

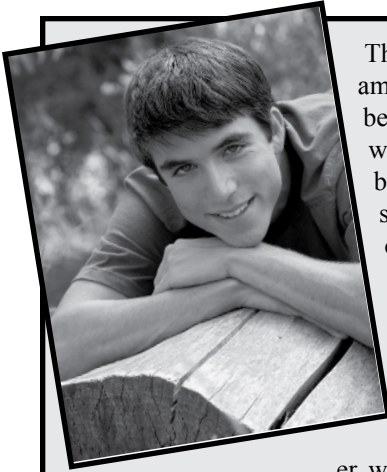


ECHOES

UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

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The thought of graduation amuses me. On one hand, I'll be shouting and cheering "09!" with the loudest of us seniors, but on the other hand, taking a step back will reveal the irony of the event.

On graduation Sunday, the audience will see a mass of black-robed young adults about the same age, all sitting up on a platform listening to a speaker. The speaker

er will tout the accomplishments

of the class, encouraging and telling of the future. Through it all, the black-clad students in the funny square hats will (hopefully) sit quietly and nod politely.

There will be tears, both of sorrow and joy, and after all is said and done, the class of 2010 will be announced, and they will rise to their feet screaming their class pride. After that, the process will start all over again.

I'm proud of my class, and I believe that—without a doubt—we have been blessed by God. We pride ourselves with setting the bar a bit higher than the classes before us, and I believe we have made UCA a better place in the process.

And all these accomplishments bring me back to the irony of graduation. No matter how well-organized, how well-attended, how spectacularly energized graduation turns out to be, a mere ceremony can never capture the full gravity of the long-awaited moment.

After four long years, high school is history.

The pure ecstasy of that moment is completely lost to the underclassmen, because they don't understand. It's hard to understand the "four years" concept when you haven't been here that long. Of course, looking back, high school has been a blast, but it'll be good to have a change of scenery.

Even UCA itself will appreciate a change. All this leadership just might go to our heads, and it's high time the juniors step up to the plate. We, the Class of 2009, are leaving, but we're part of a legacy that extends beyond the end of this year and into the next.

Next year, the legacy will continue to grow, led by the juniors. So, Juniors, go with God. And of course, everyone shout loud at graduation.

*Logan Villarreal,
President Class of 2009*



Rachel Van Dyke

GRADUATION JUNE 5 - 7 2009

Class Aim
Remember yesterday, dream about tomorrow, but live today

Class Motto
Nothing we do changes the past;
everything we do changes the future

Class Text
In his heart a man plans his course,
but the Lord determines his steps.
Proverbs 16:9

Class Colors
Royal Blue, Black, and Silver



Rachel Van Dyke

Enjoying the mud on the Marine Biology trip

Running Bloomsday

by Grant Perdew

This year I decided to run Bloomsday, the annual 12 kilometer run through the streets of Spokane. The run is always on the first Sunday of May, and this year 44,490 finished the course. I was one of them. It was a lot of fun but quite tiring.

When my sister, her friend, and I were dropped off a few blocks from the start, I was getting excited. But I was also worried since I had never run the race before and just two days earlier I had been on sicklist. It wasn't very warm waiting in the green group for the start, but the threatened rain never came.

Finally, our group got to start. We started running but soon slowed to a walk because of how out of shape we were. But we continued. The many small bands along the route helped keep us going as did the volunteers at the water stations.

Soon we passed the first mile marker. Then the second. Then the third . . . the fourth . . . the fifth . . . and all the way to the seventh. When I passed mile seven, I knew there was just a little way left to go and before long I could see the downhill run to the finish line. Music from *Chariots of Fire* started playing through the loudspeakers, and everyone picked up their pace. Then, we finished. It was great and very satisfying. We had done it. I had done Bloomsday.

After collecting our new t-shirts, we left the crowds downtown and returned to the schedule of a normal Sunday afternoon. I know I will run the race again next year.

Marine Biology trip

by Allison Patchett

For the last four months the juniors have been excitedly looking forward to the annual Marine Biology Field Trip. Many said it was the whole point of taking the class. We had envisioned ourselves petting sea stars, collecting shells, and gazing into tanks at the museum. In the end it was definitely worth it and a lot of fun, but not as glamorous as many had expected.

