

Ladies and Gentlemen, Teachers, Parents, and, most importantly, our young graduates,

As we gather here today, we stand at a pivotal moment—a juncture where the comforting familiarity of primary school gives way to the exciting horizons of high school. It's a time of reflection, of celebration, and of anticipation.

To our children, the stars of today,

You've climbed the great mountain of primary education, a journey filled with learning, growth, and countless memories. You've conquered maths, embraced literature, and explored the wonders of the world around us. Each of you has blossomed into remarkable individuals, ready to embark on a new adventure.

To the parents,

Your unwavering support and love have been the wind beneath the wings of these young eagles. As they soar towards greater heights, know that the values and lessons you've instilled in them will be their guiding light.

And to the teachers,

You've been the architects of minds and the sculptors of dreams. Your dedication has not just taught lessons from books, but life lessons of resilience, kindness, and curiosity.

As a small appreciation of thanks from us to you we have some flowers for Mrs Robertson.

We have also raised a small gift for the school which we hope can be used toward the playground improvements.

So as we bid farewell to the hallowed halls of primary school, let's carry forward the spirit of inquiry and the joy of discovery. High school awaits with its myriad challenges and opportunities, promising to shape our children into the leaders of tomorrow.

And with that in mind I have a short poem to share

In the halls of youth where echoes play,

Orla's laughter brightens the day.

Hannah's dreams, like dandelions, take flight,

Ishbel's courage shines ever so bright.

Harry's steps, a steady, rhythmic beat,

Kier's tales, never facing defeat.

Solomon's wisdom, old as time,

Murray's climb, a mountain to prime.

Shai's spirit, a fire that won't tire,

Hayden's ambition, reaching higher and higher.

Together they stood, a band so tight,

In primary's embrace, under the sunlight.

But time, the thief, in silence creeps,

Through the doors of change, where the future peeks.

High school halls await, wide and vast,

A new journey begins, the die is cast.

Tears of parting, sweet sorrow's sting,
For the memories made, and the joy they bring.
Yet, with hearts interwoven, strong and bold,
They'll conquer new stories, yet to be told.

So here's to the pupils, brave and new,
To Ishbel, Orla, and the cherished crew.
May your paths be kind, your burdens light,
As you step from primary to high school's height.

Let's embrace this transition with open hearts and minds, for it is not just a step forward in education—it's a leap into a world of possibilities.

As you stand on the threshold of high school, remember that every challenge is an opportunity, and every setback, a lesson. Continue to reach for the stars, for the future is yours to shape.

Thank you.