



Revival

by Meghan Spracklen

“Can anyone tell me what the topics have been so far?” As hands shot up, and answers were flung into the air, Pastor Eric Chavez tossed bouncy balls into the crowd. It was Week of Prayer, a beloved sanctuary where the UCA campus is bathed in prayer, and everyone comes together to worship God.

Be the Change is this year’s theme and was also the theme for the week, leading to many probing and penetrating points. Do you have courage? Are you being distracted too much by the world’s entertainment? Are you pursuing a deeper relationship with Christ? Pastor Eric talked about all these topics and made us pray with our friends that we might bless this campus with a renewal for the love of Christ.

“The topics have been inspiring for all of us, they’re personal enough that they seem achievable,” said Senior Sarina. “I feel like what he’s (Pastor Eric) talking about is real and approachable, and I’m taking his thoughts to heart.” This sums up the thoughts of others, so thank-you, Pastor Eric, for blessing UCA.

Not an iPod

by Lexi Horst

Feeling generic? Keep reading. The struggle to be different and special in a good way is very real. Satan tries to make you think that God set up a little factory in Heaven that creates humans like iPods but every once in a while, look around at all of your classmates. Do you see the different looks? Personalities? Voices and laughs?

You are an essential piece in God’s puzzle, and no one else can fit in your spot. As Pastor Eric Chavez said the Sabbath of Week of Prayer, God knew you before you even existed. He has a special plan *just for you*. So smile; it’s pretty unique.

“Waiting to be someone else is a waste of the person you are.” Kurt Cobain



Spokane scholars

by Giovanna Girotto

As we walked into the Convention Center, we were overwhelmed with the remarkable number of students in the room. These kids weren’t your average teenagers. The group was a mix of overachievers, prodigies, and hard-workers, and they were all there for one reason: the Spokane Scholars Banquet.

The scholars were split up into 6 different department categories: Mathematics, Science, Social Studies, English, World Languages, and Fine Arts. UCA’s Spokane Scholars were Nathaniel Srikureja (Math), Madi Malott (Science), Jonathan Fitch (Social Studies), Tyler Warren (English), Katie Folkenberg (Fine Arts), and me (World Languages).

The banquet began with a lot of talking and introductions. As we ate our meal, the speaker, the Dean of Gonzaga Law School, spoke about a career in law. When she was finished, the scholars from each department were introduced, and the winners of the scholarships were announced. Although UCA did not win any financial scholarships, we were still proud to represent our school and to receive our medals and certificates.

The evening made us realize that although we didn’t put all our time, money, and efforts into one specific category of academics and hadn’t all received perfect scores on our ACT, SAT, and AP tests, we have something that many of those other students don’t. We have the opportunity to have a Christian education.

Unclean

by Breanna Daley

I now have a small understanding of what the lepers in the Bible felt like.

Imagine you are sitting in the café with your friends, eating dinner nonchalantly, and one of your guy friends turns to you and says, "So is it true that half of the girls' dorm have lice?" You pause and then slowly swallow your food. As you sit there in shock wondering if it could be true, another friend of yours receives a phone call from one of the freshmen informing her that basically all of the freshmen have lice.

Slowly, you get up from the table and make your way to Mrs. Williams' office to get checked. You stand in the line as one by one the girls in front of you are told yay or nay. When it's your turn. You sit down and they comb through your hair until they find something. Then they jerk a hair out and examine it under the microscope.

The worst thing wasn't that I did in fact have lice, it was the reaction I got from all the people I told afterwards. The crowds would split like the Red Sea as soon as they discovered you were cursed. Then as you passed through, all eyes would be on you, filled with fear that the little critters were going to launched off your head onto theirs. I was so tempted to just start yelling "unclean, unclean." That way they would have just scattered before I got there and I wouldn't have had to see the fear in their eyes.

Major success

by Morgan Stanyer

We practiced for weeks, months even, for a little Sabbath afternoon concert. Many people would say it was a waste of time, effort, and energy, but it most definitely was not for the few UCA band students who worked for their positions in the Walla Walla University Honor Band. This band, led by Mr. Brandon Beck--director of the Walla Walla University Bands--consisted of high school students from around the nation.

