



ECHOES

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It was quite an April Fool's joke when three inches of snow arrived on campus on April 1. Just two miles north, there was no snow at all and highway 195 was dry.



Men head to Sabbath School after a snowfall earlier in the year.



Spring break extension

by Dylan Hill

The progression of COVID-19 throughout the U.S. has left UCA closed and continuing classes held through Microsoft Teams. Despite their lack of involvement, this decision does address several things to be considered by UCA students.

This could be perceived as a wonderful escape from school, or a tortuous captivity away from friends, but student protection is the administration's highest priority. While it is unlikely for students to be largely affected from the virus, UCA does believe that staying home until the epidemic dies down increased our likelihood of avoiding it.

Considering how drastic this change is, it's best to dwell on the benefits. Initially, the concept of sleeping in seemed promising, but some classes will happen at the usual time. Being able to "attend" classes in pajamas while sitting in bed, instead of in an uncomfortable desk is quite comfortable, and online classes prevent school from extending into summer and keeps seniors able to graduate in one way or another at the intended date. Not only does this offer more time at home, but it also could mean more home-cooked meals and freedoms after each school day.

Weighing the possibility of being sent home or facing the COVID-19 on campus, the administration and state governor's decision is quite logical. Not only does this satisfy education requirements, but it also prevents a COVID-19 outbreak at UCA.

Class of 2020: cursed?

by Amy Van Arsdell

When it snowed on the Sabbath of Senior Recognition Weekend this past March 7 (No, Spangle does not know what "spring" is.), many of UCA's seniors could be heard saying that it was because of "the curse" and that they weren't surprised. That thought may be new to some, so let me lay out their reasons. UCA's Class of 2020 has had a different school schedule every single year. We were the "test bunnies" for the junior internship and weren't able to do it from home after a home leave as the class of 2021 recently did. We were the first class to ever drop someone on the Senior Survival trust fall and the first to have to do Senior Survival without Mr. and Mrs. Kravig. Now with all the fears of the coronavirus and schools closed, the worst-case scenario in everyone's mind is graduation being cancelled or awkwardly held without guests.

But our class doesn't *only* have bad things happen. For one, all the schedule changes helped our first class period start at 8:00 a.m. now, instead of 7:15 a.m. like it did freshman year. Recently, the seniors surprised themselves and mustered up enough class spirit to win Spirit Week and the ice-cream prize! It's tempting to focus on the many negatives which are likely just coincidences, and we need to trust that God is bigger than our fears.



Student Week of Prayer

by Lorelei Harbour

Student Week of Prayer, as has been mentioned by many staff, is one of the most important weeks on campus. It is a time when several students get to share their experiences with Jesus. There is something really powerful about students addressing other students.

As a SWOP speaker myself, it was amazing to see the unity among the speakers. Months were spent preparing for this week, and it brought us all together. The week has come and gone, and I know that many people learned a lot. "I personally have been brought a lot closer to Jesus and have been given a really good picture as to who God is and what he stands for," said Kirk Everett.

It was amazing to see Jesus working in so many students' lives. I know that I was blessed and appreciated the experience that UCA gave us all.



We've got spirit yes we do!

by Faith Montes

The first day of Spirit Week was Monochrome Monday. Tons of planning went into Spirit Week, and the idea behind Monochrome Monday was participation. Participation in many of the spirit days usually takes much effort and planning, but the ASB team wanted to start the week with a simple yet fun day that as many people as possible could join in.

The second day was named Twin Day/Dynamic Duo, a twist on the classic Twin Day. ASB thought it would be fun to incorporate a second aspect to Twin Day instead of just matching clothing. Dresses were common on that day, and it is safe to consider Tuesday was a success.

On Wednesday, Crazy Hair/Miss-Match Day, everyone, again, could participate. The creativity was through the roof with incredible hairstyles and more prints than a circus. Honestly, the best part of this day was seeing our serious teachers wear colors brighter than the sun. With both Mr. Spano and Principal Johnson in luscious wigs, this day needs to continue into the future generations.

The fourth day was Decade Day. Ooh, the poodle skirts and greasers were not lacking on this day, and the 20's roared louder than ever. Someone even dressed up in Renaissance garb. Staff member baby photos made a special appearance in an incredibly intense game of Kahoot on this day.

The last day was High School Stereotypes Day. Finally! The one day public school could creep its way into our isolated oasis. The classic cheerleaders, jocks and nerds were joined with the new e-generation of e-girls and e-boys.

Thanks to everyone who participated, and I hope all were more spirited at the end than at the beginning.

