

## What a winter!

by Matthew Palsgrove

What a winter we've had! It seemed like Jack Frost came early this year and blanketed us with fluffy snow. I remember in January when we almost had to take a snow day because we could barely make it to class. There was snow everywhere and this winter has been freezing.

Well, that's not entirely true. Actually, it's a blatant lie. This winter has been one sore disappointment. Now, I came to dorm here from Florida because I thought it would be really cool to live in a place with snow all winter. I even bought a snowboard and all the gear so I could go up to the mountains with my friends. Last year wasn't too bad being on rec ski. The snow wasn't horrible. I heard they had seen better days, but I didn't know any better and loved every minute. This winter has just been disappointing. We've had a couple days when temperatures rose into the 60's. What kind of winter is that? "A weird winter," according to ski legend Coleman Dietrich.

So break out the beach towels and the flip flops. Grab an ice cold drink and find a spot on front campus and tan it up because spring is just around the corner.



Thomas Warren and Gabriella Srikureja battle it out in the gym on February 14 during the annual Food Fair--an extravaganza of food and fun to benefit the Four Year Senior Club.



## It is finished

by Amber Lee

What a busy few months it has been! Many would agree that January and February are the most hectic months of the year.

After coming back from Christmas break, everyone is in the "ballislife" mode and takes basketball very seriously to prepare for the annual Friendship Tournament at WWU. But basketball is not the only thing that happens at UCA. On music tours, we performed at the University Church in Walla Walla. That also took a lot of time to prepare for and to perfect the songs.

A week later, it was time. Both girls and guys varsity teams headed on the bus to play at Friendship. There were ups and downs with this tournament, but both teams played hard. But we're not done yet.

The following week, seniors were working extremely hard to get ready for their Senior Rec Weekend. It turned out amazing with great speakers and beautiful decorations. Sadly, the next day we had Sunday school. But, luckily, it was a short schedule so we could watch the Super Bowl XLIX. Though many were upset by the result, it sure was better than going to classes all day on Sunday. The following day, the varsity guys team played their last game of the season. Everyone would agree that the best part of the game was that Jake Carlson dunked. Fans were screaming and overly satisfied with his throw down.

Finally, it was home-leave. This was the day that many students had been eagerly waiting for. Thankfully, this home-leave started on Tuesday, so many students could catch up on all their TV shows. Though many dreaded coming back to school, it was a nice gift to come back and listen to our friends speak during Week of Prayer and focus our minds on God. Two months—done.



## Wouldn't SWOP it for anything

by Morgan Stanyer

Words cannot describe the excitement and anticipation I felt when I walked into the ad building on Monday morning. Not only was I in for spiritual illumination from evening vesper talks given by my peers, but also the joys and merriment of the Warm Fuzzy Board had returned. This is not just a regular slab of wood that one leans up against the wall. This board is sectioned off alphabetically so students can post notes to each other. It is a great opportunity to cheer someone up with a few kind words. It also means that it is Week of Prayer which tops all UCA events.

So there I was, walking down the hall—well—dashing down the hall to see if what I saw was really true—to find out if Student Week of Prayer had finally arrived. The board had probably been up for only about an hour, and it was already filled with notes. This year the notes were extra special because each provided slip had a bible verse on the inside.

Week of Prayer has the potential to be a very moving and motivational week if you take the words of the speakers to heart. You can use your experience to help lift up others to Christ, and that's something I wouldn't trade for anything.

## SWOPing things up for Christ

Karianna Aufderhar

Home leave has ended, another week begins, and students are buzzing with eager anticipation. This is the week that 15 selected students will take a stand and share their own story of Jesus. This is 2015 Student Week of Prayer.

When 6:40 comes around, the last stragglers make their way to the church. We take a bulletin, informing us that this week is about "The Dash," and tonight's speakers are 3 of UCA's seniors. The talks are "At the Door" by Nathaniel Srikureja, "I am your Shield" by Cassie Gonsalves, and "To Whom do You Run?" by Sarah Lehman. Some bring words of healing; others bring a piercing cry that wakes us up from our daze. They speak to our hearts.

