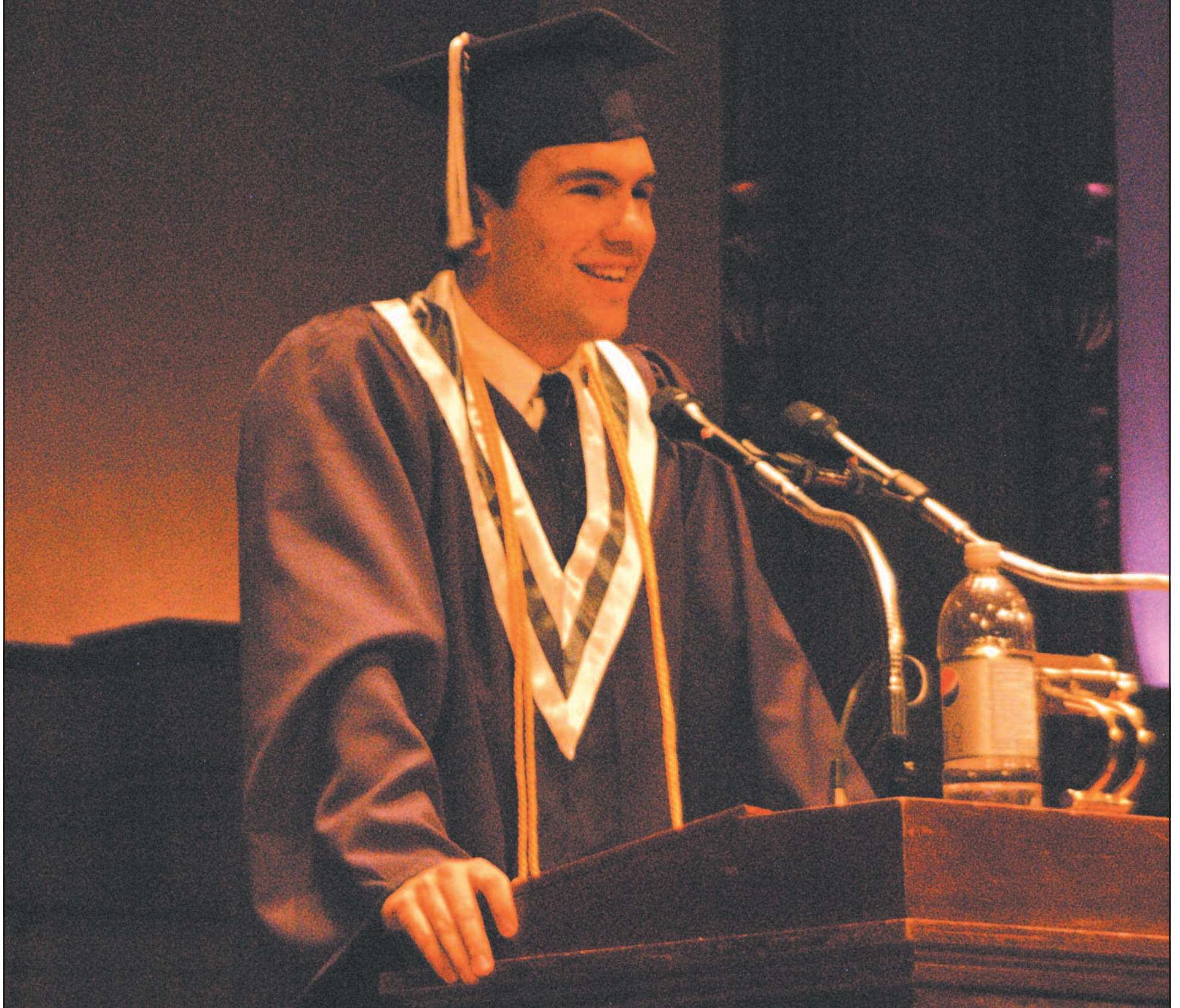




Adam Bocksey Valedictorian 2011



“We walk out of here, heads high, as graduates and we walk on into our futures. We have no idea what that future holds; what success, what fun, what love, but we walk out with thirteen years of education and experience behind us and with the love and support of our families, our teachers, and, most of all, each other. We are G-Eleven! And we are here for one another. Just remember that times may get tough, but you are not alone. You are never alone.”

