



It begins

by *Nathan Stratte*

August 21 was a bright, sun-soaked morning as a crowd waited to surge through the gym doors in an attempt to get all the required paperwork filled out for the upcoming school year. Inside the gymnasium, the RAs and ASB members hurried to each station, making sure that they had all their own paperwork done. The staff hurriedly checked the early registrants through—while at the same time checking their booths to ensure they were prepared for the flocks of students waiting to register. At precisely 8:30, the doors were opened, and registration day officially began.

Parents and students made their way from booth to booth, finishing (or beginning) paperwork. Many took a break and visited the ASB booth, where candy and a crazy photo booth awaited. In the Administration Building, groups of people waited for schedules, books, financial forms, and the chance to sign up for Outdoor Education.

Meanwhile, the dorms were abuzz with activity. Deans, RAs, the We Haul Moving Co. (also known as the Wetmores), and many others assisted with the task of moving students into their dorm rooms and helping get them settled.

As the day wore on, the steady stream of people through the gym died down, and soon it was time for supper. Mr. Santee and the cafeteria staff provided a delicious meal of veggie burgers, fresh watermelon, and cookies. Then the worship service began, and after a short discourse by Emily Anderson about the school theme, the ASB officers were presented.

The traditional handshake soon followed. Although many names were said and very few were remembered, it was a great chance to break the ice and introduce everyone to each other. Shaking 300 hands is quite the workout, and at around 9 p.m. students headed back to their rooms and got some rest for the big day ahead.



Hayden Lake water was refreshing on September 19.

Finding HOPE in mulch

by *Sophia Rich*

HOPE Taskforce is always a good day since there's no school. Even better than not having school is getting a chance to help out in the community and on campus. Some people work in shelters sorting clothes and cooking food, some work in the dorms to give the hardworking janitors a break, and some go out into Spokane to pass out lunches to homeless people or pick up trash. Whatever they find to do, you can be sure they do it well.

I specifically noticed the nice spruced up flowerbeds around the girls' dorm and the cafeteria. The students working on that HOPE project were Rylee Clark, Audrey Pollard, Seth Breen, Alex Tataryn, and Ben Rasmussen. The hard-working crew worked alongside Mr. and Mrs. Mann to make the campus look better as they cleared out trash, filled in holes and spread mulch. Let's give them and all the other hard workers a big hand for the things they did to help make our world a better place.



Students walk to Nona Hengen's farm for their first HOPE project.



Carla Eagleburger

Class Night

by *Carla Eagleburger*

A swirl of white, reds, greens, and blues were mixed throughout the gym as each person proudly wore their respective class colors. Class night is the night for bonding, shouting, fist pumps, air raids, pictures, and school spirit! The gym doors were designated to open at 8:15, signaling the beginning of a chaotic night. However, the chaos started long before the doors opened.

Throughout the dorms you could hear people hurriedly running up and down the halls. Sink mirrors reflected freshly painted faces while full length mirrors displayed creative outfits put together by students. "Five minutes until the gym doors open for class night," was finally announced over the intercom, acknowledging that time was running out.

As students flooded to the gym, it was clear that each class definitely had school spirit. As Hess declared what item he wanted brought to the blue mat in the center of the gym, students were preoccupied with taking pictures or finding refuge outside on the grassy hill, away from the scorching hot gym. Just when we thought we couldn't stand another second in the gym, the activities moved outside.

The football field is the ideal place on campus for friendly competitions such as tug-of-war, mattress runs, and spin around the bat, and the staff was kind enough to replenish our energy with doughnuts and milk. To our disappointment this fun filled night had to come to an end. As people headed back to the dorms, UCA's students were no longer just faces in the hallway, we were classmates.

The point of class night isn't about winning or losing, but about having a good time and connecting together as a school.



Cashews strike high school student

by *Kara McMahon*

Brandon Forry, a senior at UCA, had a close call with cashews when he gave in to the desires of his taste buds.

"It all started at lunch," said AnneMarie Vixie. "I was sitting with friends when Brandon came into the cafeteria and we invited him to sit with us." Brandon went to go stand in the food line, but he never came back. "I noticed the commotion in the line where the food was, but didn't think anything of it," said AnneMarie.

Brandon was standing in the cafeteria food line when he saw a soup in the vegan bar that he thought "looked delicious." He dished himself some and started eating it, but soon he started to feel his body react.

