

UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

ECHOES

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A fire lit

by Shondene Griswold

Student Week of Prayer started out with a bang. The normal rustle of papers and shuffling of feet was missing. Students seemed to pay more attention--they, after all, had chosen who would speak.

Each night brought a new look into the God we sometimes take for granted, teaching us that we needed to be still to know God who wants to share with us every crazy minute of every day.

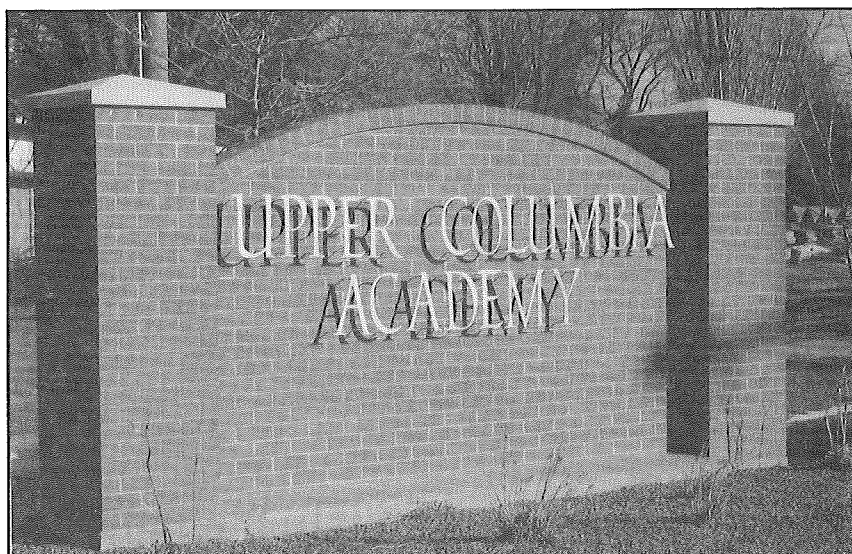
Each talk added a color to the picture of God being painted, making God real and exciting. A fire for God was relit in this school.

The key now is to keep that fire burning. During Week of Prayer there's such an awesome spiritual high, but it fades as the weeks go on and sometimes seems to dip lower than it was before. But this is God's school, so let's keep adding the sparks; let's keep the fire burning.

But you
shall receive power
when the Holy Spirit
has come upon you;
and you shall be
witnesses to Me



This year's Student Week of Prayer speakers: back row: Sam Derting, Tommy Poole; middle row: Montana Conley, Joe Jenks, Toby Seaton, Carley Brown, Greta Jarnes; front row: Ryan Billington, Tara Trefz, Brian Belcher, Jessica Swena, Chad Clark, Jennifer Kieftuk. Chad and Tara were last-minute volunteers when summer arrived and Winter Campus Day had to be postponed. Photo by Amanda Ward



Sometime in January letters found their way on to the school sign

Science club strikes back

by Philip Cordis

It's second semester and the Science Club is back. Last year's members missed the club and wished it would start back up. The problem was that they just didn't set a date to start the club at the beginning of the year. That was taken care of on February 2 when a large number of students met for the club's organization.

There are no requirements to join but a simple interest in science. Last year the club met once a week during recreation time and watched science-centered programs and spent time planning upcoming advents. Katie Sailas, one of the two returning students from last year's science club, said she enjoyed the club because it broke up the boredom at school and gave students something to look forward to during the week. Mr. Hartman said that he was sure of one thing: "There will be ice cream." He also hoped to take some of the members out to watch the stars or the moon with his telescope.

In the past the science club has planned a Hope Task Force project that included a field trip to a nearby middle school. Already students are excited about the club's return. "I didn't know about the club last year," said Dayton Osborn. "But it sounds like a real deal and I can't wait to join."

Musicians on the move

by Kris Kostenko

During the last weekend of January, many of the UCA band students took a seat in the Walla Walla Band Clinic to share their combined talents with others.

