.

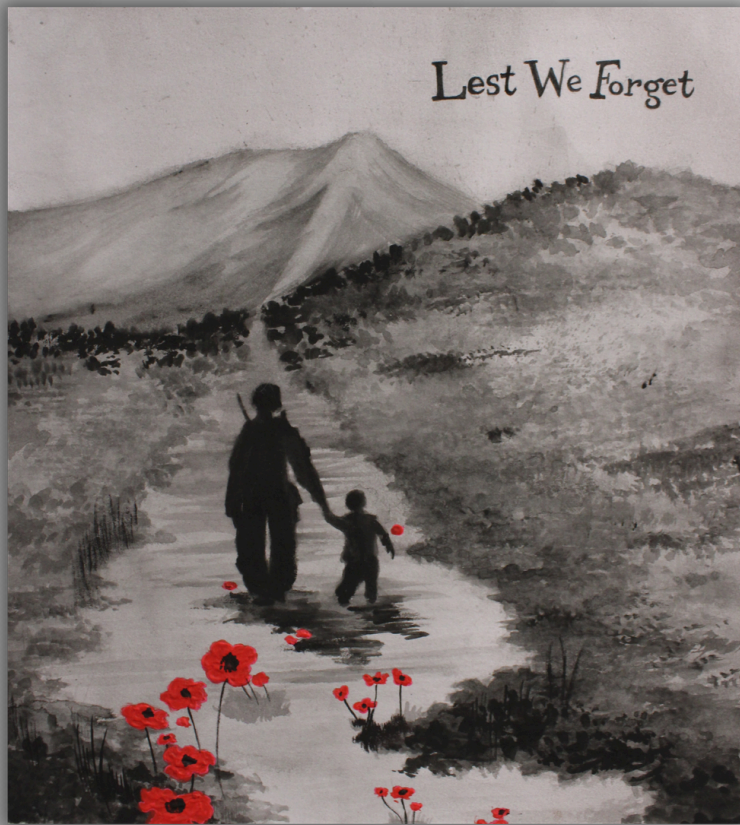
Her smile faint, eyes serious, Madison’s grandma’s eyes started watering and said, “Your great-grandpa was a good man. He left for the war when I was young, but I still remember a bit about him. My mom said he would be back. But day after day, he never came back. That, Madison, is what you must understand. He, and many others, will never come back.”

It hit Madison hard.

As she was biking back, she wondered what would happen if her dad never came back. Just the thought made Madison tear up. But to too many people, it had actually happened.

Madison hoped everyone would realize how horrible wars were, and never have one again. Madison resolved to always remember them, and be grateful for her freedom she realized she took for granted. Madison wished for peace. And she wished to remember.