On our first day many of us had to wake up at 4:45 in time to take showers and get to breakfast to help set up and make sack lunches. It was a very tiring day filled with many activities. That day was my personal favorite because I enjoyed the whale museum. We got to watch a slideshow on the killer whales around the Puget Sound area and even listen to the recorded conversations of each particular pod. That afternoon we also got to walk around a beach for a few hours and identify all the different shells, animals, and sea weeds we encountered. The weather was even nice and sunny, as opposed to the expected wind and rain.

However, the next day would present to us a complete contrast! The weather was chilly, and our activity was to try to identify creatures again, except this time in the mud. Many got stuck, lost their shoes, or even fell on their faces! Digging through the mud, we weren't sure what our hands would encounter, maybe worms or dead animals, or even a live crab pinching our fingers!

We spent our very last evening around the campfire, singing songs, and watching the sunset. The rich pink and yellow glow across the sky took our breath away and we simply sat in wonder, talking about how God had impacted us over the past few days.

At first I thought it was slightly ridiculous to expect us to have had a spiritual experience when we had been so focused on our homework and studies, but it seemed as if a lot of people had something to share, and when I thought about it I could even see how God had spoken to me through the trip. The greatest lesson I learned wasn't related to school at all! It was simply that God can speak to us and move us no matter where we are or what we are doing.



The vulture still lurks at the top of Doomsday Hill on Bloomsday

Freedom or servitude?

by *Brooke Gates*

The question asked to most seniors on Tuesday, April 21, was funny and dead serious at the same time: “What was it like being a slave?” Or to be politically correct, “What was it like being a servant?” Answers varied but included “totally crazy” and “the worst day of my life.” As an unidentified senior put it, “I really can’t believe I got up there and auctioned my life away; it was like the worst day ever; I had to do things I would never do by myself.”

Being a servant really makes us think about freedoms and rights that we as Americans have. We have the freedom to not stand up and moo like a cow in front of people, or not keep playing in the band when everyone else has stopped. We have the freedom to speak and protest here in America. Just imagine if we were able to be sold into slavery for our entire lives. (I just hope we would go for more money.) We would lose all the freedoms we take for granted in everyday life.

So, all you Juniors, next year I encourage you to “sell yourselves” and take a small journey back to the time of slavery, remembering that thousands of people died so that you can live free.

Spring Week of Prayer

by *Jeff Sloop*

UCA has several weeks of prayer over the course of a year. On Sabbath April 18, we finished our third and last week of prayer this school year. The speaker was Brian Reed and he was very good. He talked to us about our identities. He said that we are sons and daughters of God, which makes us princesses and knights since God is the King. He also told us about his life and gave us tips on how to break addictions and heal hurts.

Brian said that we need to ask God for help and forgiveness and that we need to expose problems and hurts to the sun (and Son). He meant that we need to tell someone else about our problems and hurts. On Friday night he had a cross in the church and we wrote our burdens and difficulties on pieces of paper and then nailed them to the cross. It was a very satisfactory and moving experience.

Most of the students like week of prayer and find that it brings them closer to God in some way. This week of prayer was especially good and the speaker was very interesting. Even though this was the last week of prayer at UCA this year, we can still grow in Christ and come to know Him better throughout our lives here at UCA and . . . anywhere.



Lindsay Gardner was purchased by fellow senior Kylie Phillips and had to carry a cardboard companion around all day. Andrew Lemon was purchased by Mrs. Wickward and had to be nice and man a lemonade stand.

National Honor Society

Every year, students and parents ask questions about how students are selected for the National Honor Society. Here are the criteria and the process:

Membership in the National Honor Society at Upper Columbia Academy is based on scholarship, leadership, character, and service. These are the criteria established by the National Honor Society.

Each spring a committee evaluates all junior, and senior students who attain a grade point average of at least 3.5. Scholarship is the most important criterion and includes not only g.p.a. but also the *number* and *difficulty* of classes taken beyond the basic graduation requirements.

Unusually negative or positive demonstrations of leadership, character, and service also affect a student’s selection to the UCA chapter of the National Honor Society.

Membership in the Society is both an honor and a responsibility. Students selected for membership are expected to continue to demonstrate the qualities by which they were selected.

Alumni weekend stirs memories

by *Amanda Johnson*

People are just everywhere during Alumni Weekend. Although that may come across as a little negative, it's really a very good thing.