Some speakers included a song to tie things together: Jonathan Fitch, sang "Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus," and Maddy Kack played "Blessings." Overall, SWOP sent a needed message from God to us, and hopefully we listened and accepted the blessing.



# Senior Recognition Weekend

by Jake Carlson

Senior Rec Weekend. It's just another weekend in January. However, it's especially annoying because it's a closed weekend. Not only are students stuck on campus, but they have to go to boring meetings. The juniors are even conscripted for free labor to help clean and set up! It's not like anything is happening. . . .

That is the perspective of the average Junior and underclassman—but not of the seniors! Senior Rec Weekend represents a small window into the future. Through this mysterious portal, onlookers can gain a small glimpse of graduation. Through that glimpse, the soporific marching practices gain a solemn note. After taking that glance into the future, there is a moment to look back as well. Some seniors have memories of UCA stretching back as much as 4 years. Some seniors had more adventures than others, some were more involved, some longed for graduation more than others, but after Senior Recognition, nothing separates seniors. They all stand in the imminence of graduation.

But underclassmen are included too. Even though they may stand in the incipient stages of high school, everything they see in the senior class is their inheritance. Eventually they will make it to their own Senior Rec and experience the same emotions. Thus, the cycle of Senior Recognition will continue.



# We are champions

by *Stephanie Ing*

Once the boys' basketball game was done, her focus was completely on the game that was just a few hours away. She sat in the locker room alongside her teammates as the coach went over strategies shaped to fit



their upcoming opponent. She had one earbud in listening to her pregame playlist that calmed the nerves and got her head into the game. The team gathered in a huddle like they had done so many times before and sent up a prayer before their most

important game yet.

They filed out and headed to the court. She sat down on the bench and laced up her shoes. She could feel the crowd behind her in the stands, and the reality of the game began to sink in. They announced all the players, sang the national anthem, and had a prayer; this all flew by in a blur as all she could think about was the upcoming tip off. The whistle was blown and the ball tossed up. The crowd roared, for the championship had just begun bringing the squeak squeak of the shoes, the pounding of the ball on the floor, and the constant communication between the teammates.

She yelled across the court, but her teammate couldn't hear her over the roaring fans that flooded the stands. The whistle was blown, "timeout black" the referee called. High fives and pats on the back. Passing of water bottles. Focused ears. The game continued and when things started getting a little scary, her teammates said to each other, "We want this more."

The clock rolled down to 2:00 left in the fourth quarter. The realization of how close they were to a win rose to the forefront of her mind, but you are never done until the final buzzer sounds. At 10 seconds the fans were already coming to storm the court . . . and their it was, the final sound. The fans came rushing onto the court, and she was caught up in the screaming and jumping crowd full of sheer joy. She tried to jump and scream but her legs were too weak after she left all her strength in the game. Hugs and congratulations were all around. She embraced her teammates and said, "We did it; we actually did it." The commotion started settling down and the reality ever so slowly sank in. We are Champions.



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# Valentine cookies

by *Madi Malott*

All over the UCA Girls' Dorm on the night of February 11, girls were feasting on cookies. Mrs. Harder, a Dorm Mom, provided the immense numbers of tasty cookies as a Valentine love gift to us. The cookies were cut into heart shapes and girls were able to decorate their cookies with a number of frostings and exciting toppings.

There were, however, many disappointed RA's, who couldn't leave their jobs during study hall, but they were presented with delicious surprise cookies from the girls on their halls. Taylor Sims presented me with a delicious chocolate frosted cookie with mini yellow M&Ms on top. When I asked her what the cookie was for, she replied, "Everyone deserves cookies—even if they're stuck working during study hall!"

After a long day of serving the community for HOPE it was nice to have a special treat in the dorm.