2nd Place Poster Winners



2ND PLACE SENIOR COLOUR POSTER

Carly Issel

Branch #11 Trail



2ND PLACE INTERMEDIATE COLOUR POSTER

Lisa Feng

Branch #8 White Rock

2nd Place Poster Winners



2ND PLACE JUNIOR COLOUR POSTER

Nerissa Ruan

Branch #289 Tsawwassen



2ND PLACE PRIMARY COLOUR POSTER

Gwyneth Zinovia Noel

Branch #88 Maple Ridge

2nd Place Poster Winners



2ND PLACE SENIOR B&W POSTER

Eren Kozuszyn

Branch #281 Port McNeill



2ND PLACE INTERMEDIATE B&W POSTER

Qing Han Zhung

Branch #8 White Rock

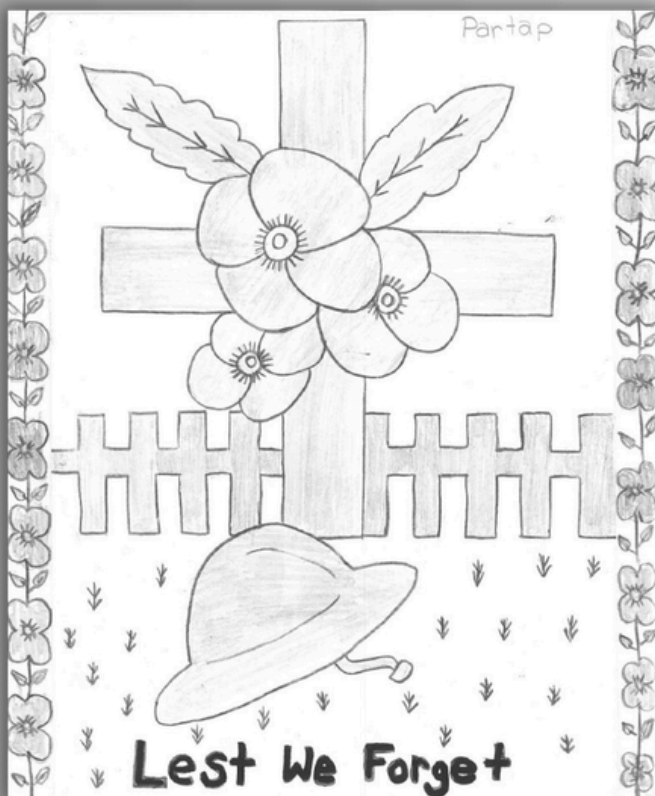
2nd Place Poster Winners



2ND PLACE JUNIOR B&W POSTER

Aya Harvey

Branch #53 Cowichan



2ND PLACE PRIMARY B&W POSTER

Partap Singh Chatha

Branch #265 Aldergrove

2nd Place Poetry Winners

2ND PLACE SENIOR POETRY WINNER

Sage Rodewalt

Branch #210 Lake Cowichan

Moment of Silence

I wrote this poem to recognize and appreciate the importance of Remembrance Day and the bravery of the soldiers. It is specifically about the moment of silence that people participate in every Remembrance Day.

For a moment, everything stops
The voices, the footsteps, even the harsh November wind drops
Chatter fades, movements cease,
And the room is filled with a fragile peace.

We bow our heads, our hearts aware
Of loved ones no longer there
With a red Poppy on our chests
To remember those who put to rest

In fields of mud, smoke, and rain
They fought with courage and bared the pain
While missing their homes and families
They faced days and days of tragedies

The moment of silence surrenders
But our hearts remain tender
The world's no longer still,
But continue to remember, we will

Soldiers left their homes, and some never returned
Their families broke, wept, and yearned
Even the soldiers who made it home,
Have trauma and flashbacks that endlessly roam

So, though the moment of silence has finished
The memory, appreciation, and love will never diminish
With broken and solemn hearts, we pray
That the life you fought to give us will stay beyond today

This is a promise that even on the loudest days
When unrelated things take our time and gaze
We will always and forever, honour their endeavour
With a ***moment of silence***

2nd Place Poetry Winners

2ND PLACE INTERMEDIATE POETRY WINNER

Mackenzie Thibeault

Branch #260 100 Mile House

The Silent Soldiers

They marched without medals,
They served without fame
Yet their courage and loyalty
Never did fade.

Through mud and through thunder,
Through fear and through flame,
They carried our letters,
Our hope and our name.

The horses pulled heavy,
The dogs led the way,
The pigeons flew messages
By night and by day.

Some watched in silence,
Soft paws on the ground
The cats in the trenches
Where comfort was found.

No trumpet would sound them,
No stone bears their name
Yet their courage still shines
Like an undying flame

On this Remembrance,
Let's pause and recall
The ones without voices
Who still gave their all.

2nd Place Poetry Winners

2ND PLACE JUNIOR POETRY WINNER

Gabriella Fiorentino

Branch #24 Cranbrook

We Remember Still

Long ago, poppies grew
In fields where soldiers marched right through.
Bullets roared and cannons flamed,
The earth scarred the skies where gray.
Brave young hearts in uniform
Stood tall through fire, through every storm.
Crosses stand where they once lay,
And poppies bloom there still today.
Loved and lost, yet never gone,
Their courage keeps our country strong.
November's chill, the bugles cry.
We bow our heads; we don't ask why.
We hold the torch; we lift it high.
Their memory shines across the sky.
We'll never forget who paid the price,
Who gave their all, their sacrifice.
An army doctor wrote of pain,
Of poppies red like falling rain.
His words still echo soft and clear,
Through every town, year after year.
Children stand where heroes rest,
With thankful hearts within their chests.
Two minutes' silence, calm and deep,
For those who gave so we could sleep.
The poppies bloom where dreams once lay,
We honour them in our own way.
Though time moves on, our hearts stay still.
We remember and we always will.

