



The weather didn't exactly cooperate for the grand opening of the Wallace Dining Commons on February 24



Student Week of Prayer

by Stephanie Ing

For many people Student Week of Prayer is their spiritual high of the whole year. There is just a different effect when hearing things from your peers. Many, though, won't even give it a second thought. People complain about having to dress up every night for the meetings. They whine about having to sit through a couple of short talks and sing some songs. They are losing the big picture. For others, it is the favorite week of the whole year.

The whole process for the speakers is a stressful one. There are the ups and downs of excitement, stress, and nerves. Then there is just wanting it to be over, having it come too fast, and even just being afraid of public speaking. The thought of speaking in front of your peers might be a pleasant one or one that you dread. On one hand, speaking in front of your peers might not be that scary because you know them and they are your friends. On the other hand it can be a lot scarier because you care more about what they think of you. But despite the fears and some indifference, SWOP is a great blessing.





Brian Paredes and Coleman Dietrich work at the Habitat for Humanity store during February's HOPE day.

Sharing HOPE

by Megan Miller

Hope. When most people hear this word they think of it in its everyday use to mean “a feeling of expectation” or “a feeling of trust.” But when you come to UCA, it had an entirely different meaning. It means, as most of us know, Helping Other People Everywhere.

Every time a new quarter rolls around, a new HOPE comes with it. You may hear grumbling, you may hear excitement, or you may just hear indifference. Some students don't like going on HOPE because it means working for free and doing something they don't want to do. Other students get excited because they get a day off of school and get to go help people and hang out with some friends. Still other students don't really comment at all; they just go through the motions of it all and wait for the day to end.

No matter what the attitude is, when we go and do our acts of service, we are giving hope to other people. We may not even think about what we're doing or think that it's a very big deal, but it gives hope to others. Whether it's to the single mother with three kids that you helped feed, or the staff at Goodwill who were so buried in things to do that they didn't know where to start, you were giving them hope. Maybe it wasn't even off campus. Maybe you stayed and helped in the dorm or the cafeteria, but when you did those jobs, you were giving hope to our staff, and maybe even fellow students. No matter what you did, however big or small it may have seemed, you were giving hope to people, and that is what matters.

Stolen hearts

by Amanda McCarter

There are two days in the year where boys and girls completely ignore each other. To an outside eye, it looks as though the students are the rudest beings on campus as they turn away from kind gestures and any conversation, but to them it is a fierce competition—one where silence is the key to success.

Yes, February 12 and 13 were the famous Heart Days. Red paper hearts were cut and given to the girls on the first day and then to the boys on the second. Any acknowledgement of the opposite gender and they would steal your heart. While some classrooms were safe zones, others were “hunting grounds,” as Pastor Fred refers to them. The hallways and the cafeteria were the most dangerous places to be, where a lone, unsuspecting victim could get surrounded and lose her heart. Students had to be constantly on the watch for any clever tricks. At the end of the day, though, when the 4:15 bell sounded, there were relieved sighs from those who had faithfully guarded their hearts and from those who could actually have a two-sided conversation again.

The games were finally over and the hearts could be tallied up for the winners to be announced. For the girls, the winner was Katie Folkenberg, and for the boys it was Landon Hall.

Give my heart back!

by Jennifer Lopez

Keeping your heart at UCA isn't as easy as it sounds. Don't talk to boys they said; it'll be easy they said. But what they don't tell you is that on Heart Day a group of tall, handsome guys rush over to you once you're alone and tell you how pretty you are or ask you a whole bunch of questions. It's not fair. I don't want to be rude, but the goal is to keep your heart for the whole day. I couldn't do it. Boys do anything to take your heart. They even take your cellphone and backpack, forcing you to ask for them back. Not cool. You can't even acknowledge the guys. If they smile, you have to be rude and just brush them off.

Well, I didn't keep mine all day, but there's always next year!



