



UCA students serve believers in Borneo

by *Danielle Shull*

On March 18, 2008, about fifty Upper Columbia Academy students arrived in Sarawak, Borneo, to assist in the building of two churches for the Iban people. The group arrived in Kuching and from there flew to Sibiu. After a much-needed night's rest they boarded buses which took them as deep into the mountainous jungle as the roads would allow, and then by pickup truck they traversed the final leg of their journey to the longhouses where they would be staying.

The students and staff were organized into two teams. Every day one of the teams walked to the closer church to work, while the other team experienced an often exciting and treacherous truck ride into Julau to reach their building site.

UCA faced the challenge of building the largest churches they had attempted yet, and with a smaller group than in the past. Throughout the week, the students, staff, and local volunteers toiled side by side, undaunted by rain, sun, or even collapsing walls. Their determination and hard work paid off, and when the tools were laid down at the end of the week they had accomplished their goal.

Before leaving, they had the privilege of participating in the dedications for both churches. It was a fitting reward to witness the first of many worship services in the sanctuaries which they had given sweat and blood to build.

The students enjoyed fellowship with the longhouse residents, and friendships were formed that will no doubt last through eternity. It would truly be difficult to judge who received the greater blessing—the grateful believers in Borneo or the students and staff from UCA.



photo by Zach Gilbert

Trenton Fisher, Robert Jewett, Rachel Van Dyke, Kristin Stratte and Andrew Harder rest outside a longhouse in Borneo



April 9 was Academy Day, and along with snow flurries, 164 students came to see what UCA had to offer them. Here, Lars Jordan shows his tour group a very important skill: how to leave the principal's office!



Sailing with the stars

by *Hanna Smith*

Sunday, March 9, ASB hosted the annual Spring Banquet with an original theme: Sailing with the Stars. The night was set up in the cafeteria as a red carpet event on a cruise ship. The students were dressed as never before: from Miss Congeniality to King Kong. Others went the formal route, looking ready for the Oscars. There was a special treat for entertainment that night with the talented Mr. Stratte and Mrs. Wickward singing and playing both the guitar and keyboard beautifully in the background.

As great as all the decorations, costumes, and entertainment were, the most popular part of the night was definitely the food. Murmurs of how tasty everything was could be heard as students kept going back for seconds (and thirds) from the grand buffet table, complete with sushi, Tiki Bar, and chocolate fountain.

After eating, some students watched the movie *No Reservations* while others went to Spokane for bowling.

In the words of Lindsay Gardner, "The cafe was beautifully decorated, the food was delicious and interesting, and I had a great night!"



photo by *Mindy Schreven*

Cassie Cantrell, Logan Carter, Michael Woodruff and Mindy Schreven prepare for a few strikes at the bowling Alley

Going once? Going twice?

by *Laura Zenthoef*

UCA is not a supporter of slavery . . . except for one day each year. On this particular day, seniors are auctioned off to mischievous students and faculty members to wait on them hand and foot. (This is just another reason why you should be nice to everyone. You can not control who buys you). Refusal of a task and the senior has to pay their master money. For some fortunate seniors, it is an easy day. But for most, it can be humbling, physically strenuous, and embarrassing.

This year, the tasks included buying coffee and donuts, scooping dog droppings out of yards, and saying "woof" after every sentence. It is amazing what seniors will do to raise money for their class.

Mr. Curtis Anderson, Choral Director and slave master, appreciated how his slaves performed. "They did great and I loved having them in my house," he said.

By the end of the day, most slave masters were content, but all slaves were happy!



photo by *Brooke Bauer*

Jon Gaskill & Elliot LaPlante



photo by
Naselle Reich

Emily Muthersbaugh & Spencer Cutting



photo by *Elizabeth Wagner*

Naselle Reich & Ryan Steingas

UCA sticks it at Gonzaga halftime show

by *Lindsay Gardner*

“Mount one, ready up down up! Mount two, ready up down up! Mount three, ready up down up! Ready arms! Ready sweep! Ready break!” shouts the caller as bodies scramble into position. Girls jump fearlessly into ells, moscows, two-highs, and sits as amazing and imposing pyramids are formed with grace, speed, and agility. The crowd at the Gonzaga University basketball game go crazy with shock as the top freefalls backwards off the pinnacle of a pyramid over 15 feet high and is caught by up-reaching hands and returned safely to the ground.

The excitement of the crowd sends an electric spark through the gymnasts as they build higher, more impressive and more complex human sculptures. Coach Soule and Mrs. Gimbel stand at the back of the mat and call out the names of the next pyramids, but it is almost impossible to hear them amidst the cheers of the crowd and the blaring music. Pyramid after pyramid is stuck and all the long hours of practice, the sore muscles, the tired bodies, the falling and getting up to try again are paying off with a perfect performance.

