

SWOP changes campus

by *Madison Bartell*

As Student Week of Prayer arrived, it was greeted with mixed emotions—some good, and others, unfortunately, not so good. Some commendable students thought of it as a blessing and a chance to become closer to God, while other students thought of it as only a hassle to dress up for. Nonetheless, negative thoughts toward the spiritual week ceased when the student Week of Prayer speakers began to preach their inspiring messages.

Sidney's sermon spoke volumes to people, and Kate and Summer's influential talks moved a multitude of people to tears! I would compliment every one of the speakers on every aspect possible, but that would take forever. Everyone who spoke did their fair share in contributing to the purity and sanctity of this significant week. Overall, people left the meetings at the church with interest towards the topic; many even began to discuss the talks for minutes, hours, sometimes DAYS after the meetings had finished. I, along with many other students, rushed to hug and congratulate them on their truly amazing words. The appreciation was redirected towards God as they continued to spread His message and give all the praise and glory that they received to Him.

"...shine! Keep open house; be generous with your lives. By opening up to others, you'll prompt people to open up with God, this generous Father in heaven." Matthew 5:16.



*Student Week of Prayer speakers
Sidney Allison gives the children's story*



Sabbath blessings

by *Summer Davis*

Winter and snow is fun until about the first week after the New Year. Most say that winter quarter is a dead time, and this is true. However, this year the weeks were busy for many. Even so, we yearned to see sunshine and hear the chirping of birds as we got up at the crack of dawn to go to classes each morning of the week. I looked around and saw students walking like zombies with eyes half open. We were all dead tired and busy.

Finals week hit us with tests and homework, music students were involved in Band Clinic, the basketball teams were practicing for Friendship Tournament, and Student Week of Prayer speakers were spending time on their talks, not school. People were getting sick left and right. It was a hard time for us students.

Let us recognize the true blessing that every week holds. Other than the blessings we are blind to every day, we can at least realize that the blessing of the Sabbath is truly needed. It is a good thing we have a God who understands how life gets. Let's be thankful that He's provided a day of rest and a time with Him each week.





HOPE in action

by Ashley Samuel

On Tuesday, February 2, students embarked on their various HOPE projects. They would enjoy a great day taking a break from school and serving their community. Amanda Goad goes to extensive lengths to make sure that there are fun and interesting projects that everyone can enjoy.

One unique project is Meal and a Smile. Students make 30-40 sack lunches with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, chips, fruit, granola bars, and water. The students then go out into downtown Spokane and give out the meals to the homeless. There is a large group of homeless people in Spokane, so the need is great.

While handing out food, the group met a man with a van that was missing a tire. He was thankful for the food, but he needed a spare tire; obviously, the group did not have one. But while they continued to pass out meals, the group passed by a tire shop. Mrs. C was leading out the group, and she stopped and asked the shop if they had a spare tire to give to the man. Miraculously, the tire shop was able to provide a tire.

This just showed the students what kind of impact they were making on their community.

Where did the cookies go?

by Breanna Daley

There is a glorious tradition here at this fine establishment. For reasons unknown to us, the cafeteria people decided they would bestow cookies upon us every Tuesday at lunch. After the terribleness that is Mondays, we all look forward to chowing down on cookies on Tuesdays. In the three years I have been a student here, this has happened every week . . . although they did take the joy away for a month last year because people were leaving their trash on tables for the poor cafeteria workers to clean up.

This year the tradition continued, uninterrupted, until Tuesday, February 2. HOPE, not lazy teenagers, was the cause this time. Because we didn't eat lunch in the café, we didn't receive cookies. Instead, we were delighted to receive them on Thursday, February 4.



Some HOPE projects aren't especially glamorous



Being a SWOPer

by Sidney Allison

Student Week Of Prayer is an amazing week for getting closer to God and your fellow students. But for the speakers themselves it is so much more.

It all starts at SWOP Retreat, where all of the speakers, Pastor Fred, Mr. and Mrs. Gladding, and Pastor Amanda all spent a weekend studying and praying together.

