



Unstoppable

Lindsay Armstrong
Senior Class President

The Ad building countdown is a daily reminder that the end of the school year is here sooner than I expected it would be. I see that black-and-white screen everyday as I walk to my first class at 9:45 with a cheery “senior privs” mentality. During the day, I follow the same routine—maybe I’ll mix it up someday

and have a waffle for lunch. But for now, this life at UCA is all I know. What happens when the countdown stops once and for all?

The answer is life—and I’m not sure I’m prepared for it. I’m not trying to say that high school hasn’t been a good time. I’ve made friends I hope will last a lifetime, learned about everything from sea cucumbers to Revelation, and have had a small taste of living on my own. But after Sunday, June 3, is over, what’s next? Has UCA really prepared me to face life as a mature adult?

Seniors, just because I’m your President doesn’t mean I have it all figured out. Soon, I’ll be thrown out into the real world just like all of you. Some of us may be planning to go to college, some have a job lined up for life already, and some are still unsure what their plans for next year will be. No matter what this great institution in the middle of some wheat fields has taught us, life will always be hard and full of difficult choices. We won’t always have our best friends right beside us to help us through these challenges either. It is then when our Class Text is most important:

“Commit to the Lord whatever you do and your plans will succeed.” (Proverbs 16:3)

Class of 2012, whether or not you’re ready for life, when the countdown reaches zero the unstoppable force of time will continue. I encourage you all to remember that though the time we have had here at UCA has been great, it is up to us to choose our plans. We can either choose to pursue what we think is the best plan, or we can choose to commit ourselves to God. No one can force us to give God control over our lives, but He promises that if we do, He won’t let the world stand in the way of the plans He has for us. Then we, too, can be unstoppable.



Bloomsday 2012

by Jordan Grussling

On May 6 the annual Bloomsday race through the streets of Spokane rolled around again, and, as usual, quite a few UCA students and staff ran the course. Over 50,000 other people had also awakened early to participate. It was a really nice day, maybe even too hot.

The race is actually quite short compared to most races. It is only about 7.5 miles but includes several hills, the most famous of which is the very long Doomsday Hill. At the top of Doomsday, the runners get to meet a Bloomsday tradition: the classic vulture, a man dressed in a vulture suit (waiting to pick off exhausted runners?).

One of the things that people look forward to is receiving a finisher’s t-shirt and seeing the new design. This year the shirt was navy blue.

CLASS
of
2012

MOTTO:
It is easy to be ordinary, but it takes courage to excel

AIM:
Build a door when opportunity refuses to knock

TEXT:
Commit to the Lord whatever you do,
and your plans will succeed.
Proverbs 16:13



This year's SPOKANE SCHOLARS were Lindsay Armstrong, History; Emily Fitch, English; Alisha Paulson, Fine Arts; Emily Anderson, Science; Brandon Forry, Mathematics; and Nate Stratte, Foreign Language

National Day of Prayer

by Lindsay Nelson

Thursday, May 3, was National Day of Prayer. The UCA Choraliers were invited to sing at the Farmington Seventh-day Adventist Church. Many denominations were in attendance and thoroughly enjoyed praying together. The Choraliers sang in-between the prayers for specific subjects (such as the military, education, church, and families). Representatives from each subject were asked to stand, and one would go to the front to pray. It was an awesome experience to see that even though our beliefs may have been different, we all found common ground together in praying for our country, our families, and our church.

Prayer not only connects us to God, but also to each other. National Day of Prayer was just a taste of what Heaven will be like when all of God's children come together as one body in Christ.

Free rice!

by AnneMarie Vixie

Okay, so it's getting to the end of the year, and every student is being crunched. During the moments where we just need to take a break, we turn to entertainment. Imagine an online game where you strengthen your mind while you feed hungry people all over the world.

Freerice.com is that game! You are quizzed over the definition of vocabulary words, and for every answer you guess correctly, 10 grains of rice are donated through the World Food Programme. Ten grains doesn't seem like much, but it adds up if you and thousands of others keep playing! The rice goes to Myanmar, Bangladesh, Nepal, Cambodia and Uganda.

This game is free and you don't need to sign up. So take some time to expand your vocabulary. It's for a good cause!

Time for another adventure

by Ryan Carey

UCA just had a blood drive which was organized by ASB. I was one of the lucky students who got to participate in this wonderful adventure. I wasn't really too sure what I was getting into when I arrived at the Power House, but Brian Cazan and I started to fill out paper work and get ourselves prepared for what was to come. Then they led us into the bus where the real adventure started.

