

# Closing Ceremony

## UWC Robert Bosch College

### 19.05.2024

09:30 - 10:00

Coffee and Brezeln for guests

10:00 - 10:30

Guests and members of the school community are invited to take their seats

10:30 - 12:30 CLOSING CEREMONY

### Program

- Graduating Class entrance
- Opening Remarks
- Rektor's Speech
- Musical Performance - Something more
- ***Language Speech - Heba (Arabic)***
- ***Language Speech - Jenny (Spanish)***
- Presentation of Certificates 1
- ***Language Speech - Ada (German)***
- Presentation of Certificates 2
- ***Language Speech - Anthony (Chinese Mandarin)***
- Presentation of Certificates 3
- ***Language Speech - Ilo (French)***
- Musical Performance - At last
- Staff Speech
- First Year Speech
- Musical Performance
- Second Year Speech
- Closing Remarks

13:30 LUNCH



# GENERATION 09

## Closing Ceremony

# LANGUAGE SPEECH - ARABIC

Arabic

English

اعزائي الحضور

نجتمع اليوم لكي نحتفل بولادة النسخة الجديدة من افراد الجيل التاسع في مدرسة روبرت بوش

وانا ال اتحدث عن قصة شعرهم الجديدة، أو خبرتهم المكتسبة في الأحاديث السياسية المطولة

بل اتحدث عن النسخة التي استطاعت التأقلم مع هذا العالم المصغر

الذي يحاكي، لحد ما، ما ينتظرهم وراء هذه التلة

وقوفي هنا، ، وتكلمي معكم باللغة العربية، يعد ثورة ضد الكراهية ضد احرف كلماتي

في العصر الذي نعيش فيه، أصبحت لغة العرب الم رمزاً لتراجع الحضارة، وبثت الخوف في قلوب السامعين

استطيع ان ان اغرقكم بكم عالي من الملل، وانا اتكلم عن بيوتنا المكعبة و حديثنا الجميلة

ولكن دعني اخبركم عن تجربة كليات العالم المتحد باستخدام ما تعلمته في صفوف اللغة والأدب في البكالوريا الدولية، أأل وهو

استخدام الدليل و المرجع

في قصة عائذ الى حيفا، للكاتب الفلسطيني غسان كنفاني

عندما اخترق عنصر الاختلاف حدود صراع القصة

فقال كنفاني: "إننا حين نقف مع الإنسان فذلك شيء ال عالقة له بالدم واللحم وتذاكر الهوية وجوازات السفر

في هذه التجربة، استطعت أن أرى اثر كلمات كنفاني، ليس فقط عندما احتجت بعض من الزيت إللكمال إعداد وجبة

عشائي

بل عندما احتجت عينا ترى حقيقة الواقع، في عالم يجتاحه النحياز والخوف من الشذوذ عن الرأي العام

بعد سنتين طويلتين أو قصيرتين من العناء للبعض، او السعادة للبعض، او كالهما لالغلب

سنترك جزء منا لن يعود، سنترك أرواح حياتنا قبل وصولنا لهذا المكان الساحر مما يجعلني اذكر الكاتب الإيطالي إيتالو كالفينو في كتاب المدن الخفية

وقوله: أنت ال تسعد بعجائب المدينة السبع أو السبعين، بل بالإجابة التي تقدمها لسؤالك

فرايبرغ قدمت لنا العديد من الذكريات السعيدة التي لن تعاد

ولكن عند قدوم معظمنا لهذا المكان، تساءلنا عن فائدة تعدد الجنسيات في بيئة تطالب الفرد بأن يكرس روحه للبكالوريا الدولية

ولكن على سبيل المثال، لم اكن استطيع تحليل كتاب الاستشراق إلدوارد سعيد في مقال المطول لو لم أعش تجربة جعلتني امارس

عكس فكرة اني كعربية، لدي دونية عن المجتمع، بل أثبتت لي أن مبادئ وجودي، ووجودنا جميعاً، هو المحرك الأساسي لعالمنا

اطلب من أفراد جيلي بالتفكير بجواب هذا السؤال الذي اجابته روبرت بوش لهم، بغض النظر عن حديثه ام سخافته

مع ابتداء بوادر الحرب على غزة، تساءلت عن مدى انسانية هذا العالم، الذي يسمح لهذا الكم من الوحشية بالحصول

كلما اشتد خوفي من هذا السؤال، اذكر كلمات الفنان الألماني انسيلم كيوفر

بقوله: لكنني أؤمن قبل كل شيء بأنني أردت أن أوني قصر ذاكرتي، ألن ذاكرتي هي وطني الوحيد

