Royal Canadian Legion Col. Fred Tilston V.C., Branch 385

Youth Poster and Literary Contest Awards Ceremony

Tuesday, June 2nd, 2025

Primary
Colour Poster

Finn Vance

Honorable
Mention



Primary
Colour Poster

Eva Jia Yi Huo

Honourable
Mention



Primary
Colour Poster

Nicole Zeng

Third Place



Primary
Colour Poster

BoWen
Steven Zheng

Second Place



Primary
Colour Poster

Abi Kuperberg

First Place



Junior
Colour Poster

Isabelle XiaoYwe Guo

Honorable Mention



Junior
Colour Poster

Daisy Benhas

Honorable
Mention



Junior
Colour Poster

Clara Aung

Third Place



Junior
Colour Poster

Sophie Aung

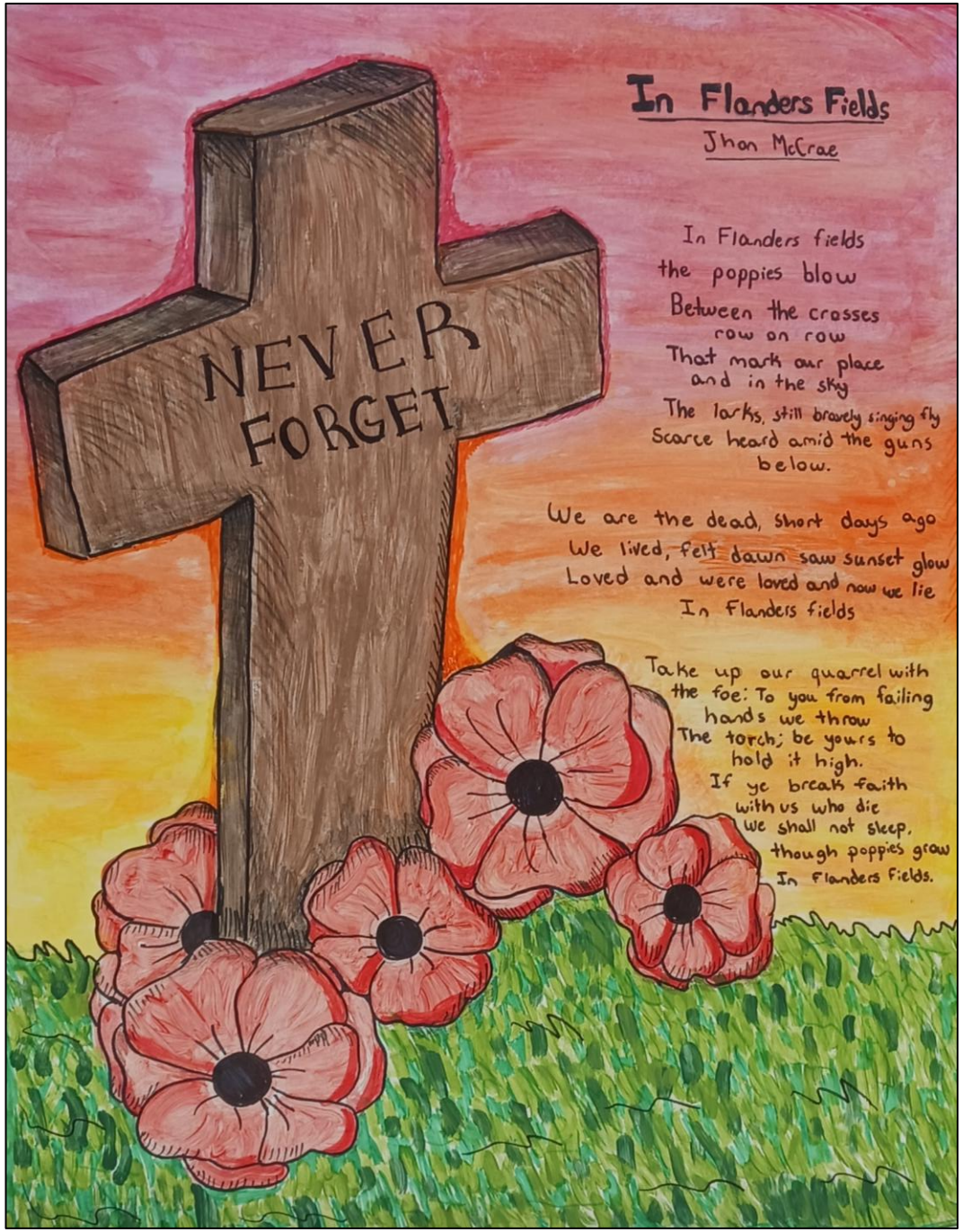
Second Place



Intermediate Colour Poster

Julie Da Silva

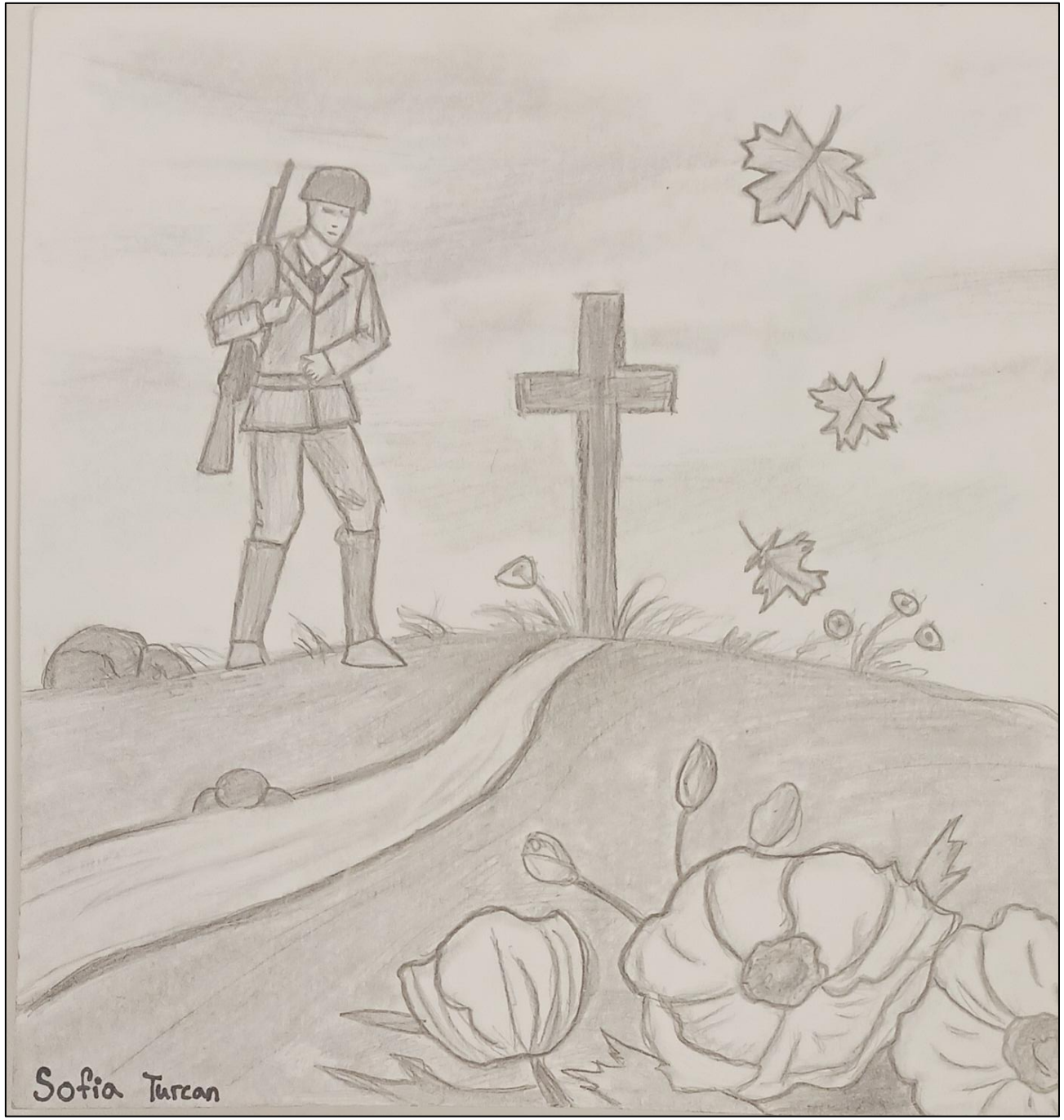
First Place



Intermediate Black & White Poster

Sofia Turcan

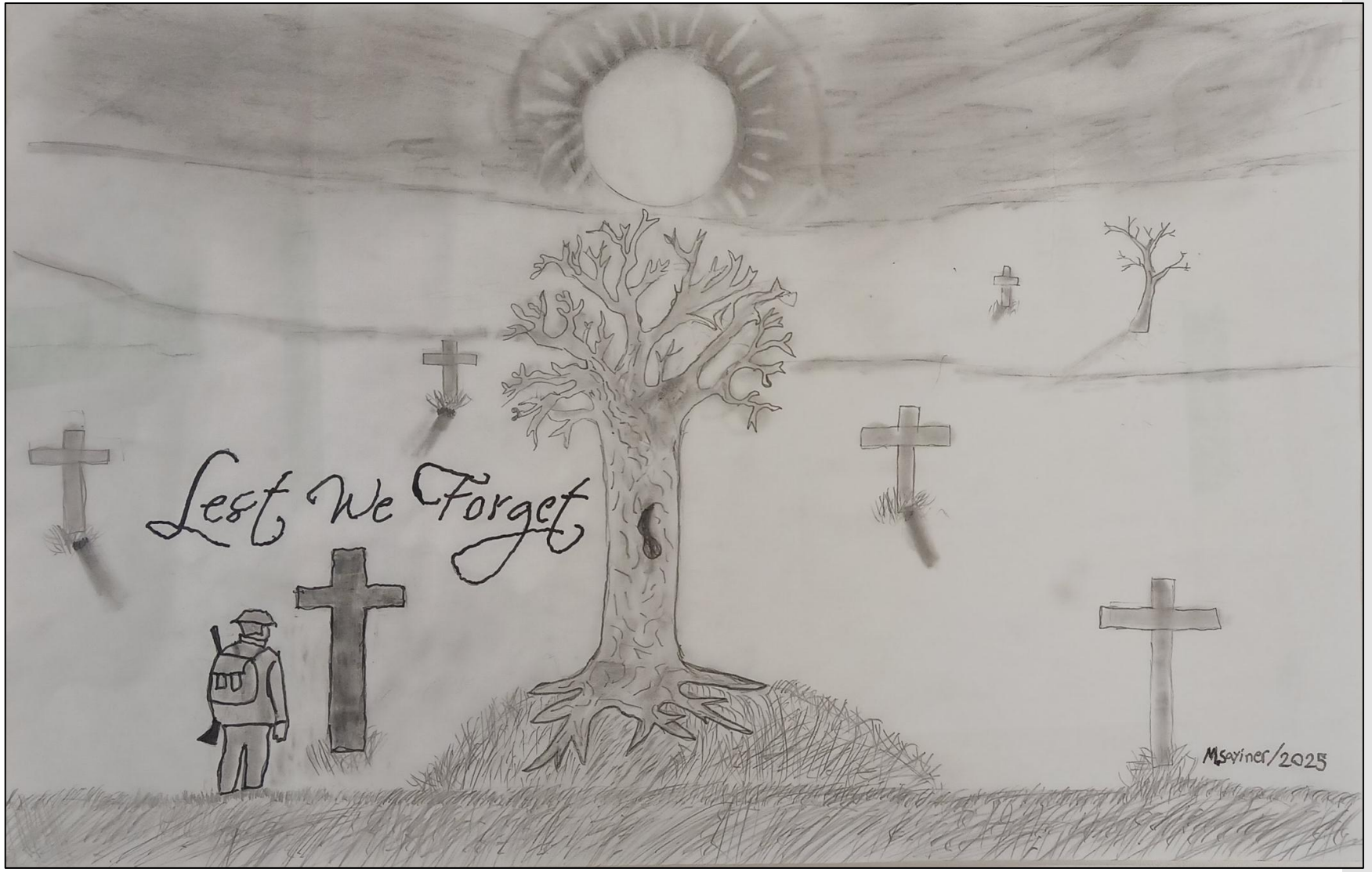
Honorable Mention



Intermediate Black & White Poster

Maxim Sayiner

Honorable Mention



Intermediate Black & White Poster

Rileigh McRae

Honorable Mention



Intermediate Black & White Poster

Morgan Cole

Third Place



