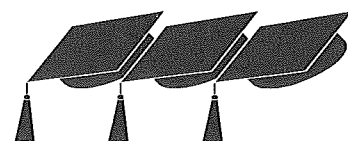


THE *ECHOES*



Volume 43, Number 8

Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Washington

May, 1995

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF '95

About one half score and 2 years ago, our fathers and our mothers sent us to school. We arrived with lunch pails that displayed a picture of Snoopy or a Cabbage Patch on the front. We listened to the older, more mature 2nd and 3rd graders for advice. They showed us how to be big kids like them. The teacher always read a story after lunch recess while we drew pictures. If we ever got in trouble, the worst punishment was putting our heads down on our desks. Maybe we'd have to write "I will not call people names ever again." Our work was hard. Just learning to read the simple words "See Dick run" was considered difficult.

Then we began to move up in the scholastic world. Words became bigger, and we found out there was more to math than just addition and subtraction. Sports began to become more popular than steal the flag. People of the opposite sex didn't look quite as hideous as they had before. But we still pretended to dislike them.

Teenage years began a chemical change in both genders. All of a sudden we found ourselves looking for medication to help clear up zits. Boys voices seemed to shift from high to low frequently. Growth spurts made us monsters that were completely uncoordinated. Boys thought they were mature while girls did mature. People of the opposite gender started to look even more interesting than before. We even began to admit to our friends whom we liked.

School still became harder. Algebra was a headache. X could mean anything and complicated stuff like foiling found us nearly in tears. Animals had to be sliced open in biology. Remember the smell? And the boys still thought they were mature by licking the animals in front of the girls. Stories and reports needed to be handed in for the English teacher. The stories would always return covered with red marks and a comment on the bottom that read, "What was your point?"

Is it sad that these years are almost over? Of course not! Who wants to go through it all again? Who wants to find out again about what boys are really like or learn how a girl can be charmed? Who wants to face Ad. Council again to explain where they were last weekend? Who wants to count down to graduation again?

Take a deep breath. One of the biggest events of our lives is about to fly into the past like all the rest--like it or not.

Broc Finkbinder

H.O.P.E. ends

Sweeping and washing windows, donating blood and filing papers, taking home-made blankets to sick children in hospitals, helping at the food bank, weeding gardens, helping the elderly, doing all kinds of things, the students of UCA finished their last day of community service work on May 4.

As always, there was a feeling of excitement as students loaded on to the vans, cars and trucks ready to begin. However, if you talked to some of them about their final taskforce of the year, you might have noticed disappointment in their voices. For some students it's not over. They will be returning next school year to tackle whatever jobs are needing to be done. But for the graduating class of '95 it's over. Or is it?

Why couldn't every person that leaves UCA take along with them the life-changing experiences they've gained through H.O.P.E.? Why can't students take what they've learned from serving the community and share it in their own homes and communities?

It is no secret that hard work isn't very fun--but feelings seem to be different when you're really helping someone else. And things just seem so much easier and rewarding when Jesus Christ is helping you get the work done.

Sarah Syth

1995 1995 1995 1995

Peace, love, and happiness reign again

Funky clothes, wild hair and exciting games were the rule instead of the exception the night of May 10. It was Woodstock revisited, disco reincarnated, and, well, it was just plain FUN!

The junior class threw a party for the seniors (partly out of the goodness of their hearts, but mostly because it is tradition), and it was wild! It was a giant blast from the past with a 50's, 60's, and 70's theme.

The evening began with a congregation on the lawn in front of the girls' dorm. People exclaimed over each other's costumes and started shouting in excitement when a blue pickup pulled up, the back filled to overflowing with more costumed participants. Mr. Nixon seemed to be in attendance (thank-you Mr. Hardy) as well as hippies, flower children, Brady Bunch fans, and many suffering from disco fever (Staying alive, staying alive, ah, ah, ah, ah. . .).

We entered the cafeteria which was decked out with streamers and graffiti. Appropriate music was playing softly through the clouds of incense as we ate a supper of fajitas and shish-ka-bobs.

After we finished eating, the games began. There was something for everyone. Whether your forte was hairstyling, sucking Jello through a straw, eating odd food, or using a toilet brush to pop a shaving-cream-filled balloon attached to your opponent's forehead with a nylon sock, there was a game you could participate in if you wanted to.

I don't hesitate when I say that a good time was had by all. Peace, brother.

