

UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

# ECHOES

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## Sabbath lunch, a change for the better

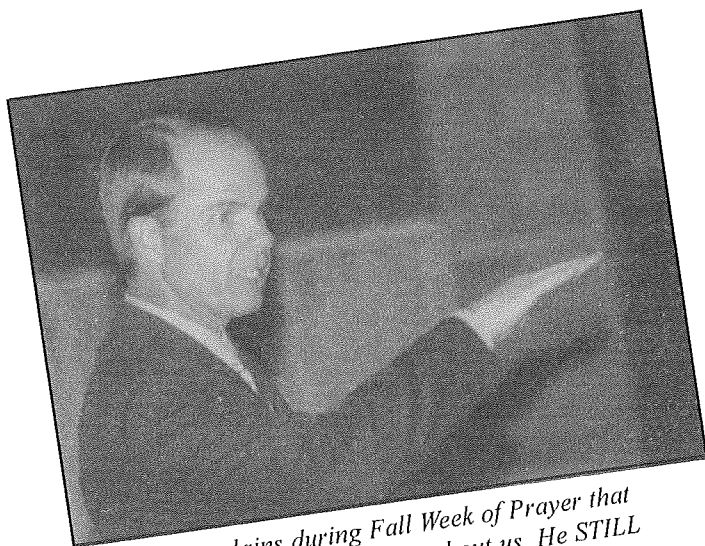
by Chelsea Moore

A calming, gracious simplicity presents itself in the cafeteria and provides a special atmosphere for a peaceful Sabbath afternoon lunch. Each table is spread with a clean, white tablecloth with a little of nature's beauty gracing the center, and quiet music plays. How is this an improvement? Consider the everyday cafeteria experience—all levels of chattering voices, shouts and hollers sounding in every direction, all quietness obliterated.

Our gracious cafeteria staff has worked diligently this year to make the UCA cafeteria a pleasant place to be, especially for Sabbath lunch. These changes came about when students and staff brainstormed for ideas to improve the general environment for Sabbath. So when you come herding into the cafeteria after church, take notice of all the splendid decorations and pleasant atmosphere and remember it is Sabbath.



*During Week of Prayer, finding a note on the Warm Fuzzy Board can be a delightful experience*



*Ty Gibson explains during Fall Week of Prayer that although God knows everything about us, He STILL loves us*

### 1ST SEMESTER ASB OFFICERS

President: Maranatha Hay  
Vice President: Sean Hayes  
Chaplain: Cheryl Williams  
Treasurer: Brian Kay  
Secretary: Danelle Smith  
Sgt-at-arms: David Waters  
Pianist: Elizabeth Randall  
Chorister: Phillip Byrd

## Tribute to the unusual (aka: siblings) and those who learn from them

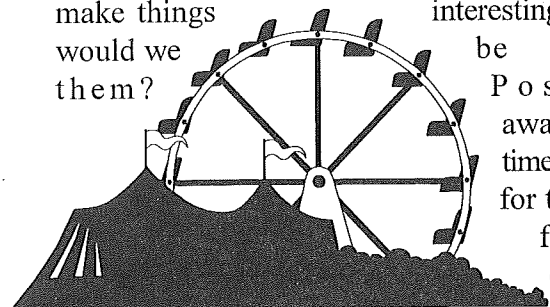
by Megan Ortega

You may have come home from the Spokane County Fair stating, in a rather upset tone, "It was so boring." Or you may have come back with a more positive outlook. "Hooray for the five bucks!" exclaimed Josh Glidden. Still others, like Victoria Shelton, thought it was great to get away and hang out with friends without the pressure of faculty.

We all fall into three broad categories: the only-child type who grew up entertaining themselves with wooden spoons and cardboard boxes, the sad-situation type who didn't have any entertainment as children and so crave it now, and the fortunate-lot who grew up being entertained by an almost unbearably odd sibling.