The final “ready break” is called and the team races to pick up the mats as the crowd screams, applauds, and hollers. Just as the last mat disappears through the walkway, the announcer tells all just who they are: “The Upper Columbia Academy Gymnastics Team!”



The gymnastics team practices in the gym

Making history

by *Michael Woodruff*

A small group of musicians left UCA for a short twenty-eight hour tour on the second weekend of March to make a difference in the world. This group of people, consisting of Mrs Wickward, Dustin Horn, Jessica Schuette, Kevin Villarreal, and Michael Woodruff, represented their World History Class and had a mission.

After driving the four hours to the cozy Stevensville church near Missoula, Montana, they put on a short concert for the local church members and then stayed overnight. With a combination of flute, saxophone, violin, mandolin, and keyboard, in addition to bluegrass jamming, it was quite a fun show. In addition to all the music, they presented their reason for coming all that way—to spread the word about a new mission project in Sudan.

Under the direction of Mrs. Wickward, the World History class this year decided to dive in and raise money to help lost kids who have been driven from home as a result of the genocide in Sudan. By raising a thousand dollars, a project called Second Hope is able to start a home for ten of these lost children and give them another start in life. It is making a difference in the world one life at a time.

The group played more music for the church service, and the church volunteered to pick up a second offering for the weekend. The incredible generosity of the people had to have been a direct result of the Holy Spirit at work, as nearly two thousand dollars was raised out of this small church! It will be amazing to see what God does with this project as it is clear that he is leading!

GRADUATION
JUNE 8, 2008

Senior thoughts

by *Mindy Schreven*

Now that Senior Recognition is part of the misty past and graduation looms ever closer, seniors realize that their high school years soon will come to a sudden end. With this abrupt ending will come feelings of excitement for finally finishing high school and for preparing to face new experiences. But seniors also face the sadness of leaving friends and the high-school world they've known for years.

Seniors also will be challenged to find the answers to many of life's questions, especially those about college. Should I go start college right away? Which college should I attend? What major should I choose? How can I pay for college? What will college be like? Even though many seniors may not know the answers to all of these now, all of the details of life will be sorted out in proper time. Life will steadily flow on, just like it has in the past, and all graduates will discover the wonders of the life that lies before them.



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Band Clinic

by *Logan Villarreal*

"Be a good example," Dean Willis said at guys' dorm worship Monday, February 18. And thus began one of UCA's largest public relations efforts of the year, the band clinic. From all across the Northwest day-school students, those children yet unaltered by dorm life, overran the campus. Whether wandering around first floor looking for the stairwell or crowding into the showers at 5:00 a.m. to avoid other students, these greenhorns got their first window into dorm life—like it or not.

The cafeteria food was unusually excellent. "My mom should get this recipe," said Terry Bork from TCJA as he ate sponge cake. On Sabbath, the usual mashed potato and pea combo meal was graciously replaced with raviolis, pleasing all. "I don't know why they complain," one lad naively quipped in the cafeteria line.

It was charming to watch new pleasure being found in old snow that week-end. The Sabbath afternoon scavenger hunt gave the campus a new vigor not seen here since the days of summer. And with a clarity that chilled some of us to the bone, Dean Kravig, band director, said, "Those kids out there are the future you."

Choraliers tour to the west

by *Zach Gilbert*

Banquet weekend was extremely busy. With a Choraliers/Brass Choir tour and a Gymnastics tour, the UCA campus was unusually empty. Choraliers and Brass choir headed out on Friday morning and started on the seemingly, never-ending bus ride to Chehalis and Seattle. The views over Snoqualmie Pass were amazing. The snow-capped mountains and the ski slopes were beautiful.

Around 5:30 p.m. they arrived in Chehalis and were greeted with a very satisfying and scrumptious supper. With full stomachs, they started to record in the church sanctuary. The acoustics were absolutely amazing! To play or sing just one note would have almost made the trip worthwhile. Once they were sufficiently sung and played out the musicians headed to host family homes, hopefully to get some rest.

The next morning they all arrived and started to practice, fine tuning the songs. Then the church service began. It was awesome! God definitely was helping with the music and He made it superb!

With the service over and everyone anxious to get to the cathedral, they headed to St. Mark's Cathedral in Seattle. It was huge, with a very tall ceiling, and had a 7 second reverberation! The Brass Choir, Choraliers, and Octet all played a few tunes. It was absolutely beautiful!

The music and companionship was well worth the drive. Even though the Choraliers and Brass Choir were a tad bit tired and sick, the music was great and God was definitely glorified!