Intermediate Black & White Poster

Melody Huynh

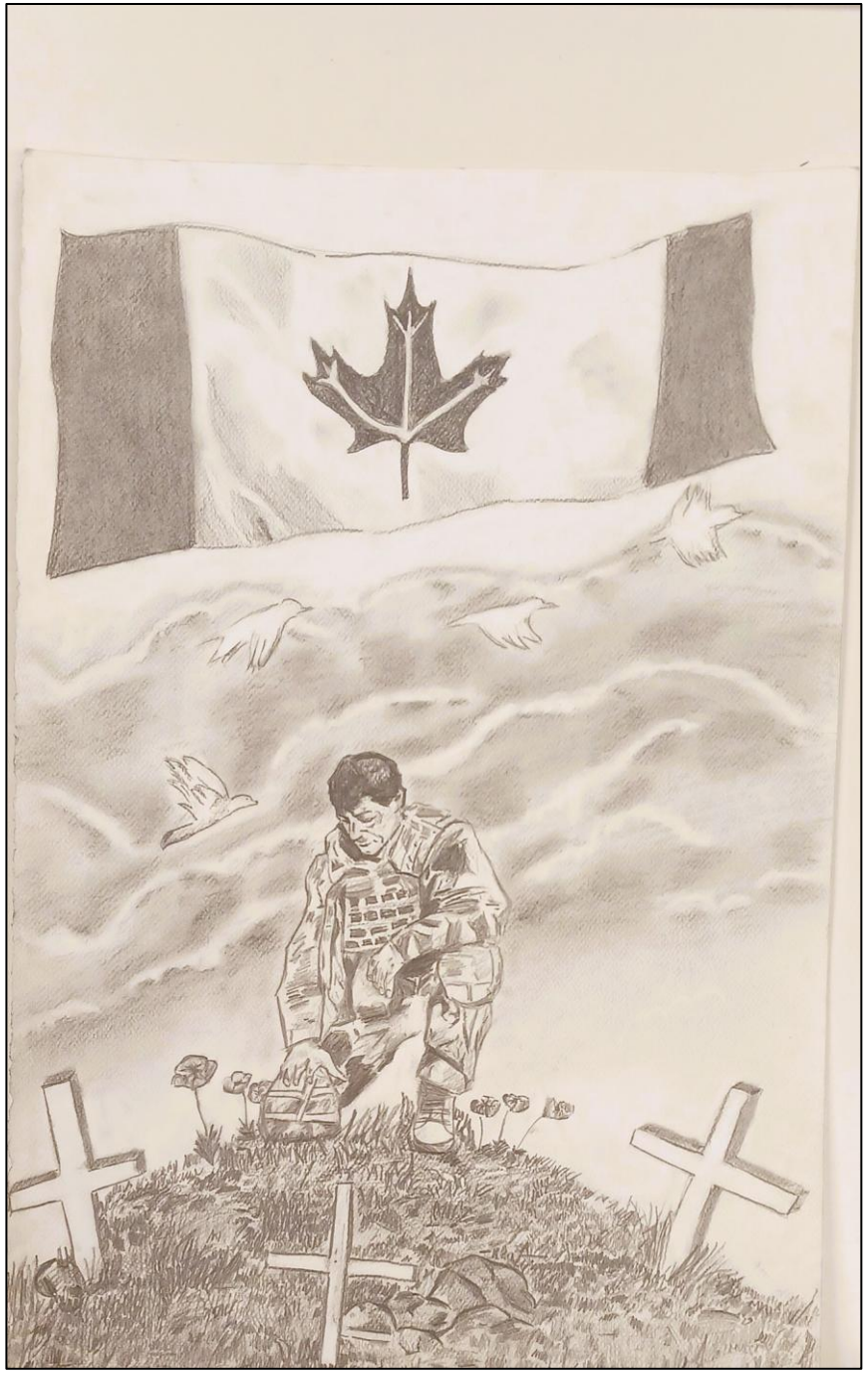
Second Place



Intermediate Black & White Poster

Jayden Liu

First Place



Intermediate Colour Poster

Bianca Giglio

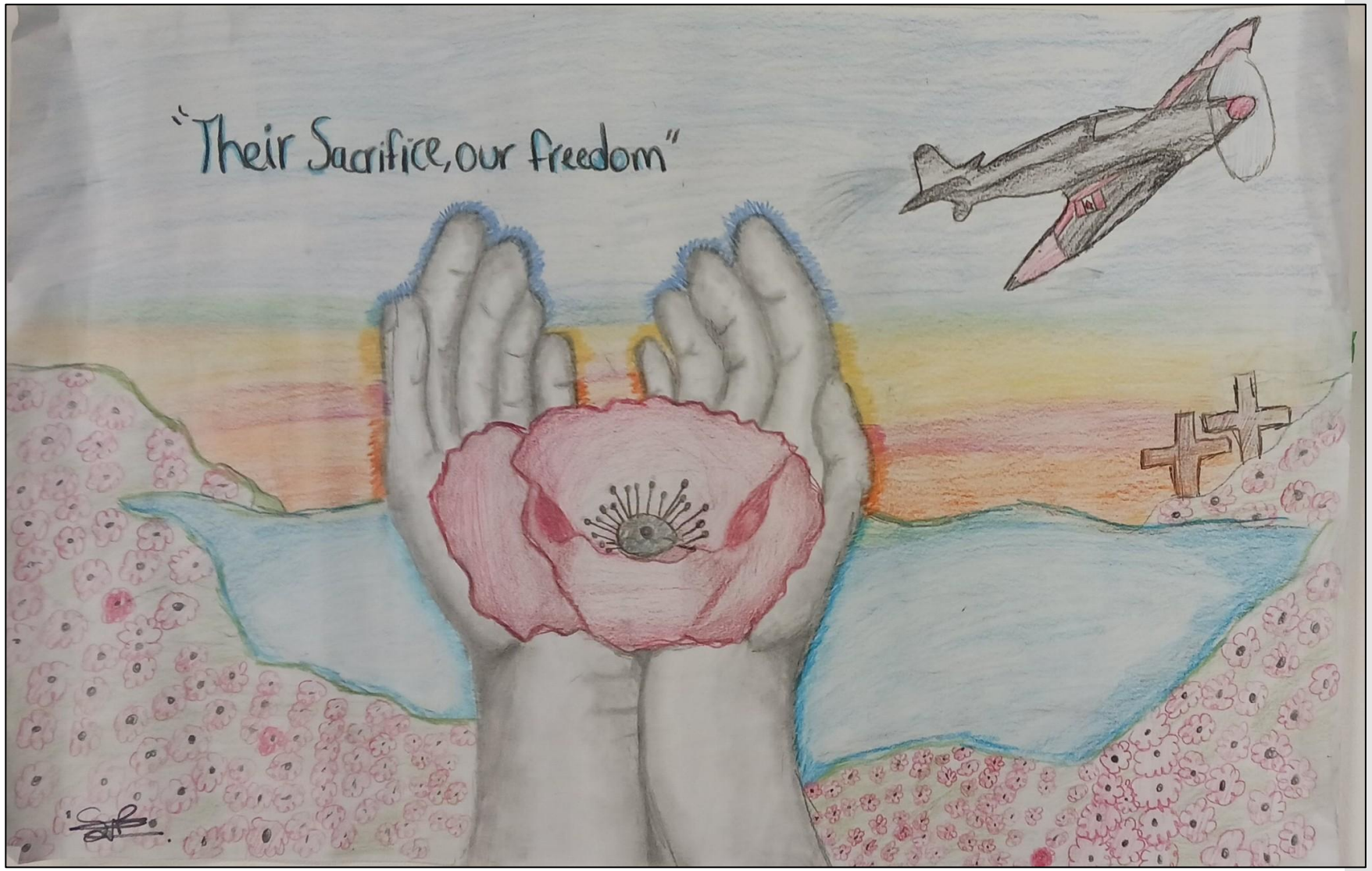
Honourable Mention



Intermediate Colour Poster

Sofia Bencardino

Honourable Mention



Intermediate Colour Poster

Jacob Georges

Third Place



Intermediate Colour Poster

Daixi Li

Second Place



Intermediate Colour Poster

Mitra Hassan Yar

First Place



Junior Essay

Lilou Avram

First Place
Third Place Zone

Dear Peter and Francis,

I am writing to you from 2025. My name is Lilou, I am 11 years old, and I live in Canada, a country where people from many backgrounds live together in peace. We still remember those who fought to protect our world-like you. On Remembrance Day, we honor your bravery and the sacrifices you made to keep us safe.

Peter, in 1942 you were 23 when you left your young wife and family to serve as a pilot. You flew many missions and faced conuntless dangers. At 24, your place was shot down, but you survived and were sent home to recover. About a year later, the war ended. I wish I met you so I could ask how high your plane was when it crashed.

Francis, you were a courageous man in 1943. When the war began, your son joined you in battle. As the enemy advaanced, you dug a deep cellar by hand to protect your family. When the soldiers invaded your town, your loved ones were safe underground, but you and your son were captured and tortured. You endured so much to keep your family safe, and I admired your strength more then words could say...