Only-child types can be dropped off in an unfamiliar area, such as the fair, and be content with unusual activities such as eating anything deep-fried, or asking radio station DJ's why the CD's spin right instead of left. The sad-situation children (whom we all feel bad for) don't do anything . . . oh no . . . wait . . . they usually moan about boredom. The fortunate lot whom we know, love, and learn-over time-to appreciate have learned the art of entertainment because they were entertained by strange, older siblings. They come between the two extremes and do NORMAL PEOPLE things like *not* eating deep-fried anything and asking, ahem, intelligent questions.

So this is a tribute to those who learned to make things interesting. Where would we be without them?



Possibly awaiting the timer to sound for the deep-fried zucchini?

NEW STAFF	
Andrew Bigelow	- Taskforce
Greg Creek	- Taskforce
Susan Davis	- Alumni/Development
Erin Griffin	- Taskforce
Wafia Kinne	- Piano
Rochelle Price	- Taskforce
Toma Selfa	- History/Spanish
Olivia Shrock	- Assistant Dean of Women
Al Stonas	- Assistant Dean of Men
Jackie Stonas	- Bible 1

## Red blue black white . . . AHHH! the colors

by Christa Bertleson

Saturday, August 31, was a night of all nights. It was the long awaited Class Night of the 2002-2003 school year. It was so great to see the whole school pull together and all the classes were so supportive of everyone. There was an event in the Stuff Run where each class had to welcome the freshmen in an original way. The juniors won by spelling out "Hi" on the floor and chanting to the freshmen. Among wedding proposals for speech and love songs to Dean Creek, it seemed the juniors were going to dominate the event, but at the last moment, the seniors took the cake.

Up on the field, there were other activities including the sponsor carry that was won by the seniors, the truck push, in which the juniors beat the seniors by one second, and the pie contest that was won by junior Teresa Lowry. The annual tug-o-war was won by the freshmen, and doughnuts and milk were enjoyed by all. Around midnight, the faculty shooed the tired, but spirited, students off to their dorms for a night of rest.

It was a great experience. Everyone was brought together so much more by this night. Amongst the screaming and the crazy styles and applications of class colors, there was a close feeling of companionship in the air. The year was off to an excellent start.

## Dorm refurbishing well underway

by Dan Hudson

Guys found an almost new dorm when they returned, thanks mostly to a helpful Maranatha team that made many improvements this summer to a dorm that saw its heyday years ago.

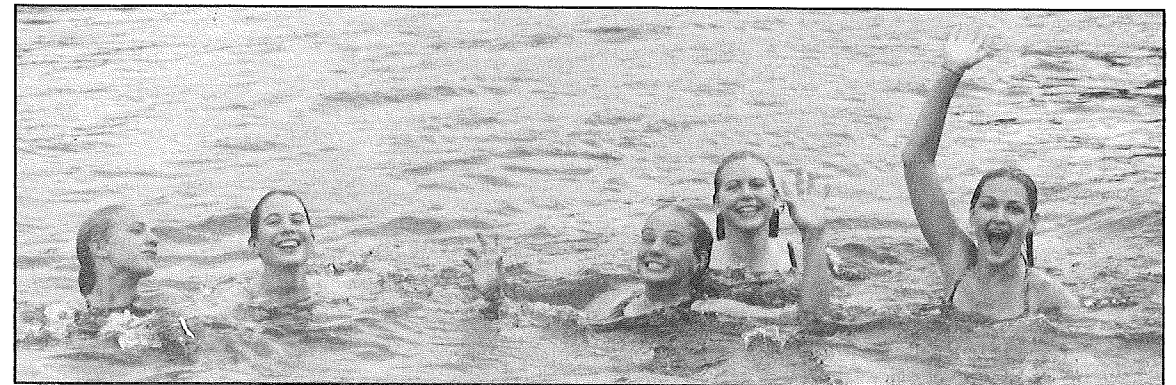
The summer's improvements included extensive repainting, new carpet on the first, second, and third floor hallways (including the lobby and the stairwells), 50 new doors complete with deadbolt locks, a repaired ventilation system, repaired cabinetry, a completely renovated lobby, and a new phone room. Whew! A lot of work in two weeks!