"My tongue swells up and if I eat too much, even my throat swells up. If I'm not able to breathe, it could eventually be fatal," Brandon explained.

Mr. Hartman quickly got Brandon some Benadryl. Brandon started chewing it instead of swallowing it, which started to numb up his tongue and make him feel tingly. "I didn't know which was making me feel worse," said Brandon, "the cashews or the Benadryl!"

The cashew effect lasted a couple of hours but, after a long nap, the swelling went down and Brandon felt better.

Tackling the beast

by *Patrick Kirk*

As you walked into your dorm room on registration day you might have thought to yourself, "Wow, this room is super clean! I wonder if it's always this clean?" The answer to that question is definitely, 100% without a doubt, no. Despite what it looked like on registration day, your room was most likely extremely disgusting and had to be tackled by an amazing RA the week before school started.

As soon as the RA's got back from their retreat it was off to the races to try and get both dorms in tip top shape for the residents. The RA's went through every nook and cranny looking for any dirt or smudge that needed to be disinfected or vacuumed away. But dust wasn't the only thing hiding in some of the rooms. In one room that Shawn Engelhart was cleaning he noticed there was a high concentration of gnats (small bugs). Tracking the cloud of bugs to its origin, he realized that there was a takeout box abandoned in a desk drawer. Horrified by the sight and smell of the box he quickly threw it into the nearest trash can.

So the next time you think back to how clean your room was on registration day, thank your RA for tackling the beasts we call dorms.

Homeleave

by *Emily Fitch*

Days and weeks drag by slowly, painfully. Homework is assigned, tests are given, and drama is created. But there is one thing that UCA students can always look forward to every month: it's those oh-so-important things called homeleaves.

Students experience a variety of emotions preceding homeleaves. Some are ecstatic while others dread returning home. Lindsay Armstrong, senior, has one word to describe herself before going home. "Tired". People like to go home for many different reasons. Lindsay's primary reason comes as no surprise. "Well, my favorite thing of all is sleep," she says. "When I go home, I crash hard at 8:00 p.m. and I feel like I'm in elementary school again. But it feels so fantastic! And I guess seeing my old friends is good, too, but sleep comes first. With my typical school night sleep schedule ranging anywhere from 3-7 hours each night, I never feel like I have enough sleep. But I don't dread coming back to school, even with the homework that I know will come the next day. My friends are worth it."

Although everyone leaves campus for the weekend, some students manage to take school home with them. Lindsay is one of those students. "Unfortunately, since I'm a nerd, I usually end up taking one or two textbooks or a big project home, but the chances of me working on it vary from homeleave to homeleave."

Homeleaves are a vital aspect of life at UCA. Some students complain that they don't come often enough. Lindsay is content with the number of designated homeleaves throughout the school year; however, she feels that "About a week before homeleave I always feel like it isn't coming fast enough." Regardless, they always come eventually. And with them comes just enough rest to last through the next month of school.



Crickets? It's what's for dinner

by *Nathan Stratte*

For many years, it has been a revered tradition—almost a ceremony—at Senior Survival for the seniors to take part in what some may call a culinary insanity: eating crickets.

On the final day of wild edibles class, Mrs. Kravig brought a bag of the creepy-crawly snacks. When fried in butter and eaten, most people remarked that they tasted like soggy popcorn or an inside-out-dirt-laden pancake. The most dramatic (and loudest) part was when the *raw* crickets started being consumed. Mr. Kravig remarked, "When wild edibles class sounds like the rowdiest initiative problem solving class, you know that it's cricket time." When asked about the experience of eating a raw cricket, Emily Anderson cringed and declared something that sounded like "Ewwwaaahhhhhggghghg." Bryson Weir confessed, "I was much too busy laughing at people eating them to eat any myself." Kristen Smith chuckled when remembering. "I brought my toothbrush and toothpaste," she said. Although much of the class agreed that the experience of eating crickets wasn't pleasant or appetizing, they felt gratified to be part of such a time-tested tradition.

Welcomed back

by *Carly Yeager*

When the seniors returned from Senior Survival, the school was once again complete with the senior class back on top of the food chain. Although the juniors did enjoy being the eldest for a week, they were thrilled to have the company of the seniors back once and for all. Junior Conner Featherston remarked, "It was so quiet without you guys. It was dead here." Clearly, the seniors' enthusiasm was missed.