As another year of school rolls around so do new musicians. Musicians, who are either picking up an instrument for the first time or trading it in for something new. It takes a lot of work to prepare a group such as a band or choir to perform, and it takes very patient teachers such as Mr. Lange and Mr. Anderson to keep us kids straightened out.

One of the things any musical group looks forward to is tours. Tours can be very fun or very frustrating, but any students who enjoy playing their instruments look forward to participating in the Walla Walla Band Clinic during the last week in January.

The Walla Walla Band Clinic has been going on for a number of years. It meets every other year to alternate with the band clinic presented here at UCA. The clinic is open to all academies and junior academies within the North Pacific Union Conference, but roughly 70 percent of the students are from the Upper Columbia Conference. Several home-schooled students are also involved.

The band consists of 72 students with a few teachers from ten Adventist schools within this region. This year, 19 of those students were from UCA and seven of them held a first chair position. All students were given the opportunity to audition for this clinic. Those that wanted to received audition music and practiced it so when Mr. Beck, the band director, came to their schools they could audition. Mr. Beck made his rounds to every school and hand selected each musician for his band.

The band clinic is not only a time to get away from school for a while but it is also "exciting, exhilarating, and truly an experience to enrich and expand my musical career," said trumpeter Jeff Gilbert. And according to Mr. Lange, it was the best clinic yet.

Choir clinic

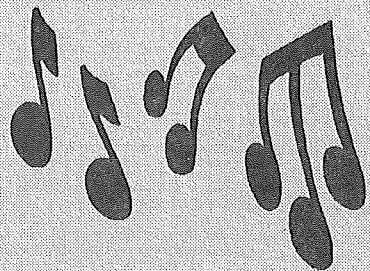
by Sam Derting

For about twenty-five years, UCA's music department has been putting on clinics for elementary and junior-high schools in the conference. Once again this year, the department has invited many schools to come and see how the UCA music program works. This year it is a choir clinic, conducted by Curtis Anderson, UCA's choral director. This is Mr. "A's" third choir clinic here.

"It's a year long process to plan this," says Mr. Anderson. A lot of preparation takes place when planning any clinic. Letters are sent out to many schools around the area, and students are given the music to practice in preparation for the clinic. This year's clinic originally was planned for February 17-19, but because Presidents' Day falls on the 21st, the date was changed to February 3-5.

The final program features performances by the mass choir, and Choraliers and Octet usually perform as well. Often there are special musical guests. This year the Walla Walla String Quartet was part of the program.

This long-standing tradition is one way to recruit students to come to UCA. It gives them a chance to see the campus and experience dorm life first hand. But it also enriches all the music programs and provides good fellowship and a sense of accomplishment.



