



Hearing God

by Reagan Dieter

As Student Week of Prayer has come and gone, we find ourselves asking whether we heard God's voice during the week. God talks to everyone in different ways. You hear stories about people going out into the woods and talking to God and actually hearing his voice at times when they needed it most. You also hear about people who talked to God through an experience they had, like feeding the homeless, or helping a mother of nine pay for her groceries at Wal-Mart, or through talking with some kid who is trying to send his dying mother off with a nice gift so she will be happy in heaven. Then you have the other 98% of the population who is wondering why they did not have an opportunity to communicate with God through one of these experiences.

I have found that you do not usually get much from God if you just sit and wait for Him to say something. I also have found that it is hard to get a sign to help you in your life's direction. But God speaks on His own terms and on His own agenda. That does not mean that we are unimportant or that God is a stingy business man with no time in His schedule for us. It means that we have a different agenda from God's. Since God is who He is and we humans are who we are, it makes sense that our agendas may not line up 100%.

I think that God talks to you when you are actively listening for Him—not when you are waiting for a booming voice out of the sky (though do not put that past Him), but when you are earnestly seeking direction. He will talk to you through the beautiful day, the perfect parking spot, or those beautiful flowers on your morning walk . . . or through your friends. God is love and speaks to us through it, and we hear His voice so much more when we are looking for expressions of that enduring love.

Student Week of Prayer



HOLD ON!

No-talking-to-opposite-gender Day!

by Alyx Yaeger

Also referred to by many as "Heart Day," this day is in commemoration of Valentine's Day and presents us UCA-ers with a challenge many have found hard to accomplish: not communicating with the opposite gender!

Heart Day is celebrated not once, but twice, on the UCA calendar. February 13 is when girls get their hearts stolen by the boys. And February 14 is when boys get their heart stolen by the girls. But how does this work? What does "stolen" mean?

Well, once you receive your red paper heart for the day, you tie it around your neck for all to see, and then you go about your everyday life without talking to the opposite gender. If you choose (or crumble under the tough circumstances) to talk with that boy or girl, you remove your heart and give it to the person you communicated with. And that special person who literally "won your heart" gets to wear it with pride for the rest of the day.

Many were deceived or simply "forgot" about not communicating with the opposite gender, but many others overcame. Sophomore dorm student Katie Folkenberg stated, "It wasn't too difficult; it just took discipline. I felt like I was ignoring people! It was painful!" Sophomore Melissa Jones also succeeded in keeping her heart the entire day long. "It wasn't hard. I just didn't talk. I wouldn't even talk in class unless I needed to!" she said. And it turns out it worked for both Katie and Melissa. Congratulations, ladies!

In contrast, sophomore Madi Mallott just couldn't stand not talking to him (Rylan Martin) and was tired of the harassment from the boys in the hall. She decided to give her heart away to Rylan during lunch period.



The floor of the upstairs hallway is a place to settle for Gary Jessop and Tyler Dalrymple before 7:15 Algebra class

India mission trip

by Cheyanne Welch

They all knew it would be hard, but no one expected it to be this hard. The students on the INDIA Mission trip joined the team knowing they would need to get immunization shots, buy a whole new wardrobe, raise \$2,800 and sign an endless pile of documents. The reality is that the documents are easy, but government red tape is endless.

The team got together one night and went through the visa applications together. The three page document required information about the travelers and their plans, as well as references both State-side and in India. A photo had to be taken, signatures signed – very carefully, with no part touching the lines of the box – and passports collected. It took a good two hours, but by the end of the night, all the applications were ready to go. Everything was packaged and shipped to San Francisco, where it would be sent to the Indian consulate.

The students all waited for a confirmation email, saying their visa was being processed. No one got it. Instead, every inbox had a message saying "signature not accepted" and that they had ten days to fix the problem before the applications were rejected and sent back. A mad flurry ensued as Mr. Kravig and Mrs. Srikureja prepared to do the applications as a second time. The entire day was spent grabbing students between classes to resign the papers. Finally, every one was done and they were resent.

The waiting began again. Emails trickled in asking for more documentation of addresses, better signatures, a driver's license, or a long-form birth certificate. Rushed packages filled the mail service. Finally, the first piece of good news came. One of the visas was done. And then another and another.

Three weeks before the date of departure there were still visas to be confirmed. Nicole Gordon and Mary Egolf, both Canadian, had to postpone the application process to use their passports for home leave. Their applications were sent, but the waiting game had only just begun for them.