We sat in the little waiting area where we could see others lying on beds with needles in their arms. Brian and I looked at each other with wide eyes, wondering what we had just signed up to do. First they led us each into separate rooms where they made sure we and our blood were suitable. They pricked the tip of my finger and took a sample of my blood to see if I had sufficient iron. I did, and they sent me out of the room to lie down on a bed, with Brian soon to follow.

A nurse appeared and explained the procedure to each of us and prepared our arms for the donation we willingly signed up for. Once again, Brian and I looked at each other with a look of confusion, wondering why we were about to do this. Then the needles came out to intimidate us. They honestly were as big as pens. They advise you to look away, but there was no way we could do that. Our eyes were riveted on the objects that were on their way to penetrate our arms.

We watched as the needles punctured our skin and the blood began to flow through the tubing. After several minutes the nurse reappeared and told us we were done. Once the needles were removed, we waited at the front of the bus where we were free to indulge in treats and beverages. After a few moments, we were free to leave.

After we left, Brian and I began to talk about the adventure. "Why did we just do that?" After discussing it for a while, we realized that we had just saved at least one person's life by giving blood. That is a really cool thing. In the future both of us will be donating blood again, not to brag about it but for the feeling of fulfillment that comes from knowing someone somewhere will get the blood they need to survive.



The last tour

by Sydney Drury

After months of practice, grueling days filled with sweat, frustration, accomplishments, failures, drops, and successes, the UCA gym team finally did it. They made it all the way to their very last tour. This was their last experience as a team to travel and showcase their individual talents as gymnasts.

Early in the morning on Friday May 4, the gymnasts and their coaches, Coach Meager and Mrs. Gimbel, loaded the UCA bus to travel about an hour to Coeur d'Alene to perform at Lake City Jr. Academy. In the small gym, their performance was solid. No pyramids were dropped, no noticeable accidents occurred; everything was unblemished. Even their hardest pyramids seemed to come easy.

With spirits high because of this great success, the sweaty students loaded the bus to drive an additional hour to Sandpoint for their next show at Sandpoint Jr. Academy. The crowd wasn't as large as it was at Lake City Jr. Academy, but there was still a reasonable turn out. So the gymnasts' spirits weren't dampened and the second show went just as smoothly as the first.

All of their hard work, the months of hard labor and team effort, paid off, obviously. Now all that is left is Homeshow. Will all of their hard work pay off again for their biggest show of the season on May 26?

Night-time capture the flag

by Chris Wagner

Night-time capture the flag is a lot of fun for anyone who loves working as a team and sneaking around at night, and it is one of the traditional Saturday night activities here at UCA. On a recent Saturday night, this is how things went.

Students were divided into two groups: freshmen and juniors on one side of campus and sophomores and seniors on the other side. With almost everyone wearing black so they could sneak around unseen, they were given a few minutes to hide their flags and get organized. One person was wearing all camouflage, including face paint, and another who obviously didn't plan ahead very well was wearing all white.

As the game started, some people leaped across the dividing line, immediately getting tagged and put in jail, while others stayed back and waited for the right opportunity to sneak across slowly. In order to be effective, everyone had to learn to work together to outnumber and outwit the opposite team.

On this occasion, after an hour of playing, the sophomores and seniors managed to get the flag across the line. Overall, the evening turned out to be a lot of fun for everyone.

Senior serve

by Carly Yeager

Going once . . . going twice . . . sold! It was that time of year again, Senior Serve time.

Every year, the senior class gets auctioned off in pairs, or individually, to the rest of the school. Students, teachers and other staff members can buy the seniors for a price and take them as their own personal servants for the day. Seniors look forward to this day because they know they are the most treasured and most special of the whole student body, and are aware that selling themselves will make the class a lot of money. However, the seniors are also wary because some students and staff may require them to do ridiculous and unpleasant tasks.

As the first auction opens, and seniors go up for bid, the café becomes an exciting place. Students and teachers alike yell out, screaming prices for the seniors they'd most like to win. Soon, bidding wars arise as multiple people fight to buy the same seniors. The bidders play an invisible game of tug-of-war, much to the appreciation of the senior class as the conflicts simply raise the prices higher and higher.

Seniors wait to be sold, slowly moving through line up to the auction table, like cattle to the slaughter. (But, in the most positive, non-killing way, of course!) Whatever the opinion of Senior Serve may be, it comes every year without fail in attempt to help the beloved seniors. So, be generous and be nice.