Few tricks on sticks

by Kris Kostenko

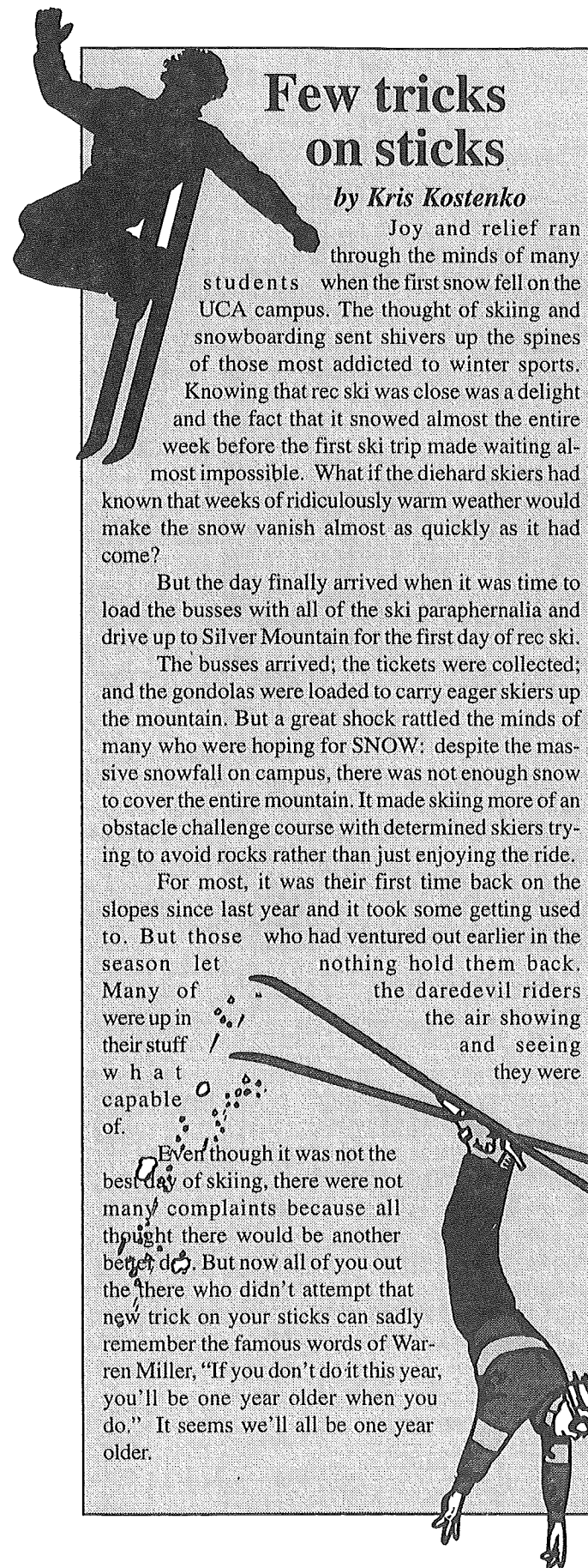
Joy and relief ran through the minds of many students when the first snow fell on the UCA campus. The thought of skiing and snowboarding sent shivers up the spines of those most addicted to winter sports. Knowing that rec ski was close was a delight and the fact that it snowed almost the entire week before the first ski trip made waiting almost impossible. What if the diehard skiers had known that weeks of ridiculously warm weather would make the snow vanish almost as quickly as it had come?

But the day finally arrived when it was time to load the busses with all of the ski paraphernalia and drive up to Silver Mountain for the first day of rec ski.

The busses arrived; the tickets were collected; and the gondolas were loaded to carry eager skiers up the mountain. But a great shock rattled the minds of many who were hoping for SNOW: despite the massive snowfall on campus, there was not enough snow to cover the entire mountain. It made skiing more of an obstacle challenge course with determined skiers trying to avoid rocks rather than just enjoying the ride.

For most, it was their first time back on the slopes since last year and it took some getting used to. But those who had ventured out earlier in the season let nothing hold them back. Many of the daredevil riders were up in the air showing their stuff and seeing what they were capable of.

Even though it was not the best day of skiing, there were not many complaints because all thought there would be another better day. But now all of you out there who didn't attempt that new trick on your sticks can sadly remember the famous words of Warren Miller, "If you don't do it this year, you'll be one year older when you do." It seems we'll all be one year older.



Go climb a rock

by Matthew Dauer

Upper Columbia Academy has always offered various physical activities to help improve a student's physique, health, and social attributes, but it is difficult to provide something that appeals to every student. But every once in a while an alternative surfaces.

Nathan Henson, taskforce dean, hopes to organize rock-climbing opportunities for the physically powerful, indomitable, and well-focused scholars here at UCA. The action will take place during fourth quarter on Sundays in Mr. Janke's garage and at Wild Walls and other local climbing areas.

The goal will be strength and mobility training as well as providing a more challenging, yet fun, activity.

Only seven to ten students will be able to take advantage of this exhilarating opportunity. Do you have what it takes?



All-season flip-flops

by Stephanie Kay

The glory of the maintenance worker comes with the first substantial snowfall. As the snow begins to waft down from the sky and cover the UCA campus with its beauty, a stir of joy is felt from the long-awaited arrival of those delicate flakes of snow. Finally! But then realization sets in--there will be no more sliding on flip-flops lazily for breakfast in the cafeteria or open-toed high heels... more painful than they already are, trudging through the snow. But wait! What's that sound?

