



Spring Week of Prayer

by Megan Fulbright

In the middle of April UCA had another week of prayer with Elder Bob Folkenberg. It was a chance for students to experience something new. Perhaps they would get a better look at God's plan for them and simply learn they are loved and cared for and that God can help them in any way they need.

As a SWOP speaker from earlier this year, I can say I wouldn't take back the experience I got during that good month of preparing. I learned more about myself and about God and how He could make me a better person. One thing that made a difference was that I chose to let the Holy Spirit affect me. I chose to let things sink in. I started to realize God was telling me just to be still and listen and to know that He is God.

I hope that during this week of prayer people listened and realized that the information they got from Pastor Bob could give them a better life as disciples. I hope they learned to want this. There is One who has the ultimate life planned for us.

Bi-polar weather

by Carly Yeager

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way . . . Wait. What? You may recognize these as lyrics to a Christmas song. Christmas songs in April? Why not! Though the Christmas season is long over, the Christmas weather has been harder to leave in the past. The sky must have been confused about the date because here at UCA, the clouds were stuck around and the snow continued to fall.

Just the other week, the UCA campus was privileged enough to have experienced about 500 different types of weather. Thankfully, students have learned to be extremely adaptable, and the weather was simply good practice for their chameleon skills.

Monday, the wind blew hard and scattered leaves, pine needles and homework all over the campus. It was practically a twister. UCA girls and boys alike, as versatile as they are, dealt with the wind in a couple ways: girls put their hair up so that the wind didn't wreck it; boys double-knotted their shoelaces so that the wind couldn't unfasten them and cause a deadly fall.

Tuesday and Thursday brought snow. When the clouds gathered and the snow fell (festively) from the sky, students put their hoods up and their boots on to brave the weather. Between these two snowy days was a beautiful, sun-soaked Wednesday that brought excitement, cheer and spring-fever. For just a moment, this day was a tiny, shining beacon of hope that spring might someday come.

When Friday arrived, students were forced to pull out the umbrellas, rain boots, and hats. The clouds poured down buckets of rain, filling the valleys, sidewalks and roads of UCA. It was nearly a Noah's Ark experience. Fortunately, if the weather is found unpleasant in the Pacific Northwest, just wait 30 seconds, and it'll change. And change it did. By the end of Friday, the sun shone as bright as it does on a summer afternoon.

Maybe spring will come soon; maybe it's on its way. Wherever it may be on its long journey to UCA, we might as well keep the Christmas music around --just in case.



*Yes, it was April.
Yes, that was snow.*



The last frontier

by *Mena Ikladios*

Early in the morning of March 14, 9 students along with the Kravig's and the Hess's embarked on the Alaska mission trip to Valdez, Alaska.

After arriving in Anchorage, which is home to half the population of Alaska, we were greeted by Mrs. Hess. None of us knew what was in store since some of the group were not close friends and had never spoken to each other before. But we were in for a surprise.

After we spent the next day in Anchorage we left for the 6-hour ride to Valdez. This drive was the start of our moose counting which at the end of the trip was 50 moose. All of us were also told that there was at least 30 feet of snow but when we arrived we only saw 10 to 15 feet. The person who was most upset about this, at first, was Brian Stewart, but he slowly got over it.

As soon as we arrived at Valdez, we fell in love with the place, especially after we went to the church we would be working on. Soon we met Pastor Ron, who recently moved from Texas, as well as the whole church family. Over the three days we were in Valdez, we played games every night with the church family and we got to know them well. It was amazing to get to know the people and know their struggles and weaknesses. Not only did we get to know them but we also got to replace the floor and paint the fellowship hall.

This was a very memorable trip full of excitement as well as spiritual enlightenment.

Guatemala mission trip

by *Jenna Comeau*

We arrived at our home-away-from-home late on Wednesday, March 14, and started work the next afternoon. When we arrived at the worksite we were greeted by some of the church members who had already started the building. They had blocks laid up to two layers above ground and were starting to pour the first above-ground layer of concrete. The

church members were excited to see us and were deeply touched that a bunch of gringos was willing to come all the way to Guatemala to build a church for people we didn't know. They told us that they had been praying for a church for two years. It was amazing to know that God used us to answer a prayer.

Besides building a church, we also put on an evangelistic series and a Vacation Bible School. We worked all day and had the meetings at night. The VBS was overflowing with kids every night, and the evangelistic series had a relatively good turnout, too.