It all began when Mr. Beck sent out audition music for students to start practicing. He then toured around to all the schools to hold auditions. Students from Maryland sent videos to Walla Walla for their auditions to save on traveling expenses. Nerves. I still haven't heard of anyone who wasn't either extremely nervous or simply terrified during their audition.

A few weeks went by while everyone waited for the Honor Band roster to be sent to their schools. Waves of relief washed over the students who saw their names of the list. UCA students held most of the principal positions in their sections. But that was not the end. We thought it would be easy once we had made it but weeks more of practice and perfecting songs began. Then the day came.

The bus was parked at front campus and students began to pile in. We arrived at WWU and immediately began practicing with the students from the other schools. It wasn't easy fitting all the pieces together, but we did it. Sabbath afternoon came and everyone was ready to show what they had learned.

The concert went quite well even though we had only three days to practice with everyone. The standing applause signified the end of all the work. It was great fun, and we couldn't have done it without the help of Mr. Beck and Mr. Kravig.

The day school was invaded

by Kristen Cottrell

There is nothing quite like coming back to school after spring break. It's quite a trial and tribulation to give up two weeks of no homework and classes and hit the books again. Since each student reacts to this trial just a little differently, it is hard to describe to someone who hasn't experienced it. There are certain groups of people though: the jet-lagged-from-mission-trips people, the excited-to-see-their-friend's people, and the I-got-an-extra-dose-of-senioritis-by-just-having-to-step-back-onto-campus people (aka seniors).

This year after spring break, there was another reaction that most people had but did not expect. That was the what-are-you-doing-here reaction to 30 or so new faces wandering around campus. At first, students were baffled by the strange new faces. Then, they were confused to see them in the dorms at night, eating in the cafeteria with them, and using their bathrooms. It was confusing because they were obviously college students and not new UCA students. The recurring question was, "Who are these people and what are they doing here?" Thankfully, all questions were answered during assembly that week, when the people introduced themselves to us as students from the North Pacific Union Bible College, Souls Northwest. They explained they were studying on campus and staying in the dorms while they did evangelism in the Spokane area in preparation for the ASI convention in Spokane this summer.

With our questions answered, we were then able to start getting to know these new faces and welcome them to campus. While we may not appreciate the longer food lines and less hot water, we do appreciate the opportunity to get to know some new people and share our beautiful campus with those doing the Lord's work. Welcome to UCA, Souls Northwest!



Experience with the experienced

by *Tajhicia West*

It was at short notice, but we made a trip to Ritzville anyway. I didn't find out about it until Friday night, and most of the planning was done in the van on our way there on Sabbath morning. Mrs. Turner, who was driving, made sure all parts of the program were covered, ensuring there would be no awkward moments.

On a regular Sabbath, the attendance at the Ritzville church is about twelve (mostly elderly) members. So the six of us made up about a third of the congregation that day. The service included song service, an offering call, a children's story, the pastoral prayer, special music, three sermonettes, and a closing hymn. At the end of the service, we stood at the door and shook everyone's hands.

We learned how friendly they all were during the wonderful potluck lunch. Getting to know the members, we discovered that among them were nurses, a doctor who had studied in Guadalajara, Mexico, and a missionary couple who had served in various areas of the Caribbean. The couple did a stellar job at imitating Guyanese, Trinidadian, and even Jamaican accents.

Overall, it was a fun trip, and I look forward to going on another church visit.

Indian bundles of joy

by *Amalia McKenzie*

There they were in the mists of India. It was such a sight to see the sun and moon appear in different colors, and as for the clean air, it was a fresh breath of pollution. Everywhere they went, there were people and animals. Monkeys roamed the cities and towns, and cows took up whichever side of the road they desired. Brown faces and black eyes were fixed at the sight of foreigners who were white and came as a flock or in pairs to spread the word of Jesus.

Being able to follow the direct commands from our Father to let every nation know about Him and the Second Coming was a miracle. Lives were touched and many took the bold step into water for a second birth. Every night, a couple of foreigners would go to their village and spend several hours singing songs, giving children's stories, health talks, sermons, and, at the end, a video about Jesus.