Sarah Artz

**REGISTRATION
IS
AUGUST 27**



Bonnie Twigg and Erica Willinger in their retro-gear for the party



The pick-up packed with revellers en route to the junior-senior party

Those also serve who do not choose to run

Some of us did not participate in the Bloomsday race. Instead, we slept in on Sunday morning until noon, went out for breakfast and relaxed. Throughout the entire weekend, we non-participants watched everyone else biting their nails anxiously and complaining. We saw so many worried expressions you would have thought it was a more significant event approaching than just a silly race. While we were enjoying the excellent programs presented that weekend, the others were silently wondering if they were going to be able to make it or if they would collapse half way along the course and make fools of themselves.

Come Sunday morning, the tension was almost palpable--but, fortunately, the non-participants were soundly asleep!

When the victorious runners came back red-faced and sweaty, stories were told about how grueling and agonizing the race had been. Rubbing the sleep out of our eyes, we just sat back, kicked our feet up and yawned. Who needs an extra t-shirt anyhow?

Erica Willinger (but not, necessarily, her genuine opinion!)

Four-year seniors soak it up

The opportunity arose again this year for the four-year seniors to take a trip. Every year there are at least two days set aside for these lucky seniors to get out of school and have an adventure. Those who choose to go have a blast. This year they went to Three Rivers in Idaho for white-water rafting on the Locksa River. The twelve students who went had lotsa fun.

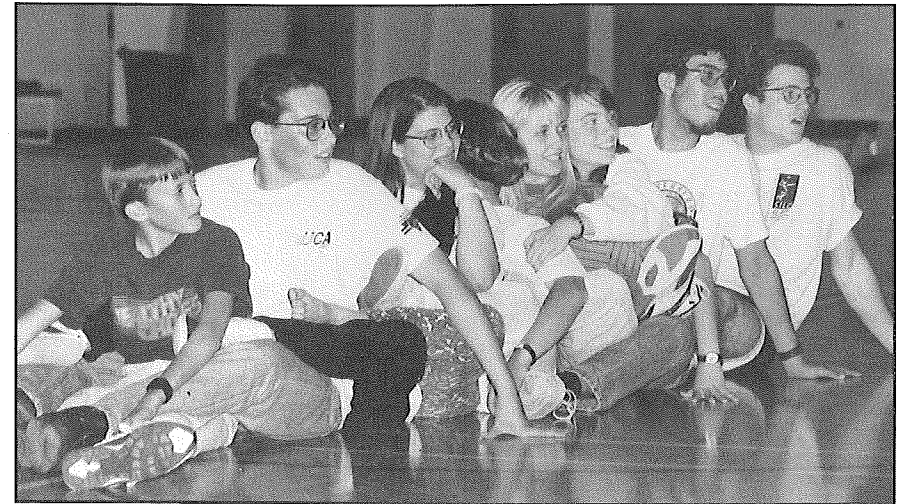
When we left school, the weather was looking good, but it began to rain slightly as we got closer to Three Rivers. Heather Threadgill met us at Three Rivers Resort where we would stay for our one night off campus. It did not take us long to unload our things, deposit them in our cabins, and jump into our wet suits or dry suits so we could go rafting.

The rafts, two big and one small, were ready when we got to our starting point, the beginning of a 10-mile raft trip. After instructions were given, we had prayer and set off. Mrs. Threadgill drove the Suburban down the road beside the river and stopped to watch us in the rapids and fast spots. The water was cool, but with our suits we were warm. We went through each rapid so fast that it was over almost before we realized we were in it. We ended our trip for that day safely. Only the small raft turned over once. . .

That night we had a chance to relax in a hot tub and watch movies for hours. But, being seniors, we decided to get to bed at a reasonable hour. The next morning it was still raining, but we headed out to ride the rapids again before returning to campus via a Taco Time restaurant.

It was a great white-water rafting trip. Special thanks go to the club officers for planning the trip, Mr. Hardy for sponsoring us and driving the van, Heather Threadgill for driving the Suburban and cooking wonderful meals, Joe Threadgill and his brother-in-law for paddling rafts.

Katherine Hillmon



Ever wonder what happens on those open weekends when you go home? Now you know!

Mad scientists converge

Who would want to study slimy, creepy, crawling creatures of the sea? Who would want to examine and touch these creatures of the deep? Who is brave enough to eat a sea cucumber?

The answer is the mad science club led by Mr. Thayer. Disguised as the advanced biology class when meeting here at school, the club deceives many into thinking it is just another class. But it's not. These students are into exploring the world of marine life on a first-hand basis.