Old school friends get together and reminisce and catch up on the latest news. It is always nice to have a chance to visit with old friends and share what is happening. Friends and family of current students also attend, so the gym is packed while children's church meets in the church across the street. All in all, it is a great weekend.

The speakers are always really good and have many stories to share about when they went to school at UCA. The music department provides the music and alumni join in, playing and singing like in the old days. All around the gym the honor classes sit by the signs that identify which class they are, and as one of the speakers commented (Stephen Lundquist, class of 1999), the current seniors can see how they will look in ten . . . fifteen . . . fifty years just by looking at the honor classes. But most of the students don't worry too much about that right now; they are more focused on graduation and college plans.

After church there is a huge fellowship dinner in the gym followed by more visiting. Many students head back to the dorms or for a hike.

By Sunday the meetings are over, most of the people are gone, the campus returns to normal, and current students wait to be the alumni of the future, something that will happen sooner than they think!



ECHOES
UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

The Upper Columbia Academy *Echoes* is a regular student publication of Upper Columbia Academy Spangle, Washington 99031

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Tyler Shupe, Tess Lubke,
Braeden Shipowick
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A sublime morning ride

by *Jordan Harder*

It was a Monday morning after a pretty late night, and waking up four hours earlier than necessary seemed a bit of a drag. But the previous day Braeden Shipowick, Dominic Bovey, and I had promised each other that we would get up and session the jumps over by the field for a few hours before class.

The crisp morning air did a good job of waking us up and we quickly got into the groove of the set up. We all warmed up with some straight airs and whips and then tried some other things like one-handers, one-foot tables, no-footers, and attempts at cancans. The sun was out, the wind was fairly light, and we were all feeling quite stoked to be on our bikes after a pretty long winter.

We were all agreed that a good old jump session was just what the doctor ordered. Hiking a set of features with some good friends is the pinnacle of bliss, a relaxed atmosphere fueled by a healthy dose of exhilaration. We rode for quite a while, feeding off of each other for inspiration and energy without sustaining any severe injuries although Braeden dug his face deep into the ground once, and I banged myself up pretty well trying cancans without consistently returning to the pedals.

When we finally wrapped up and headed in, we were all quite satisfied with the morning and decided that we should make a habit of it.



Gymnastics team makes final tour

by *Tyler Franklin*

Waking up early in the morning of May 4, the gymnastics team drove off on our last tour. After a drive of just over one hour we arrived at Lake City Junior Academy in Coeur d'Alene. The performance was great. The kids in the audience were yelling and screaming and very few people fell. After the show, LCJA students came to the mats and we helped them do flips and pyramids.

Then we packed up and headed to Sandpoint Junior Academy. But because everyone was excited and starving, we stopped at Pizza Hut before heading to the school. We had plenty of warm-up and practice time at the school and took advantage of their spring board.

Finally, the students poured into the gym and we lined up to start the show. It was another enjoyable, fantastic performance but before long we were heading back for dinner at UCA.

Personal thoughts about dorm life

by Isaac Houston

As this school year draws to a close, I began to think back over the past 4 years I have lived here in the boys' dorm. They have been some of the biggest learning years of my life.

I was 14 when I moved into the dorm my freshman year. It was a whole new experience. I remember just sitting in my room for about 2 hours after my parents left. I didn't really know what to do. But that evening I met a lot of new people made friends quickly. My first R.A. was Jeff Gilbert. He showed me a lot about dorm life in those first few weeks of school. The Saturday night after class night I stayed up all night just because I could. I soon began to enjoy life in the dorm.

My sophomore year was my favorite year in the dorm. I lived on fourth floor with Adam Stevens. Also many of my friends lived on fourth floor with me. We stayed up late almost every night. We rode bikes around in the chapel and got up early to play mini golf in the hall. I also learned how to iron clothes my sophomore year!

Junior year I was an R.A. on second floor. I was responsible for 3 guys and the early morning DF and I study hall. I was always tired that year because I went to bed at about midnight and got up about 4:45 a.m. It was pretty good, though, to have senior privileges as a junior, and I learned a lot about responsibility. Some of the good times included climbing in Dean Henson's garage almost every evening and spending lots of time playing in the snow.

Senior year has been my second favorite year in the dorm. I have enjoyed the dorm life a lot this year. There have been many late nights doing homework, but the senior town privileges have come in especially handy this year.

Overall, I can say I have have both learned and benefited a lot from the dorm life experience.

