

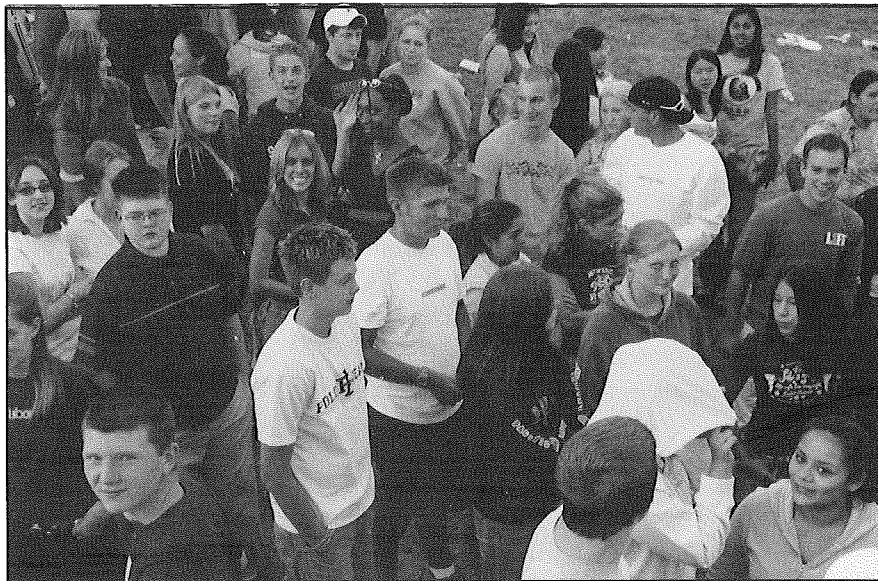
UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

# ECHOES

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*On August 24 after a long registration day, and after food, worship, and staff introductions, students bottle-neck to join the last line of the day: the hand-shake line.*

## Students celebrate Sabbath

by Leo Trujillo

This year at Upper Columbia Academy we had a change of pace for the first vespers. Normally, we have Fire Bowl Vespers, but this year something new was in store for us.

This year Elder and Mrs Davidson came all the way from Andrews University to spend a weekend with us and share lessons about the Sabbath.

Students enjoyed learning about what the Jewish people would do to celebrate the Sabbath day and how we could make our own Sabbath day more of a celebration like it should be. Students also enjoyed the bread and grape juice that was given out to help celebrate the Sabbath day.

Although most students enjoyed and were blessed by the lessons given to us by the Davidsons, others were disappointed that our Fire Bowl Vespers tradition was broken. But this is a special student body and God blessed us with a special start to the school year.



## Young men worship Jesus

by Ryan Yeo

In the daily 8:00 p.m. men's dorm worship, the young men lift their voices on high for Christ as the music and Spirit surround them. Manly voices fill the air with praise songs, old and new, some softer and prayerful and others more energy-filled. The men themselves lead out in the music with guitars, piano, and drums.

Dean Scribner describes them as a "thriving praise band." This band leads the dorm in worshipping our Lord, and establishing contact with Him. The brotherhood in Sigma Kappa Sigma has flourished in its praise music, and this year has brought a new level of Spirit-filled worship.

But the young men are not only involved in the music, they also present the worship thoughts. Since the beginning of the 2003-2004 school year we've also had youth share the spoken word. The Resident Assistants go through a cycle in which each one of them will give a worship thought. But others in the dorm can also volunteer to share their thoughts. It's youth preaching to youth! It's seeking the same God together as Sigma Kappa Sigma.

# Survival brings surprises

by Kristen Opp

Some say that Senior Survival is a life changing trip, irreplaceable in value. They say it is a once in a lifetime chance that provides memories never to be forgotten. All of that is true but can be hard to see for some poor souls who don't particularly enjoy camping and find themselves isolated in the woods, freezing and dirty (among other things), and bracing for a miserable time.