End of semester luaua extravaganza

by Tyler Warren

It was a week away, and it was already set up to be the perfect disaster. The first semester ASB officers wanted to put on a party as their last act in office, and what more perfect a time to throw a party than the weekend of transition to second semester on January 18 and 19! Except for one problem: it wasn't. Even though the second semester ASB officers had been voted into office, almost half of both semesters' officers were Student Week of Prayer speakers and would be gone on the SWOP retreat that weekend. Also, Pastor Sid, one of the head ASB sponsors, would be with gone on SWOP, too. Then, there was a girls' varsity basketball game, so another one of the sponsors, Coach Meager, would be gone as well. This left only one sponsor to supervise the event: Mrs. Turner. The weekend of the party was fast approaching, and the lame duck officers had little planned. It seemed that everyone would be gone and that for the leftover people it would just degenerate into another lame required activity.

The day of the luau finally arrived. ASB officers from both semesters had been hard at work since the sun had set. The gym doors were opened, and dozens of students flooded in. They were met with sights of a genuine Hawaiian luau extravaganza. A volleyball net was set up for students to enjoy rounds of the celebrated beach party game. Two tables of delicious refreshments were set up along the far wall, including juicy fruit-kabobs, potent piña colodas, wonderful Hawaiian sweet rolls, and a pedigree Kalua pig made from stripplles, adorned with a lei, sunglasses, and a whole apple protruding from its mouth. By the stage, a few ASB officers were tarp 'surfing.' An island themed photo booth was set up as a memory-creating station. To top it all off, some Hawaiian luau tunes drifted softly across the whole scene.

Throughout the night, students enjoyed activities like limbo, volleyball, canoe races on longboards, 'karaoke,' gawking at the Kalua pig, and milling about spending some time together. All in all, the end of semester luau turned out to be a success. Students forgot about school for a while, and the figurative ASB leadership torch was passed from first semester to second.

Flood



In February, interesting things happen on campus when the temperature suddenly warms up after a heavy snowfall

JV tournament

by Jasmine Welch

The February 16 junior varsity basketball tournament went extremely well for the home team.

The day started out with the boys' JV team defeating LCJA. The girls' JV team then took the floor against the WWVA team. UCA and WWVA have a standing rivalry with each school exchanging wins whenever they meet. WWVA played five varsity players on their team, giving UCA a run for their money. However, in this altercation, UCA would eventually emerge victorious. Throughout the game, each team showed major skill. The final score was not even into the twenties, due to the great defense of both teams. WWVA had a particularly good man-to-man defense that caused the UCA offense some trouble later in the match. As the game progressed and the time wound down, the crowd became livelier with every shot that found the net. The final buzzer sounded amongst a huge cheer from the crowd as people saw the final score was 14-13 in favor of UCA.

During the course of the day, different teams played and added to the wins and losses. The boys' JV team also played WWVA but were defeated by a margin of 20 points. At the end of the day, the final results for the UCA teams were good. The boys won all their games except one, and the girls won all their games.

The tournament was fun and exciting for everyone, but especially for UCA

The true meaning of love

by Madalynn Kack

It was that wonderful time of year again, the month of love. There should always be love in the air and people should always have smiles on their faces. The one thing that makes this hard, is that some people don't know how to show their love. The fact is, there are unlimited numbers of ways to show your love to someone. It doesn't have to be a romantic love; all it has to be is a friendly love.

Some people hear the word "love" and they think it's the way a husband loves his wife or how a boyfriend loves his girlfriend. A lot of the time we don't realize that this isn't the only way to love. In the Bible, love is mentioned several times, not always used in the same context. Of course, it mentions romance, but even more than that it talks about loving your friend, neighbor, mother, father, and others. 1 John 4:7 says, "Dear friends, let us love one another, for love comes from God. Everyone who loves has been born of God and knows God."

Also, 1 John 4:8 says, "Whoever does not love does not know God for God is love."

You see, God intended for us to not only love each other when we are married or in a relationship, but also to love everyone. There is no better way to show your love to someone than by being their friend. Jesus loves us all individually, so why not love one another? He says that there is no greater love than for someone to lay down their life for their friend.

In that case, we must know that Jesus is our friend because out of LOVE He so willingly gave His life for His friends.

Winter Olympics issues

by Coleman Dietrich

The Winter Olympics is an amazing event that happens every 4 years. Various countries gather to compete in winter related sporting events for two weeks. Millions of people watch this awesome event because it happens so infrequently.

