



*by Brian Cazan
President, Class of 2013*

As the year comes to a close, we often find ourselves wondering what the future has in store. The best possible class schedule and chilliest roommate are of the utmost importance. Though there is nothing wrong with those concerns, they leave something to be desired.

A couple of short weeks from graduation, I found myself wallowing in nostalgia. I was beginning to realize my goal of graduation should have been coupled with enjoying the carefree years of high school. Yes, tests and discipline committees are important, but all-in-all these years have been a time for me to figure out who I am while having the most fun possible.

Now that I am staring down the barrel of the adult world, I know that the borderline responsibility-free years will be dearly missed. Don't get me wrong though, I know I speak on behalf of the entire senior class when I say we are ready to graduate. I am simply trying to encourage you not to make the same mistake I did. I will admit that my senioritis has elevated to the "I legitimately don't care about anything but food" stage, therefore making me a hypocrite, but I don't care. My dad always tells me not to sweat the petty stuff, and all it takes is a step back for me to realize how many petty things have kept me from enjoying life.

What surprised me the most about the seniors leaving last year, and moving up, was how little I missed the class of 2012. I have nothing against them, and they probably didn't really miss the class before them either. You will not be an exception. This is all just part of the natural cycle and emphasizes the fact that every step in life is temporary. Don't mess around so much that it destroys your future, but learn to enjoy this temporary stage because it's not coming back. Nobody wants to look back and regret not having more fun during the years of their youth.

Packing memories

by Ashley Cuber

Boxes have begun to line the back wall of the cafeteria, signifying the start of packing season here at UCA.

With less than two weeks of school left, students are boxing up the contents of their rooms in advance of the June 9 move-out day. However, not all students are feeling the rush yet and are delaying packing until the very last days of school. For them, there are more important things such as finals, sleeping, and making last-minute memories. Seniors are having a particularly tough time packing as some of them are trying to pack memories of their stay at UCA into cardboard boxes. It is well known that memories do not easily squeeze into boxes and must be handled with care.

Attempting to prioritize what to pack first is a difficult chore, and is another contributing factor for those postponing packing until the last day. It's even a more difficult task for those who are working at summer camps immediately after graduation and have to pack separately for that.

A senior who shall not be named says, "I'm not packing so much as deciding what not to throw out." Maintenance will soon put out a dumpster bin near the dorms for such a purpose.



Class Motto:
Remember yesterday,
dream about tomorrow,
but live today

Class Text:
Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own. Matthew 6:34



UCA's 2013 Spokane Scholars were Emily Gobel, World Languages; Jordan Wagner, Math; Reagan Dieter, Science; Sophia Rich, English; Nick Anderson, Fine Arts; and Bethany Bradshaw, Social Studies

4-year seniors take trip

by Bethany Bradshaw

In May every year an elite group of seniors get a reward for 4 years of dedication to our wonderful school. They go on what we all call (for obvious reasons) the Four-Year Senior Trip. This usually includes a day at Silverwood Amusement Park, good food, and a day at Triple-Play. This year was no exception.

Early on Sunday morning, May 19, a wonderful breakfast of biscuits and gravy was served in the café for these special seniors, and by 9:30 the group were eager to be on their way to the outskirts of Coeur d'Alene for a fun day at Silverwood.

One eventful experience on that first day was when Zach and Spencer McConnachie were stuck on the newest roller-coaster when it broke down. One group of senior girls took advantage of the cloudy day and short lines at the water ride called Thunder Canyon and completed 6 rides, becoming completely drenched in the process.

After an amazing day at Silverwood, the group had a good meal at the Olive Garden and then experienced very large bowls of ice-cream at Goopy's before heading for their hotel and a late night socializing with friends.

At 10:00 a.m. the next morning, they headed into Triple-Play and enjoyed the indoor water park, bowling alley, go-karts, bumper boats, laser tag, and mini golf.

Finally, at around 4:45, the seniors returned to Spokane for one last meal with the whole group at PF Chang's. Then, a satisfied, exhausted group of seniors finally got back to the dorms at 8:30 to enjoy study hall.