As the days pass, the stress rises. "I haven't slept a single night without dreaming of visas," said Mr. Kravig. One student said, "It's got to be a God thing. Only He can get our visas to us in time and have the trip succeed. So I'm trusting in Him to take care of it."

自助餐館

by *Jordan Wagner*

Now doesn't that look cool? That (perhaps) says cafeteria. And so far the new cafeteria that is going up looks pretty cool as well.

Students were not ready for how fast the cafeteria would actually be built. It seems to be practically jumping out of the ground. There were even some hopeful speculations tossed around that the new café would be ready for this year's graduation. Although this may be just a little too hopeful, the café will be up soon. It is scheduled to be up and key-ready next fall.

The project was estimated to cost a little more than 3 million dollars and everyone is happy to say that upwards of eighty percent of that money has already been raised. The students would like to thank all those who have contributed. It will be such a nice improvement on our campus.

With a larger dining room, an updated kitchen, a separate conference room, and a student plaza with outdoor dining, this café may prove to be the single nicest edition to UCA ever. The students are especially excited about the fact that the dining hall will be able to double as a study room and that the outdoor dining area will provide another place to hang out.

Being that this new café will probably be 10 fold better than the current one, students and faculty alike can't wait to see it finished next fall.



The right tools for the right job

by *Jody Morlan*

Being a janitor in the girl's dorm isn't always a fun or easy job. It takes a lot of patience and interpersonal skills. Janitors also have to be able to follow directions, work independently and as a team, and do repetitive and less desirable tasks. My job there is to vacuum.

As fun as vacuuming sounds, it's not—especially when we have vacuum cleaners that don't work at all! Every day I do the same thing: I vacuum each floor and hall, but it's hard to notice I've done anything when the vacuums don't pick up any dirt or scraps of paper lying on the floor. Sometimes, in the different colored carpet, you can almost tell the vacuum has made its way by, but you have to look very closely.

I also clean windows and doors, and you can actually see the difference when I'm done.

Doing the same thing every day as a janitor is not a bad job, and it teaches a lesson: it's important to have the right tools to do a good job. And that doesn't only apply to cleaning. . . .

Victorious at heart

by *Daniel Wilkinson*

The UCA Lions basketball teams traveled to Walla Walla in February for the biggest set of games of their season. Each team put in every ounce of practice they could and were ready for success. The brackets were made, and each member of the teams was thinking about what they needed to be doing on the court. The UCA men's team would be playing Lake City Junior Academy, and the women's team had their eyes on Gem State.

Game time came for the men and they came out victorious. Every last second was treasured by the bench players. Soon after, the women's team started playing their first opponent. The score went back and forth until it came down to the last seconds of the game. Time out was called, and each team prepared themselves for the win. With time winding down, Morgan Stanyer had the ball. With only a second left she was forced to shoot the ball from the free throw line. Swish! They had won! Many UCA fans ran on to the court and cheered for the team.

The next two games played by the men were won by at least ten points. Puget Sound put up a fight, but they were the team that beat the men in the first round the previous year, and it wasn't going to happen again. The girls suffered a loss, but were ready for their next opponent. Annihilation! Every part of their game was executed well and for a purpose. The girls went on to play for the 5th position, and the men were now in the championship for the first time in several years.

Both teams seemed to be out of juice, but the scores were not going in favor of the Lions. The girls ended up losing to Puget Sound, and the men fell short of the title against Mount Ellis.

The Lions could have been extremely upset with the outcomes, but their happy spirits truly defined the character of UCA. The Lions returned without titles, but they were victorious at heart.

Homeleave

by *Brian Cazan*

There is only one word (or is it two?) that resonates with such joy amongst the UCA student body, but is completely foreign to anyone else in the world. Homeleave. Home leave is a special time when most students get to see the families that they oh-so-dearly missed and, more importantly, take a break from school.

Exactly what people do during each homeleave is a matter of preference. I use this time to catch up on movies and sleep. Others, however, think staying up late and socializing as much as possible is the proper way to spend time off. A very select few choose unruly ways of spending their time . . . which I won't mention here.

However you spend your home leave, make sure you take advantage of all the things that rejuvenate the mind in preparation for the rigorous academics that lie ahead. Good luck.