One night when we got to the church for the meetings we discovered that the electricity in the whole area was out. The meetings were supposed to start at 7:00, but with no electricity people wouldn't come. We prayed that the power would come on, hoping that the lights would be on when we opened our eyes, but it didn't happen. As the time approached 7:00, we decided that we would wait until 7:15, and if the power didn't come on by then we would leave. We prayed a second time, again hoping that the lights would be on when we opened our eyes, but again they weren't. Then, around 7:13 as we were resigning ourselves to leaving, the electricity came on and people started showing up. Prayer works, even if the answer isn't immediate!

Another test of faith was whether we would actually have time to put the roof on the church. By Wednesday the walls were only 1/2 - 2/3 of the way up and it looked somewhat doubtful that the roof would get on. But we worked late Wednesday through Friday and were able to get the roof on shortly before sundown Friday night.

It was incredibly special to have church in the new building with the people whose faith and prayers brought us on this trip. I will never forget their gratitude and the blessing they were to us.





ACT'S

by *Mauri Brockman*

Sunday, April 15, was the day that most of the juniors and some seniors had to take their ACT's. Yes, this meant that we had to get up early on a Sunday morning, which, by the way, is just wrong. Don't you think juniors get up early enough on week days? I mean, really, we already have 7:15 classes in the morning. Sunday is our day to sleep in and get all our homework done, not get up early and take tests.

After you get over the fact of having to get up early on a Sunday morning, you have to face the fact of actually sitting down and taking tests—a student's worst nightmare. You have to walk to the ad building, figure out what classroom you are in, and find your assigned spot. Then you sit there in complete silence . . . well . . . there is the occasional snuffle or cough because most of us are sick. And for hours we fill in little circles with a #2 pencil.

We do this almost every year, and I still don't think we will ever get used to it. But there are only four tests on the ACT: English, math, reading, and science. I like the math and science categories because they are the easiest for me, but they all seemed pretty easy this year. Now just the waiting is left—waiting for the scores. Some, no doubt, will need to take the tests again next year to try to improve their scores.

Honduras 2012

by *Lindsay Nelson*

On March 10 at 4:30 pm, the UCA bus pulled out of Spangle's wheat fields and the Honduras mission-trippers began their adventure. After long hours of flying and layovers, we finally made it to the beautiful skies of Honduras. Even though most of us had not slept that night, we were more energized than when we left. After the forty-five minute drive of culture shock, we arrived at Centro Educacional Adventista. This is where we stayed for the next two weeks.

This mission trip was a little different from others because we didn't build anything. We occupied our time with anything from teaching at the bilingual school to preparing for each night's sermon. There were thirteen churches where we held evangelistic meetings each night. A group of two speakers and an adult went every night to a church where they were assigned a translator. We were all nervous at first, but the hospitality and kindness of the people won our hearts on the very first night. Speaking became easier and easier, and the people really started connecting with the gospel message.

There were many stories of God working miracles while our group was there. The most important miracle was on the very last Sabbath when 43 people chose to be baptized (including a UCA student, Hailey Parker). Although there were tears when we had to leave, we were comforted by the knowledge that we would someday see them all again in Heaven.

I had never been on a mission trip until I went to Honduras. I could say all the typical things people say when they get back from mission trips like how I was blessed more than expected and how I grew closer to God and saw Him working, but the most beneficial part for me was realizing that my mission trip hasn't ended. It was a reminder that each day is an opportunity to let Jesus control my life so that one day there will be a huge reunion of believers who will never again have to say good-bye and who will live the rest of eternity praising God together in Heaven.

Academy Day

by *Alex Dietrich*

Yeah! The day we had all been waiting for arrived. Academy Day! Everyone was excited to see all the new faces of kids considering coming to UCA next year.

Many UCA students volunteered to give tours of the campus to all our visitors and were puzzled along with everyone else by the strange smell that drifted through the ad building. Mr. Hartman finally explained to his classes that a battery in the phone room had exploded causing the sulfurous smell.

But the smell did not discourage the visitors from having fun. There was a knowledge bowl tournament held by Mrs. Wickward in the girls' dorm chapel where many tough questions were asked. There were band and choir performances where kids got to experience the new songs band had been practicing. And while the gymnastics team were warming up and getting ready to perform, the visitors could walk around to the different booths made by the teachers of all the classes. There was a chemistry booth, an English booth, a biology booth, a woodworking booth, and many others where visitors could win scholarship money and other prizes if they answered the booth questions correctly.