2nd Place Essay Winners

2ND PLACE SENIOR ESSAY WINNER

Seohyun Kang

Branch #118 North Vancouver

Cracked Pavement

February 13, 1919

I should've felt more happy, more relieved, to finally be able to return home from the Great War. But the eight-day transatlantic crossing from Southampton was a hazy blur. After arriving in Halifax, my rucksack full of relics from the war: a mess tin, tool kit, and medals for distinguished service; I felt strangely numb.

Now, weeks later, my mind keeps wandering over to the stricken faces my mother and sister wore when they saw me after two years of exchanging letters. Their eyes trailed to the huge scar across my forehead leading down to my chin. It was still bright red and angry. A result of shrapnel embedding in my skin after one of my comrades had set up a trap. My mother and sister glanced at each other, then into my cold and pale blue eyes.

"Welcome back... Rickie," was all my mother whispered as her eyes darted away from me. She led me to the car. Did they really expect me to come back home the same fun-loving guy that had left years earlier? That Rick had died along with other eighteen-year-olds, in the trenches.

Upon returning to the family home, nothing seemed familiar and nothing seemed safe. I scared the hell out of my mother and sister by waking up in the dead of night and screaming the names of the deceased. On the cold Halifax nights, when the wind blew the sleet in a particular pattern against the window, I would hallucinate the Battle of Vimy Ridge, where I lost many-a-comrade in No Man's Land.

They took me to a doctor who gave me these pills, which toned down my hallucinations somewhat.

Today, I took my meds as usual, then tossed on a coat to check out the snow that had piled up last night. Before, my sister would always pull me outside to help her build a snowman; but now there's an awkwardness between us, so I found myself on my own a lot. I walked around the block, my footprints slowly disappearing behind me as the snow rapidly stuck on to the ground. My mind had drawn a blank, a side effect from the meds I was taking. I just kept aimlessly walking until suddenly, the earth beneath my feet shook. The pavement began to crack as the earth shook unbearably strong.

2nd Place Essay Winners

2ND PLACE SENIOR ESSAY WINNER

Seohyun Kang

Branch #118 North Vancouver

Cracked Pavement (continued)

“What the—” I stepped back in surprise, then slipped on an ice patch and landed on my back. The pavement cracks crept closer to me, as I rushed to scoot backwards. The cracks deepened and so did the steady pounding from a hovering aircraft. Out of nowhere, gunshots rang out. Bullets ricocheted off of the ground. Something grabbed both of my shoulders, yanking me back.

“HEY!” I jerked forward, loosening the person’s grip on my shoulders. With anger blazing in my eyes, I turned to be met with the face of Georgie, who was supposed to be six feet under.

“Rick, what are you doing?! GET UP, we’re in the middle of a battle here!” Georgie exclaimed with stress, choking his voice. He dragged me along as we both ran from the pavement cracks, somehow dodging the millions of bullets aimed at us. However, the pavement cracks grew and grew until green vines oozed out with a beautiful splash of red petals. They were poppies. Poppies were growing out of the cracks! I sprinted harder, but Georgie tumbled down with the vines.

“GEORGIE!” I yelled out, but it was too late. The vines wrapped around him and pulled into the cracks, poppies swallowing him whole. I whipped around, and grasped his hand that was sticking out from the mess of the vines. I hacked away at the poppies, clawing at the vines, as Georgie slowly got engulfed by the earth. I cried out his name again and again, as the pavement cracks faded. My sobs rang out to the entire neighbourhood as the cracks fully disappeared and the poppy petals melted into the ground. The red that once had wrapped around Georgie was now stained on the edges of my fingers and clumsily pasted across the pavement.

