



Student Week of Prayer

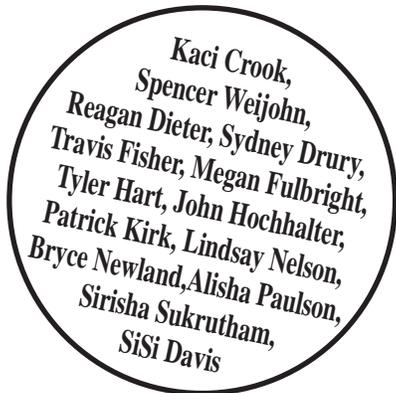
by Sierra Davis

On a cold, snowy day in January, fourteen eager Student Week of Prayer speakers piled into cars to head for the woods to a place called Tshimikain Creek Camp for a long weekend—the Student Week of Prayer Retreat.

We were all nervous but at the same time excited. On our way out of town, we almost had to make a change of plans and stay somewhere else because of the amount of snow coming down, but we made it there safely.

It was a weekend none of us will ever forget. Not only was it a great time to get to know each other better and to start to figure out what kind of things needed to happen for SWOP, but it was also an amazing spiritual experience. We all saw God working in our lives that weekend. Dr. and Mrs. Carter, Pastor Chelsea, Pastor Fred, and Mrs. Wickward all led us into this amazing weekend of worship. A big thanks to all of them for starting us on the SWOP journey!

This year's speakers were



The Story



Left Behind

by Josh Brooks

Through the eyes of a student, the first weekend in March was the good life. Gymnastics, Choraliers, band, and strings left on tour leaving the remaining poor souls to suffer at the mercy of the teachers (according to one student who wished to remain nameless). But being left behind isn't so bad. It always could be worse. Amazingly, the teachers, for the most part, were understanding and cut us slack on homework, which was a bonus.

The quiet was unbelievable and very nice. "The thing I do miss, though, is the people," said Drew Boston, thinking of his friends. We really don't know what we're missing until it's gone! Even though we couldn't experience the life of the tourists, we lived in harmony counting the days until the end of the year.

Lost in Walla Walla

by *Sophia Rich*

On the last day of UCA's California/Nevada music tour, many students got up early to wait in line for the shower at Silver State Adventist School in Reno. There is one shower for the girls and one for the boys in the tiny school that also serves as a church. The concert began at 9:30 and the Band, Choraliers, and String Ensemble ran through their pieces quickly. Octet and Flute Ensemble didn't get a chance to perform since time was tight and the buses had to be on the road as soon as possible. By 10:35, they were on their way.

Since it would take 13 hours to drive back to Spangle, the bus never stopped, not even for bathroom breaks since the bathroom was on the bus. It was most definitely one of the longest nonstop bus drives ever attempted by a UCA bus. Surprisingly, and luckily, the bus didn't break down and made good time.

The trouble began as the buses neared Walla Walla. While one of the buses found its way without a hitch, the other bus got separated from the group and drove in circles outside Walla Walla for an hour. It was certainly hard to navigate a 45-foot-long bus through a tiny town in the dark, but most of the students didn't care. They were tired and bus sick. Tensions ran high until, at last, the bus was back on track and driving on to Spangle.

The students were incredibly grateful when they finally arrived back at UCA at around 1:15 in the morning. Many had classes at 7:15 that morning and ended up getting only three of four hours of sleep.

Though exhausting, the six-day band tour was an experience none of us is likely to forget.

2012



Gymnastics is where it's at

by *Carla Eagleburger*

While band, Choraliers, and string orchestra members willingly strolled into Alcatraz, an "inescapable" prison, the gymnastics team enjoyed listening to music, spending time with friends, eating delicious food, and performing daring shows that left the audience in pure awe. Although members of the gymnastics team weren't thrilled at the idea of spending numerous hours on an average Joe yellow school bus, the challenge to make the most of the situation was both confronted and conquered.

As the team warmed up before each show, a mixture of anxiousness and excitement affected each person as it slowly crept its way from one end of the mat to the other. A huddle was always made in the center of the mat for a few encouraging words from our captains and a prayer for safety. After that, the real fun began. Hess pumped up the crowd while we stood in formation with our hands by our sides, our hearts racing with eagerness waiting for the cue to start.

As the cue for the first pyramid was given, genuine smiles slowly surfaced on each person's face as the excitement could no longer be contained.

The team's late practices finally paid off when the cheers of the audi-

ence were clearly louder than the calls being made. As each pyramid was built and each break was made, the realization of the importance of each member was truly appreciated. A few bumps and bruises may have created minor setbacks but each person stepped up to take responsibility.