Southern performs at UCA

by Sophia Rich

Around dinnertime on Thursday, May 16, Southern Adventist University's wind symphony arrived on campus. They'd just come from Alberta, Canada, earlier that day and UCA was their second to last stop on their tour of the Pacific Northwest. For many students, this came as a surprise because they were not aware that anything special was happening that evening.

The wind symphony put on a musical program for UCA students that night. One number, "Cloudburst", was an ethereal piece that ended with an exhausting two minutes of finger snapping to simulate raindrops. "Canzon Duedecimi" was "an example of 16th century surround sound," the director, Ken Parsons, quipped. The entire wind symphony surrounded the audience on three sides for the song, mimicking the effect of putting instruments all around the congregation in a cathedral.

The percussion section was particularly entertaining to watch during "Cartoon" because they used all kinds of unique whistles, horns, and drums to mimic the sound effects of classic cartoons. The cymbal player, in particular, drew the attention of the audience because he was standing at the edge of the stage anxiously awaiting his three deafening cymbal crashes at the end of the piece. Until his moment of glory arrived, his disappointed facial expressions were amusing. Also, in "Meridian," the long-haired percussionist got to rock out on the shakers and his enthusiastic performance made the vibes player crack up toward the end of the song. "He does that a lot," said Lauren Whalen, a trumpet player in the wind symphony. "He doesn't get to play very much, but when he does, he really does!"

The wind symphony's regular tuba player is a community member and could not come on tour with them, so they were using local tuba players at various stops on their trip or simply performing without tubas. UCA junior Braden Stanyer's performance as the wind symphony's only tuba player received enthusiastic applause before he even began to play, prompting a few of the performers to ask students, "Do all the girls have a crush on him?" Braden went on to perform with the wind symphony on Sabbath at the University Church, their last stop on their Pacific Northwest tour.

For more information about the Wind Symphony, visit: www.southern.edu/Music/Ensembles/Pages/windsymphony

AP testing

by *Nick Anderson*

What is the one thing that could bring many Seniors to their knees, exhausted and needing sleep more than ever? That thing, my friends, is AP testing week. With the Calculus test on Wednesday and English on Friday, the scholars had absolutely no energy left by the end of the week.

The AP Calculus test consisted of 2 multiple choice sections, for one of which the students were allowed to use a calculator. After the multiple choice sections, the students were allowed a 10 minute break, during which they could get a drink, go to the bathroom, and try to regain some sense of sanity to be able to continue with the test. After the break, the students re-entered the testing room and attempted the free-response questions. These required the test-takers to show every bit of the work they used to get to their final answer. There were also two parts in the free-response section and only one allowed the use of calculators.

The AP English test was only two days later. Those who had taken the Calculus test were barely conscious when the test began. It began with a multiple-choice section, requiring students to review and analyze several passages. After the multiple choice, just like in the Calculus test, the students were given a 10 minute break to regain their senses. The second section of the test contained three prompts, and the scholars had to write an essay for each of the prompts. This part of the test was two hours straight with no breaks. Some students finished their essays and just sat and waited quietly, while others tried to utilize all of the given time.

The AP testing week was one of the hardest weeks of the year for a few students. The results of the tests won't be known until July, but the test-takers feel as if they are champions for merely surviving these tests.

Iron Man!

by *Omar Alfaro*

It was a Saturday night and most of the boys in the men's dorm were very excited for the Iron Man tournament that was hosted by the Men's Club. It was the first one ever at Upper Columbia Academy and included many events that girls or boys could compete in.

There were many physical activities such as the bench press, an obstacle course, rope climbing, jousting, a mile run, pushups, and a slam dunk contest. (There was also a ginger ale drinking contest.) Many of the students discovered abilities they didn't even know they had.

The event was about three hours of excitement that night. Many people cheered on the tired students who attempted the mile run in the gymnasium. Others cheered when a student was about to give up on the rope climb. The Men's club worked very hard to make this positive spirit happen, and it is good to know that our academy is very supportive with fun and exciting programs.

One student suggested that we should have an Iron Man tournament every year with the winners getting their names on a trophy displayed in the boys' dorm lobby. This year there was an exciting three-way tie for first place: Ryan Carey, Chris Tataryn, and Caleb Lamberton.

Everyone who participated received an Iron Man T-Shirt, and I think all of us will remember how exciting it was to participate or to watch the event.