Once my sobs subsided, I stared at the reflection across the bloodied ice. Cracked pavement stared back at me.

2nd Place Essay Winners

2ND PLACE INTERMEDIATE ESSAY WINNER

Luca Cunningham

Branch #14 Rossland

The Forgotten Women of War

You might find yourself at a Remembrance Day Ceremony thinking about the brave men who served for many years. But behind the scenes were the women who were forgotten for their duties. In both World War I and World War II, women played a critical role by working close to the battlefield as nursing sisters or in The Royal Canadian Air Force – Women’s Division (RCAF-WD) and that’s just the beginning! Women’s contributions to the war effort were as important as the soldiers and Veterans who fought.

Women worked as nursing sisters and would act like hospital nurses helping the injured and sick, risking their lives, right near the front line. In World War I, there were over 2,800 Canadian nursing sisters and in World War II, approximately 4,500 were working within all three branches of Canada’s military.

On July 2, 1941, the RCAF-WD was created. By the end of World War II, it totaled to almost 17,000 members! The RCAF did not train women to fly or instruct. At this time, the women in the RCAF lived and worked by the slogan, “We serve that men may fly.”

Women also served in the Women’s Royal Canadian Naval Service (WRCNS) during WWII. They performed clerical and other administrative jobs to give more men the opportunity to serve at sea. Their members were widely known as the “Wrens,” which was also the nickname for the British Women’s Royal Navy Service. Over time, the Wrens took on more shore-based radar work and worked as coding technicians.

Far from the front lines, Rossland women fought other quiet battles sewing, volunteering, and fundraising with the Canadian Red Cross. A hardworking group of Rossland women started a Rossland Branch of the Red Cross, led by Mrs. R.W. Clark. They worked hard, dedicated to raising money, sewing clothes, and creating food packets for troops and refugees in Canada and overseas. By the end of the war, the Rossland Branch had raised over \$15,000 and produced almost 50,000 garments and other fabrics.

In Rossland, we hear about the big male names like Ross Thompson and John Kirkup. But we never hear about the women who helped Rossland become such a beautiful place. Phyllis Gregory is a perfect example. Phyllis Ross (born Phyllis Gregory) played an important role in WWII. She served as the only female administrator with the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, and her job was to find new sources of oils for the War Effort. Phyllis Gregory only made about two-thirds of the income of a man in a similar job.

Even so, she was recognized in 1967 as a member of The Order of Canada for her public service contributions.

Today, women serve in every part of the Armed Forces. It is thanks to the bravery and efforts of the nursing sisters, the Wrens, and women like Phyllis that this is possible. These women have helped create our country and freedoms that we have today. Please take a moment to remember the women who have served so that they, also, are not forgotten.

2nd Place Essay Winners

2ND PLACE JUNIOR ESSAY WINNER

Emma Petkau

Branch #295 Chilliwack - Vedder

Remembrance Day

Remembrance Day is a day to remember. Most people just say that because they were told to, nobody actually knows how much these people suffered. They just say it because it is the “motto” of Remembrance Day. They walk away with broken bones and scars on the outside, but the mental scars and PTSD (Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder is the muscle memory of trauma. It leaves them scarred) is the thing that really hurts. Physical wounds heal and eventually stop hurting, but the memory of their loved ones dying, the gunshots, the trauma, they don't ever fully heal. People who suffer from PTSD remember the best. They never forget, these people risk their lives just so we can have one.

They are protecting millions of people and we just ignore them. We don't see them in action, we don't see them in war, we don't see the deaths. All that we see is broken people coming back home. We see them in stores all the time but don't recognize them. You treat them like regular people and not ones that saved millions of lives. As soon as we know who they are, we immediately backtrack and say we're sorry but, even if they weren't people who should be highly respected, when we didn't know, we treated them badly just because of their physical appearance. We expect them to wear their uniform and all their badges so we'll know who they are, but the truth is they don't want to remember. They don't want people constantly reminding them of the things they have seen. They wish to forget so bad, but they can't.