في ظل غموض ما يحمله المستقبل من الأحداث لنا جميعاً

أدعوك بالتمسك بقوة الذاكرة في وجه الحياة، وأشجعكم على التمسك بذكريات سنوات مراهقتكم في مكان جعلكم غريبين لألبد

حافظوا على هذه الغرابة، واحموها من أنقال مسؤوليات الواقع المر

Dear Attendees,

We are gathered here today to celebrate the birth of the ninth generation of Robert Bosch College. And I'm not talking about their new haircuts or their experience in lengthy political speeches. I'm talking about the version that's been able to adapt to this microcosm that, in some ways, mimics what awaits them beyond this hill.

Standing here, speaking to you in Arabic, is a revolution against the hatred directed at the letters of my words. In the age we live in, the Arabic mother tongue has become a symbol of the decline of civilization and instills fear in the hearts of listeners. I could bore you to death talking about our cube houses and our beautiful garden, but let me tell you about the experience of the United World Colleges using what I learned best in my experience as a language student, presented by using proof and reference.

In the story "Return to Haifa" by the Palestinian writer Ghassan Kanafani, when the element of difference broke through the boundaries of the story's conflict, Kanafani said: "When we stand with the human being, it has nothing to do with blood, flesh, identity tickets, and passports."

In this experience, I was able to see the impact of Kanafani's words, not only when I needed some oil to finish cooking my dinner, but also when I needed an eye for reality in a world riddled with bias and fear of deviating from the mainstream. After two long or short years of suffering for some, happiness for others, or both for most, we will leave a part of us that will not return. We will leave the souls of our lives before we came to this magical place.

This makes me remember the Italian writer Italo Calvino in "Invisible Cities" and his saying: "You take delight not in a city's seven or seventy wonders, but in the answer it gives to a question of yours." Freiburg has given us many happy memories that will never be repeated. But when most of us came to this place, we wondered about the usefulness of multinationality in an environment that demands one to dedicate one's soul to the International Baccalaureate.

For example, I would not have been able to analyze Edward Said's "Orientalism" in my extended essay if I had not had an experience that made me practice the opposite of the idea that I, as an Arab, am inferior to society, but rather proved to me that the principles of my existence, and the existence of all of us, are the main driver of our world. I ask members of my generation to think about the answer to the question UWC asked them, no matter how serious or silly it may be.

As the war on Gaza began, I wondered about the humanity of this world that allows this kind of brutality to happen. Whenever my fear of this question intensifies, I remember the words of the German artist Anselm Kiefer, stating: "But I believe above all that I wanted to build the palace of my memory, because my memory is my only home."

In the uncertainty of what the future holds for all of us, I invite you to hold on to the power of memory in the face of life, and I encourage you to hold on to the memories of your teenage years in a place that has made you the odd one out forever. Preserve that oddness, and protect it from the weight of the responsibilities of the bitter reality.

Congratulations to the ninth generation of Robert Bosch College. May you forever remain odd.

Heba  
Palestine

# LANGUAGE SPEECH - SPANISH

Spanish

“El tiempo es lo más importante y valioso que tienes en tu vida, porque es lo único que no puedes tener de vuelta.”

Estas son las palabras que mi papá me dijo en algún momento de mi vida, y que se quedaron marcadas en mí. Cuando las escuché por primera vez, se me hicieron una frase bastante lógica, pues no te puedes hacer más joven. Pero nunca la entendí del todo hasta que llegué a RBC. Fue aquí donde entendí que no solo se refería al paso del tiempo, sino a todo lo que el tiempo carga consigo.

El tiempo no lleva consigo solo las horas y los minutos; el tiempo lleva a las personas que conoces, las experiencias, las memorias y, sobre todo, a la gente que se vuelve tu familia en el camino.

De repente, el tiempo se volvió relevante cuando me di cuenta de que mi tiempo en RBC era finito. Me di cuenta de que, y para tal vez alegría de muchos, las veces que podría pisarle los zapatos a mis amigos como forma de saludo y despedida eran finitas. Me di cuenta de que las veces que podía escuchar las nuevas canciones compuestas por Belén, quien se despediría diciendo “Bendiciones,” eran finitas.

Las veces que vería a Juanda tener su momento como personaje principal y brillar en el escenario en los cafés y eventos eran finitas. Las veces que oiría a Carito tocar a mi puerta para tener nuestro chismecito semanal, y las conversaciones hasta tarde viendo las estrellas con Teresa, sin darnos cuenta de que ya había pasado nuestra hora de dormir, eran finitas.