Choir tour

by *Melissa Petrello*

As many of the students know, most of the other music groups, such as band, strings, Choraliers, and octet, get to go on music tours. The choir, however, does not go on tour. Why do you suppose that is? Well, most say that it is hard to travel with such a big choir. Also, many times everyone in choir doesn't always sing, which makes them unprepared for performances.

When Mr. Anderson announced there was going to be a one-day tour for the choir, many were not happy about it especially since it was Mother's Day weekend. Soon after that, several Choraliers members said they were planning on going home and didn't like choir anyway.

But on May 11 the morning came. The choir members met on the busses at 7:00 on Sabbath morning, hoping to leave the school by 7:15. However, they got a feel for how tours can go when they didn't leave until 7:45. Then they were on their way to Bonners Ferry to perform at the church, hoping to bless the congregation through music and to encourage potential students to attend UCA. Since the church was too small for the whole choir, the church service was held in the school gymnasium nearby.

The choir warmed up their voices on a few songs and then practiced with the Bonners Ferry Choir for one piece called "To Touch the Heart of God." Altogether, the choir performed 6 songs, Choraliers did 4, and octet did 2. It was the choir's best performance yet—better than even the Fox concert! This was surprising considering some complications during the concert that included people not feeling well. There is no possible way the choir could have sounded so good and strong without the angels singing with them.

Finished . . .

by Alex Moseanko

Your color is called and you slowly make your way up to the starting line. You feel ready, but anxious. It takes a while but you finally cross the line, starting off strong and feeling great. You pass by all those around you, and feel as if you're the fastest one there. Everything is going well, but as time goes on you become tired. You begin to slow and stop caring about your finishing time, but that final corner comes and you finally can see the end.

For those of you who ran Bloomsday, you know how tiring it can be and just how rewarding it is to finally see the finish line. Bloomsday is kind of like a school year: We all start out with a burst of energy, but as time goes on we all become tired and begin to feel like quitting. The end is—finally—almost here, though, and now it's the time to choose to finish with your best.

Choosing a college

by Reagan Dieter

When you ask a group of teenagers about college, you get responses across the board. Most do not have any clue what they are going to do, where they are going to go, or how they are going to get there. Others have a faint idea of what they want to do or where they want to go—but not both. Then there is the group that cannot wait to get to college to party and do all the stupid things so they can have crazy college stories like Uncle Charlie has. But no matter the response, there is always that air of anxiety when college is brought up to any student in high school.

I plan on going to Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska, for the International Rescue and Relief program as a pre-med option. My brother is there and he loves the campus and the environment, and my grandparents are there and I would be able to help them out. However, I am still not completely sure Union is the place to go.

Another thing about college that is in the back of every person's mind is that it is where most people find their husband or wife. That is one of the scariest thoughts in all of this. Not only is college the place for schooling, it is also the time and place to find a lifetime best friend and love.

So, when I entrust God to help me with this college decision, I am not only praying to be going to the right place to study but also to find a wife. That fact freaks me out. So, for me, a lot of prayer needs to happen before I am confident in the choice I have made in a college.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

ECHOES

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The wonderful pencil

by Suzanna Officer

We are faced with the task of exploiting a disregarded but vital tool for the advancing American. From earliest civilizations, the writing utensil has been the sturdy companion of the artist, scientist, and poet. From the feathered quill to the office pen, no one escapes relying on this handy instrument.

Memory takes us back to first grade when our three-ringed notebooks were accompanied by the chipped yellow #2 pencil—the very item that scratched our first sentences. From then on, its lead and wood endured the challenges our extensive education required. Neglecting this standard device would be out of the question for us who recognize its undying loyalty. But at what point do we sacrifice practicality for sentimentality? We would be naïve to think that progress would overlook the imperative writing utensil.

Progress has presented us with a tool that rivals the advances of the internet. Yes, America, I present to you the mechanical pencil. Never before has writing been so easy. Forget the hassle of manually sharpening your pencil. Enjoy the sensation of adequate graphite only a click away. Don't be discouraged by the rough, unpredictable consistency of lines made by your old pencil or the permanent smudges of your gaudy pen. Take pride in the neat and uniform marks of your mechanical pencil. No longer feel dull like the tip of your unsatisfactory wooden device. Instead, walk in confidence as your peers' turn to look at your stylish and revolutionary mechanical pencil. Take pleasure in choosing your pencil's unique color and style.