People do not give them enough credit for all the lives they have saved. People appreciate the soldiers for one day, but as soon as the day is over, they forget. We only celebrate these people once a year. After all that they have done, they only get one day of recognition. We need to appreciate these soldiers more.

I think that they need to be appreciated way more than just once a year.

3rd Place Poster Winners



3rd PLACE SENIOR COLOUR POSTER

Mu Tong (Emily) Wu

Branch #83 South Burnaby



3rd PLACE INTERMEDIATE COLOUR POSTER

Esther Yin

Branch #65 Aldergrove

3rd Place Poster Winners



3rd PLACE JUNIOR COLOUR POSTER

Madyson Lee-Hanson

Branch #133 Port Coquitlam



3rd PLACE PRIMARY COLOUR POSTER

Grace Magnus

Branch #81 Michel Natal - Sparwood

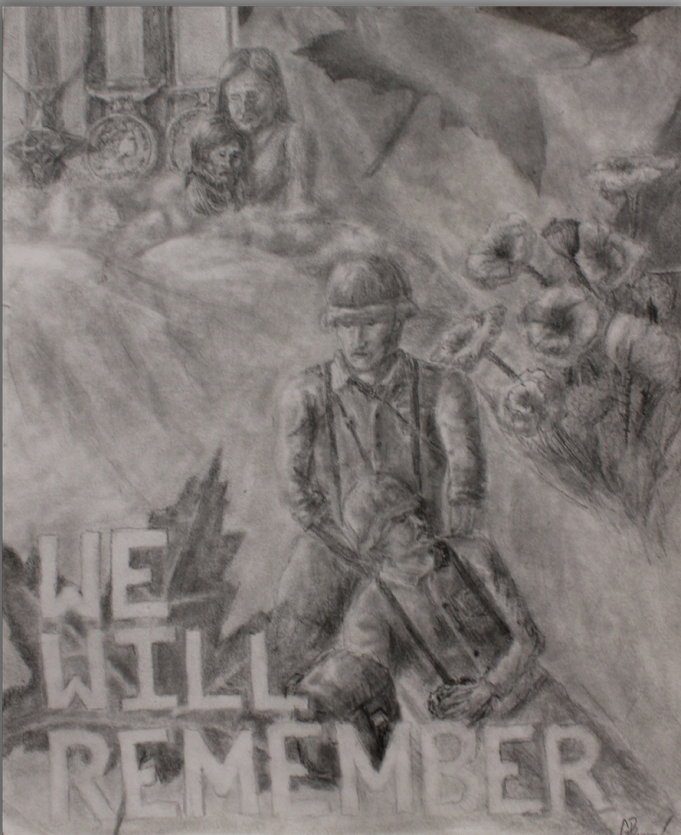
3rd Place Poster Winners



3rd PLACE SENIOR B&W POSTER

Jennica Chen

Branch #291 Richmond

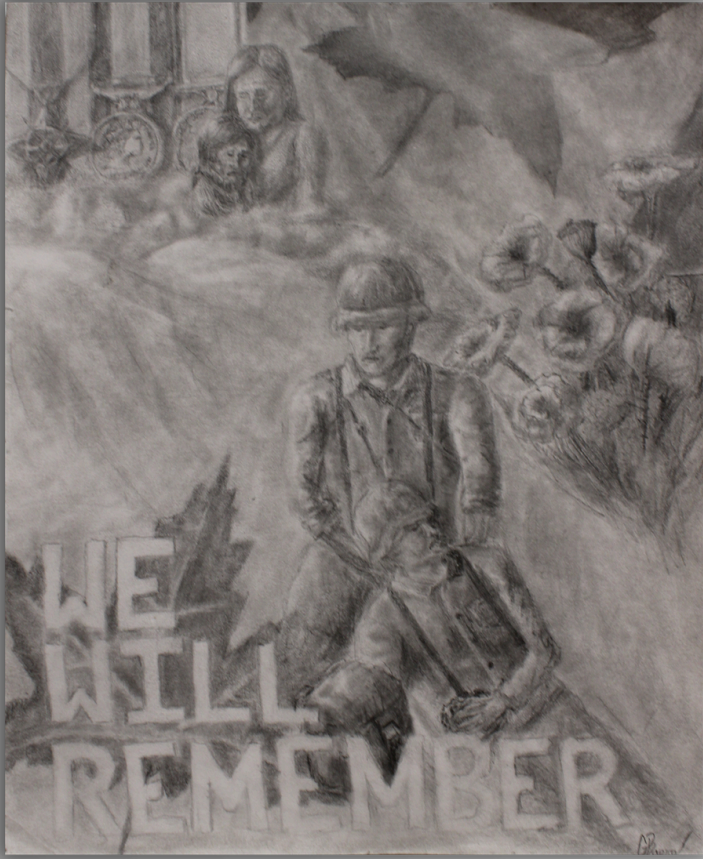


3rd PLACE INTERMEDIATE B&W POSTER

Gavin Baerg

Branch #97 Oliver

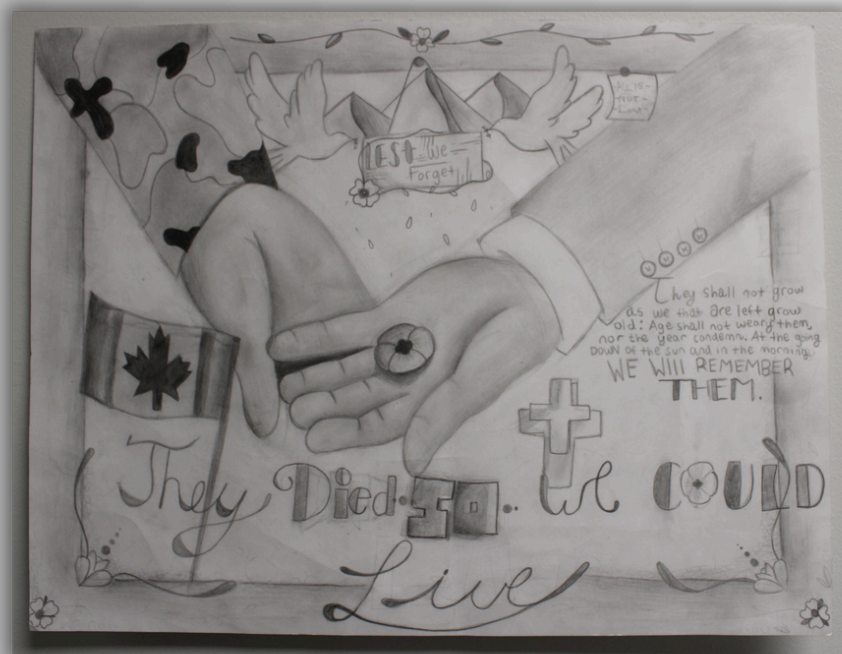
3rd Place Poster Winners



3RD PLACE JUNIOR B&W POSTER

Rebecca Liu

Branch #265 Aldergrove



3RD PLACE PRIMARY B&W POSTER

Everett Tegart

Branch #199 Edgewater

3rd Place Poetry Winners

3RD PLACE SENIOR POETRY WINNER

Lia Singh

Branch #2 New Westminster

My Poem for Remembrance Day

At eleven, the world grows still
A hush drapes over hearts and hills.
Poppies bloom in a quiet red,
For those who fought, for those who bled.

It's not just names carved into stone,
Not battles lost, nor victories won.
It's love of peace, of home
A promise made not to forget again.

Each moment's breath, each morning's light,
Was bought by courage in the night.
They dreamed of laughter, fields, and song,
So we could live and carry on.

It's filled with memory, hope, and faith.
A whisper says, "Remember me,"
And in that thought, we are all free.

So, when the echoes fade,
And poppies rest where heroes all lay,
We hold their spirit, strong and bright
For peace they dreamed of, for the peace we strive for.

3rd Place Poetry Winners

3RD PLACE INTERMEDIATE POETRY WINNER

Manjot Kaur

Branch #265 Aldergrove

The Ones Who Never Came Home

They marched at dawn, through smoke and rain,
With hearts of fire, enduring pain.
Young faces lifted to skies of grey,
They fought so we could live today.