Some projects are still underway: a tutor room with four computers, Dean Scribner's Diner/Lounge (to replace the kitchenette), renovated prayer, recreation, and weight rooms, and landscaping around the dorm.

Next summer's projects include more dorm carpeting and the remodeling of the first, third, and fourth floor bathrooms to include sloping floors to drains and new stalls with doors.

All this work is ambitious and, obviously, expensive. You can help out and also snag some cool Sigma Kappa Sigma gear by purchasing the new line of dorm products, which includes items such as mouse pads and hoodies. Proceeds from these sales go right to dorm renovations.

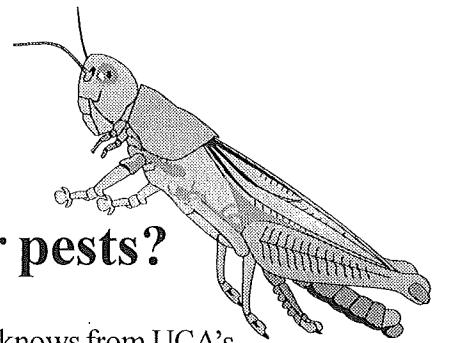
**We are sons and daughters  
of God!**



U  
C  
A

## Gourmet delicacies or outdoor pests?

by Rocky Brooks



As everyone knows from UCA's previous seniors, grasshopper-eating is one of senior survival's "finer" traditions. When I first heard about it, eating a big, revolting but was not high on my priority list. I was completely unenthused. But not wanting to be outdone by my peers, I proceeded to eat one of the foul creatures-ALIVE!

I don't want any of you juniors out there to be unprepared when you go to senior survival next year, so I've compiled a few helpful tips on preparing your grasshopper.

1. Pop off the head. I recommend the "twist and pull" method which works rather effectively.

2. If you are going to eat the "hopper" alive, make sure to take the legs off. No matter how dead you think it is, it will crawl back up your throat, get stuck, and cause a very unpleasant situation. You can also chew the creature to a fine pulp before swallowing, but that definitely gives it too much time in the mouth.

3. Once the wings are effectively removed, toss the morsel into your mouth, smile as best you can for a picture (you'll want proof of this later), chew rapidly, and swallow.

Some say they taste like almonds when they're fried. Raw, they merely taste like grass. But, class of 2004, I'll leave that for you to decide.



# Fasten your seatbelts

by *Tommy Cutting*

It was a beautiful day and I was thoroughly enjoying myself and minding my own business. Suddenly, my tranquil little world was interrupted by a piercing noise. The noise was meant to be a warning of some impending doom, such as a bomb, or the end of the world. As I tried to run for safety, everything started spinning and my vision blurred. When I opened my eyes, I became suddenly aware that the dreadful noise was in fact my alarm clock, and it was not the end of the world but rather the morning of HOPE Task Force.

As the vapors gradually cleared from my head, I began to remember that I had signed up to deep clean floors at Camp MiVoden, but it was only 7:05, so surely there was more time left for sleep. As I turned off the alarm clock and settled in for the return flight to dreamland, there was a sudden crash on the floor. As I looked toward the sound, I found myself gazing in horror upon a ghostly apparition. Hovering about the dorm room in its boxers, the apparition told me that I was to leave at 7:30. Realizing my shortage of time, I leapt from the bed and made a dash for my clothes. By this time I had cleverly deduced that the apparition was, in actuality, my roommate, having collided with him in a flurry of desperate activity. Relieved at this good news, I pulled on my clothes and bolted from the room. By the time 7:30 rolled around, I was walking down the sidewalk toward the van.

