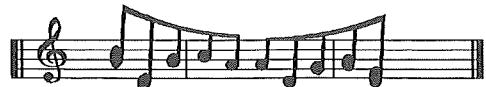




NUMBER 3



The moral of the story is that if you can give blood, do so without hesitation. Someone down the road will need it. Jesus gave all of His, so what's a pint to you?

Banquet heads downtown

by Jennifer Pielat

There was excitement in the air when the Christmas Banquet was announced. But along with the announcement there was a little mystery as to where its location would be.

For the first time in five years the banquet was held off campus. Friends, couples, and "Staff Social Seekers" boarded the busses and headed for an unknown destination in Spokane. The busses pulled in front of Cameo Catering. Inside was a spacious banquet hall that was decorated for Christmas with trees and lights. Pastor Paul said, "It was like stepping out of the pumpkin into Cinderella land."

As soon as couples arrived, they could go wait in line to take pictures or go to their table. While everyone was getting their punch and dinner, there were people playing Christmas music up front. There were different selections from students Maranatha Hay, Megan Eklund, Phillip Sherwood, Ryan Yeo, Brent Davis, Emily Wilkens, Danelle Smith, Melissa Ekvall, Evan Kinne and Danny Lamberton. Faculty members Jackie Stonas, Al Stonas, and Greg Creek also shared their talents in music with everyone.

When dinner was finished Sigma Kappa Sigma introduced their officers. Following that they showed the movie "Ice Age." It was a great way to end an evening filled with laughter and friends.

Party on!

by Rocky Brooks

Saturday, November 23rd, was the exciting night of UCA's annual class parties!

The Freshman class all crammed into Mr. Nafie's house. "A bunch of us played pool while the rest ate pizza and watched a musical," said Chris Parker, UCA freshman. Meanwhile the Sophomores were at the elementary school, aka "Outer Space," partying away. Lots of them were wearing theme-appropriate costumes. Tara Trefz, a Sophomore, remarked, "I enjoyed the fun time we had. The black lights were the best! It was really spectacular." Kelli Stout added, "I loved all the games we played and the GREAT Krispy Kreme's!" It sounds like the Sophomores had a swell evening!

Jungle Mania was the theme for the juniors' wild and crazy party in the gym--also mistaken for the Amazon. "I enjoyed the sumo-wrestling, the ice cream fight, and especially the cable jumping swingy thing! It was such a rush!" exclaimed Karlin Andregg.

The senior class went over to the cafe and had it all decked out for the best peanut carnival ever! Kristy Davies had to exclaim, "It was absolutely SUPER! If you wanted fun it was provided: a microphone, a jail with Sheriff Sanborn . . . and you could get MARRIED!!! That was dreamy!" The intrepid Mr. Troy Patzer, Senior class sponsor, added, "The best part of the Senior class party had to be those five-minute marriages at 'The Chapel of Love' performed by the Reverend Curtis Anderson."

So all in all it was a great evening with loads of games, prizes, lots of GOOD food, and fun for everyone!

Students reap fun at Harvest Party

by Kirsten Lane

So there we stood, breath held, near hypothermia, waiting in anticipation for the ASB Harvest Party to begin. But first they had to open the doors. After some time, there were signs of life, and as the doors swung open, we caught our first glimpse at what had taken so long to prepare.

The cafeteria had been transformed into a sort of western town, complete with long tables covered with red-checkered tablecloths, and ASB officers wandering in western regalia. They even had small western buildings where you could get food. "The cafeteria was very well decorated. They did a great job on that," said Reynolds Engelhart, a Junior.

There were different options for food including pies and ice cream and "The Oasis," where one could be served the drink of their choice. Entertainment came in the form of Carl Canwell and his awesome fire-juggling act, as well as guitar and violin numbers performed by Kathilee and Edwin Davidson and Carissa Patzer. "I thought the party was unexpected and pretty fun," said Amy Hall, a Junior.

Throughout the night, contests were held between all the classes for points. Games included a Coach Soule' drawing contest, and a contest in which one person had to pile as much shaving cream as possible on their partner's shower-capped head in three minutes.

The night ended with the Grand March, in which the whole school paired up and followed each other around the gym, doing fun stuff like making a human tunnel and having the line on the other side go under them. At the end, they all grouped in huge numbers and decided to go skipping on the last leg of the march, so several people got dragged along for the ride. Said Amanda Jehle, Senior, "The Grand March was exhilarating! It was definitely the highlight of the night." Several people were glad just to be able to hold hands in front of faculty and not get in trouble for it!

Finally, the Grand March finished and an exhausted faculty herded us all off to our respective dorms. All in all, the night seemed to be a big success. We ate, we drank, we were merry. And for some, it was the little things that counted. Said Senior, Deidre Christensen, "I enjoyed the hay."

