

March 10, 2026

Provincial Command Newsletter #19 - Celebrating Provincial NYRC Winners!

We are proud to recognize and celebrate the exceptional accomplishments of the youth representing our Provincial Command in the 2026 National Youth Remembrance Contests. Their submissions reflect not only impressive creativity and skill, but also thoughtfulness and respect for our Veterans.

Through their artwork and writing, the artists demonstrated a meaningful understanding of the importance of remembrance. Each piece offered a unique perspective, encouraging reflection on the service, dedication, and experiences of those who have served for us. Their efforts serve as a powerful reminder of how the message of remembrance continues to be carried forward.

We congratulate all the participants for their hard work, talent, and commitment to honouring Canada's Veterans through their thoughtful contributions. Their achievements are something our entire Provincial Command can be truly proud of!

Thank you,



Dana Verdel
Administrative Assistant





Kylie DeRuiter - Senior Colour Poster

Kylie's thoughtful use of colour brings a moving tribute to Remembrance. The artwork reflects on the sacrifices made by those who served and encourages viewers to pause, reflect, and honour their legacy.



Natasha Vonck - Intermediate Colour Poster

Natasha's striking colour poster captures the spirit of Remembrance through meaningful symbolism and creative expression. This artwork serves as a heartfelt reminder of the lasting impact of those who have served.