Every day was filled making lifelong memories: little hands clutching tightly to their hands, the blessing of prayer, and the trust that angels were surrounding them.

Bringing in the RA's

by *Kristen Wagner*

Every year a new group of RA's is chosen for both dorms. It can be a nerve-racking experience to apply, but the job is definitely worth it. One of the traditions when all the next year's RA's have been chosen is for them to run and hide around campus. The new RA's are given a 30-second head start; then, the rest of the people go running to find the RA's. The goal once you have found an RA is to take their shoes off as proof they have been found. If you are able to get shoes, you win a pizza from the dorm store.

It is a smart idea for RA's to plan a hiding place. With only a 30-second lead time, they have to be very decisive and very quick. Some people want to hide in trees, find an open door, hide in a hole, find a random corner, or even spend time in a dumpster.

The people that are looking for the RA's have a limited amount of time, usually about 30 minutes after worship. One of the problems is knowing when the "game" is over. The new RA's don't want to come out of hiding too soon because the RAs win a prize if they are not found.

In the girls' dorm, only 6 out of 11 girls were found. Breanna Daley was one of the RA's that was found. "I didn't have a plan on where I wanted to hide, but when I left the girls' chapel, I saw a white storage shed and hid there for 45 minutes before being dragged out and tackled by Michaela H, Kristen C, and Giovanna G. I came out of the experience with a bruise on my knee."

If you want to be an RA here at UCA, think about all of the wonderful ways you will be a leader in the dorm and be able help others. And, don't forget to think of a great place to hide!

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Greener grass

by Aleece Cazan

Students, with suitcases in hand, rushed to the buses, excited for their new adventure. Walla Walla University Days had finally arrived, and about 3 hours later, the seniors stepped on to the university campus. The days ahead were filled with interest sessions, class sit-ins, concerts, social time, and Atlas coffee stops.

Despite all the interesting and entertaining events, a different appreciation arose during the three days. "I liked Walla Walla U days because they made me feel like an adult," expressed Bailey Anderson. According to Madalynn Kack, "We didn't have to be in our rooms until 11pm and we weren't being watched at every single event." Mariya McCombs, another senior, exclaimed, "Oh, the freedom!" The high school students of Upper Columbia Academy basked in the relaxed atmosphere and lack of control during those days.

University Days brought more than a possible desire to attend college. It also exponentially increased levels of senioritis. The thoughts of almost all 83 seniors ring the same. *Graduation come soon. Freedom come sooner.* (The ironic fact: the grass of high school will soon be dearly missed.)

Cold showers

by Breanna Daley

As I sat in the GRO room one night, I was awakened from my daydream by the rumbling sound of a wild pack of girls running down the hall. As I looked up, I saw a group of 6 to 10 girls half carrying and half dragging another girl down the hall towards the 2nd South and Center showers. I smiled, realizing what was taking place—another cold shower.

I am sure you have noticed the many couples around campus—either walking the loop or sitting on the stairs in front of the café or Ad Building, but what you may not know is that there is a tradition here at UCA, a tradition that no one speaks about and the deans and many faculty pretend to be unaware of. Once two young lovers officially start dating, their friends begin to plan when they will give each of them a cold shower. There is nothing more fun than making them sit in suspense for a week or so, chewing their nails and sleeping with one eye open, and then surprising them by throwing them into a frigid shower when they least expect it.

Most girls squeal and try to wrestle their way to freedom, acting as if it's such a horrible thing to get a cold shower, but most only struggle a few seconds before they surrender and let their friends put them into the icy shower stall. After they have been thoroughly soaked, a grin spread across their faces and they chase their friends down the hall, attempting to give them a soaking bear hug.



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Interest with the pin

by Stephanie Ing

Pinterest. Something that most guys don't understand and many girls are enthralled with. Girls love Pinterest for whatever reason. They love to fantasize about their future wedding day. Girls like to imagine their dream closet even though they will never be able to afford it. Girls even like to find new recipes and workout plans. These reasons, along with many that cannot be "pin" pointed, are why girls love Pinterest so much. It is also the reason for the next point.