For the seniors, being back at school called for more than just slipping back into the old routine; it also called for them to preach what they had learned over the week. Not only did they have a new spiritual revival to share with the rest of the school but they also had a new life and excitement, as well as a new outlook.

During the first day back, seniors were warmly welcomed with hugs and smiles. Cheery *hello's*, *hey's*, and *I missed you's* could be heard from all corners of the ad building.

The seniors had so much to tell the other classes. Over the course of Senior Survival, stories were shared, and tears were shed so that the class could feel a better coalescent union with each other and with God. Chris Tataryn, sophomore, commented, "I feel like so many people that I didn't expect to come back changed and in a better mood." That they did, Chris. That they did.

Backpacking to Stevens Lake

by Na Goertzen

A few brave students, four girls and seven boys, and three staff took on the challenge of backpacking to Stevens Lake near the Montana border. It was a hard experience, but before they went on this harsh journey together to the lake, they had three meetings to prepare for the hike. In those meetings, they learned about essential equipment needed for the backpacking trip, how to prepare backpacking foods, and proper safety measures.

After two long hours of a hard hike uphill, and exploring a mine on the way, they finally reached their destination at the lake. When everyone got to the top, they rested and cooled off in the lake. During the stay there, everyone learned that cooking while backpacking was not as easy as it seemed. Everyone ended up with at least one meal of burnt food and was willing to share it with others. In the evening, before they hit the sack, they gathered around the campfire and sang and worshiped God.

On Sunday, everyone hiked back down and arrived safely, dirty, tired, and happy. Everyone got closer to God and their fellow classmates through spending some time with nature. Two who went on the trip, Alex Dietrich and Kelsey Peach, both said it was really really fun and helped them get to know people better.



The brave group of eleven juniors with their sponsors, Mr and Mrs Williams, who hiked to Stevens Lake for their Outdoor Education class.

That time of year

by Heather Ruiz

It's beginning to be that time of year again. Take a stop at the nearest dorm of your preference and you'll pick up on it if you know what to look for. Perilous things are drifting through the rooms, and it's not only the perpetual ramen noodle aroma.

"My roommate is sweet . . . most of the time," says a resident from girl's third north, "but the oddest things set her off. Yesterday I found her crying in my closet. The only thing I could get her to explain was something about a dream over fatal hiccups. I left so she could weep in peace."

Academy is a time of learning and new experiences, and figuring out your roommate is one of the most interesting ones. Cramped living conditions, lack of privacy, and demands of school make affections between room buddies obligatory, but midterms and test dates can send most couples over the edge.

In an interview with an exasperated source, some secrets came to the surface. "We got along fine and tried to be respectful of each other's space. By the fourth week of school, we were pulling all-nighters and cramming for quizzes in the morning, and we couldn't even tolerate each other. She told me I crunched my Cheezits louder than blended gravel. I never informed her that studying for Bible was hopeless when she snores better than my grandpa . . . I thought I'd be nice."

"I think a lot of conflict has been caused from the stress of not knowing your roommate well," Melina, Senior Hall RA, states. But although irritation is easy to pass along, students are choosing to be positive anyway. Girls and guys are creating calming playlists to relax nerves, taking their laptops to the lobby for a peaceful environment, starting subject study groups in dorm rooms, discussing ground rules and study schedules with their roommates, and, when all else fails, heading to the dorm store to bite into some Ben and Jerry's when they're tempted to chew out the riling roomie.

"We just have to communicate and try to build trust," one of the freshman lodgers says. "She keeps her t-shirts in the freezer," her co-tenant cut in. Yes, over at Girls' Dorm we're all just trying to survive the semester.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

ECHOES

is a regular student publication of
Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Washington 99031
This issue's contributors included:

Kara McMahon, Amanda Phillips, Carissa Clendenon,
Dmitri Kolpacoff, Nathan Stratte, Patrick Kirk, Emily Fitch,
Carly Yeager, Lindsay Armstrong, Kristen Smith, Brennan Stanyer,
Jenna Comeau, Sophia Rich, Carla Eagleburger, Na Goertzen,
Heather Ruiz, Havilah Lusk-Vanderbeck, David Jacobus,
Courtney Keifer, Nathan Zander, and Stephen Lacey, sponsor



New PE uniforms

by *Amanda Phillips*

Comfortable and convenient are some of the terms I heard used when asking about the new PE uniforms required by our new PE teacher, Mr. Meager.