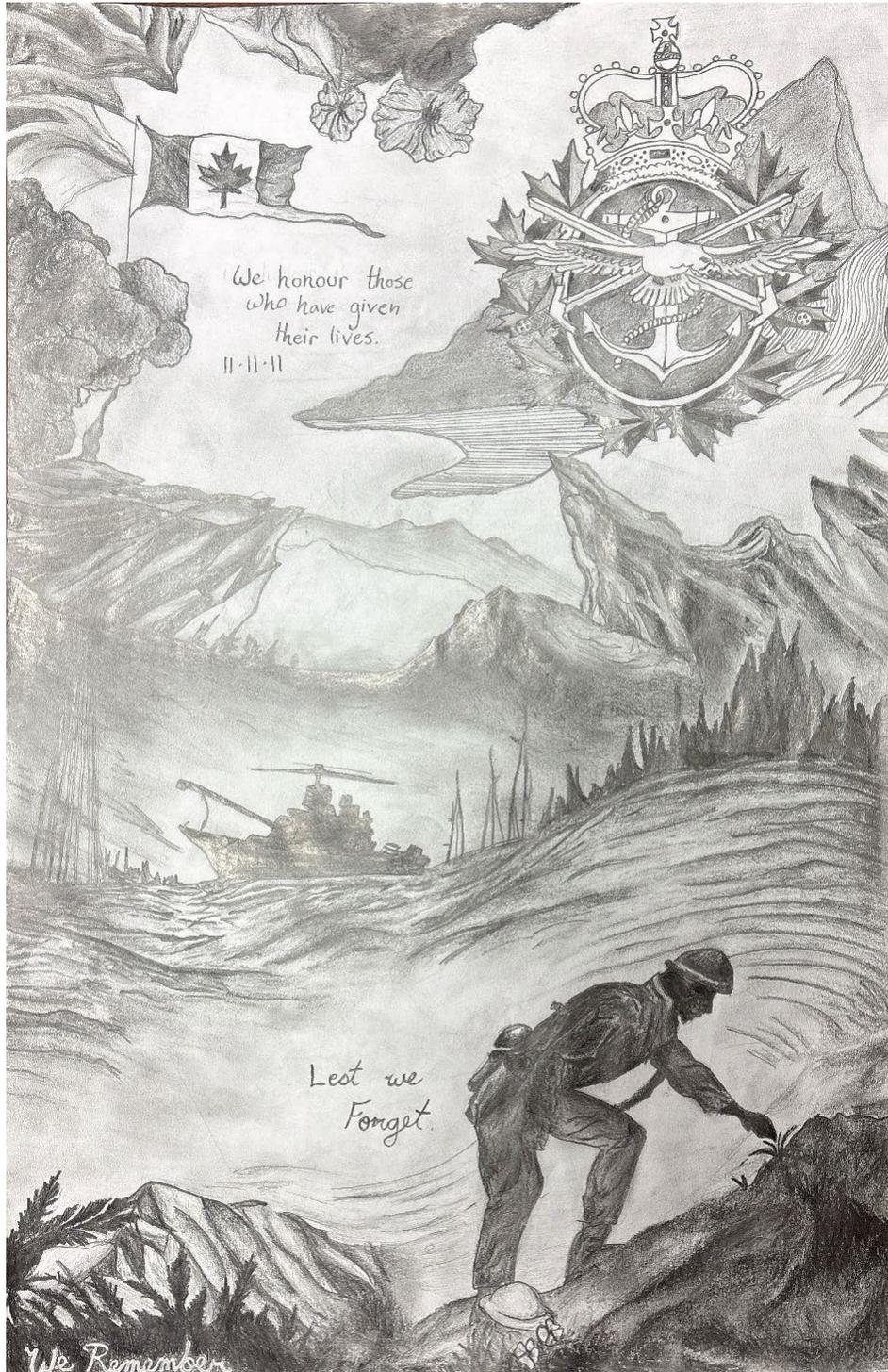
Andrew Gill - Junior Colour Poster

Andrew's use of vibrant colour tells a story of individuality. His thoughtful design invites reflection on the sacrifices Canada's veterans made.



Annabel Boehm - Primary Colour Poster

Annabel's beautiful use of colour highlights the importance of Remembrance and preserves the memory of those who served.



Ashley Nadeau - Senior Black and White Poster

Through careful details, Ashley's art piece shares a powerful message of courage, sacrifice and Remembrance.



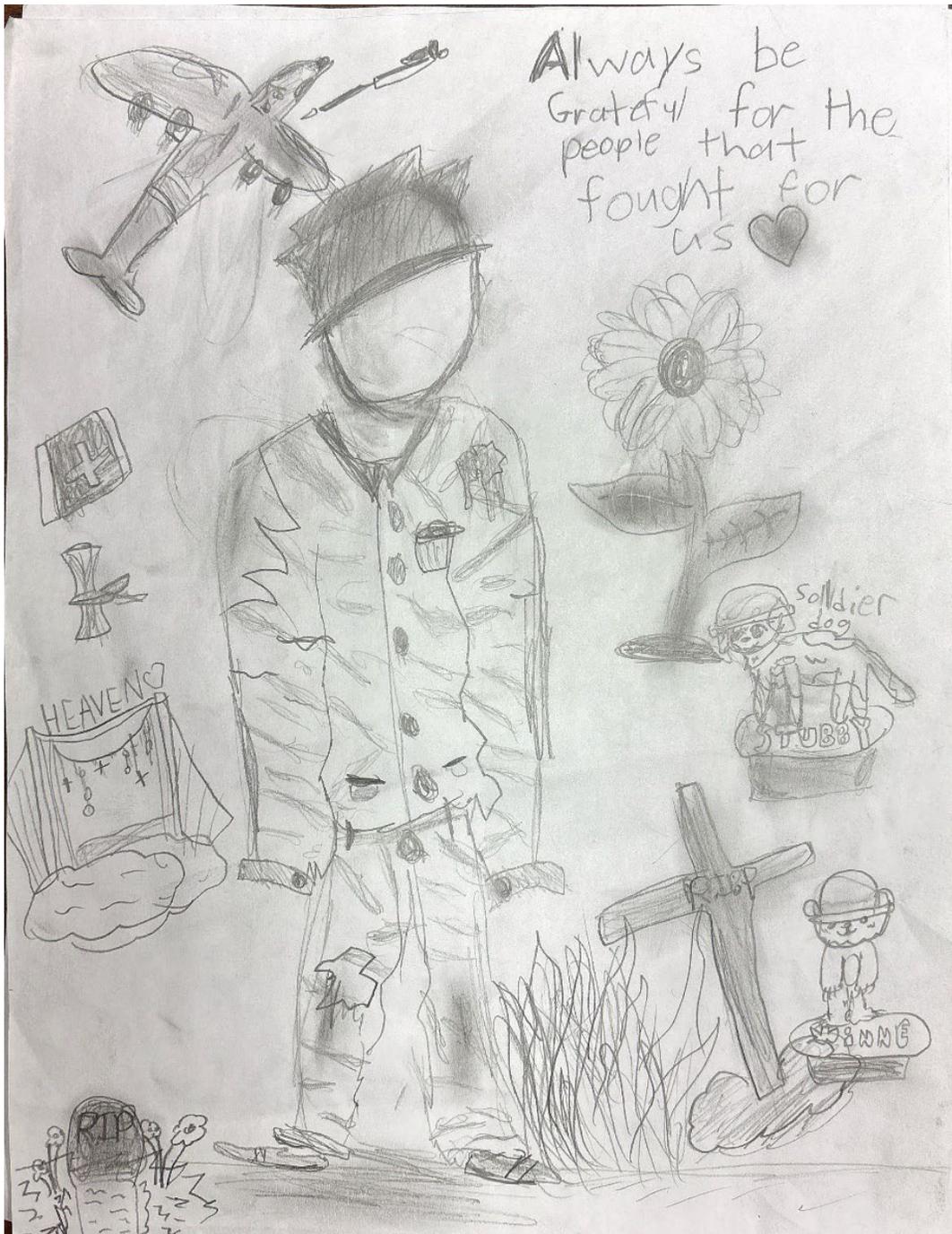
Rachel Stahl - Intermediate Black and White Poster

Rachel's artwork captures a powerful story, reflecting both the importance of sacrifice and the spirit of comradeship.