Even though band, Choraliers, and strings went down to sunny California, if you ask any team member of the gymnastics team, they'll tell you we definitely had more fun.



Staff takes a heavy hit

by Reagan Dieter

On Wednesday, March 7, there was a basketball game that was the culmination of many people's blood, sweat, and tears. Intramurals were coming to an end in a climactic game between the Staff and the Heavy Hitters. Now, this was not the first time these two teams had met. In their previous meeting the Heavy Hitters played without their captain, Patrick Tiberius Kirk. The staff played a strong game with Coach Meager sinking 3's and Mr. Gladding and Mr. Anderson cleaning up down low, and at half time, Staff was up by close to 12. The Heavy Hitters pulled it together though and with Travis Fisher grabbing monstrous rebounds and Andrew Fisher dropping his mid-range, the obstreperous game came to a close with the Heavy Hitters up by one point. This put both teams in line for the championship.

A week went by and tours were out of the way before the big game was played. This time the Heavy Hitters had their full arsenal but the Staff was lacking a few players. It seemed as if the tables had turned. The Staff had to beat the Heavy Hitters twice to claim the title as champions in this double-elimination tournament.

Tensions were high as the game drew nigh. The Heavy Hitters got the tip and played an incredible first half. Going into the second half, the Staff was down by 18 points. They did a little shifting on defense and some tune ups on offense and the game was afoot. The Heavy Hitters struggled as the Staff took a two point lead thanks to a miracle bank shot by the handsome Coach Meager. After a time out was called, the Heavy Hitters got serious. They were going to leave it all on the floor, one hundred percent, and no regrets. With two minutes left, the Heavy Hitters took the lead. Reagan Dieter shot a three to bring them up 51-50. Everyone was frantic, trying to make some shots, when Andrew Fisher was fouled. He was sent to the line and made both free throws, bringing the Heavy Hitters to a 3-point lead, 53-50. The Staff played for the tie but it was not to be. Sportsmanship was displayed in the end as the undefeated Heavy Hitters walked off the court—champions.

Pregnant in the 12th grade

by Dustin Harter

The words 'pregnancy project' have many different meanings for many different people. From excitement to dread, the senior class waits for this project all year, knowing what it means for them. In the weeks leading up to it, seniors begin to desperately search for a partner, the girls looking for a guy that will care for them throughout the week that they must bear their burden, and the guys looking for a girl that won't demand too much from them. A few choose other options that don't require carrying a bag of uncooked rice on their stomachs, but most decide that they will grit their teeth and muscle through it. Then, at the start of the week, the girls don their bags of rice and prepare for the ordeal ahead.

During the week, the moans and groans of the females with their burdens can be heard on the stairs and to and from the various buildings throughout the campus. The girls smile when their "daddys" help them carry their books or bring them special treats to help them through the day. They can also be heard complaining when they quickly discover that the father of their "child" is an uncaring father who won't help them out. The boys watch as the girls struggle with their burdens, helping out of sympathy when they can. Throughout the week, however, whether the boys are helping or not, they are all thankful they don't have to carry the burden.

In the end, this simulation is a poor example at best of the true trials that a woman must go through when bearing a child. You can't simulate the hormones, and this is a sudden jump to 9 months pregnant with no chance to slowly become accustomed to the weight. However, having listened to many friends as they groan and complain of the constant weight, and seeing the exhaustion they feel from carrying that burden, I believe it is getting the message across. The pregnancy project helps the girls to realize, in a very small part what pregnancy is like.

All in all, this project is a good lesson for the senior girls before they leave to enter the world. Now if they could just come up with something for the guys

Heart-less

by Carly Yaeger

Ahhh, love is in the air. With the arrival of the month of February also came the promise of chocolates, hearts and love. The meaning of all these wonderful things, of course, is Valentine's Day. But this year, Valentine's Day was spent a little differently on the UCA Campus. February 14 marks the traditional Heart Day at UCA. Heart Day spells doom for the boys at UCA because in order for the girls to win the Heart Day game, they must ignore boys altogether. No talking, laughing, or communicating . . . at all! What are the boys to do without that attention?

Boys will be boys as they say, and they put their charm to the test by tempting the girls to talk any way they can. Those red paper hearts around the girls' necks might as well have been the beating hearts within their chests for all they were worth to the boys on this day. To snag one of those homemade hearts from a young lady is the equivalent to winning gold at the Olympics—quite the accomplishment.

As the day marched forward, more boys and fewer girls are seen wearing red hearts. Boys flaunt their new bling and brag about how their stealthy strategies worked so flawlessly. But soon the day ended, and the girls excitedly awaited their turn to steal the heart of a boy . . . or two.