The new uniforms are black and grey and have a large smiling lion on the front. When I asked some of the staff about the choice of this picture, they said that it was chosen because it was not mean. They said that they wanted something that was cheerful and showed a good attitude.

Some of the students claimed the uniforms are uncomfortable, but others said they were helpful. One thing I heard consistently throughout my interviews was that everyone wanted another set, not because the uniforms are comfortable or especially fashionable, but because one uniform for the whole week is not enough.

Lazy laundry

by *Lindsay Armstrong*

At Upper Columbia Academy, days of the week have a habit of taking on completely new names. One such phenomenon is Cookie Tuesday. To celebrate, each student can help themselves to as many cookies as they please during lunch break—that is, as long as they don't take more than two at a time. In contrast, another much less appetizing change of identity has transformed Sunday into the most infamous and dreaded day of the week. This is the time when impoverished dorm students bring sweaty socks and mustard-stained shirts out of the closet, tangle them together, and toss them into noisy contraptions that swallow quarters in the blink of an eye. All of a sudden, what should be the laziest day of the week becomes Laundry Day.

This essential chore can be complicated when potentially 100 students are waiting in line. Timing is the key when choosing a machine. In spite of the ready supply of washers and dryers, only the early birds or people with impeccable timing will open the door to find none of the washers in use. For everyone else, the best plan is to stake a claim on a washer using detergent, a laundry basket, or anything that could hold a spot in line and say "this one's taken."

Many girls in the dorm forget about their clothes once the time has run out for the cycles, which in turn prevents the next people in line from progressing. To solve this problem, when the laundry hasn't been claimed for a few hours, it is removed (from the washer or dryer), placed in garbage bags, and taken to the dean's office. The owners must then pay a dollar to get their laundry back and go pay yet another fee in quarters to finish off their loads of laundry. The cents add up.

With these things in mind, the best thing for any dorm student to do to make Laundry Day go smoothly for everyone is simple: On lazy Laundry Day, don't let your laundry be lazy.



Melia Nash, Bethany Stafford, and Melissa Jones, wearing their new PE uniforms

Subbing for RA's

by *Havilah Lusk-Vanderbeck*

When the seniors went off on their merry little ramble in the woods, we were left wondering who would take our RA's places while they were gone. Security is very important to us, and after only a few weeks of being away from home, we needed someone stable in our lives that could be trusted implicitly.

It's then that the deans call you into the office and inform you that they need your help. Girls get both excited and nervous about being chosen to sub. *Scary* is the word most would use to describe being placed in a position of authority. Some were simply worried how they would be able to step into the shoes of someone as beloved as an RA.

We quickly discovered it was a very intricate and delicate job. You obviously know some of the girls which immediately complicates things since they believe special favors should be bestowed upon them. Guilt trips are used to try and encourage lenience. Some girls just refuse to cooperate, while still others insult you by saying, "You're not my mother!"

But the girls start to settle in although some continue to make noise in an effort to annoy every one out of their wits. You walk to their room and ask very nicely for them to be quiet, but they look at you as if you're an alien straight from mars.

I have surmised from everything observed that the RA job is very difficult, and I want to salute all those who attempt to keep law and order in our dormitories. They truly have a gift—keeping such a large number of girls happy is a task not to be sneezed at.

Next time you believe you have been unfairly treated, think twice and ask yourself, "What have I done today to help my RA?"

Deans' office comes to life

by *Carissa Clendenon*

At the girls' dorm this year there are new faces all around; not only are there lots of new students, but we have new and returning deans as well.

Michelle Jahn—Dean Chelle—and Stephanie Gladding—Dean Steph—have returned, and we have two new taskforce deans. Dean Chelle worked as taskforce dean for two years, and then worked in the cafeteria and in the administration building doing attendance and organizing HOPE Taskforce last year before applying to become Head Dean this year. Dean Steph was a taskforce dean in the dorm for half of last year and this year is Assistant Dean. Kristen Smith, a senior at UCA, says, “They have a great attitude and are willing to do almost anything to get a job done.”