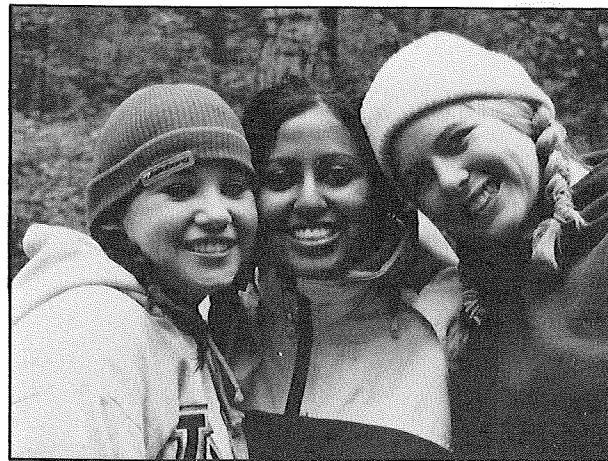
Thanks to this year's torrential rain, it became difficult to see the brighter side of things so we prayed for sun and dry sleeping bags and our prayers were answered. By the end of the second day I dare say we were nearly having fun.

Going into the woods with a lousy attitude is a little risky because you end up making yourself more miserable and develop an even worse attitude. But if you go into the woods feeling fairly neutral—just trying not to get eaten by a bear—you'll probably make it home alive . . . as long as you don't leave your food in your tent. If you go out into the sticks ready for some good quality communing time with nature and friends, that's exactly what you'll get.

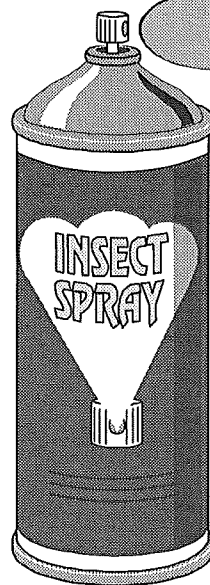
Going with an open mind is the healthiest option if you hope to have any fun at all, and, you never know, you might get a blessing too.

So don't be afraid of the bugs and the rain. Be afraid of not experiencing an important part of your senior year. The companionship and spiritual breakthroughs are irreplaceable and, dare I say, yes . . . maybe even life changing.

How being out in the woods with your closest friends, smelling bad and looking like you just got beat with the ugly stick is turned into a positive, valuable experience blows my mind. But we all stuck it out together and had a lot more fun than we thought we would.



Dani Pownall, Veronica Sandaine and Jodi Myers find something to smile about at Senior Survival



## They're baaack

by Carissa Hosey

Everyone despises those little bugs that come out every fall. Every year they seem to be more of a pain, getting into your hair, eyes, mouth, and even up your nose. And every year people try to devise clever new strategies for protecting themselves.

Someone (I can't remember who) recently discovered where these fruit-fly look-alikes were coming from. There are some trees at UCA that have little seed pods on them. If you crack open a pod, you will find tiny squirming insect larvae ready to break out and fill the air.

Cafeteria workers find these pests especially obnoxious. The little blue flies latch on to the workers and take a ride into the cafeteria . . . which could bring new meaning to the phrase "eat what's bugging you."

It remains to be seen how bad this year's plague will be, and the name of these mysterious bugs is still unknown. Some call them gnats, but whatever they are, they need to be extinguished.

# Sometimes the sun shines

by Michael Moore

On the morning of September 2nd, students from all grades got up with some expectation, for this wasn't going to be a normal day. It was Fall Picnic Day!