Unfortunately, there are some people that don't appreciate the Olympics enough to watch it. Instead, these foolish people watch the NBA. This tends to cause a bit of controversy in the UCA Boys' Dorm Lion's Den. The people who love to watch Olympics don't always like the people who prefer to watch basketball, and vice versa.

Another issue the Olympics causes is the huge distraction it makes for us kids. A lot of us don't have the self-control to take our eyes off the television screen and do something useful. I constantly found myself wasting my whole evening with my eyes glued on that T.V. When it comes to the choice between watching a riveting series of sporting events or doing boring homework, most kids don't even view this as a real choice.

The Olympics is an awesome event that is a lot of fun to watch. As long as kids can learn how to share the television and be responsible with their time, it will continue to be fun.

SWOP retreat

by Caleb Carter

The group had no clue what was about to happen. Would we just prepare a talk? Would we be forced to sleep outside in order to "understand God's nature better"? What was SWOP all about? None of us had experienced a weekend before that was solely devoted to focusing on our relationship with God. And now was our opportunity.

The weekend began with a few group building experiences. After going into Spokane to eat supper, we came back to our beautiful camp to be spiritually stuffed as well. Throughout the week, insight was brought into every one of the students through each other, but especially through the SWOP Leaders. Pastor Fred, Mr. and Mrs. Wickward, and Dean Andrea were the disciples God had chosen to guide the group of eager students.

Several times each day, the opportunities to be alone with God were given, which was the biggest connection I have ever felt in my life. After going off individually, the "SWOPers" as Pastor Fred enjoyed calling us, would come back and share what God had shared with them. Each member received a prayer partner, which brought my personal prayer life to a new level.

I have never felt more connected with God than on this weekend and during the weeks to follow. It was an unforgettable experience and one I will treasure forever.



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Musical chairs

by *Madeleine Everett*

Just in time for Senior Recognition and visiting parents, the cafeteria finally got new chairs, and the old were traded out for the new. When we had moved from the old cafeteria to the new one, the old plastic chairs were left behind to be used for assembly. So, we temporarily transitioned to folding metal chairs in the new cafeteria. Then, at the beginning of February, smooth shaped wood replaced the hard metal, giving our beautiful cafeteria a more polished look. They don't creak, they don't pinch your fingers, and they are much more comfortable than the old folding metal chairs. One junior said, "They add a great new aspect of comfort to the cafeteria." We're still waiting for our new tables; then, the cafeteria will be complete.

Poof!

by *Michaela Honner*

Early one dark morning, students across UCA were getting ready for their day. Girls were doing their last minute primping before darting to breakfast and then those dreaded 7:15 classes. Guys were pulling on their sweatshirts and lazily combing their hair. All of a sudden, POOF, everything went black! The power was out!

People fumbled around their rooms trying to find their cell phones to use as flashlights. You heard cries of complaints throughout the dorm. Finally, the backup generators flickered on and girls filed out of their rooms to crowd in front of the small mirrors. Looking down the halls, you could see them trying to do their hair or attempting to apply their makeup in the dim light.

One girl thought she had plugged in one too many appliances and had blown a fuse until she opened her door and was relieved to see that everyone else was experiencing the same calamity.

After taking twice the time it normally would to get ready in the morning, students hurried off to classes. The Ad building, we soon learned, was experiencing the same inconvenience as the rest of the campus. Students sleepily sat in their classrooms trying to stay awake in the darkness. Then, halfway through first period, the lights came on one by one, signaling we once again had power across campus.

Friendship tournament

by *Brandon Rich*

Two weekends a year many Adventist high schools in the northwest come together for a friendly competition in multiple sports. While UCA did not participate in the fall classic last September, we are regulars in the friendship tournament every spring. During the weekend the small town of College Place comes alive with visiting groups of young adults. Thursday and Friday are filled with games, leading up to the championship on Saturday night.

The championship game is by far the most attended event of the weekend, and the WWU gym is packed for both the female and the male championships. With the men's championship game starting at 11 and often not finishing till past midnight, it seems likely that observers would become tired, but that is not the case. The gym is alive with anticipation with the crowd eagerly watching for the next basket and cheering wildly when points are made or sometimes for no reason at all.