Germ warfare

by *Kaley Wolfkill*

One! Two! Three! Go!!!!!! The bugs were on a race. This race was to spread sickness to as many people as possible, and, unfortunately, they did very well. They won and we lost. They stayed strong; we fell weak.

Many students don't believe that it is entirely the bugs' fault. Many would like to blame the teachers for their illnesses. Although we shouldn't blame the teachers, I do feel they did play a part in the winter plague of sicknesses. The problem was that during the week of the February home leave many teachers piled on so many projects, tests, and long assignments that students were not able to get much sleep. Many had to stay in their rooms longer to finish the homework, and because they couldn't get exposed to fresh air, they were trapped with the bugs of grossness.

With the late nights, stresses, and the sickness going around, it was almost impossible to avoid the plague. Many students were sent home early, and several others were trapped in the sickrooms. The majority of the students, however, attended school while carrying their bug.

What could we do to prevent this from happening again?

- Wash hands more often than just before meals and after using the rest room
- Do not go around other people (Even if it means you will have to make up homework)
- Drink lots of water
- Eat lots of grains, fruits, and veggies
- Stay away from sugar!
- Exercise (keep your body strong, inside and out)

Rec ski

a snowy paradise

by *Gabriel Heater*

The fog was thickening and concealing. Slow moving figures slowly drifted through the fog that surrounded them, making their way to the warm, inviting bus waiting to whisk them away to the mountain of their dreams, Schweitzer. The name rolled off the tongues of the eager and wistful students with ease. Ahead lay a day in snowy paradise.

The bus finally arrived at its destination and the students scattered like leaves in the wind. Some went to the lodge to bask and relax in the warmth; others braved the chilling cold whispering at their fingertips.

A quick trip up the mountain revealed a new layer of powder. They may not have been the first on Schweitzer, but the powder concealed most of the tracks from the previous skiers. Some decided to go through the trees in hopes of finding the best jump to show off their skills; others decided to cruise down the double blacks, making it look like child's play, of course. Kids poured in and out of the lodge quickly grabbing something to eat and chatting with other groups of friends, telling about their many runs and bragging about their different jumps or moves.

As the day neared an end, people started getting in their favorite runs before closing time, doing riskier tricks to end the day on a high note, and—maybe—getting that cherished move that would make all their friends respect them to no end.

The time finally came and the runs began to close. People took their time coming down the hill, but, of course, sooner or later they had to take off their gear and place it in the warm, inviting bus. The ride home was quiet as many kids slept after the day of fun.

As they came to a halt at the campus, groans wafted about the bus. As everyone unloaded they only looked forward to the next week that they could return to their snowy paradise.



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Procrastination

by Nick Anderson

Throughout the course of my educational career, I've met many scholarly individuals. However, even the most dedicated students eventually succumb to the dreaded disease commonly known as procrastination. Whether it's a test that needs to be studied for, or just an assignment that needs to be finished, all of us have put off various studies.

While procrastination can seem a lovely thing, the consequences of waiting are hideous. Heavy procrastination can result in only two things: either the project isn't finished in time or the student must stay up throughout the night, losing quality sleeping time. I've found that there *are* a few things that can help even the most ultimate procrastinators.

If one can minimize the number of external distractions occurring, then completing necessary homework can be much simpler. Even the smallest distraction can completely pull a focused student away for a few hours.

Using every free opportunity to complete homework can help to minimize procrastination. Study halls are made for this very purpose. If students can complete their homework during a study hall, then they have more time to do whatever they want.

Obviously, the best way to not procrastinate is just to do the work right away, but that isn't always possible. There are some that merely don't have the attention span to do it all at once. I've found that switching between subjects really can help. Doing a bit of math, then switching over to studying for an English test can really help. Although the brain *does* have to switch gears, it's fresh material to study.

Procrastination is something that can easily be taken care of with a large amount of discipline. Minimizing one's procrastination can help produce better grades, give more time for free time, and, best of all, result in more time for sleep.

Excuse me, sir would you like some soup?

by Ashley Lee

Feeding the homeless. What do you think when you hear that? My original thought was handing out sacks of food to homeless people gathered under a bridge, and receiving an overload of thank-you's.

A Sabbath afternoon activity at the beginning of February was feeding the homeless of downtown Spokane. Dean Caro and Pastor Sid took two vans full of students eager to lend a helping hand. They parked the vans in the parking lot of a drive-in burger restaurant right off the freeway exit, a hotspot for the homeless. Students split into groups of two to four, got cups of soup, oranges, apples, crackers, hot chocolate, and apple cider, and went in different directions to find hungry, homeless people.