Grad 2011 Dinner Dance

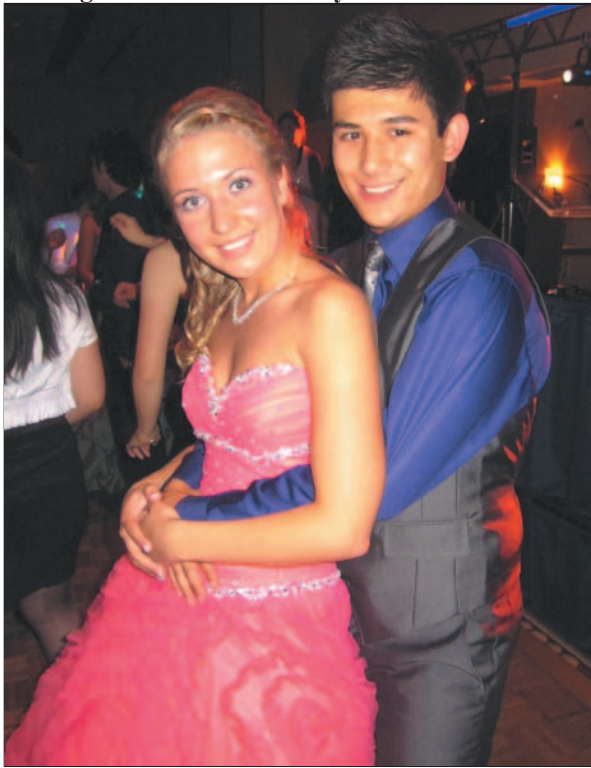


From left to right: Matt Harrison, Zane Goodin, Robyn Vondrasek, Nick Jennings and Chris Aisekhalaye



From left to right: Ryan Campbell, Liam Brett, Nathan Gee and Nick Chow

*Congratulations
Grads of 2011!*



Anastasiya Shults and Travis Tookey on the dance floor.



From left to right: Danika Kujala, Jelena Vatauvuk and Rachel Henriksen



Shanelle Horobec and Sarah Brule on the dance floor.



Celebrations are under way in the limo ride to after-grad.



From left to right: Chelsea Salindong, Ms. Chin, Corina Voon, Ethel Aniogbe and Charlotte Heffelfinger.



Victoria Scramstad and Alisha Knowsley in their beautiful gowns.

Award Winne

André Laliberté Scholarship
 Art Focus Scholarship
 Artona Bursary
 Artona Riverside Bursary
 Artona Scholarship
 BCIT Pathway to Success Scholarship
 Cam McKenzie Memorial Bursary
 Canada Official Language Study Bursary
 Canadian Federation of University Women
 (Tri-Cities) Scholarship
 Carleton University Richard Lewar Scholarship
 Citadel Middle PAC Award
 Coquitlam Centre Art Show Scholarship
 Courtenay Ditchburn Memorial Scholarship
 CPF Tri-Cities Scholarship
 CUPE Local 561 Bursary