The number of this phenomenal contraption's advantages are astronomical. Don't be the one left behind in this giant step of progress. Don't let sentiment keep you taped to yesterday's writing utensil. Step into today and switch all your writing utensils to the mechanical pencil.

Marine Biology heads to Rosario

by *Gabriel Heater*

At the very end of April the three sections of enthusiastic Marine Biology students, Mrs. Haeger, and Pastor Fred, all piled into the bus and a few vans and headed for Rosario Beach. There were absolutely no problems during the trip which took most of the day with a few stops to eat.

When we finally arrived, we made our ways to our separate cabins and then gathered on the beach to enjoy the sounds of crashing waves and seagulls in the distance. Worship came and went, and then came what couldn't be avoided: Mrs. Haeger stood up and assigned us our first dreadful journal essay! That concluded the day.

The next day we had classes all morning, made Sushi, and looked at microscopic organisms. Later we looked at glowing organisms at the docks and had a very fun game of Mafia with Pastor Fred.

Tuesday we went to the mudflats, and I've got to say getting ridiculously muddy just to find some crabs and worms was not the finest experience of my life. But it was very educational and I found a lot of things I never would have known existed if not for that experience. From the flats we moved on to a research facility where we looked at some interesting organisms and took notes about wildlife in the area. To end the day we had another game at the main building.

The final day arrived. We packed our stuff and headed for Seattle where we would go to the Aquarium. Once we arrived there, we immediately began a "Scavenger Hunt" that Mrs. Haeger had set up for us. It took a few hours, but it was an interesting few hours. We saw otters, and seals feed and learned about many more different organisms in that area. We then piled back into the Buses and headed for our stops to go home for the last home-leave weekend of the year.

It was all pretty exciting and interesting, and I'd do it again next year if I could.

Students go to Music Fest

by *Sophia Rich*

Each year, Gonzaga University hosts Music Fest Northwest, a celebration of music from all areas of the Pacific Northwest. Students in grade school and high school enter into adjudication classes for voice, piano, violin, ballet, guitar, and other musical arts. In these classes, students perform one to two pieces for the adjudicator and a live audience. After everyone has performed, the adjudicator teaches the group as if it were a master class on how to improve their art.

After the adjudicator is done teaching, he presents the students with his written comments about their performances and gives bronze, silver, and gold medals to the top three students in each class. The gold medalists are asked to sing in the Festival Highlights concert at the end of the week. Sometimes students from the class may be asked to sing on the radio if they performed particularly well, even if they didn't win gold.

This year, UCA sent four vocal and two violin students to Music Fest. Sophia Rich performed on Monday. David Jacobus, Michaela Paulson, and Leah Holden performed on Tuesday, and Katie Folkenberg performed on Friday. Louis LaRiccica, Viviana Cortez, and Monica Carr accompanied. Sophia, David, and Michaela sang and Leah and Katie played their violins. Everyone did very well. "Yeah, I'll do it again," said Michaela when asked if she would perform at Music Fest Northwest again next year.

Remembering India

by *Cheyenne Welch*

The meetings have ended, the suitcases are packed, the clothing is distributed, and the houses are clean. Now we stand in a lopsided circle beside the old-fashioned tour bus. American, Filipino, Canadian, Vietnamese, and Indian hands join together. Brown, black, red, and blonde heads bow, and in the international language of prayer, we speak to God—together.

"It was bittersweet when we left and all the kids were following after the bus," said sophomore Branda Ray, smiling.

The mission trip to Miryalaguda, India, was both miraculous and memorable. Passports that fell out of the envelope in the mail still came through. Visas that should have been denied were accepted. Costs that seemed insurmountable were conquered in a matter of weeks. Every element of the trip breathed of God's leadership. Through power failures and internet outages, we learned to live simply. Through the happiness of the impoverished, we learned to appreciate what we have. Through the pure love of others, we learned to live as Christ.