Some groups were quite successful, always coming back to the cars empty-handed and needing more food and drinks to pass out. Other groups couldn't find any homeless people to give food to, or they were rejected by people who only wanted money.

The couple of hours spent feeding the homeless weren't life changing; however, it was a definite reminder that we should be very thankful for what we have, and that we are truly blessed.

Smart Surveys = Student Sundaes

by Sophia Rich

In the middle of Student Week of Prayer, students trooped out of the Ad Building and down to the cafeteria for a special assembly. No one quite knew what it was about or what to expect. Rumors flew about cleaning the cafe as punishment for something, or the reintroduction of Rice and Bean Thursdays to raise money for a new mission. What they didn't expect was . . . ice cream sundaes!

The UCA staff served ice cream sundaes in appreciation of the cooperation of students during the teacher evaluation surveys. Students answered questions on their laptops about the quality of their classroom experience in various classes. They were able to comment on what they liked and didn't like about their classes on the survey in order to provide helpful insight to the staff. Because of the responsible answers from most of the students, the staff decided they wanted to reward them with ice cream.

The students gasped when Mr. Winslow gave the announcement in the cafeteria assembly. Stunned silence quickly morphed to excited chatter as the news sank in and soon the students were flooding the line for ice cream. Mr. Winslow, Mr. Maxson, and Mrs. Lacey served the sundaes to eager students. Meanwhile, the students in the main lunch lines waited patiently to enjoy their dessert after their lunch.

This memorable occasion brought smiles to the students as well as to the staff. What a great way to brighten up a week, otherwise chilly and gray.

Senior Talent Show!



Busy weekends

by *Louis LaRiccia*

As Senior Recognition passed, many seniors felt like taking a break. However, Spring Break was still a long way off and ahead lay many busy weekends filled with events such as Student Week of Prayer, Choir Clinic, Band and Choraliars Tour, Gymnastics Tour, and Grandparent Weekend.

The lack of open weekends may cause some students, especially seniors, to get claustrophobic, home-sick, and eager to leave—not to mention the brutal effects of spring fever.

Most staff rejoice that students have made it through the winter months with minimal discipline; however, their celebration may come too soon. Currently, the school stands in one of the longest periods between home-leaves, a 6-week struggle to survive until Spring Break. It is all the staff can do to keep the students from revolting and burning the school down.

For now, students must find any way to get off campus for a short break from busy school life, whether that means walking to Spangle, spending half a day at a friend's house (should the deans allow), or joining Pastor Chelsea and the Sunshine Band.

The deceit of midterms

by *Courtney MacPhee*

Students fly about, turning in last-minute papers and begging for a chance at extra credit. Ah yes, midterms have come and gone, and now we look forward to the end of third quarter.

Midterms can be a rude awakening call, making us pay attention to the classes we have been slacking in, and assignments we've procrastinated on. There is good news about midterms, dear reader, and there is bad news. The good news is that there is still approximately four weeks until your grades become permanent; however, the bad news is that you may not have been paying attention to schoolwork, and old habits die hard.

Midterms have deceived quite a few students in the past, and many have been quite chagrined to find their grades have suddenly gone from the beautiful solid A that they started with to a not-so-satisfying B or C. This is where the deception begins to infiltrate the minds of the students. They think, "I still have a month to bump up my grade. There's no point in worrying about it now." This is false. They should be worried about it now, because if they aren't worrying and doing something about it, there's no way of knowing they'll remember it later.

Midterms are deceitful because it seems like you have weeks and weeks – which you do – and so there's no point in stressing about grades now if you can just eventually bump them up. There is a certain amount of calculation that goes into this procrastination, but the longer you wait to bump up that grade or turn in that paper, the less likely you are to actually do it.

Midterm has come and gone; did you let your responsibility leave with it?

Den improvements

by *Reagan Dieter*

Nowadays when you walk into the Men's Dorm, you may encounter a strange, green aura somewhere in the lobby. This may frighten some at first, as the Men's Dorm is notorious for being dreadfully messy, and you may be inclined to think that the aura may be a result of unattended, dirty laundry. Fortunately, we do not normally let ourselves go that much. No, the aura is a result of the newly-painted Lion's Den.