Students in scientific garb complete a Biology assignment during a class field trip to the Turnbull National Wildlife Refuge on May 1

The Plague

by Brian Cazan

Every year it happens. Teachers and students start developing similar symptoms. Studies have been done, scientists are continually trying to develop a cure, and students do their best not to come down with it.

It commonly festers amongst the seniors, but juniors and underclassman also fall victim to this border-line deadly virus. Uncontrollable nerve twitches, lack of proper judgment, zero motivation, and an insatiable desire for fresh air are just a few of the indicators that you have what is commonly known as "spring fever." Don't let the cliché fool you. This is a serious condition that needs to be addressed immediately.

Though no cure has been discovered, there are a few tips and tricks that have been known to mask the symptoms of this horrific disease. It is said that the most effective method of getting oneself through the year is to continually remind yourself just how close you are to being done and how much brighter and more prosperous the future will be if you power through.

Stay sturdy my friends.

Nice people

by Emily Weed

A number of the students who come to UCA have come from a very different background than most. 7:15's are unknown to these people, and they are used to solving algebra equations in their sweat pants. They are unaccustomed to cafeteria food as well as "afterglow." They are quiet. They are nice. They are homeschooled.

Some of these students really enjoyed being homeschooled. They say that it's easy and very enjoyable to get up whenever they desire. Others, however, don't quite appreciate the education they have received. While homeschooling is a great opportunity for a students to become closer to their families, it can cause them to become reserved and shy, unable to socialize properly with others their own age. It can be hard for them to even make conversation, and they may have trouble finding things in common with others from their generation. This can become a major problem, especially for those in high school. Homeschooling can also cause students to lose their desire for independence.

But homeschooling definitely has its benefits and may be the right thing for some students. However, many students might find that homeschooling is not for them, and when that happens, there is a place that will fulfill that student's social, spiritual, and educational needs. UCA will be there with open arms, Cookie Tuesday, 7:15 classes, and high quality computers for them to enjoy.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

ECHOES

is a regular student publication of
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This issue's contributors included:

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Bradley Colvin, and Stephen Lacey, sponsor

Break-up season? Where?

by Emily Fitch

Spring is in the air. We've finally got sunshine (occasionally), blue skies, and senioritis. Most of the crucial aspects of spring are here, but one of the most important (and perhaps my favorite) is missing. Now that spring is in full bloom, where in the world is break-up season? Not to sound heartless or anything, but COME ON! Some of us have waited through the long winter months, seeing all the happy couples throwing snowballs outside or giggling in class, and have thought (between gags), "Just you wait until spring, when all the love-birds die!" or something along those lines. Sure it could just be bitterness talking, but it doesn't seem right to skip break-up season. We wouldn't skip spring, would we? NO! So should we just go on letting the couples frolic around campus? NO!

Sure there have been a couple couples (hehe . . . *couple couples*) who have called it off, and I applaud them. They put forth the effort to get things rolling. Unfortunately, many have yet to participate. Although they are likely unaware, they have taken away one of my sources of joy and entertainment. Don't get me wrong, I don't think everyone should break up, and I have nothing against good, lasting relationships. But I was quite looking forward to a good show this year. You guys had good potential but just haven't delivered. And before you say what a horrible person I am, just know that there are others like me (well, maybe not QUITE as awesome, but they at least wanted break-up season too)! So on behalf of all of us, you guys are pathetic! With only a little time left in the school year, your window of opportunity is almost shut. Will you make it out?

Marine Biology Trip

by *Lindsey Knight*

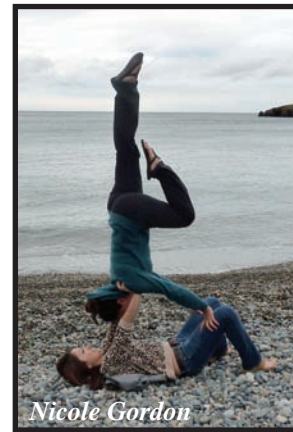
Many excited shouts rose from students on the Upper Columbia Academy bus as it pulled into Deception State Park's Rosario Beach. It was a hot afternoon on April 22, and Mrs. Hae-ger's Marine Biology class could not wait to get off the stuffy bus, after a seven hour road trip, and begin their adventures at Rosario.

Each of the students had been looking forward to the trip with eager anticipation for months and it had finally arrived. To their delight, each of their high expectations was met. There was plenty of room to explore the coastline and take in the breathtaking scenery. Boys and girls packed into cabins next to the beach and spent hours making late night memories and developing friendships. Morning Bible studies on the beach with Pastor Fred helped students to find deeper spiritual life in the quiet beauty that surrounded them. Campfire worshipers were led by Pastor Fred and different students that felt impressed to share their faith with friends.