CTA Cam McKenzie Memorial Scholarship
 CTA Merit Award
 CTA Student Assistance Bursaries:
 Guja Bozorgzadeh Nicholas Cu Marcelina Kozlov
 Discovery House Pre-School Award
 Dogwood / District Scholarships:
 Chris Aisekhalaye Anna Filimonova Justine Lam
 Anastassia Babenko Matt Harrison Joevy Leong
 Liam Brett Deanna Kadota Aubrey Maxwell
 Tamlyn Kunimoto Cydney Paddon Jennifer Soroc
 Evancic, Perrault, Robertson Scholarship
 Explore French Language Bursary
 George Seaman Memorial Scholarship
 Gordon Betcher Scholarship
 Gordon Paton Memorial Scholarship
 Han Yin International Scholarship
 HSBC Basketball Scholarship
 Kwayhquiltum Middle School Scholarship
 Lindenwood University Athletic Scholarships
 McGill Entrance Scholarship
 McMasters University Entrance Scholarship
 New York State University Entrance Scholarship
 NYU Scholarship
 Optimists Essay Award
 Pitt River Middle PAC Bursary
 Pitt River Middle School Bursary
 PoCo Lions Club Bursary
 PoCo Minor Hockey Association Scholarship
 PoCo Rotary Scholarship
 PoCo Soccer Association
 Queens University Excellence Award
 Queens University Entrance Award
 Quest University Scholarship
 Quest University Bursary
 Rapids Award:
 Selena Banser Alex Golikov Chloe La
 Elizabeth Boey Charlotte Heffelfinger Nick Lui
 Sunny Carson Aneesha Khosla Anna Le
 Madison Collingwood Marcelina Kozlov Sarah Ra
 Nathan Gee Jeffrey Kwok Rebecca
 R.C.M.P. Scholarship

Rod and Rhea Hayes Award:
 Alexander Golikov Sara Grieve
 Riverside PAC Scholarships:
 Katherine Bandet Ashley Dauke Kevin Reddy-Th
 Royal Purple of Canada Bursary
 SFU BC Secondary School Academic Excellence Schola
 Guja Bozorgzadeh Ghada Ghane Ashley Mak
 Liam Brett Nick Jennings Jacob Nikl
 SFU Summit Scholarship:
 Selena Banser Sandy Kang Billy Lin
 Elizabeth Boey Aneesha Khosla Brittney Russe
 Zachary Chan Soo Jin Lee Aubrey Maxwe
 Meghan Chong Joevy Leong Anna Melnikov
 Alexander Golikov
 S.O.E.N. Scholarship
 UBC Major Entrance Award
 UBC Presidents' Entrance Scholarships:
 Guja Bozorgzadeh Daniela Hernandez J
 Liam Brett Soyoon Jin Cydney
 Emily Chan Sandy Kang Brett Wa
 Ghada Ghane
 United Croats of Canada Scholarship
 University of Calgary Presidents' Admission Scholarsh
 University of Ottawa Chancellors Scholarship
 University of Ottawa Entrance Scholarship
 University of Ottawa National Association des
 professeurs/d'immersion award
 University of South Dakota Athletic Scholarship
 University of Toronto Entrance Scholarship
 University of Victoria Entrance Scholarship
 University of Waterloo Entrance Presidents'
 Scholar of Distinction
 University of Western Ontario Scholarship of Excellen
 University of Western Ontario Admission Bursary
 Vancouver Island University Athletic Scholarship
 Violet Richardson Award
 Washington State University Cougar Academic Award

Commencement 2011

..... Kaitlin Pelletier
 Jovey Leong
 Junho Lee
 Harkiran Thandi
 Elizabeth Boey, Nathan Gee
 Katherine Bandet
 Kaila Tuuri
 Santana Grant

..... Ghada Ghane
 Emily Chan
 Ashley Dauke
 Jovey Leong
 Kimberly Ditchburn
 Santana Grant
 Chris Aisekhalaye
 Katherine Bandet
 Chelsea Salindong
 Emily Chan
 Junho Lee

low Tyler Toscani
 Jeffrey Hopkin

n Kaitlin Pelletier
 g Erik Rasche
 Tyler Shaw Nick Chow
 zka Robyn Vondrasek

..... Liam Brett
 Santana Grant
 Anna Lee Martin
 Liam Brett
 Madison Collingwood
 Abigail Chern, Rachel Lee
 Hillary Young
 Chris Aisekhalaye
 Maya Reddy-Thom
 Soyoon Jin
 Daniela Hernandez
 Jiho Park
 Leila Lee
 Emily Chan
 Tyler Toscani
 Anna Melnikova
 Marcelina Kozlow, Nicholas Cu
 Chris Todd
 Ashley Dauke, Zane Goodin
 Rachelle Breda, Leanne Jimenez
 Soyoon Jin
 Daniela Hernandez
 Hillary Young
 Hillary Young

am Harkiran Thandi
 i Chris Todd
 e Martin Ben Torn
 ggett Tyler Toscani
 Sigrist Kaila Tuuri
 Leanne Jimenez