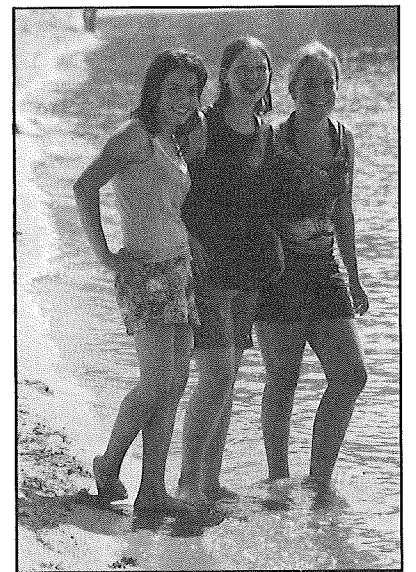
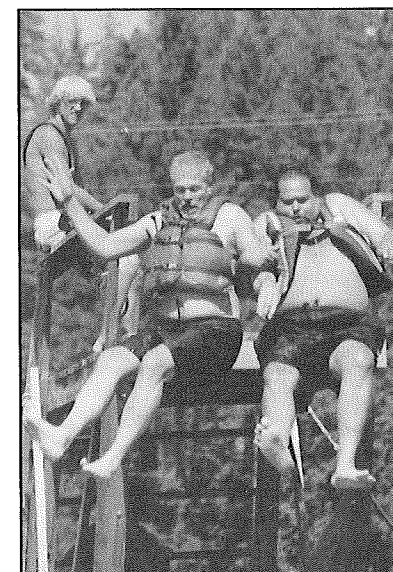
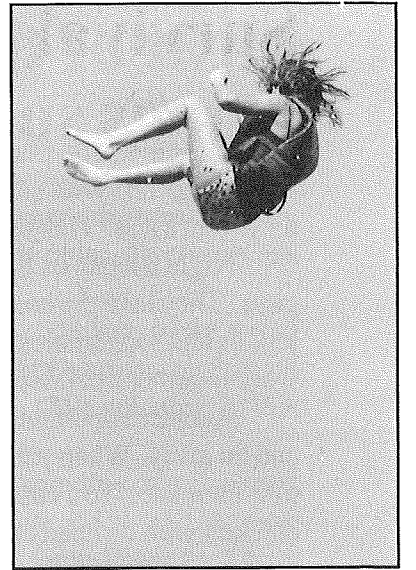
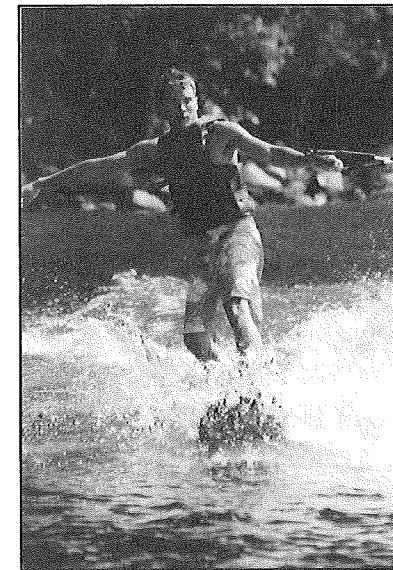
Students flooded into the cafe to devour breakfast and to package a lunch to eat at Mivoden. Finishing that, they headed up to the gym for the morning worship. Eventually, all raced towards the waiting buses where there was a noisy commotion as students checked in with their RA's.

On the slightly long trip to Mivoden, the bus was filled with marvelous chatter as students looked forward to the day's events. Then, upon arriving at Mivoden, students and faculty scurried away to various activities.

Asked if this picnic day was better than last year's, Amy Hall said, "Yes, because the weather was way better." It was indeed a beautiful day, perfect for doing some awesome water sports. All day the boats were charging along the water front followed by keen students wakeboarding, knee boarding, air-chairing, and other sweet things. Tyrel Darrough remembers his favorite part was doing awesome wakeboarding with Dustin, Ryan, and Melissa.

While some students were out with the boats, many others jumped into the lake. The Blob was a favorite of many as people would jump on the front to send hapless victims flying off the other end. Getting thrown into the lake every year is Emily Wilkens most memorable moment.

I asked Ryan Haberly if Fall Picnic was important to have. He replied, "Yes, because it's a day off from school, and it's a chance to get to know new people."





# Heat of the night

by Aaron Hays

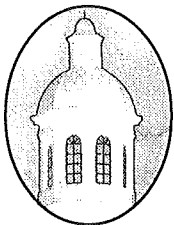
The guys' dorm has a great tradition called Night Siege. Guys love this game. With anticipation they await for this night, and after it they want more. This year Night Siege was played on September 21.

Night Siege is a battle between two teams of guys—and only guys. They love the competition between two teams. The teams are juniors and sophomores vs. freshman and seniors. This allows guys to work together as classes too.