Lyniah Mowatt - Junior Black and White Poster

Lyniah's precise use of shading creates a quiet, reflective tone, sending a visual message of Remembrance.



Amara Chloe D. Flores - Primary Black and White Poster

Amara's artwork combines imagery and symbolism to reflect on the sacrifices of those who served, and honouring our Veterans.

The Cost

They both were young and full of life
He promised her she'd be his wife
But then the war tore them apart
And that is where this story starts

He fought for freedom where he went
She fought for lives inside a tent
Both held each other in their heart
And prayed they'd get a brand new start

She helped each man who needed her
Saw blood and tears but she made sure
That each man knew that she was near
And every story she would hear

They'd tell her of the raging war
Some spoke of things that made her sure
That never again she'd see her love
That's when she'd pray to God above

He too would pray that she'd stay safe
So both of them still held out faith
That they would reunite again
How unexpected that day came

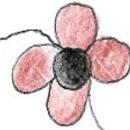
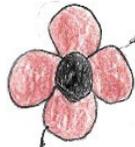
She searched through all the broken men
Until she saw his face again
They both lit up with joy inside
And held each other while they cried

His bandages were stained dark red
The joy they felt had quickly fled
His eyes were filled with silent tears
And each one was replaced by fear

His end was near, just in this life
She knew she'd never be his wife
The war again tore them apart
But she would always have his heart

Elise Blok - Senior Poetry

Elise's heartfelt poem expresses the importance of knowing and remembering the cost and the courage of those who served.



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.



Meadow Smid - Intermediate Poetry

Meadow's poem gives the reader a unique perspective of all those who served, spreading a powerful, courageous message.

To Those Who Were So Brave

*We mourn for those who were so brave,
For peace they went down to the grave.
The story so sad our hearts we clutch,
They gave their life for the world we love so much.*

*We honor those who gave their lives,
Leaving behind their children and wives.
Even though their gone and dead,
Still a many tears are shed.*

*They went and now are no longer alive,
Just so that way we could thrive.
The land we now see is so green,
They saw things most of us have never seen.*

*Many that went had to suffer,
Breaking the hearts of their father or mother.
Now on Remembrance Day we are silent for an hour,
Looking at the tiny red flower.*

Delilah Landry - Junior Poetry

Delilah's emotional poem invites the reader to pause and remember, signifying the importance of never forgetting.

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 transpose 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 sometimes, 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 birthdays 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 suddenly 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.

Aaliyyah Kazmeen-Abimbola - Senior Essay

Aaliyyah's essay shares insights into the dedication and sacrifice of those who served, providing an emotional perspective on why remembering is important.

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 cower 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.

Anya Waldner - Intermediate Essay

Anya's expressive essay shares a powerful message of courage, focusing on the dedication and commitment of our Veterans.

Women in War

Women contributed enormously in war for these reasons. They were nurses in the first war nurturing the wounded during the war. In the Second World War they returned as nurses again going by "sister" or "ma'am. Post Second World War a handful of the women were sent to Korea. This is how women contributed to the wars.

In the first world war women's contributions were working as nurses. They were called Nursing Sisters because they were taken from the ranks of religious institutes. The number of Canadian women nurses was exceeding twenty eight hundred serving in World War One. They were nicknamed the blue birds because of their blue dresses and white veil and were extremely respected. This is how women helped in World War One.

In the Second World War the women returned to Nursing Sisters. There were roughly forty five hundred nurses attached to all three branches of Canada's military, Two thirds of them served overseas. In the Second World War Nursing Sisters wore military apparel and a white veil. They would also serve in other roles during the war and eventually fifty thousand women applied for other roles in the military. This is how women helped in the Second World War.

These are the contributions of women Post Second War. Women were sent to Korea to act as Nursing Sisters in the Korean War. The military faced a shortage of personnel and five thousand women were recruited again. The number of nurses started to decline in the mid-1950s when new technology reduced the need for more personnel in various trades. This is what women did to help Post Second War.

These are the ways women helped in the First World War, the Second World War and Post Second War. In the First World War the women cared for the wounded on the battle front. In the Second World War they returned as nurses and played important roles in the war. Post Second War women were sent to Korea to nurse during the Korean War. Without women lots of soldiers wouldn't have survived the war.

Peyton Morrow - Junior Essay

Peyton's essay explores the importance and dedication of women in war, giving the reader a powerful perspective.