Dan Kaminski

om Jacob Nikl
 Guja Bozorgzadeh
 rship:
 Robyn Vondrasek

Cydney Paddon

ill Kaitlin Pelletier
 ill Konrad Spurek
 va Chris Todd

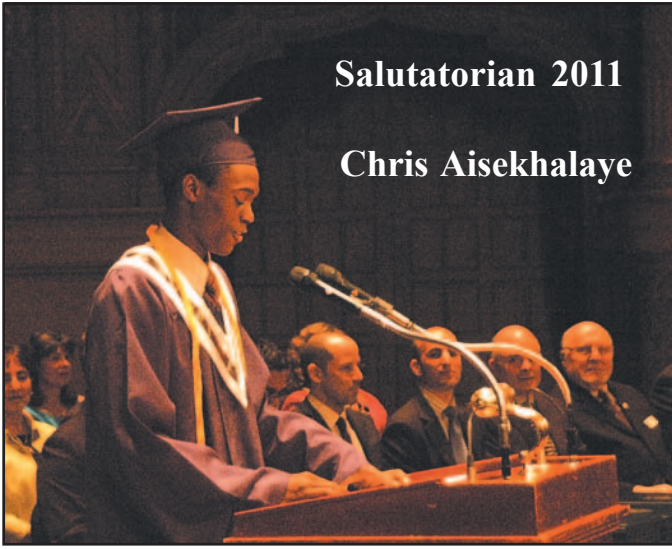
..... Emily Chan
 Emily Chan

Junho Lee
 Paddon
 ng

..... Jelena Vatauvuk
 ip Tamlyn Kunimoto
 Emily Chan
 Eden Nzeyimana

..... Eden Nzeyimana
 Jordan Varga
 Soyoon Jin, Daniela Hernandez
 Kaitlin Pelletier Jelena Vatauvuk

Junho Lee
 ce Daniela Hernandez
 Daniela Hernandez
 Tylar Turnbull
 Emily Chan
 Tamlyn Kunimoto



Salutatorian 2011

Chris Aisekhalaye

“I feel so privileged to be a part of a grad class of 2011, filled with all kinds of wonderful people. In our class we have amazing athletes, astounding artists, marvelous mechanics, miraculous musicians, passionate performers, creative chefs, fantastic photographers, terrific technicians; we have dedicated French immersion students, and talented international students. The list literally goes on

‘to infinity and beyond.’”



Principal Anthony Ciofitto, Livia Turnbull and Mr. Scott Robinson.



Riverside's grade 12 boys celebrating Graduation.



From left to right: Ashley Dauke, Santana Grant, Jennifer Knetchel and Samantha Wiebe.

Principal Mr. Anthony Ciofitto's message to grads of 2011

“We have been so impressed by this graduating class. This group of students has represented Riverside's values so well. Their care, kindness, respect for one another, sense of community mindedness, leadership, and wide variety of talent, have truly inspired us. The diversity and cohesiveness within the group is commendable and I can say truthfully, that our school will feel the void left by these students as they leave us for new adventures.

I wish this group the very best in their new journey. May it be filled with many firsts. Find time to play, experience the joys that this wonderful world has to offer, and of course pursue your passions. Congratulations Grads of 2011!”



Governor General Award winner: So Yoon Jin with Mr. Ciofitto and Port Coquitlam Mayor Mr. Greg Moore.



Student of the Year - 2011: Emily Chan with Principal Mr. Ciofitto and Vice-Principal Mr. Manhas.