During the day, fun was had by all. High-schoolers waded knee deep in tide pools chasing after crabs and strange species of fish. Plankton was closely studied under microscopes and different species of birds were observed by the students. A trip to the San Juan Islands involved a ferry ride and a trip to the whale museum and overlook station at the lighthouse. Despite the rain, everyone had incredible experiences. Several recounted that their favorite memory was a late night trip out to the docks to witness the glowing dinoflagellates as students waved their hands slowly through the water, disturbing the little algae in their dark marine home.

It was evident how everyone grew closer to each other during the trip through discussing how they saw God in nature, visiting during meals in the cafeteria, singing at worshipers, getting soaked on the walk to the lighthouse during a pouring rainstorm, playing "sardines" on the ferry boat to the San Juan Islands, naming different species of marine life in the rocky shoreline, or even slugging through the mud flats in Padilla Bay until several people fell flat on their faces, only to announce they had discovered a snail or crab once they had the "close up view" of the mud.

It was an experience that none of the Marine Biology students will soon forget. The memories made on the trip to Rosario Beach will stay with each of them and their friends for years and years to come.



Taco Bell Currency

by *Chayse Brown*

The due date was fast approaching, and the time for procrastination was over. For lack of a better term, I was in cramming mode. I had less than a week to complete a two-week project. The project required that I arrange to visit the Upper Columbia Conference office to sift through some archives. I set in action the long process of getting permission.

My request to drive off campus fought its way through channels and I was finally allowed to make the trip with my teacher. When preparing to leave, my teacher Mr. Stanfill mentioned that the two of us would stop by Taco Bell for lunch. He did not realize the words *Taco Bell* and *lunch* are not the smartest things to say in front of a UCA class. To make a long story short, he ended up promising Taco Bell to the whole class.

After dropping by the drive-through, we set off to see what we could find at the conference office. After a few hours of digging through hundreds of scans of old magazines we were able to procure some helpful information and set off back to UCA. Upon arriving, I thanked my teacher for the food and the ride. I then returned to the dorm with a good amount of information, and Taco Bell burritos to use as currency. I was set.



Stuff, stuff and more stuff

by *Kristen Smith*

How did all this stuff accumulate here? I brought it all in one carload, but there is not a chance it can all go back in one trip. Why is this here? What did I bring this for? How do I get it all to my home?

These are the all-too-familiar moans and groans of packing up for summer. Things have magically arrived in your dorm room and now you have to find a way to get them back home. It isn't always easy to determine what can go home early, what has to stay until the very last day, what needs to be washed here, and what can be cleaned at home.

The art of packing is learned through experience and tough trial-and-error practice runs. In other words, it is a painful process that requires much thought. However, you will inevitably find that you sent home something you needed to keep and kept something you haven't used. There seems to be no way around it.

Thankfully, there are some tips and tricks to getting out of here. One is to call your Mom or Dad. Chances are they have done this before and would be more than happy to hear you thinking ahead and keeping them in mind. You could yell down

the hall to your friends and ask them whether you have worn your sombrero within the past month (if not, it can go). And, perhaps, a teacher or staff member would be willing to give you advice on when your swim fins can go home.

Another idea that may be helpful is to pack way ahead of time and keep the boxes in your room. If you need to get into them for your trampoline, you will know that it needs to stay until graduation weekend. As long as the job gets done and you get everything back to your home, the packing was a success. As agonizing as it may be, take some breaks to laugh with your friends and know that everyone else is also wondering what to do with their pasta machine too.

Our God

by *Brad Watson*

Our God is incredible. He is a powerful creator who cared for a small insignificant world that took Him only six days to create. He came down and suffered immense pain and humiliation and died the worst kind of death—for us. He loved us small, sinful, ungrateful, and selfish humans, who are so small and weak compared to Him. And yet He has forgiven us for our sinful ways and all the broken promises we make to Him.

Some people are foolish enough to turn down His gift of salvation, the best possible gift known to man. They would rather have fun for a few sinful years than enjoy an eternity in paradise with the most powerful Being and best Friend they will ever know. Our God has suffered the worst of everything so we might have the best. Our God is something else.



Some juniors wile away the hours by . . . throwing a bowling ball

Make friendships last

by *Reagan Dieter*

As the year comes to an end, friendships seem to abate or strengthen, only to fall away over the summer. In a boarding school, with people living so far away, communication is lax and meet-ups are few. Strong bonds are cut and people spend their summers working or “vegging” only to come back to school having to spend time reconnecting. I urge you not to let this happen.