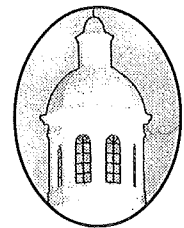
When everyone was packed into the van and accounted for, we pulled out of the parking lot and embarked on a journey of uncertainty. The van's incapability to move with sufficient haste delayed our arrival at MiVoden by about a year, or so it seemed. But once there we assembled outside the vans and split into two separate labor groups, each complete with its own taskmaster. By some act of providence, I wound up cleaning various cabins and apartments rather than the alternative of constructing a trail out under the hot sun.

The lake called and beckoned, but we resisted the temptation to forsake cleaning and go plunging into its cool embrace. Strengthened and encouraged by a lunch break, we worked on and by the end of the day discovered there was time for a swim. Ecstatic with joy, our group resembled a collection of escaped convicts rushing towards freedom. Some ran straight into the lake while others scampered on to the dock and dropped into the water like lemmings. Fully refreshed, we made the return trip to UCA where we crawled out of the vans, exhausted but triumphant.

I retired to my bed gratefully, brought back to the place where my whole adventure had started, and resumed my flight to dreamland.



*Dan Hudson and Evan Kinne work on a HOPE Task Force project at the new Hayden Lake church*



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## ECHOES

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Spangle, WA 99031

**This issue's contributors were**  
Christa Bertleson, Rocky Brooks,  
Tommy Cutting, Josh Glidden,  
Dan Hudson, Teresa Lowry, Chelsea  
Moore, Megan Ortega,  
Melissa Wickenberg,  
and Stephen Lacey, sponsor

# Fall picnic

by *Teresa Lowry*

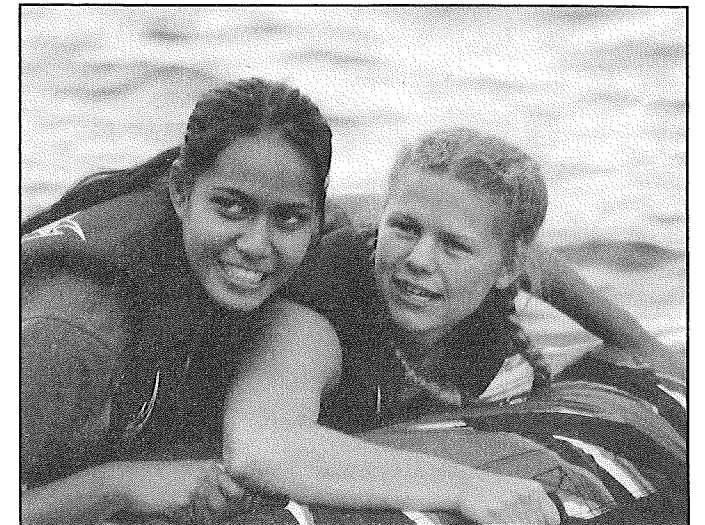
Students from UCA gave me their opinions on what they thought about the fall picnic at Camp MiVoden. Here are a few of girls' responses.

Deidre Christensen stated that "It was good as a bowl of ice cream without hot fudge, and also the fact that we got ice cream was awesome."

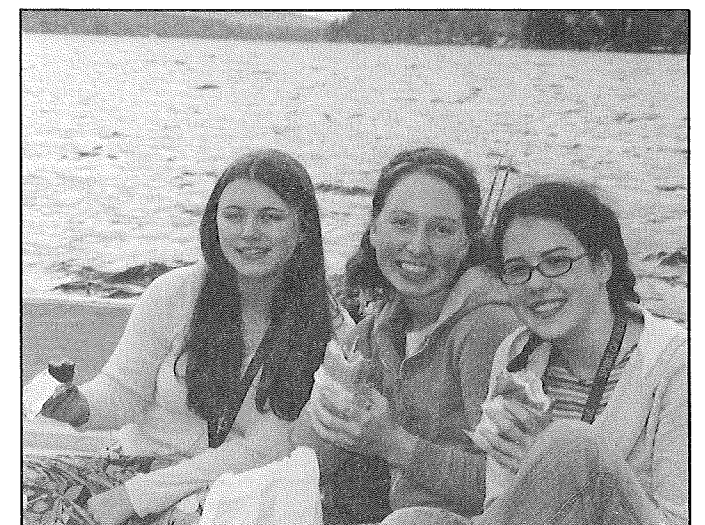
Mindy Tachenko said, "I had fun hanging out with my friends in the pool, dunking each other, canoeing and walking along the beach. Camp MiVoden is such a refreshing place to me, both spiritually and mentally."

