

Good morning Mr. Reeler, staff, guests, boys and most importantly the Class of 2018,

What a daunting feeling it is to be addressing the school for the last time. I have never been so overwhelmed with excitement and sadness simultaneously. I have never experienced an emotion, which resembles that of today. What a journey it has been over the past five years and of course, the most momentous, our final year as boys of this institution. Although today is a day focused on farewells, I feel that it is paramount that I acknowledge those who have helped me, guided me and comforted me over the past five years and this year in particular. These years would not have been so successful and gratifying if it were not for these people.

To my mother: you are by far the strongest woman I know. Despite your travail, you have never abandoned your kind and compassionate nature, or your beautiful smile. You are my pillar of strength, my idol and my hero. I love you madly.

Liam, my brother, you have talents and potential beyond your belief. Use them wisely and you will reap the rewards that you so rightly deserve. We have endured all of our hardships together and I could not have asked for a better brother. Enjoy your next 4 years at this incredible school and Boys High is lucky to have you. Boys High, watch this space.

Dad, although you have been gone for over 2 years, I have not forgotten you. Everything that I have done since your passing has been to make you proud and I hope that I have done just that. Thank you for providing me with the perfect example of the man I could strive to become.

Mr. Chris Oldnall. You transformed from an intimidating boarding-master to my greatest mentor and a dear friend. Thank you for your relentless support and dinner-getaways to relieve the pressure. Your encouragement has been a prodigious contribution to help me mature as a young man in the absence of my father. I truly cannot thank you enough.

To Mr. Reeler: I thank you for our weekly catch up sessions about girls, cars or fishing that we called meetings, for your advice and the wisdom that you shared with Chris and I and for teaching me Pythagoras in form 1. I never thought that I would go from being the talkative grade 8 boy you reprimanded each and every lesson to a position of leadership, but here we are. This year would not have run so smoothly if it were not for your guidance. It has been an honour to work alongside you this year, Sir.

Chris: my deputy, my sidekick and one of my greatest friends. Ladies and Gentlemen, please do not be fooled by the numerous honours blazers that Chris has collected over his years here because it may be misleading. Chris is by far the goofiest lad that I have ever encountered, but if you look beyond his goofiness, you will find nothing less than dedication and loyalty. Thank you for your relentless diligence and your countless hours of hard work towards our prefect body's cause. We made a great team and we have developed a tremendous friendship that will remain intact forever. I wish you all the best for your future, my friend.

One of the true beauties of our school is the fact that each and every individual who has attended Boys High since its establishment has experienced the school differently. If somebody had to ask you to describe your journey and time at the school in one sentence, every boy's answer would be different. To me, Boys High has been my sanctuary. It took me at my most vulnerable and tender state and has built me into a person that I never thought I could become.

Although our journeys and experiences at this institution are all unique and inimitable, there are major facets of life as a Boys High Boy that we have all experienced and that we have all experienced together. These milestones of our high school career amalgamate into a beautiful collage of memories that have molded us into honourable young men.

In a year full of "one last times", we have finally reached our last milestone and only as we approach the end of our experience at Boys High do we begin to understand and appreciate the value of all the major and minor events that have influenced the young men that we have become. It is a pity that we had never realized their worth as the events unfolded.

A day that had once felt like an unimaginable eternity away is upon us and it has reached us within the blink of an eye.

All the memories that you wished to make have either been made or become missed opportunities and all that you wished to achieve as a form one boy has either been added to your accomplishments or to your "what if's". There are no more memories to be made and there no more accolades to obtain whilst wearing this uniform. Is that not frightening? As matrices, we stand upon the cusp of infinite possibilities and outcomes; all that might come our way exists beyond the gates of this school.

As a young boy, I was always encouraged to be modest and humble in my doings. Humility was a quality that my father valued and therefore it is one that I value today, but there is one aspect of my life that I just cannot keep myself from boasting about. The fact that I have attended this prestigious school fuels my pride above any achievement or title and it is just something that I refuse to hide from the world. I pity those who have not attended this school and I laugh at those who deny its value or wish to tell me that they have attended a school that is superior to this one.