Everyone is hoping that Academy Day will encourage new students to come to UCA so they can be a part of Academy Day next year!

Seniors stay busy

by *Carissa Clendenon*

The four years that make up a student's high school career are often busy ones, but the busiest time by far happens second semester of senior year.

Graduation is hovering like a cloud in the back of everybody's mind as they go through their days, trying to maintain their GPAs and stay out of lunch detention. Band and Gymnastics tours take over weekends, and for some seniors, the Advanced Biology Field Trip steals productivity from the precious few days before homeleave. Homework piles up, and project due dates loom on the horizon. Tests are announced and information is crammed into heads—just to be forgotten as soon as the test is over.

College is just around the corner and seniors start to look ahead. Applications are in, and hopefully accepted, and tangled roommate situations are semi-straightened out. "What are you majoring in?" is a loaded question often heard when graduating seniors say which college they will be attending. Stress levels are high, backs are knotted, and there are not enough masseuses to go around. But there is one opportunity to take a breather. The senior class trip to Bend happens from May 27 to the 30. Then it's time for the seniors' last few days ever as students at UCA. Soon we'll be walking across the stage, receiving our hard-earned diplomas, screaming, and taking last minute pictures with our friends.

So seniors, just remember that these are our last days in high school. Make them count!



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

ECHOES

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Extra credit

by *Patrick Kirk*

I'm sure that most people have had the experience of having at least one person in a class who always asks the teacher the question that everyone else hates, "Can I have extra credit for working 15 chapters ahead?" or something like that. It's not that the person is annoying except for the fact that they have done so much more work than everyone else and everyone else is barely keeping up with the regular work. It's these situations that have caused extra credit to become ignored and hated and have given it a false and undeserved reputation. Students see it as an insult from teachers in the form of an undoable task that would save their grade.

But extra credit is doable and it can save your grade. All a student must do is sacrifice a few minutes of play time in order to complete the extra credit assignment. A few minutes is all you need because that's how easy teachers make it so you can bring your grade up. Students in Mr. Lacey's AP Language class have been secure in the A zone thanks to a well-written essay that was completed in a matter of minutes. Just like anything in life, all a student must do to get those few golden points is put in the time.

Extra credit should no longer be hated and laughed at, but cherished and anticipated. Of course there will be the few people that still think extra credit is the root of all evil, but I say those naysayers trapped in the chains of average work should embrace the gift given by teachers and use it to elevate themselves to a higher level of achievement and become more learned scholars. Or they could just try to keep an A in their classes. After all, why do you think I am writing this essay? For fun?

A musical 24 hours

by *Nick Anderson*

Early in the morning of April 13, the Band, Choraliers, and String Orchestra headed out for a 2-day, 1-night, 3-performance mini-tour. It was a Friday the 13th, but the old superstition seemed to have no effect on the outcome of the tour.

The buses pulled out of UCA at about 7:30 A.M., which was early for a lot of the musicians (those who have a 7:15 class daily had nothing to complain about). The first performance took place at Hermiston Junior Academy. After playing and singing for the students, staff, and relatives of some of our students, the groups headed out to purchase food for lunch.

After filling up on food from various restaurants, the students boarded the buses, headed out for Walla Walla. The groups had a chance to get some recreation time at Pioneer Park before hopping back on the buses and going to perform for vespers at the Milton SDA Church. Although they had already performed once that day, the groups performed fantastically. God was definitely guiding the groups through the performance. After the vespers, the students headed to various households for the evening.

The next morning, the groups had the music portion of the 2nd service at the University Church. To top off a great tour, all of the groups performed wonderfully yet again. The Band played excellently, the Strings played beautifully, and the Choraliers sang wonderfully.

After stopping by the Rose household for delicious haystacks, the groups boarded the buses yet again, and headed back to UCA. Performing 3 times in 24 hours was a challenge for the groups, but it was a great experience for one and all.

Quarter number 4

by *Ryan Carey*

There comes a time in every school year when we students decide that school will be easier. This usually happens around 4th quarter. We think that because it is almost the end of the year, the teachers will give us less homework and make life easier. Year after year this happens, and year after year we are fooled.

