

The Echoes

Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Washington

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H.O.P.E. Taskforce resumes

After a short break during the coldest winter months, the students of UCA are once again taking time out of their busy lives to reach out to the community and lend a helping hand to those in need. Whether it be raking leaves, washing windows, shoveling snow, taking care of the elderly, or working at Thunderbird Furniture Factory, the size of the job doesn't matter. It's the smiles and the hearts that get touched that count.

Considering that I'm a morning worker at T-Bird, I wasn't able to chose my Hope Taskforce job. I laboured from 7 a.m. to 2 p.m. for free. Although I would have liked to sleep in a little more in the morning, I didn't mind the hard work that T-Bird had to offer. Besides, the the factory always tries to make that day easier for us and often gives us treats to go along with the day.

Hope Taskforce is not just a day in which we reach out to those around us with hard manual work, it's also a day in which we can minister to the spiritually needy. God, through our work, shows His love to others and opens doors to heaven. Knowing this, we can still enjoy a day away from classes even though we may not enjoy the work that is offered us.

Rita Canaday



Mexico trip participants pose on the stage of the church they helped build in Guasave, Sinaloa. They made the usual sight-seeing stops during their journeys north and south (assorted missions and dams, Grand Canyon, Zion National Park, Salt Lake City, Thunderbird Adventist Academy. . .) but put in over eleven-hour work days at the building site. The Vacation Bible School was especially successful this year with 160 children attending on the last day. Also, fifty pews, more than double the usual number, were built.

Rec skiers miss wreck

On March 3, the last foray to the slopes ended memorably as one of the buses slid off the road and required almost three hours of work to get it back on.

Despite Denny Evans' best efforts to maneuver around accidents on the treacherously icy road between Schweitzer and Sandpoint, the bus slid gently off the road and got stuck. The weary skiiers all crammed into the second bus and waited at the bottom of the hill--enjoying each other's company for a couple of hours and becoming close friends. Fortunately, neither bus was damaged by the experience, and the skiiers returned to campus safely at about 11:00 pm after the traditional last-day pizza feed at Godfather's Pizza.

1946

50 YEARS

1996

UCC students come for band clinic to eat!

Many things happen at UCA in preparation for the alternating Choral and Band Clinics. This year was no exception. Dorms were spruced up, signs were prepared, KUCA geared up for a full weekend of broadcast, and Mr. Lange and his tired workers stayed up yet another late night. Supplies had to be brought to campus, music had to be sorted, arrangements had to be made for more music stands, pencils had to be sharpened, and 140 pizzas had to be made.

Pizzas? Yes. When all the happy and joyful UCC students come to the clinics, people often forget how much food they eat. This places an extra burden on the cafeteria, which was short a couple of workers even before the weekend started. But not to worry, Mr. Blankenship and his crews handled everything. First came the ordering. Mr. Clyde Sample, assistant food-service director, suggests that each person eats a little over 1 pound per meal. So, to feed an extra 130 people 3 meals a day for 3 days requires that 1350 extra pounds of food pass through the cafeteria. The cafe usually makes "only" 107 pizzas to feed the hungry UCA students, but that number was boosted to 140 to handle the Band Clinic participants. The salad bar was more often empty of essential salad ingredients while extra workers asked, "Where are the croutons?"

The cafeteria asked for some extra help to manage the flood of hungry eaters. So pressed into service were many workers that had either worked there in past years or were learning very quickly. Most of them didn't mind. "My mom will be glad when all this extra time shows up on my bill," said one female worker. All of the workers were glad when their shift was over, or they were required to head on back to Band Clinic rehearsal. While many enjoyed the chance to make mo' money, all were glad to get a break. However, there are workers still having dreams about that dreaded question: "Is there any more food?"

Geof Greenway



Of course, the dedicated musicians didn't only come to eat the delicious food. Here they practice diligently for the Band Clinic concert.

WWC hosts choral clinic

On Wednesday, February 14, the Choraliers left for Walla Walla to attend the choral clinic. This event was hosted by Walla Walla College. About ten academies sent their elite choral groups to form a choir of over 130 voices.

When all the groups had arrived and were settled in the dorms, they had to go and practice singing. Practice lasted all evening Thursday, all day Friday, and Saturday night before their concert. With the practice sessions and concert, the participants sang for over twenty hours.