Another important aspect of the game is the setting: night, woods, and far away. When you play a game in the dark, the risks and adventure increase. You can't run around the woods, in the dark, like a chicken with its head cut off. That is one way to hurt yourself. You have to use your brain. You need to think of a plan of attack. How are you going to get to the other guys' flag? How fast will you go?

The whole point of the game is to get the other team's flag. This is similar to Capture the Flag, but in order to get other people in jail you have to get the flags that are on their bodies. Now, guys aren't just going to let you take their flags easily, so there is some mild violence involved.

The dorm guys like this game. It is right up their alley. The competition, the risk, and the adventure make for one of the best nights all year.

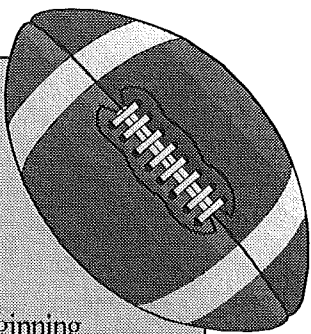


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**ECHOES**  
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Brandon Glovatsky, Aaron Hays,  
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Leo Trujillo, Ryan Yeo, and  
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## Try-outs

by Shawna Eisendrath



At the beginning of the year, you may have noticed something taking place up at the football field that appeared rather bizarre. A rather large collection of girls could be seen skipping around in circles, jumping up and down, bellowing mystic chants, and whamming into big red pads. Although this exhibited all the signs of being an ancient and mysterious ritual, inside sources assure us that it was simply the girls' varsity football tryouts.

This year's tryouts involved the same fun and engaging activities that we've all come to cherish over the years: ordeals such as running laps around the field, stretching, jumping jacks, whamming into big red pads, and—everyone's favorite—running the Swedish mile.

Although there were about thirty-five girls who tried out, only 20 were chosen. After tryouts, a list was posted with the names of those who made the team. If for some reason your name just wasn't there, or seemed to have wandered from the list, you could get acquainted with the idea of intramurals, or simply kick back and wait for next year.

### GIRLS FOOTBALL

Name	Position
Ashley Brito	Defense
Carley Brown	Defense
Amanda Coy	Defense
Jessica De Oro	Defense
Shawna Eisendrath	Offense
Melissa Ekvall	Offense
Crysta Evnenko	Offense
Daniela Garcia	Offense
Kristine Garcia	Defense
Marissa McElvain	Kicker
Nicole Morgan	Defense
Jodi Myers	Offense
Rachel Randall	Punter
Sally Roth	Defense
Tori Shelton	Defense
Kola Shippentower	Offense
Danelle Smith	Offense
Tara Trefz	Defense
Amber Trott	Defense
Emily Wilkens	Offense
Lisa Wilson	Offense

## Escalating Clatter

by Brent Davis

Nestled in a seemingly quiet and serene corner of our beloved campus resides a structure of unparalleled contrasts. No other building on campus contains the discord, opposition, or dissension equal to its rebel-lined corridors barely holding the insurgent practitioners within wafer-thin doors. Such is life in our revered Music Building.

Whether you're a novice or a seasoned connoisseur of the musical arts, the Music Building is the place where you test your metal and stamina against the raging cacophony of musical confusion.

The 2<sup>nd</sup> floor is home to two teaching studios and eight practice rooms, each complete with a piano, power outlet, and, of course, a paper-thin sound-enhancing door. While the pianos do work and the power outlets behave, the doors are the bane of the practicing students and monitors alike. Their unique resonating quality takes the sound on the inside, magnifies it to a roaring din, and then sends it ricocheting and frolicking down the hall to whatever unsuspecting victim it comes across.

This, of course, ruins critical practice time one would have hoped for. Thus, when Revolutionary Etude in C# minor, Fur Elise, Chopsticks, and Happy Birthday are all headed your way, don't go to pieces. Just remember if you don't C# you'll B flat.

## Students discover unique entertainment

by Kathilee J. Davidson

At Upper Columbia Academy the staff work hard to provide a variety of activities for students. However, moments do arise when a lack of entertainment prevails. It is in these moments that the creativity of UCA's students is at its finest. In fact, a wide range of activities has blossomed to fill these voids in entertainment.