This was the best part of the SWOP for me, not because I got a couple days off school, but because I got so much closer to God and my fellow speakers.

After SWOP Retreat, the real stress starts. Coming up with something to talk about, a title, and the actual talk is stressful. The Sunday before the week started was when it really hit home that I was speaking for Week of Prayer.

Other than the retreat, the best part of SWOP is watching your fellow SWOPers speak and seeing the change that happens on campus.

My personal prayer is that students here listened and got something lasting out of the talks.

Wednesdays in the cafe

by Hannah Robinson

Wednesday is an exciting day for staff as well as students.

Staff meeting is held in the café so students can see their lovely teachers not just in the classroom. In addition, staff get to eat café food. According to Mr. Lacey, it's his favorite day. With a smile on his face he asks his Composition class, "Guess where I get to eat today?" Silence pervades the room. Too nervous to respond, all his composition students wait in anticipation for his answer. "The café!" he exclaims. The students look at each other in amazement. It's Wednesday. Oh, of course, their teachers get to eat the nutritious café food while gossiping about students and their failures.

Wednesday, a day that is happy for all in the café.



Dwindling days

Holiday blues

by Ryan Dieter

Here we are. We’ve made it. Freshmen are more than halfway to sophomore year and seniors are more than halfway to . . . freshman year. We’re in second semester, and it’s about time.

First semester was filled with lots of joy and happiness. From the dreaded first day to Fall Picnic and from Amateur Hour to Christmas at the Fox. On many occasions, I looked back and wondered where all the time had gone. Now, I think of June. I think of what it will feel like to have the tassel tossed to the other side of my cap, signifying the end of my high-school life. Yes, it’s a little scary. I don’t think I’m ready now, and I don’t think I will be then. But that’s the fun in life: adapting to new surroundings and trying new things. Where would you be if you hadn’t decided to try UCA on for size? Who would your friends be? How different would your path be?

Now we’re in second semester, think of things you would like to do differently. Perhaps you would like to make friends with that person or conquer that daunting challenge. High school doesn’t last forever. It doesn’t wait for you. So do it! Don’t live with regrets! Live so that you can look back and say you didn’t back down. Senior year, you should be able to look back and put your arms in the air in the famed Rocky Balboa position (after he climbed the steps).

“Don’t wait for the perfect moment. Take the moment and make it perfect.” These are the dwindling days of adolescence. Don’t waste them.

by Ellie Springer

I have been attending this school for over a year and have noticed its lack of respect for federal holidays and the people they honor. Not only do we attend classes on such days, but there is also no mention of what the day was made to represent while an unofficial football holiday (Super Bowl) gets a special schedule and full recognition.

There is no chapel honoring those who have died fighting for our rights, no mention of the man that peacefully marched for civil rights, not even an acknowledgement of those who fought for our country. It seems to reach the point of disrespect to utterly disregard people’s sacrifices and continue plowing on as though it were just any other day.

I sincerely think that it would benefit the school to go the small extra step of acknowledging on such days that something important happened and that we should remember our history and appreciate the people that got us to the place we are.

Homework amongst other things

by Christin Beierle

Getting your homework done in the dorm can be a difficult task. During the day, there’s a schedule to adhere to and getting into the groove of a big assignment can be difficult when you have less than an hour between classes or before whatever your next appointment might be. But after worship every night comes study hall. Now you can finally get some homework done. Right?

Once study hall begins, everyone’s supposed to be in their own rooms or the study hall areas for the RA’s to check them in. However, girls who are in the higher grade categories are allowed to be in other girls’ rooms.

Although there are many times when there is a group project or—maybe—a difficult assignment that would benefit from girls banding together to help each other struggle through it, they often tend to simply be procrastinating together or just whiling away the time before they actually have to be in their own rooms for the last check of the night.

These evenings can be wonderful for building friendships and memories, and they work for just de-stressing from a difficult day at school, but they also can be fairly aggravating when there’s an assignment that actually needs to be worked on and what’s really needed is a little time alone.