When the quarter starts and we begin to slack off, we soon realize that this quarter isn't easier than the rest. Unfortunately, it is harder (at least most of the time) than the other three. Once this realization comes, we do not appreciate it at all.

No matter how the quarter starts, there is always a way to push yourself and catch up to finish strong with a so-so grade. I have a dream that one day the teachers won't crush our hopes and dreams but will be pals and make the last quarter the easiest.

Little fish

by *Brennan Stanyer*

On April 1 the campus of UCA became much less crowded than usual but the campus of Walla Walla University was filled to the max. This was because the seniors from many schools including UCA, Gem State, and Auburn had arrived to experience a little taste of college. By spending a few days on the University's campus, students hoped to gain a bit of insight into what their future might look like. Many students spent their time wisely. Some visited classes or took tours of the various departments while others performed musical auditions or tried out for varsity sports.

When they weren't looking around campus or watching the steel-drum band perform, students would hang out in the dorm. When they arrived they had been assigned rooms with a pair of very hospitable university students. First impressions were awkward for many people but they quickly got over the initial discomfort by talking to their temporary room-mates and playing "Black Ops."

The biggest shock for many seniors was the change from big-fish-little-pond to little-fish-big-pond. Instead of being completely unique people with distinguished skill sets, the seniors found that there were people who were better than them at everything—even those things they do best at their schools. One WWU freshman named Karl stated, "When there are people who are better than you at everything, the only unique feature you have is your fingerprints."

New surprises awaited the seniors all over campus. Whether it was the pizza chef in the café, the large distances between buildings, the chess playing robot (which has never lost), or the shocking amounts of Top Ramen and Monster consumed daily in the dorms, the seniors realized they had a lot to get used to.

The point of university days is, of course, to convince students that they want to attend WWU, and to help them figure out academic things for when they begin studies in the fall. Even though some seniors spent all their time longboarding, sleeping, or playing "Halo," most of them found the experience very helpful.



A brief history of our favorite footwear

by *Kristen Smith*

The name “flip-flops” for thong sandals is a modern term and has only been used since the 1960’s. However, the sandals being referred to are probably the oldest form of footwear still being worn today. There are depictions of flip-flops in ancient Egyptian murals on tombs and temples from about 4,000 B.C.

The oldest surviving example of flip-flops was made from papyrus leaves circa 1,500 B.C., and is on display in the British Museum. The materials used for such sandals varied greatly depending on the time period and region. Egyptian sandals were made from papyrus and palm leaves; rawhide was used by the Masai in Africa; wooden sandals were made in

India; rice straw was used in China and Japan; the leaves of the sisal plant provided twine for sandals in South America; and the indigenous populations of Mexico used the yucca plant.

As you can see, flip-flops were popular all around the world in ancient times, but what about their more recent leap to popularity? In America, the first flip-flops started to appear after World War II as soldiers brought Japanese zori (a type of flip-flop) back from the war as souvenirs. As the footwear evolved and entered into American pop culture, it became redesigned and changed into the bright colors of 1950’s design. Flip-flops became defining examples of an informal lifestyle and came to represent the California lifestyle in general and surf culture.

All kids wore flip-flops to the beach or the pool and every dime store in America sold the cheap rubber sandals. Over time, designs spread from rubber to wood to leather to bamboo and to fashionable platforms, yet all of them remained true to the original basic design. Flip-flops were summer shoes for most of the country until the 1990’s. During the 90’s, fashion in the workplace started changing and loosening with experiments like casual Fridays and casual summer dress codes. Now people could enjoy the freedom of flip-flops anytime, anywhere and they have been ever since.

Picture-not-perfect

by *Kara McMahon*

“Oh, how cute you look, sweetie! You and your litter sister in your matching dresses are so adorable,” exclaimed a saintly old woman, pinching my cheek. (*Can I have my face back, please?*) I smiled back a winsome grin covered with enough sweetness to melt any heart and replied, “Thank you.” Inwardly, I cringed. *Cute?? Adorable???* *Yuck! How old does she think I am? Two?*

Growing up a pastor’s daughter, I constantly felt the pressure from everyone around to be something I wasn’t. I always felt like I had to look perfect, act perfect, and be perfect. And, if I ever messed up, it was like the entire world was watching. Trying to be the model daughter for the daddy I adored was a lot harder than most people realized. I tried to be perfect because, I reasoned in my head, if people thought he wasn’t raising me properly, then what right would he have to help them in their lives? Though many of the things I had to do were good, such as smiling and being polite, it was always an outward show and not from the heart. Outwardly, I was the picture of a perfect little angel; but inwardly, where no one but God and I could see, I was rebelling.