When asked what their favorite part of the whole trip was, people said it was the Indian people themselves. Clayton Smith said, "Probably the church and the kids," and Connor Smith said, "Baptisms, of course." Mary Egolf and Nicole Gordon both loved the children, and Rylee Clark enjoyed the culture shock and seeing everyone's reactions. But the people permanently embedded themselves in our memories. Their smiling faces and reaching hands will be the first images we see when we hear the word *India*.

Due date

by Arianna Lockwood

May 6, 2013, is the day that determined the rest of your life . . . well, that is, if you are a junior with US History as one of your first three classes. Many of you might have noticed the worn faces of 11th graders as stress changed their natural color.

Pastor Sid assigned a project known to many as “Stock Market” to help students understand the great Wall Street Crash of 1929. What was the catch? Why was everyone in such critical condition? It took five weeks and was the majority of all our grades. Everywhere the printers were running, seemingly shooting out entire reams of crisp white paper into the hands of very anxious students so they could slip each innocent piece into a shiny plastic paper protector.

After checking through every written and typed bit (not once but twice and maybe even three times) the students were ready to firmly place their folders of work into the accepting hand of Pastor Sid. It was not just any work, but was work that took a lifetime to finish. At that moment, students couldn’t help but sigh in relief. Every muscle relaxed, and they felt like they were floating on a cloud—all because the project was over.

But haunting questions remained: “Was my math right?” “Did I spell it all correctly?” “Should I have color-coded more?” And the question that had us all rethinking our careful work was “What grade did I get?”

The best of times the worst of times

by Michael Urie

Every year around this time as the senior class approaches graduation, there are one of two factions students will find themselves in. The first faction is made up of people who consider UCA their home, and they do not want to leave.

Across campus you can hear seniors saying “I’m looking forward to graduation,” or “I’m looking forward to seeing what challenges I will face after I leave UCA.” This brings to mind what happened at my father’s high school reunion. There was a dinner and old friends talked and got reacquainted. While I was there, I heard stories of their old times in high school. Everyone said that their life in the good old days were the best times of their lives.

The second faction of students is made up of those who want to leave UCA. You can also hear groups of students all over campus saying, “I hate wheat fields and cannot wait until graduation,” or just “I’m ready for college and summer vacation.” These students seem to be ready to hit the road as soon as possible. Yet I have to wonder if these students are fooling themselves. I don’t hear of many adults ever saying that life after high school was as enjoyable and memorable as high school was. Adults always reminisce about high school days and the pranks they pulled on their teachers or the jokes they pulled on their friends.

Many juniors feel like they are being pulled into these two factions just as seniors are, but they still have another full year before they have to leave.

Good luck to the senior class of 2013, and I hope you realize that high school was the best time of your life.

Spring Week of Prayer



Pastor Stephen Lundquist, a UCA alumnus from Portland Adventist Academy, was the speaker for Spring Week of Prayer

The bright blue bus of blood

by Courtney MacPhee

On Friday, May 10, a bright blue trailer covered with bright pictures of happy children pulled up next to the Power House. The over eager students and staff of UCA, ready to spill their blood in order for the t-shirt at the end of the process, rushed into the Power House, took a survey, filled out forms, and marched off to the cramped little trailer. Inside, four padded recliners lined the walls and students watched as others pumped blood through tubes and were pricked and prodded multiple times.

Donating blood could have taken as long as 16 minutes, or as little as four, depending on the person. Dean Steph, Assistant Head Dean of the girls' dorm, had the fastest donating time of four minutes and forty seconds. "I think the reason the donation was so fast was because unlike previous times it actually hurt, and I was continually pumping the ball in my hand so that it would go by faster."

All in all, it was a pleasant experience, being treated to a good conscience, a free t-shirt, and free snacks at the end. So next year when that bright blue trailer returns, be sure to return and give blood for the injured and sick.

Relationships

by Reagan Dieter

I believe whole heartedly that God created Man for relationships. He created us in His image, a familiar entity to relate to and to spend time with. God spent time with Adam and Eve in the garden and nurtured a loving and caring relationship with them. When they sinned, God continued to cultivate a growing relationship with them despite His Son's impending death due to their transgression. It is for this reason I strongly believe that we are meant, as humans, to continue forming new relationships with people. This relates to how involved we are in our school, community, and church.