The silent air is broken by an obnoxious grating sound--a shovel, scraping against the sidewalks. Sure enough, a glance out the window confirms a long-suffering maintenance worker, putting in work time in the wee hours of the morning. Suddenly, the sound isn't so unpleasant. What endurance! What strength! The snow may become like a blizzard and the wind may blow hard in his face, but still the maintenance worker remains, shoveling snow so flip-flops can be worn to breakfast.

Showers are mysteriously fixed, grass seems never to grow, and garbage vanishes without a trace all because of dedicated maintenance workers. But all this goes almost unnoticed, like elves that fix shoes at night. The glory of this noble profession comes with the snow. Grass can grow, but icy sidewalks MUST be salted. So thank a maintenance worker next you see them. They make high heels and flip-flops possible.



Jarod Franklin wrote the following poem as part of the school's first Creation Week which coincided with Student Week of Prayer

He formed me . . .

(Genesis 1:26-28)

He made the beast, the bird, the herb and all.
He spoke them into life and called them good.
He knelt and formed man though he understood
That he would be the only one to fall.
Said He, "O man take power o'er the earth,
Be fruitful, multiply and fill it hence."
So man lived on i beauties lush and dense;
'Twas naught but joyous happiness and mirth.
Yet Satan, with his cunning knavery,
Did usher in the most precious of costs.
But Christ did pay the toll upon the cross,
And saved the whole of man from slavery.
The Lord knew that I'd be a wicked wretch,
And yet he knelt and formed me nonetheless.

Jarod Franklin

Lions leap from home court

by Brittany Blankenship

The varsity basketball game on December 4 not only tipped off the new season, but also took traveling for a test drive. Traditionally, a home court only team, the Lions made history at UCA by playing their first away game ever.

Both men's and women's varsity basketball teams traveled two hours to Priest River that Saturday night to play House of the Lord Christian Academy, a small Christian school from Newport, Idaho.

The women's game was especially exciting. In the last few years, House of the Lord has come to play our women's team and has beat us soundly every time. But in all of the players' minds, this game would be different.

The game began with a friendly handshake and prayer. House of the Lord scored the first basket, but UCA came back to gain the lead. The game was fast-paced and engaging, and the Lady Lions played hard.

In the third quarter, starter Cyndi Rearrick rolled her ankle and was forced to sit out for the rest of the game. Things were getting close by the end of the fourth quarter, when the teams were fighting point for point. Finally, UCA was able to pull ahead and win by a close two points.

On the bus ride home, both victorious teams agreed that the night had been an excellent way to start the season. Players emerged on the other side as closer friends, enriched students, a Christian family, and an inspired team.

First half-time show

by Jennifer Johnston

After suiting up like superheroes in spandex the gymnastics team set the mats up in a practice gym while the Gonzaga University bulldog mascot clownishly joined us as we stretched.

Although coach wasn't there, everyone cooperated well as we practiced going through the show. Since we'd arrived an hour or two before the game even began, we had plenty of time to prepare--as well as become increasingly nervous.