Even though I’m older, I still have pressure. The embarrassment of matching dresses and cheek pinches may be gone, but all around me, people are trying to make me into the person they think I should be.

God has given you and me our own personalities to use for His glory. Instead of focusing on what other people think of us, we should try asking God to reveal to us the person He made us to be. In addition, we could ask Him for the power to stand in our God-given personality. When we do, we can shine for Him.

Did you say 7:15?

by *Jake Purvis*

We all think that 7:15 classes are the worst classes ever. When we have finished sleeping through them for the last time, we will be ecstatic about having our first class at 10:35. But, realistically, these early morning classes that we have to get up for at o’ dark thirty in the morning just to arrive barely on time really only build character. And they might help after graduation when we could have early work schedules and absolutely must be on time. Even though they might be good preparation for life, most students still see them as a hindrance.

No matter what we tell the teachers, they still think that we should have 7:15 classes even though it hurts our minds to think that early in the morning. We’ll just have to believe these early-bird classes will actually help us . . . somehow.

Stair mayhem

by *John Hochhalter*

A problem wreaks havoc on the small campus of Upper Columbia Academy every day and every year. Every student is a victim of this and, sometimes, the culprit. The problem? We have a lack of stair skills. Yes, we don't perform the task of walking up or down the stairs properly. This terrible problem is still at large, and to be honest, I don't see the light at the end of the staircase. Unless UCA installs escalators, this major inconvenience will flourish.

How do people not handle stairs right? Well, two people often sit on both sides of the stairs, forcing the innocent to squeeze between them like a tightrope performer. And then there are those who randomly stop halfway up the stairs with half the student body in a jam behind them. Is the climb too treacherous? If so, wear tennis shoes to provide the necessary grip. Stop and let others by before you attempt the dangerous climb.

Some slow culprits actually enjoy remarks such as "slow poke" and "today junior," so don't use them; you'll only encourage them in their crime. Instead, wait one minute after the bell rings to use the stairs. That way fewer people will be occupying the busy stairs highway. If all else fails, you can sneak on to the elevator with a tech worker or a recently-injured kid.

National Honor Society

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.



It's the little stuff that doesn't matter that really matters

by *Lindsey Knight*

What is it that makes Upper Columbia Academy different from other Adventist academies? Is it the large number of students? Is it the incredible gymnastics team or the professional and astounding music department? Or is it, perhaps, the individual talents students demonstrate at the talent show? Is it the high academic achievement the students reach each year? These are good, but what makes Upper Columbia Academy stand out from her little spot in the small town of Spangle, Washington, is not the big, extravagant programs and productions; it's the small stuff – the everyday little things that make a difference.

The people at UCA truly care about each other and the difference they can make with a kind word, a smile, an offer to help with schoolwork, an availability to encourage and listen, and a non-judgmental attitude. Stepping on the Upper Columbia Academy campus is like walking into a warm and caring home. Students will greet whomever they walk by with a smile and a hello. Walking down the halls you see teens praying with each other, lifting their friends up, taking a moment to care beyond the surface. New students, even those that arrive in the middle of the year, will be immediately accepted and loved – they will know they're at home. Teachers take time to get to know their students and make themselves open in any way they can with their loving and accepting attitudes. Before each class, a prayer and sometimes a small worship is held, making God the number one priority. The students respect this and in turn, encourage others spiritually, creating an ongoing circle expressing God's love in the purest way – through actions of Christ's love.

The people, and "the small stuff," are what make UCA special, it's what makes it great, it's what makes it stand out, it's what makes it matter.

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According to the calendar

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|----------------------|--|-------|
| MAY | | |
| Gym Tour | | 4&5 |
| Bloomsday | | 6 |
| HOPE Taskforce | | 11 |
| 4-year Senior Trip | | 13&14 |
| Track and Field Day | | 21 |
| Awards Banquet | | 23 |
| Pops Lawn Concert | | 24 |
| Choral Concert | | 25 |
| Band Concert | | 26 |
| Gymnastics Home Show | | 26 |
| Senior Trip | | 27-30 |
| Underclassmen leave | | 30 |
| JUNE | | |
| Graduation | | 1-3 |