Finding privacy in the dorms can be difficult, but it’s just needed. So the door gets locked and the headphones are put in and the homework finally gets mostly done. Eventually, friends can be let back in, and soon the evening is spent in laughter and popcorn fights, and the stress from the day is forgotten.

Electronic sign-ups

by Geoffrey Urbin

On Wednesday, January, 27, UCA students got to sign up for their HOPE projects. In previous years, H.O.P.E. sign-ups were done in person. Now, sign-ups are done online in electronic format. Why do sign-ups have to be done on the computer?

When we signed up in person, there were stickers with student’s names on them and projects printed on paper. To sign up, students would take the sticker with their name on it and stick it on to the project they wanted.

Because sign-ups were done in person, students could go with their friends and sign up for the same project together. They could also see what projects were full and which ones still needed people. Most of the time, the project their sticker was stuck on was the project they got.

With the new electronic system, the students have to plug in their computer, log on to their email and sign up. They don’t always get the project they signed up for, they don’t get to see projects their friends are doing, and they don’t know what projects are full. This is just one of the problems of living in a completely electronic world.

Music at UCA

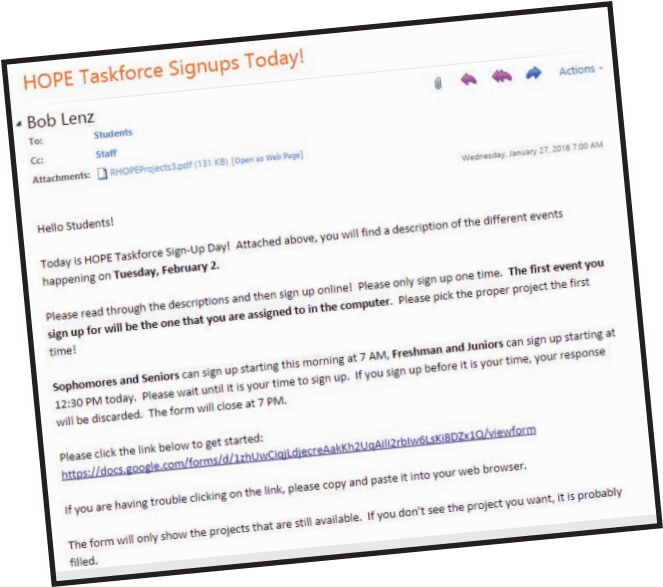
by Daniel Arlt

Let’s face it, music plays a very prominent role at UCA. But with as many talented musicians as there are on campus, that just makes sense. UCA students are constantly performing in front of their peers. Almost every group worship involves music beforehand, and that includes vespers, Sabbath School, church, and assembly. It’s a great opportunity for students to develop their musical talents and gain performance experience!

UCA provides a lot of great musical opportunities for students like band, orchestra, and choir. But it goes much further than that. If you’re really talented at singing you can try out for Choraliers, which is a sort of elite choir. And if you’re the best of your section in Choraliers, you might get handpicked to be in the vocal octet group.

If you don’t feel up to trying out to be in the band or Choraliers, you can always develop your musical skills by getting a voice or instrument lesson in the music building on a weekly basis. After a semester or so of lessons, you might be ready to join either band, orchestra, or Choraliers! Maybe your talents lie elsewhere musically, such as in the guitar. If that’s the case, you can still practice in the music building every day and have opportunity to lead out in praise teams during worship times.

No matter what musical talents you may have, there are always opportunities at UCA to create or develop them!



The UNO League

by Niko Pintos

There’s a new league in town. It’s not the NBA, NHL, or NFL. It’s the Upper Columbia Academy UNO League. A group of individuals who were tired of not having anything to do during the cold dark nights at UCA this winter came up with the greatest idea ever thought on this campus: a UNO League.

A bracket of about 20 elite players was drawn up, rules were agreed upon, cards were drawn, and the games began. Players began to rack up the points, and it became apparent who the best were. Now, about 70 games into the season, the League is beginning to reach the midway point of its season. The players are beginning to think ahead to the playoffs, where it will be decided who the best of the best is.