A common symptom of a love for Pinterest is procrastination. These two things are very closely connected. I don't know of any girl, if given the choice with no consequences, who would choose homework over Pinterest. Therein lies the problem. Though there are consequences to procrastinating on school work, many don't seem to consider them when choosing to start a new board on Pinterest instead doing their chemistry homework.

However, Pinterest isn't all bad. There are many positive aspects to it as well. Pinterest can help people be more creative and try new things. It can also help them to organize. The greatest aspect of Pinterest is its ability to relax the user. This is why it is so enticing to girls when they should be doing the loads of homework that they have.

So girls, next time you want to put off your homework so that you can continue to plan the wedding that you will never be able to afford, weigh your options. And boys, be more understanding. Pinterest addiction is a real thing so don't make fun of your girl friends for it.

Fat spoons

by Tyler Warren

Those of us who can remember the old cafeteria know full well that the new Wallace Dining Commons is a vast improvement. The new cafeteria is in a much more convenient location, has a larger maximum capacity, and is a beautiful structure to boot. Another wonderful feature of this cafeteria is the committed staff. Day after day, they prepare meals for students with relentless determination and steadfast dedication. But, perhaps, the greatest part of the cafeteria is its ability to continually surprise us with new features.

Last year's students will remember when the cafe surprised us with new plates and cups. In fact, there was a verbose article about it in the very publication you now hold in your hands. (I didn't say *read* because we both know you are just skimming and scanning. The nerve! Barely browsing through the *Echoes* when many students take so much time to write quality articles. Sounds like another extra credit story! Anyway . . .) The cafe also updated its tables and chairs last year. However, just when the student body thought that there couldn't be any more upgrades to the Wallace Dining Commons—new spoons!

Now you may be thinking, 'Didn't the cafeteria already update from flimsy white plastic spoons to full-blown metal ones?' The answer is, of course, yes. Nonetheless, many students were surprised to see new spoons appearing in the utensil cups, complete with a new shape! The new spoons are more of a soup spoon with twice the space for holding food and the remarkable ability to take up twice the mouth space. Many students were delighted to use these spoons for soup. "I don't need a soup spoon," said Sam Fritz. "A regular spoon works just fine." Megan Rasmussen said, "The new spoons are everywhere, even when there isn't soup to eat. I can hardly find a normal spoon anymore!"

Please take this time to remember the initial reaction to the plastic cups. Students were vexed with their smaller size, despite them holding the exact same amount of fluid as the previous Styrofoam cups. Conversely, if you asked a student what they thought of said plastic cups today, they would most likely be indifferent or actually make a positive remark. Over time, students will probably grow to indifference or even fondness regarding the new, fat spoons. It's just another example of how we as humans are wired to resist change.



Worth it

by Madeleine Everett

At Schweitzer Mountain Resort the snow was almost nonexistent. UCA's crowd of enthusiastic rec skiers, which numbered twenty at the beginning of the season, dwindled to a resilient five, and no wonder. With five inches of snow at the base, half the resort closed, and more dirt patches than snow banks, Schweitzer was a skier's nightmare this year.

However, for the hardcore few that stuck it out, the constant sunshine and open slopes offset the rocky, icy runs and gashed bases. Every rec ski morning at 5:45, the five students piled into the white van for the two-and-a-half hour ride to the mountain, passing the time with sleep and chatter. After they unloaded at the village, they piled their gear in the lodge and were out to catch the first chairs.

On the best days, the groomed runs were fast, and the afternoon sun softened the snow. If you stayed out all day, you could catch six hours of great skiing. Pastor Sid even boarded one afternoon wearing his running shorts. For the few that have stuck it out, Schweitzer was worth it.