Two of UCA's newest faculty are the taskforce deans Jessi Purviance and Shayla Robinson. Both world travelers, Dean Jessi is a potato lover and a UCA Class of 2006 graduate, joining us from Boise, Idaho. Dean Shayla was born in Michigan, lived in Georgia, was a missionary in South Korea teaching English, and now resides in our humble school tucked into the wheat fields. She likes being involved with youth. Dean Shayla said, “I think there are a lot of amazing girls and a lot of valuable opportunities here.”

Intramural football

by *Brennan Stanyer*

The final bell rings, the doors open and the boredom begins. Yes, homework is available and the laptop is a temptation, but these things quickly become boring and new entertainment is required. Enter intramural football, the saviour of bored dorm students everywhere. Teams are picked and schedules are released. The games begin and fun ensues.

As the points are scored and teams win or lose, people begin to realize that there is a deeper side to intramural sports. The sport begins to bring people together. New friends are made and talents are recognized. A team structure begins to emerge from a quasi-randomly selected group of students, and total strangers begin to work together. Freshmen and seniors, varsity football players and Star Trek nerds put up touchdowns and field goals faster than the New England Patriots.

The new atmosphere of fun begins to leak out from the gridiron and into the lives of the students. People who never knew each other begin to appreciate the fun and enjoyment that was forged on the football field. It doesn't matter whether your team wins or loses; you enjoyed the friendship that was formed and memories that were created.



Former POW visits UCA

by *Kristen Smith*

On August 27, 2011, Pastor Ken Wetmore interviewed a survivor of a World War II prisoner-of-war camp. Doctor Gordon Riffel was seated on the platform while he answered the inquiries of the local pastor. An image began to unfold as the guest reminisced about his days in the Japanese prisoner of war camp.

At age fifteen, Dr. Riffel's family was captured and interned by the Japanese occupying the Philippine islands. 8000 people called camp Los Banos home for thirteen months or more. Everyone over the age of sixteen was forced to work in the camp garden or perform other necessary tasks for the running of the camp. Guards were posted and often threatened prisoners who did not perform the requested tasks in a timely manner. Life was hard.

Through all the trials and struggle, the detainees maintained their faith in God. A small group of the prisoners remained true to the belief in a God that loves everyone and gave His Son to save us for eternity. Dr. Riffel's family was among the faithful few. He recalled drifting to sleep on an empty stomach by reciting and repeating the promises of God as found in the Bible. Among his favorite passages are Psalm 23 and 91.

On February 23, 1945, Camp Los Banos was liberated by the United States' Army and every prisoner was rescued. Dr. Riffel—at age fifteen—weighed only 85 pounds. He chuckled softly as he recalled that he gained fifteen pounds in his first month of freedom.

Upper Columbia Academy is striving to be a school of survivors: individuals who are strong, courageous, powerful, faithful, loving, and true to One God.

Canoeing, hiking adventure

by *David Jacobus*

If you have been to Riverside State Park in Spokane you know that you can still hear the sounds of the city at night. If you want to have a nice meal you are just ten minutes away from the best food within 50 miles. It is a unique feeling—camping in the city. It doesn't really seem like camping, but that didn't keep us from having a great time! The group of 10 included Carla Eagleburger, Helen Maijub, Taylor Hollenbeck, Michael Bitton, Ryan Carey, Javier Valencia, Dalton Lacey, Zack Clark, Jordan Wagner and me. Led by Coach Meager & Mrs. Henson, we had tons of fun.

We students were under the impression that we were going to be canoeing to our campsite and then hiking from there. Instead, we drove to our campsite and were scheduled for a guided trip down the Little Spokane River. It was a fun trip with lots of twists and turns. The weather was nice, the water cold. It was a good time.

Our first meal was hotdogs for dinner. Breakfast was pancakes, lunch was peanut butter and jelly sandwiches . . . and we went to Taco Bell for dinner. What! Taco Bell for dinner? Yes, it was either two meals of soggy French toast or Taco Bell. You must understand that we were not happy about this at all.

The morning of the second day we went for a hike along the 100-foot cliffs that tower over the rushing Spokane River. The rest of the day was very relaxed. We swam in the cold Spokane River by our campsite where the water was calm, and, later in the afternoon, we hiked back out to the rocks for further exploration.

We played lots of campfire games and we all got to know each other better. Even though we weren't in the middle of the wilderness, it was nice to relax and enjoy spending time with friends.