Over the last home leave, while the exciting Friendship Tournament was going on, Dean Maxson and his son were busily painting away. The colors of choice were neon green and a more earth-tone green to complement. This was quite the surprise and improvement when the boys came filing into the dorm after their break. A shock from the prior orange-ish pink color, the new green Lion's Den is also decked out with fresh, intriguing posters to give the entertainment room a livelier feel. Needless to say, the draw to this room has gone up, and you can find many residents spending their free time in the Lion's Den playing foosball, watching sports, or just enjoying the new feel of the room.

If you have not seen the new Lion's Den, I encourage you to go take a look at all the improvements and to shoot Dean Maxson a quick thank you for the time and effort he put into making the Men's Dorm a more exciting and colorful place to be.



Slosh

by Alex Moseanko

You're late to class and you are hauling, hauling so that you may have even a sliver of a chance of getting to class on time. You check your watch and . . . BAM! You have just encountered the worst thing that you could ever encountered when you're late—a mud patch. You're now all covered with mud, and the tardy bell rings.

Everyone, staff and students, I would like to warn you about the state of our campus and how you can avoid being late to class. All you have to do is glance around the school area to see that it's a death trap for those who are "running" late. The spring mud is a monster that just reaches out to grab you by the ankle and yank you down. But you can avoid this treacherous monster by using the sidewalk. I know it's not a direct route, but it'll get you to class clean and, maybe, even on time.

Now, I don't really care if you heed my warning or if you disregard it because, quite frankly, it's hysterical when people fall in the mud and come to class with mud running up their leg.

Yes, it's all up to you what path you'll choose in getting to class, but I strongly suggest that you stay on the sidewalk.

The spin cycle

by Brian Cazan

Nobody likes to wait in line, especially if it is the same line day in and day out. The perfect example of this is the lines in the cafeteria. Before I get too far, I want to thank those who consistently wait in these lines. Anyway, as many of you have no doubt noticed, a large number of students go straight to the front of the line without waiting. This frustrates many in the back and encourages them to follow suit.

Thus, the "spin cycle" phenomenon is born. Instead of the waiting line being linear, it becomes circular with a constant rotation of people from back to front. The key to the spin cycle running smoothly is the thankless job of being in the middle. Obviously, those who just cut in line are not willing to circulate to the back and so make life a little tougher for the not-quite-there middle people.

Last week I was pleased to have someone cut line in front of me and to be told to relax because the student was just exercising his senior privilege. Coming from a freshman and directed at a senior, that remark, you can understand, increased my skepticism.

If you are going to attempt to initiate the spin cycle, you had better have a good reason. The senior privilege line doesn't quite cut it anymore. If you are unable to think of a good reason, ask yourself if it is really worth it. If you think it is, settle for the vegan bar. The food there is usually just as good and there's no line.

Tales from AP Language

by Ashley Cuber

Scholars file into the literature inspired room. Notes are pulled out and short-term memory capacity is tested before the quiz is distributed. The material being quizzed upon is straightforward, but the questions could be considered arbitrary and require too much RAM from sleep-deprived brains. The teacher hovers over the quiz takers, snatching up quizzes that are completed and remarking on cringe-worthy answers. This is the beginning of an AP Language class. The next 45 minutes are much more exciting.

After collecting papers, Mr. Lacey will deliver a preamble to the subject being taught. The monologue meanders from cheery childhood anecdotes to deeply symbolic and vague wisdom. Stream-of-consciousness is heavily present throughout this one-sided exchange. Occasionally, a filibustering student will ask impertinent questions regarding Mr. Lacey's youth and music festivals of the late 60's. These attempts at redirecting soliloquy are stamped out like stray embers, and life expectancy is threatened (ten years to be precise). Before the instruction continues, Mr. Lacey croons a tune that might be reminiscent of the Beatles; then, when the stage has been set, it is time to learn.

While Mr. Lacey attempts to explain the subtleties of the English language, scholarly students take notes and grasp on to his every word. The less scholarly take up hobbies to while away class time. AP Language students, you see, train their brains to acquire knowledge through osmosis, thus allowing them to learn HTML and process analysis simultaneously. Unfortunate students who neglect their books are given dreadful middle names and those who converse habitually are given front row seats. Sometimes, if an individual listens closely, a faint crackle can be heard from the back row. But the sound of sugary candy popping does not disturb Mr. Lacey. He takes everything in stride. After six months, our little discipleship no longer takes him unawares.

Inevitably, the bell will ring and our favorite class will be over . . . to be continued each day until May.