Las veces que me encontraría contigo en el pasillo entre clase y clase eran finitas. En algún punto acepté que todos esos momentos tan cotidianos llegarían a su fin, pero nunca pensé que el fin llegaría más rápido de lo que imaginaba. Y mucho menos que esos momentos tan cotidianos se convirtieran en parte fundamental de mi día a día, que aquellas personas se convirtieran en mi familia.

Hoy me paro aquí ante ustedes no para agradecerle al tiempo que pasé en RBC, sino a las personas que hicieron de ese tiempo algo especial en mi vida.

¡Papá, mamá, regreso a casa! ¡Lo logramos!  
¡Viva mi gente latinoamericana!

English

"Time is the most important and valuable thing you have in your life because it is the only thing you can't have back."

These are the words my dad told me when I was younger, and they stuck with me. When I heard it for the first time, it made sense to me because you can't get any younger. But I never fully understood it until I came here, to RBC. It was here that I understood that it didn't just refer to the passage of time but to everything that time carries with it.

Time doesn't carry just the hours and minutes; time carries the people you meet, the experiences, the memories, and most of all, the people who become your family along the way.

Suddenly, time became relevant when I realized that my time at RBC was finite. I realized that the times I could step on my friends' shoes as a way of saying hi and goodbye were finite. I realized that the times I could listen to the new songs composed by Belen and say goodbye by saying "Blessings" at the end of rehearsal were finite.

The times I would see Juanda have his main character moment and shine on stage at cafes and events were finite. The times I would hear Carito knocking on my door for our weekly gossip were finite. And the late-night conversations with Teresa, watching the stars without realizing it was past our bedtime, were finite.

The times I would meet you in the hallway between classes were finite. At some point, I accepted that all those everyday moments would come to an end, but I never thought the end would come so much faster than I imagined. Much less did I think that those everyday moments would become a fundamental part of my daily life, that those people would become my family.

Today, I stand here before you not to thank you for the time I spent at RBC but to thank the people who made that time special in my life.

Dad, Mom, I'm coming home! We made it!!!

¡Viva mi gente Latinoamericana!

Jenny  
Mexico

# LANGUAGE SPEECH - GERMAN

German

25. August 2022

Die Sonne brennt auf der Haut, die Dreisam ein tristes, ausgetrocknetes Flussbett, und der Hügel zur Kartause ein Berg.

Wenn ich jetzt an die ersten Wochen zurückdenke, an die Corona-Tests im Auditorium, die Haarschnitte, die sich so verändert haben, an gebrochenes Englisch in den Korridoren, fühlt es sich an, als sei mehr Zeit vergangen als nur zwei Jahre. Wie sehr haben wir uns gemeinsam verändert. Es hat eine Weile gedauert, bis ich RBC nicht nur als ein Internat und mein jeweiliges studentisches Haus nicht nur als ein solches, sondern als ein Zuhause anerkannt habe.

Aber als ich nach dem Abendessen um 17.30 Uhr nicht schon um neun wieder Hunger hatte und langsam die Namen meiner Mitschüler:innen kannte, wusste ich, ich war angekommen. Als sich Namensschilder und Nationalitäten, die uns identifizierten, in gemeinsames Lachen verwandelten, habe ich verstanden, dass unsere Freundschaften und Ideale weit über Grenzen und Sprachen hinausgehen. Als ich die Wiedersehensfreude nach den Ferien, ja sogar nach Gastfamilienwochenenden, miterlebt habe, wusste ich, dass Freund:innen zu Familie geworden waren.

Ich bin dankbar dafür, drei Generationen von RBC-Schüler:innen kennengelernt und geliebt zu haben. Für Gespräche und Diskussionen in der Mensa und den gemeinsamen Kampf mit dem IB. Ein herzliches Dankeschön auch an alle Mitarbeiter:innen, die unsere Zeit am RBC nicht nur im Klassenzimmer akademisch unterstützt, sondern diese Erfahrung auch außerhalb bereichert haben.

Freund:innen nun nicht mehr täglich zu sehen, wird eine seltsame Veränderung sein. Aber wo immer unsere Wege uns hinführen, die Erinnerungen bleiben. Wanderungen durch den Schwarzwald, Café-Performances, von Tanz bis Theater, Die Gartentage, an denen sich dreißig von uns um ein Stück Pizza gestritten haben, Playlists mit Liedern in 20 Sprachen.