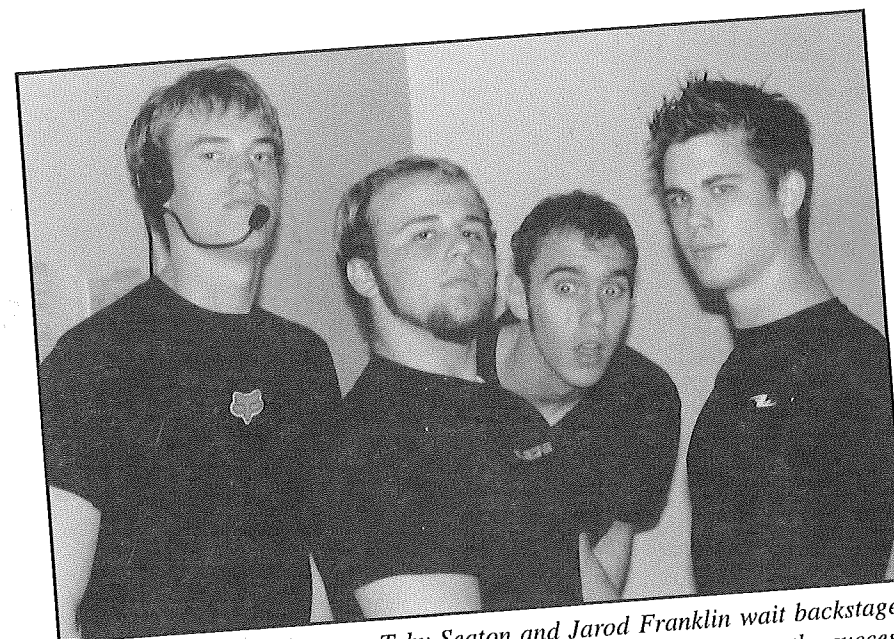
We had to stand by the mats quietly, waiting to be announced. It felt like a long time, and when it was finally time to go on, some of us were caught off guard having been waiting so long.

In a line, we ran out carrying our assigned mats, rolled them out, and velcroed them down as quickly as possible. Once all were at the back of the mat, Joe Jenks shouted, "Ready!" and everyone saluted with one hand straight up in a fist. The music began, and the team got set for the first pyramid.

A live video of the show was projected on big screens as we performed stunts. It was strange to see everything from the audience's perspective.

The crowd cheered enthusiastically throughout the show. (It might have been out of excitement for Gonzaga ending the first half in the lead.) The cheering boosted our confidence, and as far as I've heard there were very few mistakes, and no major catastrophes or terrible injuries were reported.

All were relieved for having put on a good show, but a few gymnasts and their parents were a little disappointed that Gonzaga would not let them watch the rest of the game. Oh well. The Bulldogs won, and we performed well. That is all that mattered.



Eric Breakie, Joe Jorgensen, Toby Seaton and Jarod Franklin wait backstage. Sometimes it is the trusty stagehands behind the scenes who ensure the success of performances . . . although Toby Seaton does not seem so sure.

Are you a lifesaver?

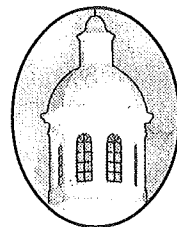
by Michelle Jahn

Most people at some point in their life will need blood whether because of injury, disease, or surgery. However, only five percent of the population donate blood each year. In Spokane alone, 150 donations are needed every day to ensure an adequate supply of blood. In fact, by donating one pint of blood you can help save three people.

Students and faculty are familiar with the yearly blood drives that take place at UCA. This year, however, first semester ASB officers were asked to help organize and promote the first blood drive. Two ASB officers worked with Mrs. Corder and Mrs. Bryan to come up with a theme and plans to promote the blood drive itself. They also were able to visit the blood bank in Spokane and attend a blood drive promotional seminar with other high-school representatives from the Spokane area. After working and discussing many ideas it was decided to use a Lifesaver theme.

Plans began to take effect one week before the scheduled blood drive. A representative from the Inland Northwest Blood Center came to explain the process and the long-term effects of giving blood. Also, the Improv team demonstrated the process of giving blood in a humorous drama. After joint worship students and faculty were able to sign up to give blood. People who signed up wrote their names on paper lifesavers that were displayed in the ad building; they also received a package of lifesavers as a thank you for participating.

That first blood drive was held on December 7. The number of people who were able to give blood almost reached the desired goal of 60 (180 lives saved) which made it very successful and gave the coordinators high hopes for blood drives in the future.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

ECHOES

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Making room for artists

by Jessica Swena

Do you ever get into that random artistic mood . . . the one where you start folding napkins into paper swans, turning your café dinnerware into magnificent plastic sculptures or drawing stick men on your history notes? If you answered yes to any of the above, perhaps you should go hang out with Mrs. Mann. Although she's been in the instructing business at UCA for six years in the Home Economics Department, she offers a fresh, awesome, enthusiastic perspective on everything from cooking and quilting to art. She teaches pottery, oil-painting, basket weaving and ceramics to name a few; and these rotate based on the quarter.