Melissa Bendall singing Canada's national anthem at the Orpheum Theatre.

all photos in this issue - K. Shong



Twelve years, ten months, twelve days, and, oh, about thirteen hours and now we're here: done. Let me just start off by thanking you all: Family members, staff members, and especially students: you guys, we guys, us guys. Look at you all out there, wearing your Snuggies and your chef's hats. It's unbelievable and I'm so proud of us all. I mean, my deepest thanks go out to all those people that supported us through the years, but tonight is about us! Thirteen years of school, of sitting and listening to someone talk and now there's just one more person's droning monologue to sit through... unless you're going to post-secondary, in which case you'd better get used to it. But I digress.

Here we are thirteen years later. Now we know that's a long time, but it's still hard to comprehend time with numbers. "Oh yeah, thirteen years, whatever," but when you really think about what's happened, what you've done, how you've changed, and who you've become in that time, then it hits home. Back when we started school, our shoes had lights in them, we thought that Wrestlemania was a real sporting event, and Mike Anderson had never been lost in a swamp. The world was happier because we didn't know about terrorists or wars or where your dog actually went when your parents sent him to "live on a farm." But we learned those things and we learned other things as well. We learned to read and write and do math, but in thirteen years we learned so much more than that. We learned to make friends, we learned how to fake sick to get out of school. We learned to work together, to play together, we learned how to kiss and we learned how to fight and how not to fight. We learned to live. We learned how to really be happy. We learned that real joy that comes not from youthful naïveté but from real friends, real friendship, and some really bad ideas. We're not happy because we don't know what's going on in the world but because we do and we find joy in spite of it. That's what we've learned in thirteen years.

And along the way, we've had so many good times. And we had some bad times too, but we got through and we made it here with the each other's help. A few of you, Jesse, Ken, Jody, and Lindsay, have been with me since the very beginning: kindergarten. In fact, I think you guys were at my sixth birthday party and, as I recall, we got pretty damn wasted.

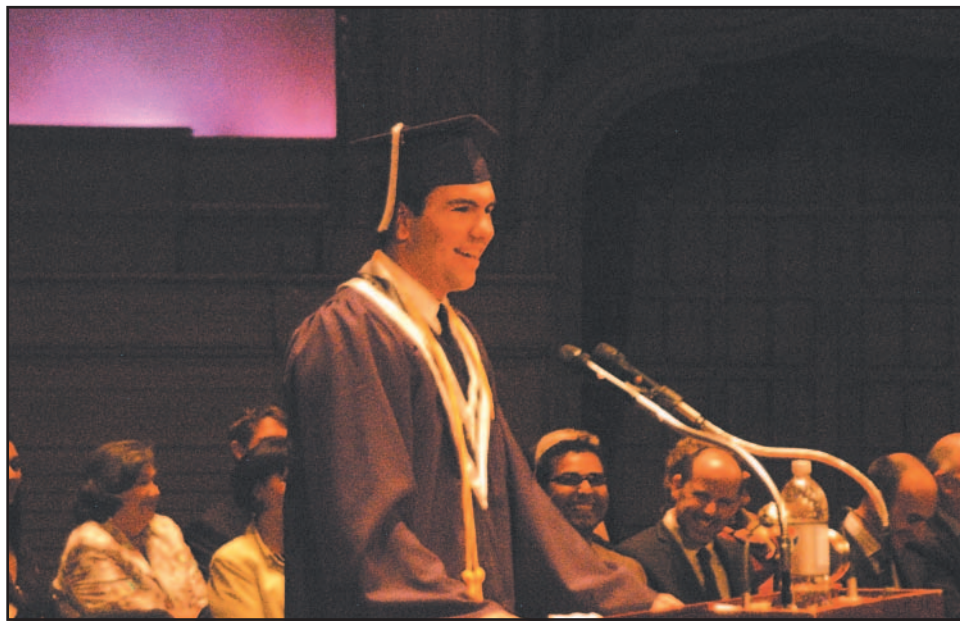
But of course, this night is about all of us and I didn't go to elementary school with probably seventy percent of you. But I know that we shared some experiences. Remember how much fun it was playing in the box full of rice or playing with the LEGOs or just the simple joy of making fun of Jody's accent... sorry Jody. Then, of course, there were those inside days when you had to play house with the girls... I swear if I had to be the dog one more time I would have hung myself. Then that game would have gotten real real fast.