The Saturday evening concert, directed by Bruce Rasmussen, was held in the College Church and lasted about an hour. The concert was so good that Ronda Masters' dad claimed he would have walked ten miles to hear it again.

Many said that they enjoyed the weekend and that the experience was well worth the effort.

David Perrin

The Echoes

is a regular student publication of Upper Columbia Academy, a non-profit Seventh-day Adventist boarding high school, Spangle, Washington



This issue's contributors included:

Rita Canaday, Geof Greenway,
David Perrin, Ryler Adams,
Lanaya Finkbiner, Kim Follett,
Elizabeth Wieland, Erica Willinger,
Cindy Girdharry
and Stephen Lacey, sponsor

Valentine's banquet

The warmth in the air was tantalizing as the time of anticipation drew near. All were lathering to prepare themselves for what lay ahead: a night of Oriental Enchantment when hopes and dreams could come true or hearts could be broken. When all was complete, the men congregated to deliver themselves to the mercy of their dates.

Once they announced their arrival at the dorm, the men's waiting began until, finally, the women of UCA decided to make a dramatic entrance and grace them with their presence. After roses and other gifts were exchanged, the couples proceeded to get their pictures taken so they could remember the momentous occasion for the rest of their lives.

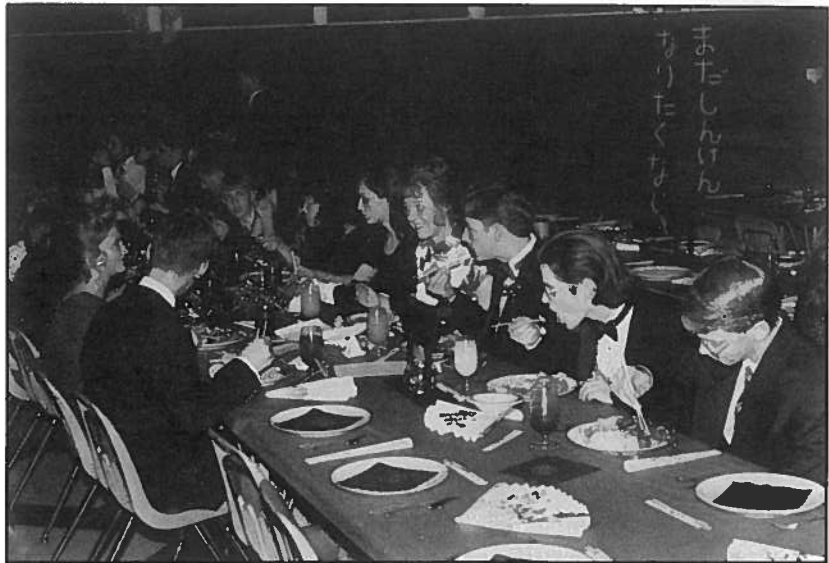
When finished with the pictures, they moved on to the cafeteria where they imbibed the atmosphere that was brilliantly crafted by our trusty ASB officers. Bathed in the soft red light emanating from the ceiling, they found tables, got their dates drinks, and engaged in casual talk about overbearing guys that have to prove their manhood by swallowing live goldfish.

By the time everyone got settled, it was time to help themselves to the food prepared by our loving cafeteria staff. The menu included boiled mushrooms, stir-fries, rice, sweet-and-sour tofu, and a strange soup no-one could quite identify.

When all had eaten their fill, they gathered their things and ambled through the romantic night air to the gym to set up chairs and take in a movie before escorting their dates back to the women's residence hall.

Finally, after a hasty retreat back to their dorm and reflections on the good and bad, the men realized they had made memories that would not die with the passing of time.

Ryler J. Adams



Remembering long-forgotten chopstick techniques was just one of the highlights of the Valentine's banquet. Here, everyone seems to be managing quite well.

Them or us?

My eyes flutter open. Am I late for class? What assignments are due today? What day is today? I regain awareness only to remember that it's Sunday--Hope Taskforce day again. "Didn't we just have one a couple of days ago?" I complain to myself. I don't want to save the world or feel warm and fuzzy. I want to sleep. With these ugly feelings in mind, I jump into the shower and am ready to go in eight minutes flat.

The rickety old van sounds ready to retire to the junkyard as we pull out of the school parking lot. "How long will we have to be there?" I wonder. I almost feel guilty about that thought but decide not to.