The art department will expand if Mrs. Mann gets her wish. This expansion is slow though and her plans are extensive. For example, she would like to add mosaics to the program along with a slab roller and a Damp Box to aid in her clay endeavors. She would also like to add more class periods. Many students enjoy the art department and the classes fill quickly. "It's a place where you can go from learning the basics to experimenting and creating your own original with the talents God has given you," says Krystal Blair.

So if you find yourself having a random artistically inspired moment, visit Mrs. Mann downstairs in the Home-Ec. building where you can have your talents refined into something even more extraordinary than your paper swans.

Classroom ambush

by Justin Seibly

The first real snow of the season fell, and quickly a snowball was thrown . . . not outside, but inside the classroom. This wasn't an organized strike against innocent victims; instead it happened quickly and (almost) spontaneously.

It was early morning on January 5 when we all shuffled into our first class of the day. We were all sitting there--peacefully, quietly--as we waited for our teacher to gather her thoughts. We had no idea that a harsh, cold weapon had been brought among us. This threat was not concealed in a backpack or hidden in a pocket. It lay calmly in a pant leg, a handful of snow accidentally collected on the journey from the dorm.

The innocent person who had brought the snow looked down at his pant leg, and at that moment began a struggle between good and evil. He could have brushed it off and had another normal day, or he could take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and seek revenge on a former roommate! He slowly snaked his hand down to his side and started collecting the snow off his pants.

After he collected every last bit of snow and crunched it into a hard sphere of icy pain, he brought his hand back up to his lap and waited for the opportune moment when his ex-roommate would turn around. He whispered the roommate's name and at that exact moment the teacher started writing on the board--the perfect opportunity! The snowball launched into the air and crushed into the hapless roommate's chest. Snow flew in all directions; there was a massive amount of collateral damage; but his target was down and that was all that mattered.

How do we stop these crimes from happening? How can we protect innocent students from assault by snow? We can't. Snow always finds its way into our homes, dorms, and schools. Our only comfort is that good will prevail over the dark temptation of the white snow, and that evil, like the snow, will eventually disappear.



In the middle of the night

by Nissa Ham

It's 12:42 a.m.. All is silent on third floor. I'm finishing the last of my Advanced Math assignments due before the semester's end. Suddenly screams erupt into the hallway from my neighbor's door. Someone is hyperventilating and screaming, "Kill it!" and another girl is crying loudly. Several more doors swing open at all the noise, and concerned voices join the disturbed ones. Soon laughter is thrown into the mix as the truth of the situation is discovered.

A mouse. My own chuckling, barely audible except to my semi-somnambulant roommate, cannot be heard by the five or so other girls in the hall. Someone is still crying and I hear detailed remarks about the gruesome scene: "It's still twitching." "I think it's looking at us." And between the crying girl's sobs, "I heard it struggling . . ." Some twisted mind runs in search of a camera and, upon returning, has a few of the throng pose with the apparently almost-dead mouse.

A noise in the stairwell disperses the crowd. The girls' dean appears just as the scampering of feet dies away and the lines of light underneath doorways disappear. One slower soul is still in the hall and stops to answer the dean's inquisitive look.

"I think someone killed a mouse."

"I see," the dean replies. "Was it a mobbing?"

"No, but it was really gross. The mouse was still . . ."

And their conversation fades as they head down the hall.

Our girls' deans truly are amazing women. They act as mother-like figures for over a hundred girls and somehow manage to keep their cool. They deal with all situations from the life-and-death-serious to the absurd-and-a-little-funny. Yes, they even keep a good sense of humor while helping dispose of dead (or almost dead) mice in the middle of the night. And they still like it when we hang out in their office and talk.

Dean Denise, Dean Teresa, and Dean Shari live through our silliness and are great deans in spite of it.