In life, your friends are everything. They cheer you up when you are down, and they knock you back when you over step your bounds. They do the stupid things with you and keep you from being too lax-minded. They keep you company when you are lonely and they know when to back off when you need your space. This summer, be sure to keep up with your friends and make sure they know you care. Don't leave them in the dark wondering if you still care . . . or exist. They work at being your friend and deserve to stay included in your life. Doing this will enable you to hit the ground running next year at school with friendships stronger than ever.

Don't risk losing a friend by not committing to the relationship. It can hurt both parties, and it's not worth losing someone over lack of involvement. As the year comes to the end and summer draws close, keep your friends close.

Dirty dishes

by Kara McMahon

1:00 P.M. Ugh. “Time for work,” I mumbled.

Dreading the mountain of dishes that faithfully awaited me, I walked through the cafeteria door and glared at the ever-growing pile. I pulled a dark blue apron over my head and tied it behind me. Looking at the front of the apron, I groaned. The morning crew had used it, and it was encrusted with dried breakfast remains. Walking over to the sink, I started spraying the dirty dishes. It never ceased to amaze me how many different disgusting mixtures people concocted with their food. Different colors combined on the plates, leaving an undefinable sludge. *Ewww, why can't people leave their food alone?* Then, my work supervisor told me she wanted me to dry and put away dishes instead. I stomped over to the pots and yanked them off the counter, making a loud clang. I marched around the kitchen, banging dishes and feeling angry at the world.

“So,” said a sweet, cheery voice of another café worker, “how has God blessed you this week?” I faked a smile and came up with some stupid, shallow reply. Not letting it drop, she pressed harder. “What have you been reading in your devotions lately?” *Oh no! Why can't you just drop it? What do I say?* My mind raced. I couldn't tell her that I hadn't had my devotions that morning. She would think I was a terrible Christian. I thought up something I had read a few days before, though it, too, came out sounding insincere. I returned the question to her, but as she went on about her wonderful devotional life and what God was doing for her, my mind wandered.

At that time, my spiritual life had plumeted. Instead of having my devotions in the mornings, I would sleep, thinking the extra rest would help me more than God could. Then, at the last minute, I would read a Bible verse, and if anyone asked me about my devotions, I would try to make it sound very holy and deep, when, in reality, I had no clue what I was talking about. I thought I couldn't bear to have my devotions.

What I had to learn was that I couldn't bear to do without them. Without spending time with Jesus, I was susceptible to the Devil's temptations and my life was becoming dirtier than the nasty dishes I detested. I needed to be rinsed, washed, and disinfected by Jesus. Spending that precious time with Him each day makes us indescribably stronger and able to withstand evil.



Wonderful, glorious things

by Anthony Onstott

Slowly but surely we made our way, the bus swaying back and forth as it rounded each bend on the northern Idaho road. The gymnastics team was heading for a show at a small junior academy, and as I sat on the bus listening to the rumble of the wheels on the road and the sounds from the people chatting and sliding around me, a calm still feeling came over me.

I gazed out the windows at all the beautiful things God had created. I saw a majestic mountain range looking very pompous and royal in the yellow sunlight. There were majestic forests all around with the King's deer running and leaping in them. Smooth lakes filled valleys with their presence while rivers ran by, going wherever they pleased, ignoring the world as they passed everything by.

All these wonderful creations gave me a feeling of awe as I thought about how the Creator had made them for us—for us to take care of and enjoy. I sat there and thanked Him, wondering how He could think of so many beautiful things. Yet he managed to think of something even more wondrous at the end of creation week: you and me.

Sicklist: good or bad?

by Bradley Colvin

Why do so many people go to class sick? Maybe they don't like the prospect of sleeping all day, maybe they don't like skipping class, and maybe they don't like the sick rooms. I try to avoid the sick rooms since I spent just under a week in them my freshman year.

The sick rooms provide no entertainment, there are bars on the window, and sometimes the desk worker can't find which room you're in to drop off your food. The deans advise you to grab some homework when you go to the rooms but then expect you to sleep all day. So after a week of being sick, you get really behind in homework and classwork.

I won't plead with you to stay off sick list but I won't tell you to go on it either. The choice seems to be between being sick and solitary or being sick and miserable in classes but staying caught up with work. The best option is to avoid being sick, but that isn't always an option.

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Blessed is the man who perseveres under trial, because when he has stood the test, he will receive the crown of life that God has promised to those who love him.

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