**DON'T FORGET
REGISTRATION
for next year is
SUNDAY, AUGUST 23
and
ALUMNI WEEKEND
is changing to
OCTOBER 1&2**

Borneo 2009

by Allison Patchett

"Okay God, here's your chance. Prove to me that your power is real and that you do still keep your promises-even today," I whispered under my breath as the plane took off and I left America for the very first time.

I was stepping out of my comfort zone more than I ever had before in my life. I was going to Borneo on my first mission trip, unsure of what awaited me and how I would handle it. I didn't care that I wasn't going to have a real shower or be able to brush my hair for two weeks; all I wanted was for God to change my life around.

The week before I left for Borneo had been quite a struggle for me. I was cramming in homework and tests, trying to pack, and attempting-but not succeeding-to stay awake during class. I wanted to go home more than anything; I was tired of school, tired of friends, and definitely tired of UCA. I would have thrown in the towel if I hadn't of read a promise in Proverbs, "Those who refresh others will themselves be refreshed." I believed that if I went over to Borneo and poured myself out to the people, I would return to UCA a whole new person, ready to tackle the last quarter of my junior year. I felt like I was ready for this.

However, nothing could have prepared me for what I experienced. My first night in Malaysia I took a "shower" in the airport sink, endured the squat toilets, and slept on the cold, hard floor. I was tired and couldn't wait to get to the comfortable longhouse; however, that would bring even more shocking experiences.

Upon arrival at the longhouse, I realized nobody had been joking around about the heat: it was unbearable! But what horrified me the most were the bugs. Gigantic, black, "demon bugs," as I called them, swarmed around our heads, flying down the backs of our shirts, and buzzing past our ears even *inside* the longhouse! I wanted to go home more than anything!

The first night was definitely the worst part. Walking outside in the dark to an outhouse, sleeping on the hard floor with only a mosquito net protecting me from the bugs, and ignoring the intense heat I prayed, "Please God, help me to get through this!" And he answered my prayer. I slowly started to adjust. By the end of the trip, I loved showering under a hose, couldn't wait to crawl under my mosquito net at night to sleep, and was still going back for seconds on the food. I didn't want to come back to America and go back to being so high-maintenance.

Borneo really was a blessing for me. It changed my entire look on life, and God did keep his promise: I came back to school a whole new person. I've never been on a mission trip before, and now I can't wait to go on another one. God is truly amazing!

Spokane Scholars

Every year for the last 17 years, the Spokane Scholars Foundation has recognized outstanding students in different disciplines from over 20 high schools in Spokane. Students receive medallions and certificates at the awards banquet held at the Spokane Convention Center and are in the running for scholarships.

The UCA students who attended this year on April 20 were Spencer Cutting, Social Studies; Danielle Shull, English; Tess Lubke, Modern Languages; Logan Villarreal, Science; Michael Woodruff, Fine Arts; and Mackenzie Maura, Mathematics. Michael also won a scholarship for placing third in the Fine Arts category.



Alumni golf tournament

by Cady Graves

FORE! On the first of May, students and alumni of UCA gathered together to kick off Alumni Weekend with an exciting and thrilling game of golf! The tournament was held at the prestigious Coeur d'Alene Resort golf course that is home to the world's only floating green. The tournament went from 9:00 am to 11:20 am with 60 separate tee times.

For the tournament the teams played four-person scramble. In a scramble, each player tees off on each hole. The best of the tee shots is selected and all players play their second shots from that spot. It was a great way to start off the Alumni Weekend with a bang!

All the students who participated in the event had a blast. When asked if she enjoyed herself, senior Janae Rose answered, "Yes! It was fantastic! I had a lot of fun! We got to drive around really nice golf carts with chrome rims, and I learned a lot of new golf techniques from our caddie. I would love to come back as an alumnus and play in this event again!"

Many of



the girls who participated had never played a game of golf in their lives, but the girls beat the boys by a long shot. Alexi Andregg, another senior participant said, "It was so much fun! I loved that we beat the UCA boys!"

It was a great experience for students and alumni alike. The students that participated did very well, but the top five teams were all alumni. First place with a score of 58 went to alumni Rick Hays, Russell Rider and Vern Prewitt, and Tim Freund was the "closest-to-the-pin" winner.

The next UCA Foundation golf marathon fundraiser is set for Friday, October 2.