Und um ein Lied zu zitieren, das hier in den letzten zwei Jahren immer wieder zu hören war: "Wo du hin gehst, ich hänge an deinen Beinen". Mit diesen Worten, Danke.

English

25th of August, 2022

The sun burns on the skin, the Dreisam is a dreary, dry riverbed, and the hill up to the Kartause feels like a mountain.

When I think back now to those first few weeks—the Covid tests in the auditorium, the haircuts that have changed so much, the broken English in the corridors—it feels like more time has passed than just two years. How much we have changed together. It took a while for me to recognize RBC not just as a boarding school and my respective student house not only as such, but as a home.

But when, after dinner at 5:30 p.m., I wasn't hungry again by nine, and when I started remembering the names of my classmates, I knew I had arrived. When name tags and nationalities identifying us transformed into shared laughter, I understood that our friendships and ideals transcend borders and languages. When I experienced the joy of seeing each other again after the holidays, or even after host family weekends, I knew that friends had become family.

I am grateful to have gotten to know and love three generations of RBC students. For conversations and discussions in Mensa, and for the shared fight against the IB. A big thank you also goes to all the staff who not only supported our time at RBC in the classroom but also enriched the experience outside of it.

No longer seeing friends every day, after tomorrow, is going to be a sudden and strange change. But wherever our paths take us, the memories remain: hikes through the Black Forest, café performances from dance to theater, garden days when thirty of us fought over a slice of pizza, and playlists with songs in 20 languages.

And to quote a song that has been heard again and again over the last two years: "Wherever you want to go, I will follow." With these words, thank you.

Ada  
Germany

# LANGUAGE SPEECH - CHINESE (MANDARIN)

Mandarin

校長，各位老師，各位在場的同學、家長們，大家早安。

熬過這段旅程的各位，我以大家為榮。對一部分的我們來說，出國，代表著回頭不再是一個選擇。就算如此，兩年前青澀的我們仍然隻身來到一片陌生的土地，扛著沉重的行囊落腳在這未曾聞的城市—我們現在稱為「家」的這個地方

如今，這成為了我們一生無法忘卻的旅途，相伴著我們的歲月，鼓勵著我們向前邁向那為自己而開啟的，絢爛而又勇敢的人生。

世界聯合學院不是一門教義、更不會是我們評判世界的標準。我們在這裡的所見所聞，所思所解，會是我們在將來的紅塵紛擾中勿忘己之初的哲學。國際青年的使命，在於將我們的信念遠播—勇於發聲的氣魄、不折腰的風骨、圓潤爭端的智慧，感染於每一個在我們身旁的人—相信教育、理解、與包容是最可敬的力量，引領著我們的世界邁向更好的未來。

李白曾云：「長風破浪會有時，直掛雲帆濟滄海。」這句話，祝福就此一別的我們，前程似錦。

最後，我想要感謝我最親愛的家人們，今天感謝上天，他們可以同我一起遠在異鄉，闔上這個階段性的篇章。這兩年間，家中經歷的風雨足以將我們撕成碎片。

沒有他們為我們這個家的努力，我不可能像今天一樣站在大家面前。我相信，最支持我踏離故土的人—我的父親，今天，一定也在。

English

To our dearest residents of the hill, our lovely families, good morning and welcome.

To all those who have fought through and survived this journey, I believe we can all be proud of each other. For some of us, making the decision to step abroad meant that there would be no way back. Nevertheless, two years ago, our young selves began this journey alone, landed in this unfamiliar piece of land, stepped into this city we'd never heard of with our heavy dreams, and now, it's the place we are able to call "home". This became a journey that we will never forget, a journey that accompanies our lives, encouraging us to step forward towards the bright and brave future that we have carved out for ourselves.

United World College is not a doctrine, and it will never be a perspective we hold to judge the world. What we've encountered here—what we've seen, heard, thought, and interpreted—will be a philosophy we own to stay awake in the chaotic real world that we're about to dive into, reminding us every day of who we are. The mission of us international youth lies in spreading and practicing our beliefs—the courage of speaking up, the character of integrity, the wisdom to mediate conflicts, to resonate with each and every one of the people surrounding us, believing that education and understanding are the most respectful powers that can lead our world towards a brighter future.

Chinese poet Li Bai once wrote: "There will be times when the long wind breaks the waves, and I will set my cloud-like sail straight to cross the vast sea." Dear second years, I wish us all a bright journey as we set apart.