So if ever you are in need of some entertainment, just locate your nearest league match and watch the beauty unfold.

2nd Semester ASB Officers

President:	Jordan Barnett
Vice President:	Morgan Stanyer
Chaplain:	Polly Officer
Secretary:	Sydney McGill
Treasurer:	Breanna Daley
Historian:	Hannah Robinson
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Ryan Dieter
Musician	Jennifer Pontius



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Joseph Threadgill, and Stephen Lacey, sponsor



Room check

by *Melissa Conradt*

For years now room check is what has kept the dorm organized and put together. As obnoxious as room check can get, it does have some benefits. It teaches students the important strategy of speed cleaning and shoving things into closets. This strategy is good because when we are old married adults and our in-laws come for a surprise visit, we will already have the skill of hiding all the unnecessary clutter in the most random of places. But as useful as this skill is, the annoyance of having to do it every day is barely tolerable. However, it truly gives more of a reason to be happy for weekends when we can trash our rooms without having to clean them the next day.

Room check is also a good way to divide the people who care about the smell and cleanliness of a room from those who don't, making it easier for the people who do care to get better rooms for the next year.

So, room check is something not everyone particularly enjoys but definitely is something everyone can at least learn from.

by *Cedric Merrills*

It's a Monday and we have two tests. On top of this, we have room check. Why do we have room check? I have come to the conclusion that the deans want to make our lives as difficult as possible. After all, they time the checks perfectly so that they land on the exact days when you have the most homework. When you have no test, no homework, and spend hours cleaning your room, that's the day they just happen to forget to do room check. Obviously, they have spied all around campus and learned when the most inconvenient time for room check is. You will have no time to clean your room, and so you will receive that dreaded failing score.

The spies could be anyone: teachers, staff . . . your friends. Even you could be a spy without knowing it. Every time you complain about having three tests on Monday, the deans hear, and they remember. They know all juniors will be busy that day, and they know that they will be able to fail your room. No one is safe from these room checks.

If there's a moral to the story, it is don't complain about having tests or eight math assignments because that's when they strike.

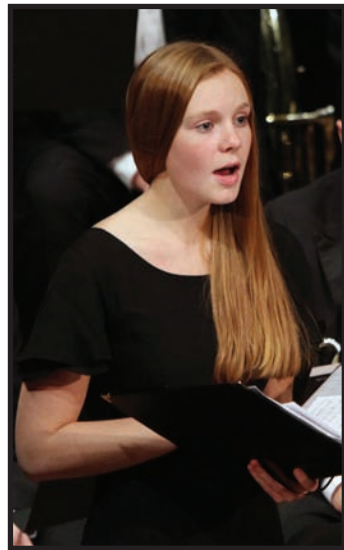
A way out

by *Charles Buursma*

Tired? I know I am. School gets frustrating with quizzes, tests, homework, and then work on top of it all. We also like to take time for friends. How do we balance it all? How can we keep going? It seems like the same thing happens day after day and when we go home, we just waste time, watching T.V., playing video games, or just sleeping the whole day away. Don't get me wrong, we all need a day to relax and take it easy or we'll just run ourselves into the ground, but to me life just seems a little depressing if that is what it's about. Isn't there more to it than working hard on many often pointless things and then trying to recover with things that only make life more depressing in the long run? If this is your life, what I'm going to tell you will give you hope.

I'll be honest with you: I still get down in the dumps sometimes, but I know that my life and yours has a purpose. God made each one of us to live life with purpose and joy, not to live in depression, trying to have as much fun as possible to fill that empty hole in our hearts. I'm not saying that we shouldn't have a good time, but I am saying that if our fun times come from things of this world that have no part with God, then our lives will seem meaningless. I love that verse in John 10 that says, "I am come that they may have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Do you really think if God promised that, He wants you to live in a depressed state? No, of course not. So how do we find this abundant life?