The school year is drawing to a close, and the window of opportunity for involvement is disappearing. However, the summer is filled with prospects for being involved in our communities. I strongly encourage each person at UCA to do something this summer that benefits someone else. In doing this, you will find the relationships you create will be long-lasting and you will benefit so much more from the experience of selflessness than you could have ever imagined. Follow God's example and exist to serve others and nourish those resulting relationships, and I can promise your summer will be anything but dull and uneventful.

Which season is it?

by Nick Anderson

UCA is notorious for having weather that can change in an instant. It can be snowing one day, and be near 100 degrees the next. This spring has been no exception to the changing mind of the weather.

Just a few weeks ago, we were having temperatures above 80 degrees. Washington had the hottest temperatures of any state in America, even beating states like Arizona and Florida. It seemed like summer had come early to Washington, and everyone had begun to bring out their shorts and t-shirts.

To keep its indecisive tradition, however, the weather retreated from its summer-like state and returned to the spring weather we know and (some of us) love. Rain came pouring down, the wind blew sideways, and the sun was nowhere to be seen.

It's quite easy to tell apart those who enjoy the wind and rain from those who wish the summer weather had stayed. Those who love the spring weather can be seen dancing in the rain, appearing to be happier than ever. Those who wish for summer weather walk from building to building as quickly as they can, hoping to avoid becoming soaked from head to toe.

As if the jump from sunny to pouring rain wasn't enough, within a day it was sunny again. All of the terrain around UCA appeared as if it hadn't rained at all. The changing weather at UCA has always been a mystery, and I believe that it will remain unsolved as long as UCA exists.



Twins appeared on campus during Spirit Week

The Bible's underdogs

by Sophia Rich

You've heard of the great patriarchs: Noah, Moses, Joseph, David, Peter, Paul . . . , and you may have wondered how anyone could ever make as big a difference for God as they did. The Bible is full of incredible stories about prophets and kings who did great things for God, but what about the others?

Believe it or not, the Bible is full of mini-biographies about ordinary people who did extraordinary things through God. There's Shiphrah and Puah, Egyptian midwives who followed God and were there when Moses was born (Exodus 1:15-21); Shamgar, one of the many judges of Israel who killed 600 Philistines with a sharp stick and is only mentioned in one verse in the Bible (Judges 3:31); Jabez, the man with the famous prayer (1 Chronicles 4:9, 10); Priscilla and Aquilla, Roman tentmakers who helped Paul and even saved his life once (Acts 18:2-3, 26; Romans 16:3-5; 2 Timothy 4:19); and many others in both the Old and New Testaments.

Timothy, though maybe not as unknown as the others, was not someone we would expect to be a leader in the early church. His mother and grandmother taught him about God. His mother was Jewish, but his father was Greek, and this was distasteful to some early Jewish Christians (Acts 16:1-5). Timothy often served with Paul during his ministry. He appears to be a little timid and uncertain when it comes to leading because of his young age, but Paul encouraged him time and again to be strong in the Lord and not be discouraged by those who thought him too young to lead. (1 Timothy 4:12; 2 Timothy 1:5-7)

As you can see by the testimonies of the Bible's underdogs, God doesn't need you to be popular, good-looking, courageous, perfect, or strong. All he needs is someone willing to listen and trust him. None of these unknown heroes would have done anything notable if they hadn't allowed God to lead in their lives. No matter what your history, your shortcomings, your personality, or your weaknesses God can and will use you.



Rooms for next year

by Alex Dietrich

The girls' dorm is a huge scramble of ladies running around, knocking on doors, taking pictures of rooms, and examining sinks and closets. It is that time of year again when the girls have to pick the rooms and roommates they want for next year. There is always a lot of conversing and "are you sure you want to room with me?" floating around as people try to find someone compatible to room with.

If you are in the dorm, the first step is to choose a roommate. Once that is done, the two of you go around looking for a room that will suit your needs. But you have to be quick about it because the good rooms obviously are the first to get chosen. When you find the right room, it is a race to the deans' office to write your name on the list and reserve the room. It is always a disappointment if the room is already taken, so you should always have a back-up room picked out.

The process is always stressful and fast paced, but once your name is written down, you can finally relax, breathe, and begin planning the layout of your new room.