The friendship tournament is a great way for our schools to show off their athletic programs and have a general gathering to enjoy a special sense of community. This year, the UCA men finished in second place while the women came in third.

Power trip

by *Matthew Holm*

It was January 27, and the balance of power had shifted. It had shifted far away from Spangle, and where it went from the hours of 6:00 a.m. to 8:00 a.m. was anybody's guess. It had left people in the dark and showed no signs of compassion. People ran through the streets in terror, and there was no hope of ever seeing the light again.

In a more believable reality, the power to most of Spangle was down between those hours, leaving hundreds of dorm students confused and irritated. Taylor Woehler commented, "It was really annoying 'cause it was difficult to put your pants on when you couldn't see."

This is nothing new to seasoned veterans of UCA, where this same thing happened last year, albeit later in the day. This is not to say that things like power outages can't ever be good; sometimes people need a little excitement and chaos to balance out the daily grind, which has a habit of running the days together like one vast, never-ending day. An event of this nature can be a great blessing; it forces you to stop what you're doing and gives you time to put things into perspective.

So when you have an opportunity, take that moment to slow down and enjoy a little time off from your schedule; it can help your psyche more than you might think.

A weekend to remember

by Sara Bumgardner

For many seniors, as we marched down the aisles towards the stage on Friday night, we were hit full force with the nearness of graduation. The realization filled us with dread—or with elation. Many seniors face an uncertain future. Where will they go to college? Will they even go to college? What will they major in? What do they want to do with their lives? Seniors are constantly plagued with questions about the future. And the pressure is increasing as graduation becomes imminent.

Other seniors face a more certain future. They know what they want to do and where they want to go. But either way, Senior Recognition, despite reminding us of graduation, served to give us an opportunity to share our gifts and talents with others.

No other event helped us show our talents more than the Senior Talent Show. The anticipation for this was almost too much to bear. Long hours of preparation seemed to do little to ease the nerves of those waiting to go on stage. Our imaginations dreamed up and played out a million horrible scenarios right before our performances. As usual, our worries were unfounded and all our hard work paid off, resulting in an enjoyable program. Not only did we have fun, but we were also able to use our abilities to bring joy to our friends and families. I believe we represented UCA well and used our gifts and talents to glorify God.

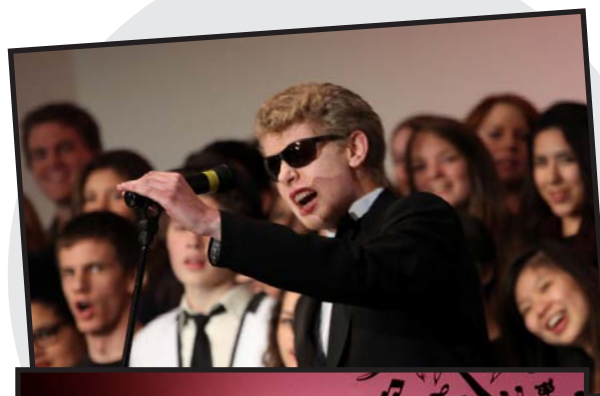
Seniors got talent

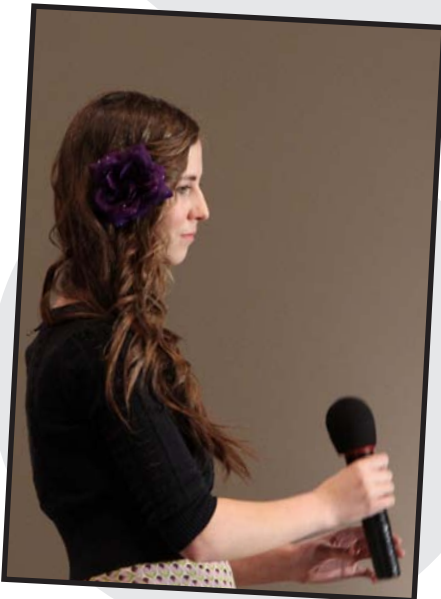
by Suzanna Officer

The stage lights were bright, but the smiles of the parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, brothers, and sisters were brighter. The audience shared a tangible pride, a pride that only a performance like the one the seniors presented during the Senior Talent Show can produce.