Food Fair

by Daniel Neil

There were many people at the Four Year Senior Benefit Dinner—just about all of the student body as well as extra people including alumni, parents and teachers. So the cafeteria was very full. There were booths from every class, including a booth from the elementary school from across the road. The four year seniors were selling a whole meal with milkshakes and the seniors class themselves were selling root beer floats that were very good. Freshmen were selling nachos and bean burritos from Taco Bell, and as you weaved through the dense forest of people you discovered all the other surprising foods that were available, ranging from Asian cuisine to donuts.

It was a good time and there was a lot of good food to eat, but the main purpose for the event was to raise money for the four-year senior trip this spring. The four year seniors raised over \$700 and the other classes made profits ranging from \$15 to \$260.

Go to jail go directly to jail

by James Humbert

As the food fair rolls around each year, new students tend to think that food is the main attraction, but they're wrong. Much more happens at this so-called food fair than meets the eye. This year there was a Wii booth and face-painting. But the main attraction every year is the jail. For a small fee, people good and bad can be put into this box of disgrace by anyone.

As I was sitting in jail alone and afraid, I witnessed one of the most atrocious events known to man. I sat shocked as Mr. Lacey was escorted inside the jail. He didn't even flinch as the door was maliciously slammed behind him. I couldn't believe the cruel injustice, so I immediately took a picture to prove this horror, that now places a certain mark of guilt on our beloved school body, actually took place.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY ECHOES

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Chayse Brown, Jenna Comeau, Nathan Stratte,
Megan Fulbright, Nick Anderson, and Stephen Lacey, sponsor

Character on the court

by *Lindsay Nelson*

“Get out of my way! What are you doing? Why are you here? Don’t touch me! You smell!” If you’ve been spoken to unkindly by opposing teams or even teammates, you’re not alone. It’s very common to hear harsh talk while playing sports. What causes a usually kind-spirited person to become a vicious, cold-hearted bully? Do sports produce cruel individuals? In today’s world, sports have become a battleground where severe words and actions are accepted—even in the Christian world.

Upper Columbia Academy Lions’ basketball teams played in Walla Walla University’s Friendship Tournament during the February home-leave. This event allows schools from all over the Northwest to come and compete against each other and enjoy new friendships that are made with fellow basketball players. Schools come together to cheer on their favorite teams and often find themselves making true friendships. However, although people might be friends in the bleachers, they probably aren’t on the courts.

Rough play and irritable talk are always present on the court. Shoving, tripping, pulling, and swearing are all results of anger or desperation during a game. All common sense can be lost while concentrating on winning. As a result, feelings are hurt—not to mention bodies. Many teams walk away from games thinking they have just made enemies with the other team.

Is winning really more important than letting someone know God’s character through your actions? It takes one person to decide to show great sportsmanship to change the atmosphere of the game. We live in a world that needs more bold people, and I’m happy to say that Upper Columbia Academy’s basketball teams have shown God on and off the courts this year. I hope we are a school that is known for revealing God’s character—even when playing sports.



photo by Brad Watson

Stars

by *Brad Watson*

Stars: celestial bodies of light, dust, gases and energy; simple and yet extremely complex; beautiful and majestic yet very powerful. Do they show evidences for a Creator? Some people deny it while others say it not only shows evidence but also proves the Creator’s existence.

How can we have these beautiful stars surrounding us and say that there is no God? The formation of some of the nebulas, such as the crab nebula and the eagle nebula (also known as the pillars of creation) are so beautiful that they not only show that there is a God, but also that He is an awesome and creative God. Some stars are so massive that if the world were the size of a golf ball, one star would be the equivalent of three empire state buildings stacked on top of each other.

And yet with all these magnificent stars and celestial bodies, God decides to make our little earth his place of dwelling. Out of all the galaxies and other worlds he has created, he says we are his children and are fearfully and wonderfully made. We serve an awesome God.

Something-itis

by *Chayse Brown*

As the year wears on, all of us find ourselves dragging our feet. Seniors can identify with this the most. They like call this feeling Senioritis. But what about the rest of us? If you are a junior is it Junioritis? Do sophomores suffer from Sophomoritis? Simply put, the feeling perhaps can be best classified as Studentitis. All of us find it hard to get up, go to class, do homework, socialize a little, go to bed and do the same thing the next day. And all of us have asked the question in one form or another: Is it worth it?