Quite honestly, the only way to find an abundant life is to take our eyes off ourselves and put them on Jesus and what He did for us on the cross. Then, when we see His abundant love for us, we can't help but do what He asks us to do. In keeping His law and preaching His gospel in love, we find purpose and joy. Will it be hard at times? Of course, but in the hard times we're able to see God's love the most, knowing that He went through much worse things for us so that we may have life and have it more abundantly. When we see that, we become full of joy, knowing that He still loves us so much and is willing to take our hand and lead us out of hard times. He's already made the way out. Won't you take His hand right now?



Back at the Fox

by *Emma Tucker*

Of the students who daily walk our fine campus, many are musically talented and have the opportunity each year to participate in the Fox Christmas Concert. To outsiders, the event can appear to be a just another basic high school Christmas concert. But to those involved, it's much more. First, there's the months of preparation and the daily dreaded hours spent in closet sized practice rooms (fondly nicknamed "jail cells"). Once a person has shut himself into a room, time is altered. Minutes become hours. Music students know not to check the clock for the disappointment can be nearly soul crushing. When the bell finally rings ages later, signaling the end of the period, it seems that weeks have passed in the outside world. Doors creak open along the music hall as students peek out with weary eyes, blinking under bleak yellow lights, as if surprised to see that the world has not actually changed while they were gone.

Next in the process are the limited rehearsals in which a person continually realizes he *still* doesn't know his parts. Stress begins to set in as he comprehends that he is rather unprepared for the big day. It seems to take a minor miracle, yet all musicians pull together for the performance.

The day of the concert arrives, and at 2:00 PM, the buses roar away from UCA, filled with eager and nervous music students. Upon arrival, boys and girls crowd into their separate dressing rooms to deposit their belongings in piles which soon resemble miniature mountain ranges. Navigation of the changing rooms is an extraordinary feat in itself. The only path, which is treacherously narrow, is already occupied by 30 other humans pushing and shoving to scale luggage heaps in an effort to reach their precious belongings. As time ticks away, the few hours of final preparatory rehearsal and setup begin. Amidst the process, students are cautiously released into the streets of Spokane for last minute mall trips and food court dinners. Upon return, concert garments are hastily donned and final primping is completed. The moment has arrived. The students settle on stage, the crowd quiets, and the theater grows dim as the stage lights focus on the eager students, basking in their moment of glory. One triumphant thought echoes across the stage: This is what we've worked for and this our show. Let it begin.



Winning *isn't* everything

by *Katrina Santiago*

Winning feels absolutely amazing. The fact that you did great at something is exciting. It's nice to feel like you're the best at something, and it makes you feel talented and accomplished. But there are way more important things than winning, such as sportsmanship.

At Friendship Tournament we didn't win, but we did get the Sportsmanship Award. Personally, I would rather earn the Sportsmanship Award over winning any day. You can be rude and still win. You can cheat and still win.

You can play dirty and still win. Worst of all, you can still win even if you don't represent God. But knowing that you were kind, fair, loving, and representing God feels one hundred times greater than winning. Winning won't make much of a difference in other people's lives. But if you have kind words and actions and represent God, even in the toughest situations, that is what will make an impact on others. Winning isn't everything.



Skiing

by *Joseph Threadgill*

Skiing is one of the best pastimes we have. There is nothing quite like bombing down a hill at 40 miles per hour, the trees whipping past in a blur, and the wind freezing your face. And nothing feels better than taking off your ski boots at the end of the day and getting that sense of freedom and satisfaction.

On the car ride back, you get to watch as your friends slowly start to get drowsy and begin to nod off until, eventually, you join them.

Once you get back to your room, you hurriedly unpack all of your equipment and then promptly pass out three hours earlier than you normally do (unless, of course, you have homework).

The next day is the worst. Your entire body aches from the abuse you gave it the day before and you begin to wonder why in the world you do this to yourself. Fortunately for the ski companies, this feeling wears off in a couple of days, and you conveniently forget about it entirely, just in time to head back up the mountain the next week with the same level of excitement and enthusiasm as the week before.



David Minden catches a little air during rec ski