And I had a great time at the fall picnic. It was a great opportunity to have fun, get away from school, and spend time with people that you don't normally get to talk to or hang out with. It helped me get to know a lot of people, and I am so happy for that.

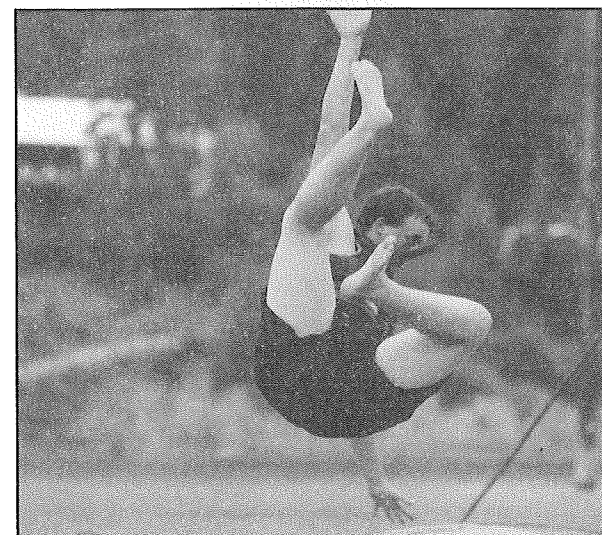
This year there was volleyball, boating, skiing, wakeboarding, and lots of other sporting activities. We also had lots of competitions. One of the events was a new triathlon. The three events were a 250 yard swim, a 10K mountain bike race, and a lengthy canoe/kayak adventure. Hats off to junior Evan Kinne for winning the IRON MAN. You rock! And to everyone else who competed, you were awesome as well.



*Jennifer Falaniko and Jenny Age get ready for a tube ride*



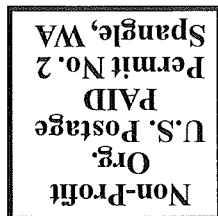
*Jessica Swena, Mandy Wilson and Greta Jarnes enjoy lunch*



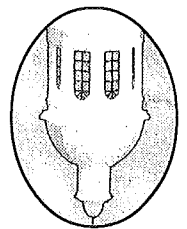
*Ben Isaacs shows great style as he rockets off the blob*



*Brent Cordis, Adam Schilt, Jeff Milburn and Peter Lacey watch Greg Creek as he gives guitar tips*



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## One family for Him

by *Melissa Wickenberg*

The UCA tradition of Firebowl Vespers began with a spiritually upbeat song service that put everyone on their toes. Song service was followed by a prayer, inviting God to join us out there behind the gym.

This year we were blessed to have two awesome speakers, our very own Taskforce workers, Rochelle Price and Greg Creek. They shared with us how God had worked in their lives, eventually bringing them to UCA. Their testimonies were moving and inspirational. They left us with two powerful thoughts for the night. Greg stated that a life lived for God is a life not wasted. This thought led many to reflect on their own lives. And Rochelle impressed upon us that God loves each and every one of us and that His greatest wish is to have all of us with Him in heaven.

As Vespers ended, everyone joined together by the fire to sing a few songs. After that some left while others stayed for the afterglow. The presence of God could be felt by all as both new and old students sang praises to God in unison.

Tracy Yeager said, "I felt welcomed and like part of the group." It didn't matter if you knew who was next to you or not, everyone felt welcome and part of the UCA family.