Dustin Harter gave a worship thought in the boys dorm a while ago in which he compared life to a glass jar. The jar is transparent, so the people around can see the good and bad in our lives. But that jar is only so big and more often than not we find that jar inadequate to hold everything in our crazy lives. In his talk Dustin depicted water as all the fun stuff we like to do. Then he creatively showed us that all the priorities in life are like rocks. So, he filled the jar with water and said that was all the fun stuff we want to do. He then began dropping rocks into the jar, and, of course, the jar began to overflow. One by one he dropped more rocks in, naming off priorities: family, friends, grades, homework . . . and God. We have all these things that we try to balance, and we find everything just will not fit. We then try to fit girls in somewhere when we really should find room for God.

Life is just like that. We try to juggle these things, and most of us find out the hard way that there is simply not enough room. As you finish out the school year remember to make God first in your life. He can make our jar bigger.



Senior rec

by Jenna Comeau

At three o'clock Friday afternoon, February 17, the senior class of 2012 was seen heading to the gym instead of to the dorms for naps. Why were they doing that? They had to finish setting up chairs and folding programs for Senior Recognition. Once they had accomplished those tasks, each senior found their chair on the stage with the aide of Mr. Anderson's paper or their memory. Then, after a commotion in the back row about a spider, the class began marching practice for Friday night vespers and Saturday morning church.

This was just the beginning of a big weekend for the seniors. Special speakers were chosen by the class to speak for vespers and church: Bruce Andregg speaking for vespers and Dean Kravig speaking for church. Then, after church, lunch was served in the gym and the seniors were free to relax and hang out with their families and friends for the afternoon.

After Sundown Meditation the seniors went back to the gym to set up for the Senior Talent show, what many consider the highlight of the weekend.

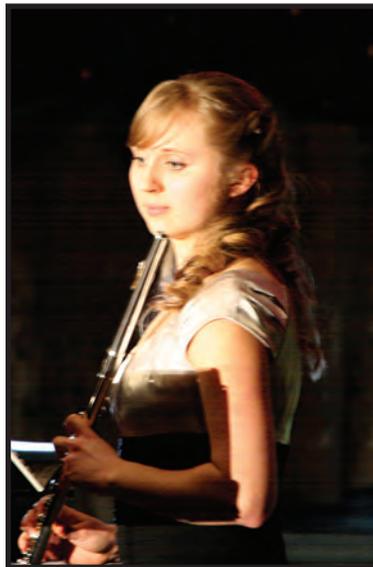
Senior (w)rec

by Nathan Stratte

Backstage, the performers hurried back and forth. Hushed, frantic whispers of "Did you see where my costume went?" "Hurry—we're almost on," and "I hope we do well" were heard all through the evening. Nervous students scampered around trying to get prepared for their big performances.

The common sentiment when asked about it later was that although they were nervous backstage, once they finally got out there, their long hours of practice paid off and it was just like another run-through. Carissa Clendenon said "I was nervous backstage, but once I got out there and started acting, I was fine."

Pastor Sid stayed backstage, praying with the performers and helping make sure all of the proper props were put on stage promptly. Although the performers may have been nervous, thanks to the planning and careful preparation of the officers and performers, the night turned out to be a great success—though backstage the performers felt like it would be a wreck.



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Sunrise

by Megan Fulbright

Every morning when I get up, I'm tired and there's no way that getting out of my bed at 5:00 am is on top of my priority list. But as I get ready for school, I remember that God always has something new for us every day, and that if we look we will find things that we would never have found by just going about our normal routines. At other times He puts His most beautiful blessings right in front of our faces. And I love it!

God gives me a sunrise every morning on my way to school. It makes me feel so much more joyful, peaceful, content and loved. The way He can blend the colors so perfectly just amazes me. The way He brings the clouds together to make incredible designs in the sky gets my heart every time. I feel so privileged to be sitting in God's presence on the way to school—me of all people. I'm blessed to have those sunrises every morning. They help get me to my 7:15 class on time. I find I just can't miss tomorrow's sunrise.

Out of sync

by Nick Anderson

Normally for most of February we still get quite a plentiful bounty of snow. Often there are at least a few inches covering the frozen ground, making it look like a perfect sheet of white. This year, however, things seem to be quite bizarre. The weather is abnormally warm, and even with the flurries at the end of February, there has been little to no snow on the ground.

To some, the lack of snow is a dreadful thing: No more snow angels, snowmen, or the always enjoyable snowball fights. To others, it is a very enjoyable thing. The lack of snow carries the impression that there won't be many more days of having to bundle up just to walk across campus. For the village students, it means that there's the chance they won't have to rush to school every morning on what seems like an ice rink. Then there's the group of snow activists who carry the notion that as long as there's snow in the mountains, everything's great.

Does the lack of snow now mean that there won't be any more of it until next winter? Probably. But it was still snowing in the middle of March, so we'll have to wait and see. With our bizarre weather, anything's possible.