Scavenger hunt

by Karianna Aufderhar

The words rang out in the girls' dorm chapel, producing excitement in some, and dread in others. "Why?" I thought. "I was expecting to take a luxurious nap right now!" This weekend was our Girl's Dorm Retreat, or "Lockdown," and we had all enjoyed breakfast served in the dorm and wearing PJs all day. But today we broke into groups, mostly with girls we didn't know, and set out on an adventure. We had to take pictures of our group completing all the activities on a list. Most of the pictures were whole group selfies. The activities included leapfrog across half the dorm and climbing a tree. Another activity was to take a picture of a couple on campus. (We creatively used a staff member's toddler to help with that one.)

So if anyone saw flocks of girls frolicking around the dorm in PJs and sweats, that was just for our little scavenger hunt. In the end, the girls coming back were talking excitedly about how much fun they had and how bonding and team-building the activity had been. We all felt like we had made some new friends and had enjoyed the weekend thoroughly. It was an tons of fun and, overall, an epic experience.

Required

by *Aleece Cazan*

“Attention ladies. You are *required* to be in the gym at 6 p.m. tonight. It will count as your worship.” I poked my head out of my room as the announcement rang through the dorm on Sunday. “Required?” I thought. “We have so many required events at school already. Can’t we just have free time before the week begins again?”

Soon enough, the time came and I dragged my feet to the gym. I felt no desire to watch Union College’s gymnastics team perform—especially after just returning from a gymnastics tour of our own. I found a seat and watched with my tired and skeptical eyes. The intense music began. I watched the pyramids stack, girls fly in the air, and acts of immense strength play out. Before much time passed, my cynicism turned into surprise. I was in awe. Not long after Union grabbed my attention, their Acro team continued with a solely women’s routine followed by a men’s routine. One of my favorite routines was with the mini trampoline. The gymnasts ran at full speed, jumped on the trampoline (some flipped), and finished with a dunk into the 10-foot basketball hoop. The crowd went wild.

What I thought would be a waste of my Sunday evening turned into a night to remember. I’ll think twice next time I judge so harshly because I hear the word “required”.

Less than a month

by *Keyara Williams*

Getting homework done is hard enough, but being distracted by the beautiful weather makes it even more of a struggle. I, much like many of my peers, will be sitting at my desk trying to focus on school work when a cute bird will start singing at my window. Light spring breezes, blooming flowers, and the first arrival of butterflies and bumblebees are also very distracting. All I want to do when I am witness to these wonderful things is to go outside and bask in the glory of springtime and celebrate the end of the gloomy winter.

However, it is very hard to bask in such delightful things when there is an overwhelming load of homework. As much as we would love to throw our textbooks out the window to enjoy springtime on their own, we restrain ourselves. “Only one more month,” I tell myself. “One more month.”

Tour life

by *Sidney Allison*

Tour life is the good life—if you like long rides on busses and sleeping on gym floors that is.

Our long gymnastics tour consisted of a lot of that, but the good definitely outweighed the boring and uncomfortable.

Our first show was in Coeur d’Alene. We performed for them at 8:00 in the morning after leaving UCA at 6:45. From there we had a long bus ride to Tri-cities for a 2:00 p.m. performance. After that show we drove to Yakima and stayed the night at YACS where we had a show the next morning. From Yakima we went to Brewster and then all the way over to Olympia where we stayed the night and had a morning show. After Olympia, we spent Sabbath on the beach and then had our last show at Emerald Christian Academy where we combined forces with the music tour. After staying the night there, we came back to UCA.

Sleeping on a gym floor is not the most comfortable way to sleep, but it was definitely worth it. The best part of Gymnastics tour is working with the kids. They are just so excited to learn what we’re doing. At every stop it seemed the kids got more excited to see us. They all wanted to try elevators, two-highs, hand-knee-shoulders, and helicopters plus other moves we were happy to teach them. The teachers all loved having us, and my grandpa was even able to come to one of our performances.

The time we spent bonding as a team is something I won’t forget. Of course, being stuck on a bus with each other it’s hard not to bond. I have to say I’ll miss all our seniors who are on the team next year.

The tourless life

by *Micaela Featherston*

The halls are empty, the classes are quiet, and there have been significantly fewer homework assignments. What could this mean? Tours have begun, and you’re still on campus! Now most of the time people write about what life is like while on band, choir, or gymnastics tours, but what about the students that are still back on campus? They can have a pretty good time.