# Snap

by *Breanna Daley*

Snap. Snap. Snap. . . . If you were to walk into any junior class anywhere from 7:15 to 3:25 the possibility of hearing snapping is very high. I don't know which culprit started it, but a snapping game has everyone, even a couple teachers, throwing finger snaps back and forth. To play, someone throws a snap to someone else; then, that person must catch the snap with a snap before they can throw it to someone else with another snap. Before long, the snaps are zig-zagging around the room. Sometimes they miss their target and fly out the window or door, ending the game. To make the game more interesting, some are thrown at turbo speed and almost knock you out of your desk while others have a few seconds of delay before you can catch them.



# The clutter clean up crew

by *Megan Rasmussen*

On February 11, UCA students all worked on various HOPE projects to help out in the community. Some people made cinnamon rolls, while others sang for the elderly. People helped out all over Spokane. My group helped out in the downtown Spokane Goodwill. Half of us were given the job of pulling clothes off the racks, but the rest of us were given the task of organizing shelves. And the picture frame aisle was in complete disarray!

There were picture frames of all different sizes and colors just stuffed together wherever they could fit. The woman in charge told us to do whatever we wanted as long as we made it look better. Then it was up to Darla Morgan, Dustin James, and I to make some sense out of the shelves. We relied on Darla's organizational skills to form a plan. We decided to organize by color. We started by putting all the brown frames together, and then the black frames. By the end, there was a section for each color, for ceramic frames, for glass frames, and even a section for floral frames. We had to get very creative. We also found some weird things. We found voice recording picture frames, a sparkly frame with water in it, and even a frame that said "PIRATES 4 ever." We saw some weird things to say the least.

In the end we got the job done and order was restored. Darla said, "In the beginning I felt so overwhelmed because there seemed to be a million picture frames. When it was all over I felt accomplished and happy that shoppers would now be able to find what they needed faster." It was a fun and odd way to serve the community, but in the end we were satisfied with a job well done.

# The gift of today

by *Polly Nicole Officer*

How many of you are worried about where you'll sleep tonight or where your next meal is coming from? How many of you are duct taping over the worn-out soles of your 3-sizes-to-big sneakers to preserve them for another few months because there's no guarantee that you'll get another pair? How many of you are standing on a street corner, holding up a cardboard sign, and literally begging people for help—for hope—because you just don't have any of your own? Step into the shoes of those whose reality is our worst nightmare: the homeless.

For you, a couple peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and a small orange seems like nothing. In fact, if the cafeteria served that as a main course for lunch, odds are the list of complaints would reach the ceiling. But as the paper bag filled with the small tokens of care was offered by a fellow classmate and placed in the poor man's hand, his face lit up as if he were just handed the keys to a new cherry red Ferrari. The expression on his face was worth more than any sports car.

Sometimes, looking at what others don't have makes you realize how much you do. The lemonade of life is so much sweeter when you omit the bitter taste of greed from the recipe. Next time you're complaining about not being able to get the latest video game or that new dress, take a step back and thank our Heavenly Father for the extravagant gift He has blessed you with already. Why not thank Him for today?

# HOPE





## The coloring crisis

by Heather Bruton

These past few days we have been back in kindergarten: it's our wildest dream come true . . . or so we thought. In a few of the classes our assignments have been coloring.

When the teacher first announces this amazing dream come true, the students are ecstatic; however, after they begin coloring it all turns around. There is whining and groans of frustration heard around the room. "I have never been so stressed about coloring in my life!" exclaims one, and another shouts, "This is going to take longer than my physics homework!" Who would have guessed that the simple task of coloring, something we learn to do before even entering school, would be such a traumatic experience?

We may think we want to go back to kindergarten, to be a little kid, to be carefree, and to go back to coloring in our classes, but clearly we have learned that we are big kids now and that coloring just may not be our thing.