2011 Agape Feast

by *Jenna Comeau*

The Agape Feast is a tradition for the first Friday evening of the school year at Upper Columbia Academy. This year the Agape Feast started in the cafeteria where the students ate a supper of soup, fruit, and breadsticks. From there the students, who left in groups based on each set of tables, went to the firebowls by the side of the gym where all were encouraged to write down something that they wished they could change about themselves. Then the students would toss the pieces of paper into the fire, symbolizing the elimination of those flaws.

Next, the groups went on to Principal Troy Patzer's lawn where Chris Duckett, the UCA Elementary School Principal; Chelsea English, the youth pastor; and Chelle Jahn, the Dean of women were leading song service. Once all the groups had gathered on the lawn, Pastor Sid Hardy, the Senior Bible and US History teacher, gave a worship thought to introduce the footwashing ceremony in which the Staff, RA's, and ASB members took basins of water to those who wanted to participate. Dr. Keith Carter gave a worship talk about survival and Pastor Sid talked about the Last Supper, reading the account from the Bible as is the tradition in a Seventh-day Adventist Communion service. The staff, RA's, and ASB members passed out the unleavened bread and grape juice.

In closing, after one more song and prayer, Pastor Ken Wetmore, the Freshman Bible teacher and UCA Church Pastor, presented the ASB gift to the students: a carabiner/compass combination. The compass serves as a reminder of how God directs in our lives.



Outdoor Ed

by *Courtney Keifer*

The sun was high over the lake as the canoes were launched and the paddles hit the water. There was no turning back now as the last clean bathroom was fading in the distance, and the winding river stretched out in front.

It took about two hours for all the canoes to get to the campsite, and after pulling the canoes on to the sandy beach and setting up camp, all the fun began. The sound of splashing and laughing filled the camp as everyone got into the lake. The smell of dinner and the sinking sun meant it was time to get warm by the fire and eat the amazing food that was prepared. Worship followed with singing, stories and s'mores with peanut butter.

Sleeping in late, we found a breakfast of French toast followed by worship was a good start to a great day. The next few hours consisted of canoe games and swimming. Then, lunch came and went and we started up a little mountain stream in the canoes, stopping at a bend in the creek where the cold, fresh water was deep. Getting out and swimming across instantly took our breath away, and after the refreshing swim we headed back down the creek to camp.

Getting up early the next day, we packed up camp and launched the boats into the cool morning for a peaceful ride back down the river. Talking, laughing and eating lunch made the time fly by, and the next thing we knew the weekend of adventure was over. But, of course, all the memories will last forever.

Non-Profit
Org
US Postage
PAID
Permit No. 2
Spangle, WA

UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY
3025 E Spangle-Waverly Road
Spangle, WA 99031



Rain: could it be?
by Nathan Zander

Early on the morning of September 15 as students trod across campus in hopes of breakfast, they experienced a fairly rare phenomenon: rain. Having gone without rain for so many weeks, one would expect most students to relinquish their old grudges against it and enjoy getting wet on their way to classes. Some did, but others were still as unhappy at the news as if it were still last April.

This year we are experiencing the not-so-famous La Nina effect. La Nina often causes droughts in the Midwest, which may explain our bone-dry summer. La Nina, in fact, has strange effects across the globe. It is caused by a slightly colder ocean temperature, which in turn causes less evaporation to fill the skies with clouds. India looks forward to La Nina because it helps lighten the monsoon they get every year, but for some reason it also caused severe flooding in Australia.

But whatever weather we have, rain or shine, some will be glad to see it, and some won't.

Seniors share their faith
by Dmitri Kolpacoff

Senior Survival is a time to camp in the woods, a time to learn how to survive outdoors, a time to make new friends, and a time to share your faith with the senior class.

We all are aware of what the seniors do at the beginning of the school year. They get to go on something called Senior Survival. The whole senior class gets to spend a week out in the woods near Camp MiVoden and learn how to survive in the wilderness. But there is one aspect to Senior Survival that some people may not hear about, and that is the spiritual side of it.

For instance, Thursday night, the last night they were to spend out in the woods before heading back to UCA, the seniors got the chance to open up and share with their classmates their personal testimonies on how God is working in their lives. The previous nights included talks about how you need others and how others need you, but this night, Thursday night, is dedicated for them to open up and share about their struggles, their accomplishments, their dreams, and, most of all, their relationship with God. But most importantly, the seniors got to share how God already has worked through their lives to serve others.