Dorm stores provide snacks, hangouts

by Simeon Redberg

Every night dorm students make their way down to their respective dorm stores to stock up on snacks and conversation to keep them going. The dorm stores sell a wide variety of things including pizzas, burritos, candy bars, chips, pop, juice, bottled water, and even Christmas lights when in season. Although both the girls' and guys' dorm stores sell food, there is quite a difference between them.

The guys' store is usually open from the end of study hall to lights-out. While this only leaves guys around fifteen minutes to grab some grub and run, the store is always a center of activity.

"I enjoy running the dorm store," said Todd Purkey, the operator of the guys' dorm store. "Most of the time I work in the office and don't get much interaction. At the dorm store I get to interact with everybody."

The extra funds generated by the guys' dorm store go towards men's club. On opening day the store brought in almost one hundred dollars, while on an average night it grosses anywhere between twenty and fifty dollars.

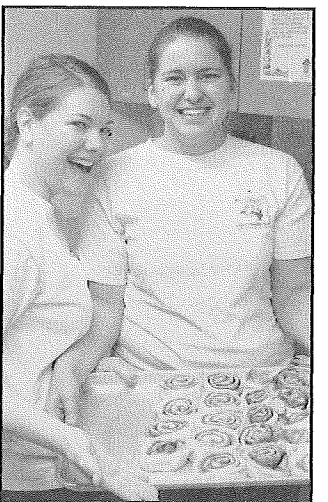
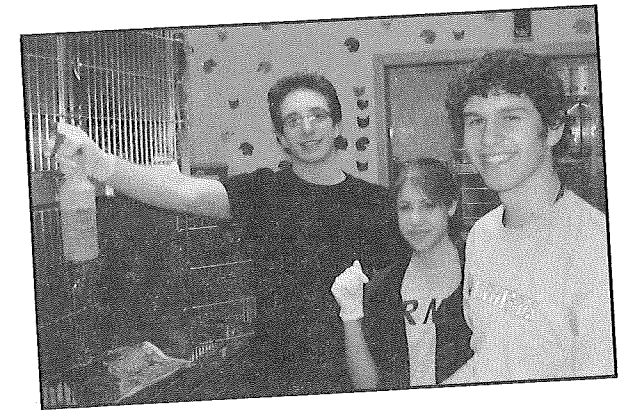
The girls' dorm store is considered by many to be better than the guys'. It is larger and has a wider variety of foods and drinks. The girls' store is open during parts of study hall and sometimes during recreation. While this is convenient for students, the store doesn't stay as busy as the guys' dorm store.

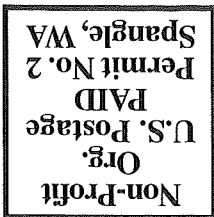
"The worst thing about running the store is the down times inbetween customers," said Melinda Hamilton, the operator of the girl's dorm store.

The profit generated by the girls' store goes towards fixing up of the girls' dorm. The amount money coming in to the girls' store is close to that of the guys' store with an average of thirty dollars a night. The girls' dorm store lost a lot of money over Christmas break because the power was shut off and all the food in the freezer went bad. It seems to be an isolated problem, however, with no other incidents reported by either of the dorm stores.

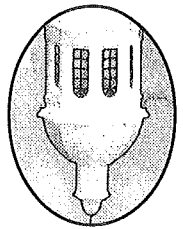
Both of the dorm stores have reasonable prices such as fifty cents for a candy bar and two dollars for a pizza. So if it is chocolate, soda, or just a place to hang out you crave, the dorm store is the place to be.

Pictures of HOPE



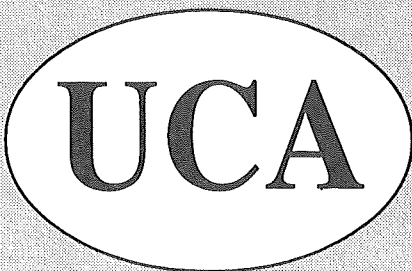


UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY
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Second Semester ASB Officers

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Chorister: Rachel Sumagpang



There actually was a lot of snow on campus at the beginning of January