On Sunday, April 23, over sixty of these scientists were seen cramming into buses and speeding away for Rosario Beach. Upon arrival in Seattle, they boarded one of those research vessels upon which mysterious things have been known to happen. I heard rumors of deep sea explorations and endless dissecting. These scientists were seen carefully

watching creatures through high-powered microscopes. Returning from the trip at sea, all faces appeared to be innocent, but soon after they were spotted practicing suspicious experiments on Rosario Beach.

The weather was beautiful the whole time which caused extra excitement. The group met with one of the most knowledgeable shell buffs in the Northwest and had many unusual campfire gatherings late into the evening. Chanting sounds were heard over the crashing of the waves.

A few days later on Wednesday, the group sneaked back onto the UCA campus. The only person I was allowed to get a comment from was Wendi White who said, "It was a total blast." I guess she spoke for the whole group because whispers continue on campus about the trip to this day.

Eric Kendall

GOOD-BYE

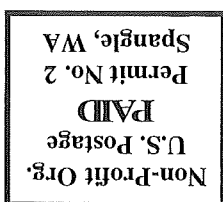
The seniors are not the only ones leaving after graduation. Several staff will be moving on to greener pastures. We are sad to see them go, wish them well, and thank them for their hard work and positive contribution to UCA. Best wishes to **Janelle Denny, Patricia Smith, Charissa Crow, Steve Hayes, Kelly Santee, Stacy Santee, and Paul Jenks.**

the ECHOES

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This issue's contributors included: Sarah Artz, Sarah Syth, Eric Kendall, Broc Finkbiner, Katherine Hillmon, Erica Willinger, and Stephen Lacey, sponsor



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THE ECHOES

The Bloomsday weekend youth rally was another success this year. Family, friends and other visitors came to campus to enjoy the inspirational presentations that started on Friday evening.

People are still talking about the drama club's powerful Friday night production of "The Present End." Many have voiced that the story of last day events was the best UCA has ever done.

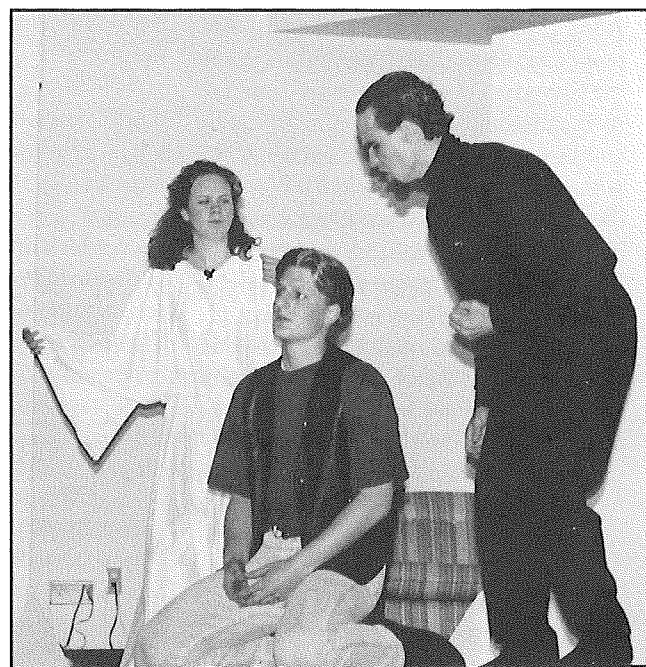
Sabbath School focused on slides of the last mission trip to Borneo, and John Kendall--after mentioning Dean Patricia's high-school acting career--presented a great sermon about finding the good in what we see. Good music was, as usual, provided by the choir and instrument ensembles.

On Sabbath afternoon, some went to Spokane to distribute flyers for the afternoon's Praise concert in the Lilac Bowl while others went to Manito Park or participated in sunshine bands. For Sundown Meditation, Elder Kendall presented a dramatic story of healing.

The next-to-last event of the packed weekend was the gymnastic team's home show. The show went late into the evening, but the crowd seemed pleased with the lively routines.

Finally, on Sunday morning, came the Bloomsday Race. Some usually-sedentary participants are still recovering from running the race, and most are making solemn promises to really train for next year. We'll see.

Although fewer seemed to come out for the weekend this year, those who did come enjoyed really good programs.



Jennifer Wikoff (the Holy Spirit) and Jim Edwards (Satan) attempt to influence Matt Tolbert during the production of "The Present End."