To end this, I would like to take the time to thank my dearest people on this planet, my family. Thanks to all, they are able to be here with me together, far away from where we come from, to bring a stage closure to this chapter of my life. What has struck my family in these past two years was far enough to tear us into pieces. Without their effort for this family, I would not be able to return from Summer and stand in front of you today, not at all. I believe that the person who supported me the most in taking on this challenge of leaving my homeland, my father, is here today as well.

Anthony  
Taiwan

# LANGUAGE SPEECH - FRENCH

French

Je m'étais proposée de faire le discours en français ; et moi, j'aime bien faire différemment des autres, même si c'est bien trop souvent à cause de ça que je me vautre. Non, en vrai, c'est simplement que les mots sont plus forts avec de la musique, et puis aussi quelques rimes, ou alors peut-être que j'ai juste une âme de perfectionniste. Enfin, je m'é gare, reprenons notre sujet.

À la fin de la semaine passée, j'étais dans cette cour et alors soudain j'ai repensé à ce discours et je me suis demandée : comment est-ce que je pourrais parler de RBC en 2 minutes ? Deux minutes, qu'est-ce que c'est ? Deux minutes, c'est le temps qu'il faut depuis ma maison pour aller en classe de français. Petit clin d'œil à la meilleure des professeures, on sait bien qu'on est tous tes préférés. Deux minutes, c'est le temps que semblent durer certaines nuits, à envahir le corner de Yousra à 5 parce que plus on est nombreux plus on rit. Deux minutes, c'est le temps d'un coup de foudre. Deux minutes, c'est beaucoup pour la jeunesse et sa fougue, mais deux minutes, c'est beaucoup trop peu pour parler d'un temps immensément précieux et qui pourtant s'en va peu à peu.

Chers parents, chers invités, chers tous de RBC, vous l'aurez sans doute remarqué, mais je parle assez rapidement pour ne pas pleurer. Pleurer parce que je ne pourrais pas voir mes firsties devenir des second années, ou pleurer parce qu'entre la chimie et moi, c'est enfin terminé. (hopefully crowd laughing) Aujourd'hui, j'honore nos professeurs, mon tuteur, et toute la faculté. Mais par-dessus tout, j'honore Dieu, sans qui je n'y serais jamais arrivée. À nos deuxièmes années, j'en profite pour vous dire qu'on ne vous oublie pas, coucou Anaé si tu passes par là. Enfin, à ma génération, ça me réchauffe le cœur et ça le brise en même temps de savoir qu'on a travaillé dur pour arriver à ce moment.

Ces deux années, nous les avons vécues intensément, entre les rires, les larmes, l'IB, je suis fière d'avoir traversé tout cela à vos côtés. Aux côtés de gens drôles, extrêmement talentueux et passionnés. C'est aujourd'hui que nos chemins se séparent, mais comme on dit, ce n'est pas un adieu, mais à plus tard.

Alors, à la classe de 2024, à la 9ème génération, toutes mes félicitations, et si on ne se croise pas avant, j'espère vous revoir vite dans 10 ans.

English

I volunteered to deliver the speech in French, but I like to do things differently. Let us hope this time will not turn out to be a catastrophe. No, in reality, it is simply because words are more powerful with a bit of music and a few rhymes, or maybe I am simply a perfectionist - but this is off topic, I should not waste my time.

At the end of last week, I was wandering outside when I suddenly thought about this speech that I had set aside, and I thought to myself: how can I describe RBC in 2 minutes? What is 2 minutes anyway?

2 minutes is what it takes to go from my house to the French classroom. By the way, a small shout out to the best teacher ever; we know we are your favorites. 2 minutes is longer than love at first sight; 2 minutes is what seems to be the lasting time of some nights. Nights when all three of us would gather in Yousra's corner, because the more the merrier. 2 minutes are plenty for youth and its fervor, but 2 minutes are not plenty enough to describe a precious time that is soon to be over.

Dear parents, dear guests, dear all from RBC, you have probably noticed by now but I am speaking at a fast pace to avoid crying. Crying because I will not get to see my first-years become second years, or crying because it is over between me and chemistry, finally.

Today, I would like to honor my teachers, my personal tutor, and each faculty member. But above all, I honor God, without whom I would have never made it. To our second years, I take this opportunity to remind you that we have not forgotten about you. Anaé, if you are watching this, here is a small "coucou".

Lastly, to my generation, it warms my heart yet breaks it at the same time to realize how much each of us has fought to reach the finishing line. We have lived these two years together intensely, and I am proud to have gone through all of it with funny, extremely talented people whom I love immensely. So, to the class of 2024, to the 9th generation, congratulations, and if we don't see each other before, I look forward to seeing you in 10 years, not more.

*Jlo*  
Madagascar