## Night of trials

by Nathaniel Srikureja

It was only 8:45, but my two halogen lightbulbs were dimmed. I was in a deep, contemplative state of mind. My consciousness stretched into the most remote corners of the universe. My heart was beating slowly, and my breathing was steady.

Suddenly, I was at the edge of my inflexible ligneous bench. A tsunami of piercing sound roared behind me. The sonorous, pounding vibrations shoved me from thoughtful concentration. I snapped out of my purposed stupor and exploded into motion. Without thinking, I seized my smooth black leather jacket and donned my silver BearPaw penny-loafer style moccasins. With a smooth and natural motion, I acquired my keys from where they always hang by my door. I whirled out my room and locked the door in one fluid movement. Before I knew it, I was outside, standing on the cold damp ground, overlooking nearly 90 men.

It was my first dorm fire drill. In this moment, my pensive thoughts returning, I realized what brings true men closer: the hardships and trials they overcome together.

## Only two more

by Sabrina Beckner

Only two more. Only two more home leaves. As the words were coming out of my mother's mouth, I could hardly believe them. Only two more times to drive home for a break from school? Only two more times to come back?

Thinking back over the many home leaves that I have enjoyed over my four years here, I can hardly believe that I have only two more. Only two more times of riding on the bus—that malodorous bus. Only two more times of trying to sleep uncomfortably on the shoulder of the person next to me. And only two more times of popping the Dramamine to calm my traumatized stomach. I have read, slept, talked, and sung more on that bus than I can even recall. I might miss that bus later on in life, but it will definitely be a while from now. That bus is full of memories that I am happy, for now, to leave in the past.

Only two more to go.



## Spring begins

by *Michaela Honner*

With the arrival of spring come many new things: flowers, birds, sunshine, warm weather, and “love.” Spring is often considered a time of new birth and growth. Flowers start popping up, giving us lovely colors to admire. Birds sing their beautiful songs for everyone to hear, and their babies will chirp and cry for their mothers to feed them. The sun shares its radiance for a few more minutes each day. The weather begins to brighten and bring warmth to those wanting a breath of fresh air. And, finally, there is love.

You will see more and more couples strewn across campus as the weather improves. In every direction you look couples will be off flirting. Some couples will sit and bask in the sun, while others will try to obtain some sort of exercise by walking the loop. More studious couples will sit in the grass, attempting to focus on their studies.

Students still have about three more months of school to survive. Enjoy the warm weather, but don’t let your studies slide and your grades slip.



## To our bitter dismay

by *Kaelyn Plata*

The A class sat quietly in their desks, listening with great interest as Mr. Lacey enlightened them on the life of Kate Chopin. Pencils danced over crisply lined paper as the young scholars took carefully alphabetized notes. With excitement they sat forward on the edge of their seats, their attention fixed on Mr. Lacey as he dived into an exciting story.

Suddenly, the fire alarm blared its warning. Groans of protest were heard over the bell as the young scholars reluctantly left their desks and exciting studies behind. The A class shuffled out of the classroom door. Students talked among themselves about how the fire drill had cut short an immensely interesting and educational lecture. They stood quietly by the water fountain going over vocabulary words in their heads. A few of the young scholars spoke quietly among themselves about information they would need to know for tomorrow’s quiz.

The harsh ringing of the fire alarm faded into the misty morning air. All eyes turned expectantly to the ad building doors, hearts longing to be back in the waiting classroom. The front doors swung open as Mr. Hartman hurried down the steps with his small child perched on his arm. The child’s chubby cheeks were rosy from the early morning chill. A mischievous grin made his eyes sparkle. With a wave of his arm Hartman signaled that all was clear. The young scholars eagerly hurried back to class and sat with rapt attention until the period bell required them to be peeled away.

## Death by vacuum

by *Meghan Spracklen*

“Could you vacuum the hall tonight please?” Those dreaded words pierced through the walkie as I groaned in dread.