Music tour

by Tyler Shupe

On April 9, 10 and 11, the band and Choraliers traveled to Tri-Cities, Milton-Freewater, College Place, and Yakima. Their objective was to inspire kids to attend UCA.

Thursday night at Tri-Cities Junior Academy, some TCJA students joined with the band and Choraliers, and Mrs. Darla Shupe confessed to having butterflies in her stomach when she found out she would be directing one of the numbers.

The next morning, the tour headed for the Milton Stateline School and then to set up at the Walla Walla University Church where the band would be performing three numbers and the Choraliers two for church the next day.

After church, the group left for Yakima Adventist Christian School for an evening performance. Afterward, some students were able to spend the night with family and friends while others endured the long drive back to UCA, arriving around one in the morning. It was late, but most students had fun because . . . well . . . how could you not have fun on a music tour?

Slack-lining

by *Braeden Shipowick*

As the winter turns into spring, people begin to break out the summer type sports. Beach volleyball, soccer, mountain biking, and slack-lining are a few that have emerged at UCA as the sunshine has begun to warm and light up the campus. One of the more chill ones is slack-lining, and a group of students has started to spend their free time in front of the guys' dorm on the slack-lines.

The first time you try to stand on the line you find out how much your leg can shake. The best strategy is to slowly take your weight off the ground and put it onto the line, but if the motion isn't quick and smooth you have no chance of holding yourself up. Time after time you attempt just to get up on to the line and stand there, but time after time you lose your balance. However, each time you become more accustomed to the feel of the line under your feet and, eventually, on one of those tries you manage to get both feet set on the line and you are balanced.

Perched on the line, you stare at the far end as you fight for your balance. You find out that your body can twist and bend into all kinds of positions as you try to stay upright. You move one foot to take a step and instantly you fall off. Quickly you stand up and get back on until you have successfully completed a couple of steps in the forward direction.

As you continue to practice, you eventually move on to try starting from a sitting position, jumping onto the line, or surfing the line. It is not a sport that takes a lot of money or time, but it is a sport that takes determination and persistence.



Braeden Shipowick

Jordan Harder tries a little slack-lining

Ink rush

by *Brianna Woodruff*

Juniors crowded the hall on the lower floor of the ad building. They were waiting in line, eager to sign up for their priority numbers.

Priority numbers? What does that mean? Well, this system allows students who care to have their class schedules for next year arranged the way they most prefer. But in order to accomplish this, they must be some of the first students to sign their names (in ink) in the Registrar's office. This makes for much scrambling because students who have a class right before their set time to sign up have to hope they're not behind 40 other students who are also trying for a good number. One way to be very high on the list is to wait outside the office before the line gets there . . . but not all students have that privilege because of those troublesome things called classes.

It is hard to believe that these juniors are about to become the senior class, and how to plan next year's schedule is a big thing on their minds. 2009-2010 schedules have begun to emerge all over campus and friends have been trying to coordinate their classes.

As for the freshmen and sophomores, they will get at least one more time to experience the mad-dash for priority numbers, but for the junior class, this was their last time.

The little things

by *Tess Lubke*

Right now I am eating a spoonful of creamy peanut butter. It's smooth and sticky, salty, but sweet. Quite the tasty treat! It is brightening my day. The literal sun isn't shining, and I have a lot of homework and many things to do. Yet, this small helping of a treat makes everything all right.

Also, next to me, outlining my window, are my colorful Christmas lights. They don't give much light . . . only a simple, cheery glow. And yet, this small touch of light and color makes all seem well.

On my couch lies a book. It's the one I am currently reading—chapter by chapter—when I get a chance. It's an old book, a classic, a sweet story, one I can relate to. Some may say it is just a book, and yet this river of words flows through me and warms my heart.

Atop my microwave sits a card from a friend. The picture on its front makes me smile and causes me to dream . . . dream big . . . dream wonderfully! It reminds of the blessing God has given me through the friendship. It's a small gesture, and yet means a lot to me and opens my eyes to see a bigger picture.

So, the little things you say . . . do they matter? Of course! The small things make a world of difference, though they may be subtle or meekly present. But they are worth so much to me because they change my outlook, brighten my days, soften my soul.

I love receiving the little things unto myself and also giving the little things in hope of sharing the blessing with another.

God bless the little things!

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SEE
YOU
NEXT
YEAR!

Waiting for the bus for a Sabbath afternoon trip to Riverside State Park