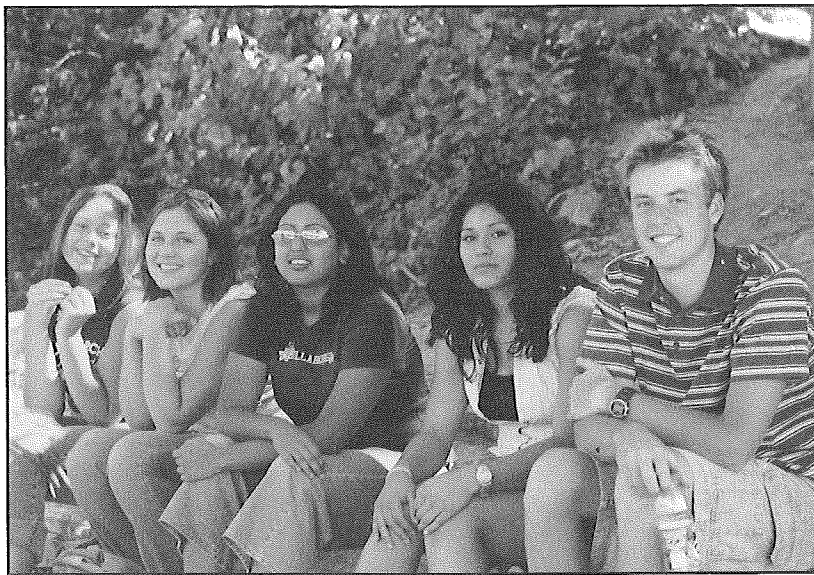
One creative resident of the ladies' dorm comments on the sound qualities of the courtyard, saying that if one belches loud enough through an open window, a decent echo can be heard. (The volunteer of this information shall remain anonymous.)

Others hone essential life skills such as standing on a chair and dropping pennies into the small mouth of a white and blue UCA water bottle. This skill will inevitably prove useful at some time in the future.

A fascination with wheels dominates in both of the dorms. According to one resident of the men's dorm, pushing a buddy in a rolling chair at full speed down the hall and releasing him just before they hit the fire exit window proves quite entertaining.

On the ladies' side, a neglected shopping cart makes for an exhilarating ride either in the dorm or around campus. Also, building ramps in the hallways and seeing how much air one can get in a mop bucket is great for laughs. Yes, the invention of the wheel continues to fascinate.

As the year continues, who knows what degrees of creativity will surface.



Danielle Simpson, Janae Kreiter, Veronica Sandaine, Kristine Garcia, and Reynolds Engelhart find that it's sometimes good to just sit in the shade at the Fall Picnic and watch others having fun.

# Staying well

by Amanda Archer

Soon after mission trips last year many students fell ill with a respiratory illness that at first appeared like the common cold. But for these unfortunate students their symptoms didn't stop with congestion, a sore throat and cough. Their symptoms worsened. Many contracted fevers up to 102°. Others developed bronchitis.

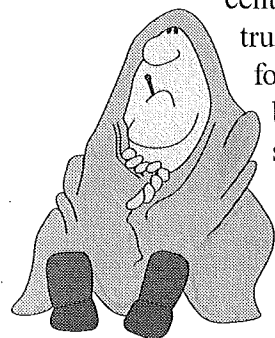
One can speculate on the causes of this strange epidemic. According to some, many people become ill because they neglect certain health practices. One of these is very simple: hand washing. Here's a hint for those trying for perfect attendance: wash your hands. In a study of Michigan school children, those who were part of a scheduled hand-washing program got sick less often and missed fewer school days than those who weren't part of the program.

Other factors that improve immunity include getting enough sleep (about 7-9 hrs.) drinking plenty of water and avoiding junk food. Fresh air also is important. Try leaving the windows open. To avoid spreading germs, do not share personal items, especially those that go into your mouth.