“Yes of course!” I reply with forced cheerfulness, but the Girls’ Dorm vacuums are nothing to laugh at. There are several stored in the janitors’ closets on each level, but I’m certain they’re there only to laugh at anyone trying to clean the floor. They rarely work and are frightening when they do. One, for example, has a handle that spontaneously falls off. When this happens, it dies, which makes you fearful of electrocution should you touch the metal end. Another vacuum will suck up dirt off the floor, but as soon as you stop it and pick it up, every piece you just cleared off the carpet cascades down into a grungy pile, making it worse than before.

If you don’t want to contend with one of these devious machines, you can march down to first floor and get one the “nicer” vacuums from the Lobby. These behemoths are larger than a Saint Bernard and weigh more than a small whale. You must wrangle it up three flights of stairs, gripping wherever you can. When you finally start to vacuum successfully, one of the residents will inevitably stick her groggy head out of the door and politely ask you to stop since they are trying to sleep. As they close the door, you stare at it in shock. After all this, the floor must wait for another night to be cleaned. You look at the dinosaur and hear it laughing and whispering threats.

Vacuuming is nothing to laugh at.

# Girls' dorm gets a facelift

by *Kristen Cottrell*

During last quarter's HOPE, the UCA Girls' Dorm had a couple of nice changes and renovations. People do not like signing up for Girls' Dorm relief for their HOPE project because it usually involves lots of toilet scrubbing and vacuuming. Nobody likes those boring and disgusting jobs, and most people that end up assigned to them either forgot to sign up or didn't get the job they wanted. But this time, Dean Chelle had a couple of fun projects up her sleeve to make the experience less boring and disgusting.

There are a lot of places in the dorm that need some extra TLC, but the center stairwell is often the eyesore of the dorm. With its chipped paint, scuff marks, and ABC gum, it no surprise it was one of the first jobs. The stairwell was given a nice new coat of paint and now looks much better. Next, some of the front lobby's old furniture was repainted light, happy colors to match the color scheme of the new furniture from last year's renovations. This made the lobby look a lot more put together. Then, wall decals were added to the entry way. Lastly, the exercise room received new exercise equipment, organization cabinets, and bit of painting as well.

It's always nice to see improvements in the dorm. Improvements make us want to keep the dorm clean and respect it. They also make the place feel a little more like home and less like an ugly old dorm. Thank-you Dean Chelle.

## Home leave

by *Asher Siapco*

It doesn't matter what you do on home leaves. I think we can all agree that they're wonderful breaks in such a busy school life. I suppose if you happen to be village these rests aren't quite as exciting considering you just go home again and don't see your friends for most of a week. Yet for the rest of us dorm students, home leaves are some of the best events of the school year.

Some make plans that fill up their week off, but, from what I've heard, most people just go home to be lazy and catch up on sleep. We all know, however, that rest is not something we actually catch up on no matter how much we plan on it. Some people claim that going to bed later and sleeping through the day is "catching up" on sleep, but from what I've found, the only way to truly get good rest is to fall asleep earlier. So next time you come back from a leave dead tired, thinking you slept your leave away, remember you have been warned.



## Out of whack

by *Mariya McCombs*

We hobble, hold up progress in stairwells and hallways, and trip and make fools of ourselves.

If you were just to look at our walk, it would appear we had some permanent disabling condition. "Luckily" though, we have braces and boots to reassure people that we simply have been injured in some way. There weren't just one or two of us with these overbearing leg injuries—there were five, including me.

Students and staff are overwhelmingly patient and sympathetic towards us even though we hold them up in the lunch line. Let's just hope that these injuries do not continue because not only do they cost our parents and the school money, but they also can be a little uncomfortable.

So, UCA students, let's make a pact to be safe the rest of this school year. We need to make sure we use our mature brains to be intelligent. Yes, this means we can't jump off the school buildings anymore. Maybe it would be best to become a little more sedentary. I have faith we can do this. Good luck.

## 2nd Semester ASB Officers

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