When you first wake up and head to your classes you may wonder if you are late, in the wrong class, or if there’s school today. But, sure enough, the class is just half its usual size, and with this considerably smaller class comes less homework or even a movie if you’re lucky. To add to these joys, the teacher is much happier since the class settles down more quickly and it is so much quieter in the room. With the teacher being in a nicer mood, you can usually get out of class a couple of minutes early.

So, yes, the students on tour may have fun, but the students back on campus have the easy life while they’re gone. They can sleep better due to quieter hallways in the dorm, are assigned less or no homework (We also don’t have to make up the homework and quizzes like the students on tour do.), have shorter waits in the café lines, and do not get pushed and shoved while trying to walk to class through the halls. Sometimes it truly pays off not to be involved!

Spring annoyances

by *Jesse Humbert*

Being able to find the best things in every situation is not my strong suit. Mind you, I can be positive but find it increasingly easier to be negative. Spring is upon us and I thought I would discuss the woes of spring and the pains and inconveniences it brings.

The sun has been shining progressively more for the past month. The birds are singing as they fly across campus (by birds I mostly mean the rats of the bird world: starlings, cowbirds, and house sparrows). The grass has greened up and most bulb plants have come up. Sadly, the danger of cat and dog mortality rises with the first tulips of spring. The bulbs are toxic in mild quantities and cause poisoning in many house pets. Bees are becoming a more common occurrence with the chance of swarming killer bees increasing.

We appreciate spring as the time of renewal, but spring is nothing but nature's excuse to assault us with pollen, tiny winged terrorists, and all kinds of bumper loving fowl. So when spring rolls around, advertising the end of my favorite season in a showy, arrogant display of pastel petals and hideously unappetizing pink Starbucks pastry bags (especially in a year where our entire "winter" consisted of three days of snow, a couple foggy mornings, and only a mildly hypothermic partridge in a pear tree), that's when I start composing the irrational mental hate mail.

A new spread

by *Elliott Fulbright*

We all know about the sandwich table in the cafeteria. You know, the table that saves us on the days we don't want to eat leftovers, the table that attaches sticky jam to your clothes if you lean too far. The peanut butter section is scrumptiously satisfying, but we all know that it gets old after a while, especially when it sticks to the roof of your mouth. So why not something new? How about instead of just peanuts, we switch to hazelnuts. Are you thinking what I'm thinking? I'm thinking about the mouthwatering, lip-smacking, heavenly spread of Nutella.

I think we all can agree that if you haven't tasted Nutella, you haven't lived. To prove this fact, a short survey has been conducted throughout the student body. Jenny Bovey said, "I am alive because of Nutella. One day I was on my deathbed and the deans prescribed a spoonful of Nutella. I am a living testimony of what Nutella has done for me. I would not be the same without it." Daniel Arlt remarked, "I long for the day to taste Nutella for the first time. I feel so empty; therefore, I have not lived." How sad.

So there you have it, folks, reasons for why Nutella should be available in the cafeteria. If it comes, everyone can live a new life, grab a spoon, and spread the happiness.

Between the bells

by *Megan Rasmussen*

The air is still and silent. Not a sound is heard from either end of the hallway. It is empty. The echo of footsteps trudging up the stairs is only a faint memory. You breathe. Finally you can walk peacefully down the hallway without having to think about steering through an impossible maze of people. You don't have to sweat over the awkward moment when you almost have a head on collision with someone who is trying to get past you. The hall is an oasis of serenity.

But then the inevitable happens. Your place of peace and silence becomes a chaotic disaster brought on by one innocent sound: *Brrring!* People are everywhere. They come filing out of every room like ants emerging from an ant hill. Each one has a different destination, and each must reach that destination within three minutes. It's every man for himself. You must swerve in every which way to avoid colliding with students. Time is ticking. Some people are even running now. They didn't think ahead. They don't have long until they will be late. The minutes pass in a flash and the chaos slowly fades. Everything changes when three, two, one: the second bell rings. Silence.