A problem common to students is that of living a balanced life. Students get caught up in the rigors of academics and the pressures of extracurricular activities and the social scene. This contributes to one's stress level which then can escalate to detrimental levels. At this point a person can become irritable and depressed. Some experience lack of motivation. Others are continually in a nervous state. They may not think as clearly. Their lives are out of balance. One can remedy this by taking time to re-center priorities and relationships—

true recreation. This could take the form of hobbies like knitting or scrap booking, a daily jog, or even time spent in personal devotions.

In this manner one can eliminate some of the causes of Academy epidemics.



# 2007 Bonding time

by Chelsea Skeels

The freshman class got to do something a little different this year. The first weekend in September, the troops loaded a bus and went on a camping trip to Farragut State Park in Idaho. Yes, that's right, a FRESHMAN class trip. A van-load of ten seniors met them at their weekend getaway to get to know them, lead out in singing and worships, and be mentors for the few days.

After arriving on Friday evening, the seniors had their first worship and then everyone was sent to their tents. After lunch, Sabbath afternoon, Pastor Fred had a few surprises in store for the freshmen. The entire afternoon was filled with smaller versions of the famous Senior Survival initiatives, which are different physical group activities designed to bring the class closer together.

That evening, after supper, the seniors had their last worship with the freshmen, and then climbed back into the van to come back to school and prepare for leaving on Senior Survival the next day. As the seniors left school, the freshmen enjoyed a day of swimming and canoeing on the lake.

The freshmen (one of the biggest freshmen classes in years) returned safely to school on Sunday evening, feeling refreshed and ready for another week of school . . . well . . . as ready as could be expected with how exciting school is.

Hopefully, this new tradition can be carried on throughout the years to help integrate new students into the school family, and bring the freshman class together socially and spiritually.



# When Worlds Collide

by Tommy Cutting

## Registration-a-Palooza

by Lana Burke

Ah yes, standing behind someone as they earnestly tell Mr. Blankenship precisely what **KIND** of lettuce their delicate stomachs can handle, when all you wanted was Mr. B's initials on your packet. THAT is the joy of registration day.

You dart quickly to tables with short lines hoping to get initials and move on, only to discover the reason so few are by this table is because you will be encouraged to "do something cool" and be subjected to having your picture taken for no apparent reason.

And let's not forget the ever-so-helpful presentation later on where half the faculty have decided that "and they don't seem to be here right now" is a charming way to introduce themselves to the new kids while the staff who didn't manage to escape stand in a line with tight smiles as they are announced . . . or overlooked.

And then there is the paramount event of the day, The Handshake. You smile as you hold a limp hand in yours and feel the elbow joint click with each hearty shake you throw upon it, and you pretend to file the name away to memory. About ten minutes into the festivities you realize this is how germs are spread and epidemics start.

You suspiciously dart a glance at each new (and now questionable) hand thrust your way and carefully extend yours, silently hoping you remembered to bring hand soap.

After the ritual germ fest is over you head to the dark dorm to hear new kids exclaim "Hey! What? The power goes out? What about my clock?"

You draw a contented breath as their grumbles lull you to sleep and smile to yourself that you have completed another wonderful day of registration.

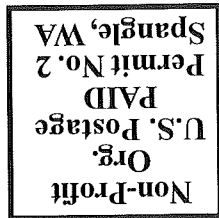
I must be honest. I really don't have any background in astronomy, my closest encounter with the universe being a game of Space Cadet Pinball I once played at Pizza Hut. Yet I was intrigued when told on a Thursday night in September that Mars was closer than it had been for 5.5 million years. I had my doubts that Mars had been in residency that long ago, and my doubts were even greater that it would stick it out until the next close encounter. So when the guys' dorm was permitted to view this once-in-a-whole-lot-of-lifetimes opportunity, I thought it only reasonable to jump at the chance.

As I exited the dorm and embarked into the cool of the night, I was pleased to find myself in the company of Mark Flaiz, a fellow Space Cadet astronomer whose wisdom of the stars was nearly as outstanding as my own. Between us, we had a vast knowledge of the heavens. There was no doubt in my mind that the evening would prove to be an uplifting intellectual experience.