And then there were the toys. Good Lord, did we have a lot of toys. We bought Yu-Gi-Oh! cards and Beyblades because they looked so awesome on the show with the giant monsters coming out. Then we get them and they're just cards and tops. I was furious. I mean, I paid for monsters, damn it! But do you remember Super Soakers? Now those were awesome! If you were anything like me, you felt like a ninja when you used those, planning your moves well ahead of time and then getting soaked by the rich kid with a way better gun than you while you desperately tried to pump it four hundred times before you could squirt it. Ah, good times.

So, yeah, we wasted a lot of our parents' money. Sorry guys. But we were cute right?

That makes up for it, doesn't it? It seems funny *now* what we spent our money on, but just wait until you're looking back at the money you spent on grad; on a limo and a dress and a, ahem, 'professional' date... Nick Chow. But no matter what, our parents always seem to know what's important to us and, of course, they're not just sacks of money. Let's not forget all of that time they wasted loving and nurturing us. I'm sure they started to question themselves around the time we went to middle school and got really bratty. But that's just what parents do. They give us love and support when we need it most, and sometimes when we need it least like when your mom kisses you in front of all the pretty girls or tells your teachers that you 'had trouble' with potty training. Oh God.

And that was basically how middle school went; three straight years of awkwardness.



K. Shong

Adam Bocskey- Class of 2011 Valedictorian

It was like a weird dream period between being a kid and being a larger, hairier kid. Boys: suddenly *all* you wanted to do was play house with the girls again. And girls: you found your make-up, your bras, and your father's capacity to hate every boy that looked at you. Let's face it, middle school sucked. Or more correctly, *we* sucked *in* middle school. We weren't kids anymore but we didn't know who we were yet either. That made us make terrible decisions like wearing a fedora when you're a chubby fourteen-year-old. Guilty. Some of us smelled bad, some of us grew weird moustaches that we didn't know how to shave yet. And the acne... Oh God, the acne. It was like we were all washing our faces with fried chicken.

But don't misunderstand me; I had a lot of fun in middle school. We just had fun doing really stupid things that are annoying and embarrassing to look back on. Remember how cool we thought we were when we waved to random drivers? How about those rap-music enthusiasts who wore their hats backwards and their pants way down low and talked 'street' to be 'hard'? Drae, of course, is the exception; He actually did have that much swag back then.

But, for all its face-palmingly brutal moments of uncoolicity, middle school did help us figure out what we are really about. That same process of trial-and-error that told us, "It would be fun to kick each other in the genitalia and call it a game," eventually, after a *long* time, hit on things that really stuck. For me it was music. When one day I realized that a song could bring out emotions I'd never felt before, I knew it was my passion. For others they found the theatre, found that they could be someone else and transcend real life and thereby try to understand it. For still others there were sports; chasing the high of a perfect, elegant play or a beautiful

shot on goal. These are passions we found with the help of others, that we may not have discovered in a different time or place. It just goes to remind us how many things must come together just right to create just who we are. We are each of us one-of-a-kind. Never forget that.

So three years go by and BAM here we are: Grade nine, trying to figure out a giant school with dozens of teachers and some really, really big stairs in the middle. But we got it quick. Once we figured out that we only had eight teachers and that the rest didn't really matter, we never got lost again. Some of us were afraid of the older kids with their drug-abusing and no-doubt child-murdering ways, but of course we quickly found out that bullying ninth-graders apparently took a lot of effort and they just didn't care. And of course most of them were nice, too. Basically, after about a week, we realized that

happened. It's about not studying in your spare block, but instead playing four-square or sneaking into ninth grade gym to destroy them at basketball. It's about cheering on a human bowling ball and fighting for candy at a spirit assembly, going to the river in the summer, and eating the stir-fry that the culinary kids were *just* about to throw away. High school is in Askew driving the bus back from field trips. And by driving, I of course mean drag racing down the highway and harassing any senior citizens that get in his way. To me, these are the real high school experiences, the real once-in-a-lifetime moments: the times we'll never quite have again.