They asked for nothing, no praise, no fame,
Yet history remembers each brave name.
They left their homes, their families, their land,
So freedom's light could always stand.

The poppies sway where they once lay,
Soft whispers rise of prayers they'd say.
The guns are silent, the fields are still,
But their courage echoes, it always will.

We wear the red to show we know
The cost they paid so long ago.
Not just a flower, but a flame,
A promise that we'll honour the same.

To guard the peace, to keep it strong,
To stand for right, to shun the wrong.
Their voices call in winds that roam:
"Remember us who never came home."

3rd Place Poetry Winners

3RD PLACE JUNIOR POETRY WINNER

Seneh Dhanoa

Branch #259 Vavenby & District - Clearwater

Remember Them All

Remembrance Day is to honour every Veteran who served in the war, whether they survived or died.

Whether it's night or day,
Whether it's green or gray,
For our freedom's call,
They gave their all,
They fought while it snowed,
They fought while the wind blowed.

Through sorrow and pain,
Through dripping rain,
Travelling hundreds of miles,
With heavy smiles,
With hearts pure as gold,
They fought for us, in the threatening cold,
They march on, and on,
Whether all hopes are gone,
Many in tears,
But standing strong, and facing the fears.

Be forgotten shall they never,
As their spirits lay here forever.

3rd Place Essay Winners

3RD PLACE SENIOR ESSAY WINNER

Stella Vanness

Branch #11 Trail

The Importance of Remembrance Day

On Remembrance Day, we pay tribute to sacrifice and look towards building a brighter future. It is a time for everyone to remember losses together and stand with each other as we mourn everything war has taken. Remembrance Day is an annual time of reflection, so we don't repeat the dark paths history has taken in the past. It helps to keep the memories of the fallen alive, to shine a light on the future. Remembrance Day is important because it inspires peace, honours sacrifices, and preserves history.

One main part of Remembrance Day is inspiring peace. This is done in two separate ways. The first way is by continuing the peace we have now, because people see what can happen when we don't have it. Remembrance Day reminds us of all that happens when peace isn't a focus, and the effects that can have on lives. The second way Remembrance Day promotes peace is by inspiring younger generations to spread peace to others. While learning about Remembrance Day in schools, kids see how much others went through to get us to where we are now, and how much still needs to be done. Seeing the sacrifices people go through for the greater good can spark an interest in kids to do what they can to help. Overall, Remembrance Day inspires people to continue the peace we have and add to it if we can.

Secondly, Remembrance Day is also a time to honour sacrifice. We remember the strength and bravery it takes to free the world from evil and carry it with us to try and create a better tomorrow. It is a time to mourn those fallen and hope for the best for those still fighting. During the two minutes of silence, we reflect on the cost of peace and pray that it lessens as we move forward. These two minutes of recognition quietly bring everyone together, so we can continue as one. No matter if people use that time to remember a loved one or remember all of the fallen, we are all still mourning collectively and stand by each other in a time where words can't express what was lost. Overall, honouring sacrifice is important because we need to remember the effects and losses war causes so that they are not repeated again.

3rd Place Essay Winners

3RD PLACE SENIOR ESSAY WINNER

Stella Vanness

Branch #11 Trail

The Importance of Remembrance Day (continued)

Finally, Remembrance Day is an important part of preserving history. By taking the time to remember the sacrifice and trauma Veterans went through, we keep history alive for many years to come. This is important because we don't want history to repeat itself. We can not let everything that was fought for to go to waste because we didn't spend the time to honour it. It's also important to preserve history for the prevention of cultural loss. This is because in many wars (WWII, for example), culture was deliberately destroyed to an unimaginable degree. By recognizing this on Remembrance Day, we can help rebuild what was lost and prevent it from happening in the future. Overall, Remembrance Day plays a crucial role in helping prevent repeating history, and also helps prevent cultural loss.