I couldn't agree more.



ASB officers lead out in a song service at the Harvest Party



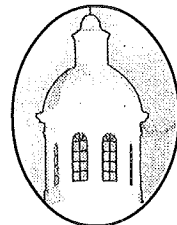
Brittany Pick, Heather Austermuhl and Alyson Lavarnway

Students unite

by Sean Hayes

You've had this ground-breaking idea that you think would really be good for the school, but nobody is taking you seriously. You want there to be a Gnome Tracking Club! Well, to be brutally honest, nobody is going to take you seriously with that idea. But for those slightly more logical ideas you have, Student Council is finally here.

In exact wording the purpose of Student Council is "To give students a democratic forum in which they can address the faculty and other students on school related issues." This is something that will give the students of UCA a unified, organized voice. And in order for the Student Council to be truly productive, it needs as much input as possible from you, the students. So I encourage you not to be afraid to come to our meetings. If you want to know when and where our next meeting is, take a look at the bulletin board to see if one is coming up soon. Just be sure not to bring any gnomes.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY ECHOES

Is a regular student publication of
Upper Columbia Academy,
3025 E Spangle-Waverly Road,
Spangle, WA 99031

This issue's contributors were
Rocky Brooks, Tommy Cutting,
Sean Hayes, Dan Hudson,
Kirsten Lane, Jennifer Pielat,
Melissa Wickenberg, Cheryl Williams
and Stephen Lacey, sponsor

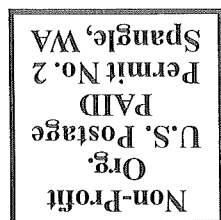
Science freaks

by Melissa Wickenberg

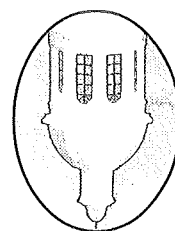
Science Club. Okay, you have to admit when someone says that you suddenly get a mental picture of a bunch of geeks wearing freaky glasses and sitting around microscopes trying to find a new kind of micro-organism. This year that is totally untrue. The officers are trying to make Science Club a fun and friendly place where anyone can come, hang out, and just have a good time. For this year they have been planning a ton of activities which include a series of videos called "Eco Challenge" and some great fundraisers.

Hope Taskforce is just another way for the Science Club to get out and have some fun. The club is the proud owner of a 96-foot inflatable blue whale. With him they are able to travel to different elementary schools in the area and give PowerPoint presentations to grades K-6. Says one member, "It can be a really long day after chasing down third graders, but in the end it's worth it, and you know you have made a difference in their lives."

The Science Club officers for the 2002-2003 year are Melissa Wickenberg, President; Jared Schober, Vice President; Alison Engelman, Secretary; Chelsea Moore, Treasurer; and Amy Schwitzgoebel, Chaplain.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY
3025 E Spangle-Waverly Road
Spangle, Washington 99031



Resolutions

by *Tommy Cutting*

Not too long ago, I'm sure most of you witnessed an interesting phenomenon that usually occurs about once every year somewhere between December and January. This incident typically befalls us either around midnight on December 31 or twelve in the morning on January 1. It is a widely-celebrated holiday known in many circles as the New Year.

For most of us, there are many exciting and important aspects to the New Year. One is the making and keeping of New Year's resolutions. We may resolve to raise our grades; to be more punctual; or, perhaps, simply to refrain from harming those fiends in the dorm who come and awaken you from pleasant slumber for no obvious reason.

I can't say what my New Year's resolution is, but I will say that I hope my neighbors make a resolution to keep track of time. Their need for such a resolution became apparent just this last New Year. It started around midnight (imagine that). I was just climbing into bed when I started hearing the popping and crackling sounds of small fireworks, sounds that finally subsided several minutes after midnight. Seeing that the rest of the world was ready to be mature and stop making noise, I settled down for my

first nap of 2003 and in a matter of minutes I had managed to achieve a state of sleep that, to the casual observer, would have seemed to be a deep coma.

But my peaceful moment didn't last long--it was interrupted by an Iraqi air strike. I awoke to the sound of exploding air-to-ground missiles, prompting me to make an evasive maneuver to my left and collide with a wall. I jumped up and was about to make a mad dash for the nearest bomb shelter when I remembered that air-to-ground missiles don't emit showers of blue, red, and green sparks with loud crackling sounds.

As it turned out, my neighbors weren't paying attention and ignited their arsenal of illegal fireworks about fifteen minutes late. Deep down inside they're good people . . . way deep down. They apologized for the emotional trauma and I told them not to worry. After all, it was nothing that couldn't be handled by a few weeks of intense therapy.

One would think that making the transition from one year to another would be a simple thing, yet some people manage to bungle it, making for quite a harrowing experience. Perhaps my New Year's resolution will be simply to survive until 2004.