Junior
Black & White
Poster

YaQi Chloe Wang

Honorable Mention



Junior
Black & White
Poster

Daniel Tang

Honorable
Mention



Junior
Black & White
Poster

Edward Zeng

Third Place



Junior
Black & White
Poster

Nyla Kaith

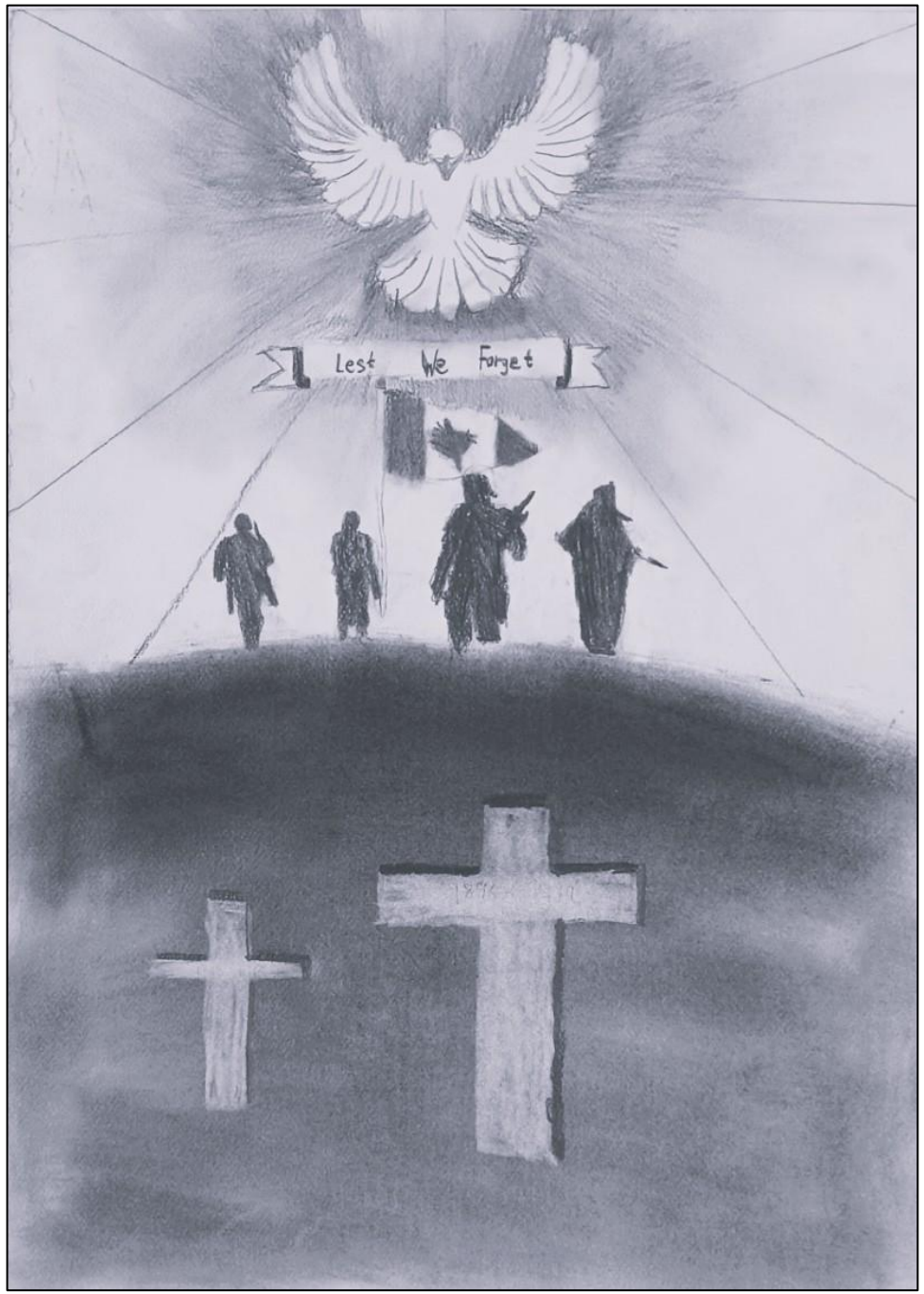
Second Place



Junior
Black & White
Poster

Yimin Wang

First Place
Third Place Zone



Legion

Senior Poetry

Yang Charlotte Zhao

Honorable Mention

For the Fallen

A quiet street once saw three unreturning children leave.
When fight falls, do you hear old words that flow?
Each stopped heart once truly beat steadfast for our homeland
Maple leaves whisper, bid us hear echoes.

Cannons roar in the stillness, the night sky like ink.
Soldiers fall, guarding their homeland strong.
Courage like a bright flame cut through fear's shadowed veil.
Their names sink in soil borne silent along.

Blood stains the fertile soil, beauty will not return.
Vimy wind takes breath, yet memories prolong…

Senior Poetry

Mila Miceli

Third Place

Loss of Love

The rain began to pour on a cold Autumn Day,
My tears hit the sofa as I lay.
Looking at our photographs filled with sorrow,
I do hope I will feel better tomorrow.

I watch the days go on more and more,
It's as if I wish you never went to war.
Oh, Sam, my love for you is brutally strong,
Please oh please would you come back before dawn.

I would tear Ypres apart if I could,
Maybe along with some help I would…

Senior Poetry

Charlie Ju

Second Place

Burrows at Vimy Ridge

I scour the tunnels looking for some food
because I am a rat stuck in the trenches crude.
Alas I only see the bodies lay
of brave men who would never see the light of day.

Below the Ridge where all the soldiers rest
I see the shaking coats that bear the red leaf's crest.
But as they stand prepared for their last breath
I watch them march in solitude until their death..

These men were pillars in the storm of war
who fought for us so we may live forevermore...