Home leaves

by *Brooke Gates*

Home leaves are a time to get to rest, relax and kick back, but most students find themselves working, cleaning, getting into trouble, or getting things ready for school to start again. Those who have siblings in other schools will have them rushing around doing this or that, so busy with their own school activities that they have almost no time for anything else. Some find home leaves boring or a little depressing, but most are just happy to get home.

We all know how tired students are by the time home leave comes around, but they seem to come back more tired than before they left. Why is that? Why can't everyone get enough rest before they come back to school? Is it possible that rest and recuperation are not on the top of the priority list? Perhaps next year . . .

Oh to be inspired

by Sacha Kravig

The phone rang three and a half times. Halfway through that fourth ring I heard a click and then a male voice saying, "Hello Sacha." I thought this was an unusual response for a stranger, so was very glad the man on the other end was my dad. I was calling him for advice. "I need a topic," I said. "I have an English story due soon and I have no idea what to write about." My father calmly told me to slow down and that we would figure something out.

You see, my father is usually my source of inspiration for these things. He will start rambling on about various ideas that mean absolutely nothing, and I will then take them and form them into something *brilliant*. This time, however, we were unable to come up with anything and so I decided to search for inspiration in the great world beyond my small home in faculty housing.

I actually got very interested in the topic of inspiration and decided to ask others what they did to find it. Most answers were pretty generic such as listening to Beethoven while eating $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups of granola with raspberries or chewing the same piece of gum for six weeks while singing "Mary Had a Little Lamb" all around campus. Others were less common. Some boys in the dorm informed me that they hang upside down from their bunks beds, howl like monkeys and throw Cheez-Its at one another while they listen to the Carpenters through speakers that don't exist. A girl I talked to will look at the orange pipe in her room for at least four hours, then spin in a circle in the middle of her room while looking at the ceiling and chanting. A friend decided that all one needs to do is watch the humanoids of the opposite gender for a little while and inspiration will be flowing through your brain like chocolate milk.

So, I have absolutely no inspiration to write. I came up with no topics, not ideas, and no chocolate milk. I guess I'll have to wait for next time.

Let there be H.O.P.E.!



Thoughts on a morning drive

by Rachel Van Dyke

Driving to school can be interpreted in so many ways. Some think of it as the beginning of another bad day, just one thing more to do, or as a last few minutes of sleep before classes. Yes, all look at the drive in a unique way. But I see it as a time of freedom, the only time I get to myself every day. It's a good time to talk to God, listen to that favorite song on the radio, or watch a beautiful sunrise.

In the winter we all came to school in the dark and left in the dark. Then, as spring neared, we came with the sun rising and left with it setting. What a beautiful blessing it was to see all the stunning colors flooding together in an indescribable, constantly changing phenomenon.

It is in spring that the drive back to school in the middle of the wheat fields is suddenly changed—changed to a time of worship, a time of peace and serenity. It's actually not a bad way to start the day, especially when there are no tests: a slow song on the radio, a little solitude, and a gorgeous sunrise. It sounds like an amazing way to start a day to me.

The 48-second stress reducer

by Mikki Montgomery

Do you ever feel like you are going stir crazy or that all the stresses and responsibilities you have are crashing down on you at once? This seems to happen a lot 'round here. We find that all of our relationship conflicts, homework, and things happening at home fall apart at the same time. There might not be any permanent solution to this problem, but here are some tips to help you out along the way.

Find a quiet place (your room, an empty chapel or the airstrip) and breath. Just try it. Breathe in for 4 second and out for 4 seconds. Repeat this 3 times. Then breathe in for 4 seconds and out for 8 seconds, very slowly. Do this twice. This in itself doesn't necessarily solve problems, but it may give you peace of mind and the renewed ability to face them. Also, don't forget to eat well, stay active, and get plenty of sleep. These are all key to stress management. Remember to watch what you are dwelling on. Try to focus on the positive. Stop thinking pessimistically and start training yourself to look at the glass as half full. Above all else, give problems that seem too big to handle to God. There is no sense in stressing about something that you can't change.

Spring fever

by Abby Hochhalter

There is a sickness sweeping across campus. It is an incredibly serious issue for many students and staff. The symptoms are surfacing and the anxiety rising. It is spring fever.

Students at Upper Columbia Academy can all remember the wonderful days of comfortable sunshine and socializing on the lawn. Thoughts and images of the time when the grass was green, when the trees wore vibrant colors, and when the birds flitted about melodically fill their minds.

Assuredly, a great multitude would agree that we all, or mostly all, are ready for the seemingly everlasting snow to

vanish forever from our sight (or at least until next winter). The biting cold and frozen landscape have had an undesirable effect on weary students and outdoor activities. But spring is here again.

A slight sliver of hope has come with occasional blue skies. The grass is poking out from the sidewalk and the sun is sending forth its radiant rays. Bushes are returning to life and the robins have returned. Higher spirits are returning, too, with students able to break free of the regular routine of retreating to the warm dorms and go out to jog.