Summer shape

by *Matthew Palsgrove*

There's a trend on campus that I'm sure you've noticed. It involves that word a few of us hate to hear. Just the thought of it can make us sore from head to toe. It's actually an eight-letter word. That's right! It's *exercise!*

It seems there are more people running in the evenings and more in the weight rooms. What is causing this new trend? Is it the enticing idea of a new summer body? Is it because we've been in our dens (dorm rooms) all winter and the body is just itching to move? A well-known local runner, Mason Parks, said, "I've been running these parts for the last three years and it happens every year. People get bitten by the spring bug and they just want to move. It's honestly a beautiful thing."

Well I don't know if the cause is a spring bug, thoughts of summer, or just pure boredom, but there is a new epidemic going on here at UCA and I encourage everyone to get outside and take part in this beautiful weather.

The long commute

by *Michaela Honner*

How do you drive that long? Is the drive even worth it? Why? These are some questions you're asked as a village student who drives forty-five minutes or longer each day to attend Upper Columbia Academy. Some people think village students are out of their minds for making the long commute.

Megan Rasmussen, a senior, has been a village student since her freshman year. She has dutifully driven one hour to school for the past three and a half years. She has driven through sun and rain and snow and ice. She recently said that after a few years it gets slightly tiring, but it is definitely good to be at home each night.

The worst commuting days are during the winter since UCA usually gets lots of snow. However, this winter season was a blessing to village students. The roads were clear and safe to drive on for the most part and no one had accidents. Now spring is here, village students have a little less stress as they continue to make the long commute.

Spring in the air

by *Nathan Mathison*

Spring is finally here and makes me want to go on adventures. During this disappointing winter, I have spent many a night dreaming about going to my favorite fishing hole or setting up my hammock in a park for a nap.

My winter wasn't completely idle though. I went to my favorite fishing hole a few times. It was just under a foot of ice. I was able to get to the water after 15 minutes of turning an auger, and dropped my line into the water and braved to cold—without the reward of any fish. But it was a relaxing experience, as any fisherman knows.

Skiing, a normal wintertime activity, was not the best. But I found another activity that was enjoyable. I drove to an empty, snow covered parking lot, and had a ball drifting! Well, it was a ball until I was pulled over by the College Place police. But that is a trivial detail.

I can hardly wait for swimming, wakeboarding, volleyball, canoeing, and countless other adventures that I know this summer will bring.

Last time for everything

by *Stephanie Ing*

The year is coming to a close and senioritis is hitting hard. It seems that is the only thing seniors can think about. You often hear them exclaim, "I am so done," "I want to get out of here," and a personal favorite, "I have no motivation." These are symptoms of senioritis, but there is a flip side that snaps people out of the cycle: getting hit with sentimental feelings.

One sure thing that triggers sentimentality is the last time you ever do something at UCA. A lot of these "last times" have been hitting lately. The last spring break and the last home leave. The last Sunday school tugs a little at the heart of many seniors even after all the pain Sunday schools have put them through. One that especially hit hard was the last music and gymnastic tours. Tours are one of the great events that help create memories. To realize that you just went on your last tour is a sad and overwhelming feeling. There are many more examples, but you get the idea.

There is just one piece of advice for the seniors. Let yourself get sentimental. Enjoy your last days here at UCA. Make the best of every situation and create many memories.

Withdrawals

by *Josh Bevins*

Snow has been a missing commodity this year. We flew through January, February, and March without any major snowfall. This put many a person in a state of confusion. I rely on those special Sundays up at Schweitzer to get me through the summer. Don't get me wrong, I love summer, but when there was no winter, it gets long.

I mentioned to a good friend of mine, David Minden, that I had a headache. He suggested that I was having withdrawals from the lack of winter and skiing. For anyone else that struggles with winter withdrawals, my suggestion is to watch some extreme skiing on YouTube (Sherpa Films). You could also pull up a Warren Miller edit that might satisfy your longings. Then again, it might make you desire winter even more.

I just hope that everyone else can make it through the summer. If it is another weak winter next year, Frosty will be no more—permanently. It's a sad thought, I know.