When we arrive at the ladies' shelter, I'm assigned to paint the walls of the cafe. Painting makes me nauseous and light-headed, but as I find my way around the large house, I encounter several young girls. Some have babies or small children. All of them are wearing deserted, lonely faces. Painting isn't that tough after all.

Eventually, we're told it's time to go, and, speckled with gray paint and with muscles throbbing, I accept that news eagerly. Our group is ushered out the door with a sincere thank-you, but no more. There's no plaque to reward us for changing a person's life. No fame.

Hopefully, that's not all we want to gain from our experiences. Not to exploit the unfortunate, but we can learn from others' mistakes. Hope Taskforce has opened my eyes and made me more determined to make my life a success. I know where I don't want to end up.

So, when we are involved with Hope Taskforce, we're not only helping others but are also helping ourselves.

Lanaya Finkbiner

Did you know?

Not only was one of Warren Wessels' ancestors the first Seventh-day Adventist in South Africa, but he was also one of the first owners of the Kimberley Diamond Mines. Ellen G. White wrote to his family quite often, but, unfortunately, they didn't take her advice. She predicted that if they married non-Adventists, they would lose a fortune. Sure enough, one of the sons sold their mines, and today the mines are worth millions. Today Warren has some of the letters that Ellen White wrote on her typewriter.

Shannon Wilkinson is distantly related to Kevin Costner.

Cam Libby's ancestors were Romanian immigrants whose names are on a plaque on Ellis Island.

One of Kirstin Elliott's ancestors was a farm boy who went to London to seek employment. Upon reaching his destination he was hit over the head and shanghaied. He awoke to find himself in the British navy. One of their stops was New York, and there he left the navy and settled in the United States.

Gabrielle Kiele is pretty sure she is related to Pocahontas.

Ryan Berry is related to Thomas Edison.

One of Mr. Thorman's relatives was a pastor on the Mayflower.

Matt Williams is related to Good Morning America's Joan Lunden.

Sarah Webster's Great Great Grandma was an Indian princess. Her Grandma still has the headdress she wore.

Eli Stanciu is related to Abraham Lincoln.

Laura Marsh's Great Great Great Grandpa was an Indian chief whose portrait is hanging in the Smithsonian Institute.

Mrs. Anderson's Great Great Grandpa was the last Viking to harpoon whales from a row boat.

Jennifer and Michelle Wagner's Great Uncle is a movie critic who lives in Hollywood and also has a house in Paris.

Mrs. Thayer's Great Grandpa worked for a bakery in Sicily. There he robbed the bakery for the Mafia. He got caught and spent some time in jail. After he got out of jail, he moved to America where he changed his name from Gercio to Vercio (Chad?). Rumor has it that he changed his name to avoid the Mafia.

Heidi Leno hope to be related to Jay Leno, and I'm sure that Walter Klein must somehow be related to Calvin.

And you thought you knew everything!

Kim Follett

Is it reality or myth?

Padded cells, graveyards, and dark tunnels are just a few of the things you hear from people when you ask them what was here before the school.

People have many different ideas about what used to be here. Some of them are pretty wacky, but a few are close to the truth. According to Chelsey Ham, it used to be a pig farm and an insane asylum. Ammie Bieber said that it used to be a concentration camp where masses of people were trapped. She said they had padded cells where they kept people to prolong their torture. Heather Garcia said it used to be a poor farm where they sent people to live out in the middle of the wheat fields a safe distance away from others.

In reality, it was a county-run poor farm. People would come and live here if they didn't have anywhere else to go. A lot of elderly people lived here when they got too old to be able to make it on their own. It was kind of like a nursing home. There were some mentally instable people, but it wasn't specifically a psychiatric hospital. According to Mr. Peach, there are some people buried around here. He said he doesn't know about the padded cells, but some could have existed.

Elizabeth Wieland

Wood, stock, and barrel

A very serious question has been hovering in my brain for nearly two years now, ever since I first heard the rumor: Was Mr. Lacey at Woodstock?

Upon questioning him, I noticed a slight smirk would creep over his face, and then he would completely avoid the question by launching into another topic. On hands and knees, tearfully, I would BEG him to tell me. I vowed secrecy, yet there was nothing I could do or say to squeeze out the answer. After a while, exhausted by my efforts, I gave up.

Where did this rumor ever begin? Did Mr. Lacey himself start it? Will we ever know the truth, or will we leave UCA as clueless as ever, wondering for the rest of our lives, "Where was Stephen Lacey in August 1969?"