How long will it be until we will have the satisfaction of walking outside and smelling the wonderful fragrance of freshly cut grass? How long until campus is filled with forms basking in the afternoon sun? Those days are coming, and it is only safe to say that until then we will all be inflicted with spring fever.



Seniors seem to have a little spring fever during Senior Recognition weekend

Finding heroes

by *Gracie Volyn*

Since before anyone can remember, mankind has always taken a liking to the heroes of their societies. We find the need to look up to a fellow human, and follow someone's example. And, of course, it can't be just anyone. These people we find ourselves looking up to must be extraordinary, brave, honest, daring, true . . . or in one word: heroic. Yes, they must be heroes.

Unfortunately, over time we seem to have lost the meaning of 'heroic'. The so-called 'heroes' young people have today are often something quite different. We seem to have lost our recognition of valor, honesty, bravery and courage and replaced them with good-looks, popularity, and the ability to stand in front of a camera. There is nothing wrong with admiring those with the skill of acting or singing or throwing a ball, but to put these people in the place of the truly heroic is a shame.

To see true heroes, we need only to look into our past. The history of this world has left a long list of people to look up to. Take, for example, Lord Nelson, a hero of Great Britain. During the Napoleonic Wars, he commanded the British Navy, fighting with all he had against a cause he knew to be wrong. He gave his time, his effort, his sight, one of his arms, and eventually his life for a country and a people that he thought worth defending, showing the virtues of honesty, bravery, self-sacrifice, and perseverance that are worthy of the term 'heroic'.

Of course, to be a hero, someone doesn't have to be recognized by history. There may be heroes all around us, and as the history of our time is written, perhaps future generations will look back and recognize them.

In the meantime, the people of our day should take a look into the past and realize that there are many heroes who have actually earned their title.

Something rare

by *Michael Woodruff*

As the full moon rose into a clear sky just after sundown on Wednesday, February 20, 2008, something different began to happen. A shadow slowly covered the moon from the lower left side until soon the whole moon was cloaked in reddish brown darkness. It was a total lunar eclipse. Chances are you got in on the excitement and were lucky enough to see this rare occurrence before, after, or during joint worship.

The last total eclipse of the moon happened not long ago on August 28, 2007. But the next total lunar eclipse won't take place for 2 ½ years, on December 21, 2010. Wow, think where you'll be in life when that happens . . .

The eclipse of February 20 lasted nearly 3 1/2 hours from start to finish, while *totality*, where the whole moon was covered, lasted only about 50 minutes. The mid-point of the sequence was at exactly 7:26pm.

While the next total eclipse of the moon won't come for quite some time, we'll be having a partial eclipse on August 16 this year, so paste that in your memory and keep your eyes peeled for the next exciting spectacle in the night sky.

Students found guilty of disturbing the peace

by *Rose Welser*

Backpacks are strewn across the floor, legs are sprawled aimlessly in all directions, and water bottles roll and pencils fly as sounds of laughter and teasing reach your ears. What on earth is going on? Actually, it's nothing to be surprised about. It's just a group of students hanging out in the hallway.

Harmless as it seems, loitering in the halls is a concern on campus among faculty. The rule is that students are not to sit in the hallways of the administration building. If they are not in class they are asked to go to the library or to their dorms, so they are not disruptive to classes in session. Seems simple enough, but the problem is more complicated than that. Although the library opens early in the morning, it closes before the last classes of the day are over. This is a dilemma for village kids because there's nowhere for them to go, said Logan Carter. "Once the library is closed kids don't have anywhere else to study and hang out," agreed Cassie Cantrell. Both Logan and Cassie are village and for them the halls are the best place to go. They don't have dorm rooms they can go back to when the library is not an option. Campus is fine as long as the weather is nice, but when it isn't, sitting out on the grass doing homework with friends sounds slightly less appealing. When you have just one free period between classes it isn't always reasonable to go to the dorm just to turn around and come back to the ad building; it's just easier to wait in the hall for the next class to begin.

This however, is unacceptable for most teachers and faculty. Mrs. Wickward finds students in the hall very disruptive for her and for the students in her class when she is teaching. Her senior classes do a lot of presentations, and it's distracting to them when there are students in the hallway making noise, and Mrs. Wickward has to interrupt class to tell them to be quiet. She stated that disturbances in the halls make her job much harder. Perhaps there could be a compromise: Students should respect classes, and teachers should try to appreciate that the halls may just be the coolest place on campus to hang out.

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photo by Zach Gilbert

April 20 - 23
Marine Biology trip
April 23 - 27
Home leave
May 2 - 3
Alumni Weekend
June 1 - 4
Senior trip
June 6 - 8
Graduation weekend