Senior Poetry

Bina Steinberg

First Place
Second Place
Zone

The Brothers I Lost

The PTSD of

Fireworks

The remembrance of my lost brothers

The depression of wars and losses

The loss of soldiers and lights

The graves we built

The poppies that start to grow over them

Loss of Brothers, missing home, missing

real food, missing the warmth

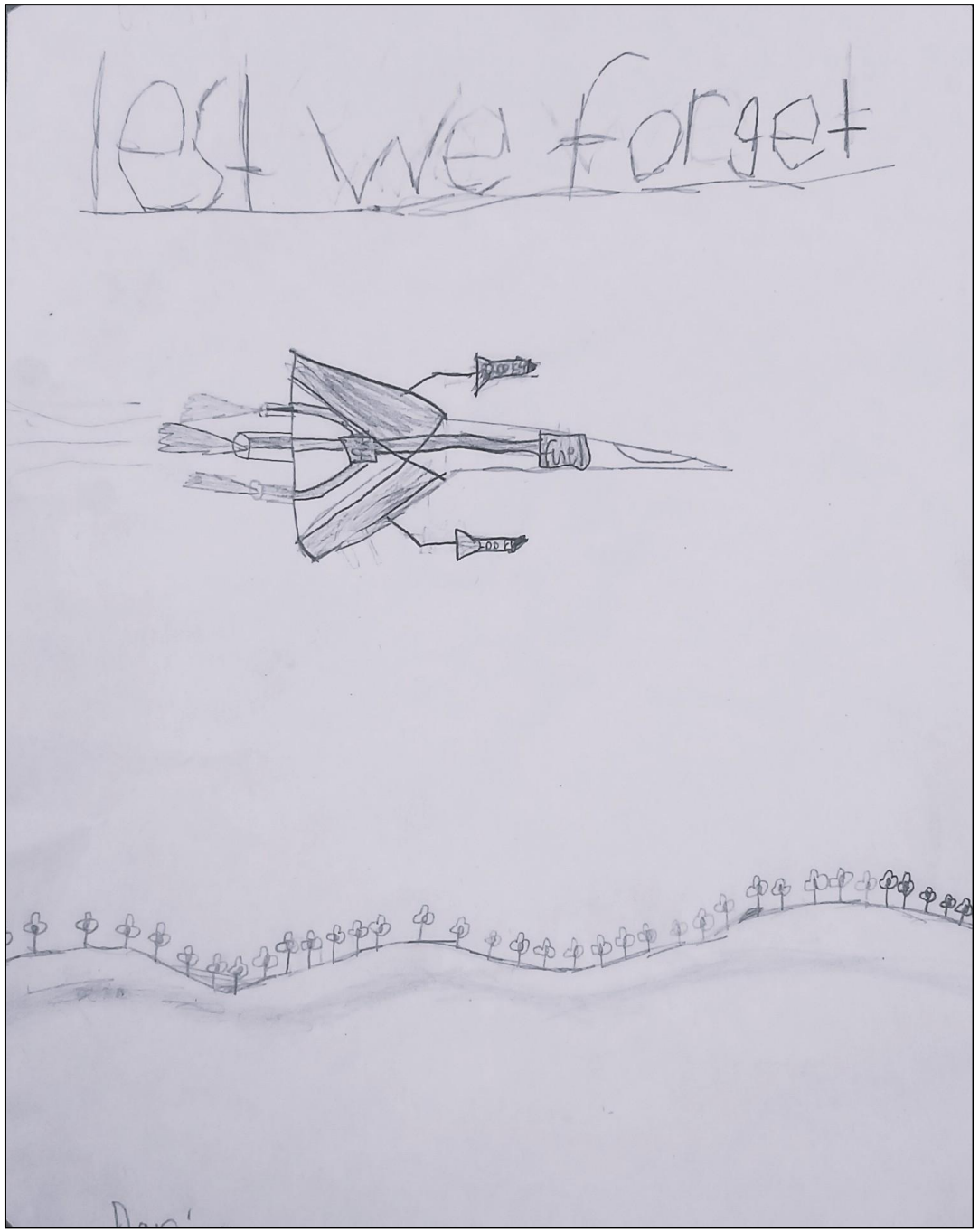
Away from home

Getting shot at and…

Primary
Black & White
Poster

Darian Naghibi

Honorable Mention



Primary
Black & White
Poster

Ali Habib

Third Place



Primary
Black & White
Poster

Jasper Yiran Ye

Second Place



Primary
Junior

Evangeline Li

First Place
Second Place
Zone



Junior Poetry

Wesley Liu

Honorable Mention

If You Could Talk to Me

Dear: Father, Son, Friend, Brotheer

What would you say?

Would you talk about touching blood? Hearing explosions?