In conclusion, Remembrance Day impacts the lives of everyone, regardless of whether they have direct ties to the effects of war or not. It helps to bring together countries of people in mourning for what we have lost, but also in celebration of what we have accomplished. We must not let what has been lost to war be lost to our memories. Remembrance Day is important for inspiring peace, honouring sacrifice, and preserving history. We must learn from the past to create a better tomorrow.

3rd Place Essay Winners

3RD PLACE INTERMEDIATE ESSAY WINNER

Claire Couture

Branch #36 Fernie

What it Means to Remember

What does it mean to remember? To actually remember. To pause for a moment and think. About the soldiers who left their families and stepped courageously into the face of danger, without a second thought for themselves. About the families who waited at home, terrified that their loved ones would never return. About the days and nights of constant uncertainty, never knowing what would happen next.

To truly remember the events of the past, we have to view them through a different lens. Imagine yourself in their position. It's 1914 and you are one of the 650,000 Canadian soldiers serving in the First World War. Your commanding general is crouched down a few feet in front of you in the deep, muddy trench. You can feel the sweat dripping down your face as you listen to the sound of bombs exploding in the distance. The general barks orders at your brigade as you scramble to mount the artillery and prepare to attack. You think of your wife and son, hoping and praying that you'll see them again.

Fast-forward almost 100 years. It's 2008 and you're a Canadian soldier deployed to Afghanistan to aid in the war efforts. You're driving down a desert road in a large tank. It's hot and stuffy inside and your whole unit is packed together in the confined space. You peer out the small window and see the barren landscape pass by. You're scared. Everyone is. The Taliban has planted bombs along these roads. You pray that your tank won't be the next to go up in smoke.

Now, it's 2022 and you've been home in Canada for more than 15 years. You still get nightmares. Whenever you close your eyes, you're right back in that place, fighting for your life amidst the boom of artillery and the crack of gunshots. You wake up in a cold sweat, screaming as your best friend's tank explodes, the memory replaying over and over in your mind. You haven't been able to hold a job. You're living off your tiny pension and the hope that these memories will fade over time. But they haven't. And it's been 15 years.

Thousands of Canadians lost their lives at war, but thousands more were left with wounds that time can never heal. Wounds that will never leave them as long as they live. To truly remember the sacrifices made, we have to recognize that these events are more than just a memory. More than something we discuss in class because it's part of the curriculum. These wars shaped our entire world. This story is not fiction. This is the real-life experience of my uncle, who bravely fought and served our country in the Afghanistan war. Many have similar stories to tell. Stories about events that changed them forever. So this Remembrance Day, I urge you to remember not just those we lost, but also those who continue to live with the everlasting wounds and scars of war.

3rd Place Essay Winners

3RD PLACE JUNIOR ESSAY WINNER

Ava Bottaro (Fitzgerald)

Branch #257 Seaview Centennial - Lantzville

The Importance of Remembrance Day

One reason why Remembrance Day is important is because **soldiers** have risked and even lost their lives so we could live better and be free. The estimated total of people who died in World War II is **70-85 million people**. 75 million people died trying to give the next generations a better life. And some people complain about cleaning their room, when the **soldiers'** families were trying to live without their children. I bet they weren't complaining.

Another reason why it is important is that lots of families have suffered, lost, and miss their daughters and sons to this war. We need to recognize how much these families sacrificed for us as well, not just the **soldiers**. They had to live, grow, and survive without their children or siblings. People complain about their siblings when these people might have grown up without one.

Remembrance Day is important because it is a day we admire the people who fought for peace, our country, and the future generations upon them. These people were drafted by the **military** from their families to fight for their country. They were very brave to be fighting and killing people with the risk of dying.

Someone that my family personally knew that went to war was my stepdad Matthew Rowe's grandfather, Svend Pedersen, who died at 95 (1921-2015). Some soldiers were not that lucky and couldn't even meet their children.

Remembrance Day is important because soldiers have risked their lives for us, families have lost children from the **war**, and because of those people that were in the **war** who made peace for the rest of us. We need to remember this, most people forget that millions of people died. Their biggest problem is what the Wifi password is while these soldiers were worried they would never see their families again. So yes, that is why Remembrance Day is very important.

Thank you for listening about why Remembrance Day is important.

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