Erica Willinger

Mr Lacey responds: Does anyone really care about this? Of course, even if I had known about Woodstock in 1969, I wouldn't have gone. I would tell you who started the rumor, but I am hoping those brave alumni will step forward and confess!

Question challenges most

On a recent forage around campus, born was the question that you, dear reader, will become so fond of in the next few moments. I was as usual looking for something a bit odd, slightly strange, or something that could be made to be odd or strange. Rather by accident, I tripped into the girls' dorm, and when requested to provide justification for my presence there, had to come up with something—quick. So, I simply asked the startled desk worker, "If you were given \$500, what would you do with it?"

Out of the original question came many responses. Many said "put it in the bank," "invest in the stock market," and "raise funds for teacher salaries." I started thinking that these responses were definitely not something you would spend your afternoon reading, dear reader, so a second question was asked: "If you were given \$500 to spend in one hour on a Sunday, what would you do? Note that mail does not go out on Sunday, and the bank is closed, not to mention your stock broker."

This question produced a plethora of interested responses. Among the favorites were: "I'd go to Shopko and buy \$500 worth of ANYTHING, and there I'd be on Monday morning to get my money back;" "I'd go into town to buy a great gift for Shawn" quickly followed by "I'd go into town to buy a great gift for Misty" from the other side of the couch.

My dear reader, would you believe that people often had a hard time deciding. Some would sit thinking. You could hear the wheels turning. "Well, I'd go to the store . . . and pick up one of those applications to sponsor a child." You pick up those applications at the store? It was often a struggle. "I'd go to the Olive Garden for lunch, order the ravioli, and well...oh...well...yeah, I'd get a takeout tray and send it to India for the hungry children." Was this the original reason for going to the Olive Garden? May I suggest to you, reader, that it perhaps was not? Others were faced by a different problem. "Well, I have enough clothes, I don't need to pay the school bill, I've got enough makeup, I already have a car, I don't need anything. Oh, I know. I'd buy snow board equipment. Yeah, that's it." This was by far the least encountered problem.

Others of us are a bit selfish. I personally would go call up and place an order with the mail order people for a new computer peripheral. Other people wanted to do the same thing. Most often the response was something to the effect of "How much sleep did you get last night, Geof, and what are you on?"

An interesting study would be to examine how the choices would be different if \$500 were actually handed out, and the receivers of the money didn't know they were on candid camera. Would all those good, sweet gifts, food donations and child sponsorships suddenly disappear?

While you're thinking about that, reader, let me ask you a simple question. Quick, what would you do if you were given \$500 right now?

Geof Greenway



It's a small world

Racism is the belief that a particular race, especially one's own, is superior to the other.

If you walk the halls of Upper Columbia Academy, you will see students that have lived in the U.S. all their lives as well as students from Mexico, India, Guam, Africa, and Canada. Seeing these different nationalities, some people think, "great, we can learn more about where their from and about their culture." Some realize what an opportunity we have. But instead, we too often look critically at the differences in skin color, hair, and facial features. If we just remember, we're all humans and that God created us equally, then there can be no superior race. If we could just stop and think of all that people have gone through in the past, we should be able to learn from it. Christ showed us an example, at the very beginning of time, because they knew he was Nazarene, and were racist against that. But he came to save them anyhow.

Prejudice is also a problem. It is an opinion formed without taking time and care to judge fairly. Racism deals mainly with one group thinking they are superior. Prejudice demeans to others by pointing out their supposed faults, or by harming them as the consequence of some action. Just a one-word comment that puts people down is an act of prejudice. I don't expect everyone to be buddy-buddy. Each person has to decide who they want to hang out with and each must then respect the other. That would be fine.

Cindy Girdharry

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Senator Bill Finkbeiner (R-Carnation) and Jesse Marple are able to take a few minutes from the current legislative session to visit in the chamber of the Washington State Senate. Jess, 15, is the son of Connie Marple of Bothell and Damon Marple of Garfield and was recently selected to serve as a Legislative Page in Olympia. He is a student at Upper Columbia Academy and is interested in writing, computer programming, the trombone and serves as the freshman class historian. Students who are selected as a page are able to see government at work while delivering messages to senate offices, working on the legislative floor and offering general assistance to the legislative staff.



Shawn Dietrich and Misty Park head for the Valentine's banquet