The audience didn't just hear the practiced and perfected songs performed that night; they also heard the unbroken, high-voiced songs sung by their children long ago while they played karaoke in the living room. The crowd didn't just laugh at the phenomenal skits, but also at the fond memories of hearing their child's laughter fill their homes and hearts. No, they didn't just see the students dressed in their elegant dresses and sophisticated tuxes, but saw them in their diapers and one-zees.

The climax of this pride was reached when all the seniors appeared on stage and sang from their hearts. As side by side the seniors sang "We Are the World," telling how they wanted to make a difference in the new world of adulthood they are soon to enter, there was no doubt the sacrifice was worth it. Sending their child to UCA was a choice that the parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and friends will never regret.





2014

Things

I couldn't write about *by Sarah Heater*

So I am finally writing an article for Mr. Lacey's English class because I haven't been doing too well on his frequent quizzes. (Juniors know what I'm talking about.) So the night before the article was due (I procrastinate.), I was racking my brain thinking of all the things I could write about.

I'm sure there have been many students before me that have done the same thing, trying to figure out something witty enough to please Mr. Lacey with the hope that maybe—just maybe—it would end up in the school newspaper.

So I thought of all the subjects I could write about. I could have written about the Friendship Tournament and rubbed it in everyone's faces that we came in second just like last year. But I know absolutely nothing about basketball and I don't really care. I could have written about Student Week of Prayer but it hadn't happened yet and I didn't want to be presumptuous. I could have written about Rec Ski and the students that get up at 5:00 a.m. on a Sunday to lug heavy skiing equipment all over the place and then finally arrive at a freezing mountain and attach themselves to that skiing equipment and slide down the slopes. I could have written about that but it depresses me greatly. I would have written about dorm issues but they depress me. I'm not even going to get into café issues: those are way too controversial. I also wouldn't think of writing about all the homework, tests and quizzes our amazing teachers give us because that would just bring up sad memories of when I wasn't getting any sleep.

Well, it's a good thing I've reached a pretty good word count. I was running out of things not to write about.

Three more months

by Sabrina Beckner

Three more months are all we have left of this school year. We are counting down the days in anticipation. Seniors are feeling the effects of senioritis kicking in: they are so close to graduating and starting a new chapter in their lives. The rest of us are looking forward to summer and the freedom it brings us from the books and the studying and the stress. Some of us are looking forward to hanging out with our friends, going to exciting places, or just relaxing. Others are facing that summer job that our parents tell us is supposed to build our character.

As the end of the school year comes, we all start to lose focus on our school work and start to stare out the window in class and look at the bleak weather outside and wish that the clock would tick faster and bring warm weather and fun times. We are over the main part of winter and are not as excited about sledding and hot cocoa but are wishing for surfing and lemonade.

But three months is still a good amount of time left for us. We still have time to make new friends, new memories, and new goals. There's time to get better grades. It's not over yet. We still have time, so we should finish the school year strong and make 2013-2014 the year that UCA remembers because the students were the most amazing they had ever had.

Rec ski

by Meghan Spracklen

Dedicated athletes wake up every Sunday at 5:00 a.m. Groggily, they pull on multiple layers of clothes and courageously stumble out into the cold. Then, with gear and bags aplenty, they wait for the Rec Ski bus. Most nap on the 2 hour drive to Schweitzer, during which breakfast and a sack lunch is handed out. The rest of the day is spent shredding up the slopes.

There are skiers and snowboarders of every level. Some have been riding the mountain their entire lives, while others went up for their first time with the school. At the end of the day, half-frozen, maybe a little broken, and definitely weary, they all load back up. And yet everyone calls it a success. They are the ones who would rather be outside all day having fun than lazing around the dorm.

The last stop on the route is the Coeur D'Alene Taco Bell for a well-deserved hot and cheesy meal. They might seem crazy, getting back just in time for worship, cold and smelly, and having wasted the one day they could have slept in. Yet for everyone in Rec Ski, they wouldn't have it any other way.