While making our way up to the football field, we spotted our quarry in the eastern sky and gazed in wonder at its glowing splendor. At that moment, Mars vanished. This was a very bad turn of events and Mark and I found ourselves greatly alarmed. We had simply never dealt with any problem of this magnitude. We succumbed to panic. Mark took shelter behind a nearby hedge, and I executed a flawless stop-drop-and-roll. Somehow, we made it safely back to the dorm where we spent a night full of worry and restlessness.

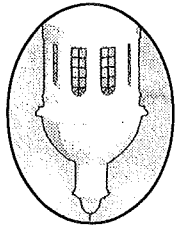
I arose at first light and went straight to the scene of the night's shenanigans in hopes of piecing together some clues from what could be seen in the light of day. Moving cautiously, I admired an attractive patch of blue sky to the east, the very place where Mars had been. While I walked along gazing intently at my little patch of blue, branches of a looming tree blocked my view. At that moment anger turned to understanding as I realized what had happened the night before.

Mars had not been sucked into a black hole as Mark had supposed. It had simply hidden behind the thick foliage of the tree in Winslow's yard. What can I say? It's not my fault that Mars is antisocial. I could only shrug and go back to bed.



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UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY



## Mud Bowl

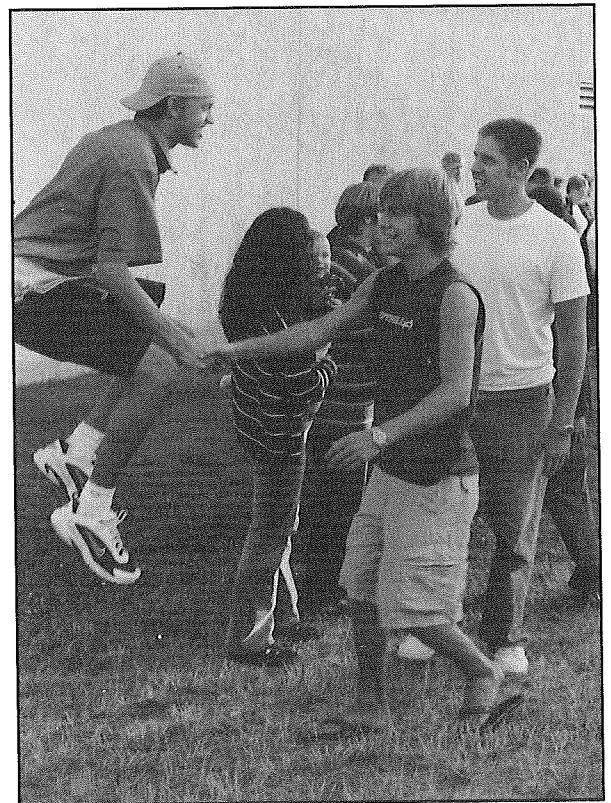
by Brandon Glovatsky

An event of the past, Mud Bowl, held by the men's dorm, stirred much interest in the student body this year. Sadly, although it was scheduled for August 31, the event never took place. This fun frolic in the mud actually has not taken place for the last four years although it faithfully appears on the calendar. What is this Mud Bowl thing and why didn't it happen?

The Mud Bowl is the super bowl of UCA football, played with the intensity of rugby in a mud arena. A large crowd usually attends to watch the participants pummel each other without the protection of pads, in a free-wheeling game with rules somewhat similar to football. Refereeing, for the deans, is relatively easy because almost anything goes. Offsides, for instance, is a penalty the referees are less particular about when foot positioning is hidden by deep mud!

Preparation of the ground for the action-seeking, pain-thirsty opponents consists of only a few simple steps. First, a choice location in the fields around the school is chosen. The area is cultivated thoroughly and then soaked with water for days, ensuring a rich, deep, glorious texture for the playing field.

Unfortunately, the Mud Bowl did not take place because, amongst other things, crops weren't removed in time. This event has not been rescheduled; however, if Mud Bowl interests you, consult with one of the men's deans and see if you can help make it a reality once again.



Mark Flaiz tries to control Dan Hudson as he jumps for joy at the prospect of a new school year while Stephen Morgan watches in disbelief