This school is a cauldron that brews a potion of success made from a recipe of honour, respect, loyalty and integrity. These are the constituent qualities of the men found in the minority of today's society and in the majority of the school's and its alumni's community, the type of man that this world needs more of!

This is a community that celebrates and glorifies diversity in culture, religion, and human nature, an institution that breeds excellence, nurtures and uncovers talent and an institution that knows the value of today's greatest asset, Knowledge, and wishes to share it with all that roam these corridors.

I cannot help myself but boast of the times that we danced and chanted war cries in pure jubilation on the stands of Brooks, Hill Astro or beside the Pool.

I cannot help myself but boast of the iconic flag that we matrices held together to welcome the Candies onto the field. I boast of our unique traditions, our funny Boys High accents, our lingo and our pride for our pristine grounds and facilities. I cannot help myself but boast of this school's musical brilliance, its incredible annual events, its sporting excellence, its marvel and its academic triumph. The list is never ending.

This year has also been a year of reflection and it was through this reflection that I stumbled upon something that frightened me as a proud Boys High Boy. Despite the school's reputation and all that makes it so astoundingly great, far too many of us ignore this aspect of our school, far too many of us do not appreciate it and far too many of us disrespect it.

We speak amongst ourselves of boys who just simply wear the uniform and do not buy into the ethos of this school, but that is all we do, we just speak of them and we take no action against it. This mindset can be seen as an ailment and a threat to all that makes this school so prestigious and its passion amongst the boys. I am fully aware that this is not something that we wish to hear, but unfortunately it is something that needs to be said.

It has become too easy to defer to mediocrity. It has become too easy to support one or two fixtures a year. It has become too easy to sing chants with little or no pride. It has become normal to find "passion" in posts on Instagram or Whatsapp statuses. It has become too easy to take part in no sports or cultural activities. It has become too easy to disrespect our uniform and wear it incorrectly. It has simply become too easy to be a drifter. Too many of us accept the reputation that the School's name has given us without realizing that our actions and the way in which we conduct ourselves influences Boys High's reputation either positively or negatively. It is our responsibility and our duty as Boys High boys, past, present and future, to safeguard and respect its values so that Boys High's reputation remains intact and ultimately progresses. To the minority of boys who can relate to what has been said, I hope that the tears of those who are leaving and the way in which they sing the school song for the last time inspire you today.

For some it may be difficult to leave and for others not, but one generation of Boys High Boys is needed to depart in order for another to enjoy its splendour. It is time for us to hang up our ties and our blazers, fold up our uniform and take all that we have learnt into the world beyond the gates of our school. To my fellow matrices, it has been an honour to share the Boys High Experience with you. I cannot wait to hear of all your successes, for I know that they will be in abundance.

When asked what surprised him most about humanity the Dalai Lama responded, "Man sacrifices his health in order to make money. Then he sacrifices his money to recuperate his health. And then he is so anxious about the future that he does not enjoy the present; the result being that he does not live in the present or the future; he lives as if he is never going to die and then dies having never really lived."

I wish you all a long, healthy and prosperous life. I wish you all wealth in knowledge, happiness and currency. I urge you to plan for the future but to

live solely in the present. I urge you to **LIVE** because it was **HERE** that you have learnt to do so.

It is with great pleasure that I am able to hand over this year's Matric Gift to our beloved school. On behalf of the Class of 2018 I would like to personally thank our teachers, the school's support staff and the grand staff as well as our headmaster for all that they have done for us over the past five years to ensure that our Boys High Experience was a memorable and successful one. Our gift to the school will be the new trees planted on the stands of Brooks so as to offer the boys adequate shade during support. I hope that these trees grow to a size that resembles the giants who have gifted them to the school.

Kyle Brown – Head Prefect 2018
Final Assembly