Tasting metal? Seeing tanks, guns, as well as seeing people dying?

Would you tell me of your feelings?

Wanting to be a free country?

Wanting peace? Wanting freedom instead of war?

If I could talk to you.

I would tell you.

Of my hopes that you would come back even though you won't…

Junior Poetry

Ethan Li

Honorable Mention

Fallen Soldiers

In times of desolation, depair, and strife,
Our soldiers marched to their demise.
In times of death, depression, devastation,
We rise, to remember our nation.

We honor the fallen, brave and strong,
Who died to set us where we belong.
They mark the land with solemn grace,
Each poppy a name, each grave a face.

They left their lives, their homes, their peers,
And moved to the guns, the blood, the tears…

Junior Poetry

Angela Li

Third Place

The Colours of the Poppy

Green.
The crisp green uniforms of the war.
The bright green eyes of her leaving son.
The slender green saplings of the field.
The brimmed green berets liftting in farewell.

Black.
The billowing black smoke blinding the troops.
The metallic black gun he must use.
The somber black eye of the poppy.
The scoarched black earth of the war.

Red...

Junior Poetry

Evan Kwok

Second Place

I am…

I am the poppy on your chest
I am the symbol, I am the crest
Of Remembrance Day
That we observed throughout our stay

I am the cross on the battlefield
I mark the place where you yield
To the enemy's gunfire
Boom! You lie there amidst the shellfire.

I am the Canadian flag, swaying above the guns below
Red and white, I am like the star, shining and aglow…

Junior Poetry

Alyson Shen

First Place

First Place Zone

I Came, I Saw, I Conquered

Je suis venu, j'ai vu, j'ai vaincu

I came, I saw, I conquered,

My fears, my cowardice, my overall dread.

My thoughts are not of war, but of a far-off home,

Where maple leaves peacefully bloom.

All around I hear a boom, a bang, and the ground bubble

Everywhere it rains heavy rubble.

Smoke is thick as cars, it blocks the sky.

Screams of pain as bullets strike their mark,

The sounds of those next to you hitting the ground.

My heart is like thin glass…

Intermediate Poetry

Sonia Jamshidian

Honorable Mention

Souviens toi

Ce jour est de retour,
La journée ou certains ont décédé
Au contraire on s'est éloigné
Leur espoir vit dans chaque jour.

Plusieurs ont perdu vie
Juste pour que les autres puissent vivre
On se l`ve pour y pas oublier
Les uns qui ont soupiré.

Ils n'étaient pas seulement des héros, mais des amis
Ils ont protégé notre terre, en retour…

Intermediate Poetry

Elise De Guia

Third Place

« Listening »

Howls of the wind caarry the cross
of those who hoped, died and lost.

Howls of the wind who opened love letters
of families never to be seen together.

Howls of the wind who marched the bands,
to commemorate those who emptied their hands.

Howls of the wind, cold and white,
Couldn't ever try to dim their fight.

Howls of the wind who gathered and fought,…

Intermediate Poetry

James Pritchard

Second Place

La guerre finie

La guerre

épeurant, terrible

tuer, détruire, envahir

sacrifice, catastrophe, bonheur, amour

apaiser, pacifier, entraider

tranquille, en harmonie

La paix.

Intermediate Poetry

Anwesha Hakimi

First Place
First Place Zone

Quiet in November

A red poppy sits on the gray of November,
its petals bright against the heavy stone.

The crowd goes quiet,
a hush falls over the room.
Two minutes feel like forever.

I glance down at my own hands,
Wondering how I would have marched,
How I would have stood.

I hear echoes in the quiet:
Boots in the mud at Vimy,…

Intermediate Essay

Anwesha Hakimi

First Place
First Place Zone
Second Place
District

The Silence That Speaks

The world is exhausted on a bleak gray November morning. A lonely poppy shakes in the cold wind, its red being more vivid than the stone of the cenotaph. And then there is the silence. For two minutes the riot of life is subdued with a blanket of silence. In the stillness, I realize the heaviness of deaths that can't even speak and sacrifices that still stain the soil which has become my home. Remembrance is not all about what has happened in the past. Remembrance is a present promise that brings the history of Canada into our here and now and into our tomorrow.

Canada's history is as much about the brave acts and the saacrifices. When the young Canadian soldiers crawled through barbed wire and mud with rifles on their shoulders in the battle of Vimy Ridge, rifles weren't the only thing they were carrying. They were carrying the hopes of a whole country, In 1944 they landed on the Normandy beaches in the middle of breaking surf and under machine fire, and as a result, otheres were able to be free because they fought forward. In subsequent years, Canadian peacekeepers were marching not to dominate but to help, under the hot sun of a...

Congratulations!