And, of course, it's about the people. We'll see each other again, some of us, our good friends; but those who are just acquaintances will get more distant. And the teachers may be the ones we miss most. They've touched each of us in a meaningful, special way and we are forever in their debt. We owe them for the compassion that they emanate, each of them, from the bottom of Ms. Tilsner's feet to every last hair on Mr. Brown's he... I mean Mr. Kaiser... err... Mr. Ciolfitto... Ahem... They emanate compassion from the bottom of Ms. Tilsner's feet to the top of Ms. Schmidt's head and everywhere in between and we can't thank them enough for all of their love and support. How about a round of applause for the teachers?

But now it's time to move on; to quit looking back and start looking forward. We've learned all we could and now we have to put it to use. And it's exciting, but it's a little scary too. Up until now we've had our schedule planned: Go to school every day and try to work and have fun in between. But now it's up to us to make the decisions. Some of us will move out and some are going to stay at home until they're fifty years old. Regardless, what is important is that you do what is right for you. Don't go to college because someone tells you to, go because you love to learn and want a career in your field. And don't follow the money. If I've understood one thing my parents have told me in their eighteen years of telling me things, it's this. Don't follow the money. Follow your passion and the money will come. Do something you love. Find your happiness because money won't buy it for you. The path you choose now will be something you have to live with for the rest of your life, and eight hours a day in a place you hate sounds like torture to me. So if you go on to school, or to plumbing, truck driving, or painting, whatever: Just be happy! That's all any of us can really hope for and I wish it for all of you.

And so as we leave this theatre tonight, no doubt into throngs of crying mothers and aunts who don't understand the concept of personal space, we leave different people. We walk out of here, heads high, as graduates and we walk on into our futures. We have no idea what that future holds; what success, what fun, what love, but we walk out with thirteen years of education and experience behind us and with the love and support of our families, our teachers, and, most of all, each other. We are G-Eleven! and we are here for one another. Just remember that times may get tough, but you are not alone. You are never alone.

So, twelve years, ten months, twelve days... Twelve years, ten months, twelve days I've been waiting to do *this*.

Graduates, please join me in standing and removing your caps. All right, we've got one shot at this. I'm going to count to three and then shout "Grad One-One!" and throw it up. I want you all to join me of course. Ready? One, two, three, GRAD ONE-ONE!

every movie that ever took place in a high school was pretty much a lie. And if *Gossip Girl* is wrong, what *can* we believe in?

So, we kept our heads low and got by, but then we got older and we held our heads high. We joined bands, teams, clubs, and troupes, built reputations, won championships, experimented with 'new things,' studied hard, played hard, smartened up, and partied down. We had epic study sessions and stress but we balanced it with a solid helping of dicking around. And when summer came again, it was a whole new ball game. Beachin' and ballin' and dying from the heat or else chilling in your friend's pool all day long. None of that happened at school, but I think it's just as important as what did.

And just like that another four years went by and now we're done once more, ready to start again at the bottom wherever we happen to go. To write this speech, I asked people to tell me their favourite memories of high school. Of course I got a lot of people saying that they loved the trips they went on. Orlando, Cuba, Italy, and Mexico were all once-in-a-lifetime unforgettable experiences. Weeks of bonding with your closest friends while double-fist-pumping your way around the world... what's not to love? But a lot of people didn't know what their favourite moment was. They couldn't pick just one, but they know they've had fun. That's the boat that I fall into.

You see, the real magic is in the little moments that we experience every day that all add up to make high school such a special time. It's not about the trips or the championships; it's about the time you got a free cookie from the vending machine. It's about the time your friend tripped over a recycling bin in the hallway and thought no one saw him, but you did... you know what