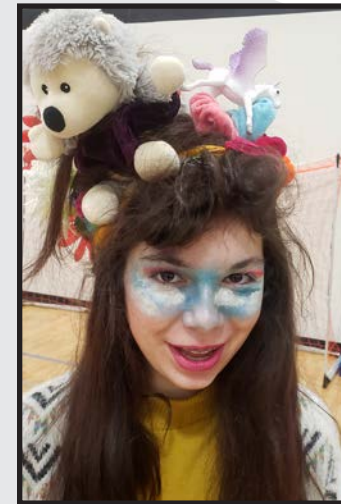
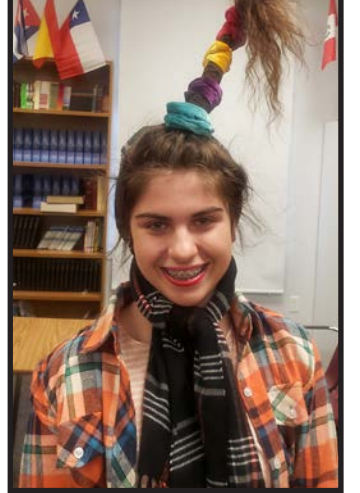


photo: Kytanna Ballard



photo: Faith Montes



Did seniors have enough talent?

by Alden Wilfley

Every year UCA has two talent shows: Amateur Hour in the fall and Senior Rec in the late winter. The Senior Rec show is dedicated to the Seniors for their accomplishments and talents. On the weekend of March 6-8, family and friends gathered to acknowledge the Seniors and their achievements—like a pre-graduation ceremony. Filled with vespers, guest speakers, congregational meals, and the usual catch-up chat, this weekend was lively.

To raise money for their class, Seniors sold shamburgers, hotdogs, chips, brownies, and Italian sodas for an exorbitant price. Alongside the food, a silent auction was held where attendees could bid for a variety of gift baskets, resort trips, Kobe shirts, and a plethora of gifts cards—all in an effort to aid the seniors with their end-of-year trip fund.

The dinner and auction were hardly the main source of entertainment, despite how scrumptious the food was. Weeks of preparation and practice led to that night, and everyone could feel the energy. With a microphone in his hand, Dean Hess stepped onto the stage to get the night started. After a spectacle filled with skits, musical numbers, and even a fashion show, the Seniors really came to impress and did so perfectly.



Dreams come true

by Joelle Townsend

Growing up, I always looked up to the older kids. In first grade, the 8th graders seemed to be the same age as my parents, and when I was in 5th grade, the sophomores seemed like sophomores in college, not high school. For many years, my parents took me to both the Amateur Hour and the Senior Rec Talent Show. I watched in awe as the big kids took the stage, singing beautiful harmonies, and performing plays based on their high school experiences. My favorite part was when a group sang and the audience took out their phones, turned on their flashlights, and waved them in time to the tune. This captured my attention and sent chills up my spine as though I was in a huge concert in a massive arena. I dreamed of one day getting the chance to be like the big kids. I was pretty sure the time would never come.

Somehow, I am suddenly a senior. Senior Recognition came up fast. Many hours of time were put in by our sponsors and officers to make it a meaningful weekend. For months, seniors rehearsed their acts for the Senior Rec Talent Show, and, finally, the weekend was here. Vespers, Sabbath School, the Worship Service, and Sundown Meditation came and went. Finally, around 8:00, Luke Mirasol sat down at the piano and the talent show was under way. I could barely believe that it was all real. After so many years of watching from the audience, there I was, watching my own friends displaying tremendous talent.

Right after halftime came the decades fashion show put on by Maddie Twigg. It was a hit of night, displaying fashions from the 1910's all the way to the 1990's. (I had the honor of representing the 1970's.) For the closing act, Deanna Verkovod, Ellie Pagotellis and I sang "Count on Me" by Bruno Mars. Trying our best to hide our nerves, we began to sing. When we reached the first chorus, I looked out and saw several flashlights twinkling in the clouds and could barely believe it. As more flashlights popped up, it felt like a full-circle moment. From being a small eight-year-old in the audience and grabbing my dad's phone to wave in the air to being 18, on stage, and with the crowd waving their flashlights for my song. I felt humbled and almost small as I sang.



Lumberjack week

by Ethan Jiao

Overflowing testosterone, flying logs, exploding veins—it was Lumberjack Week again. Every year, the guy's dorm hosts a sequence of competitions to reveal every guy's true manliness. This year was no different. On Sunday, the guys started off with a blazing hot wings challenge. Each person has to eat two blazing hot wings and not drink or eat anything for two minutes to get an ice-cream bar. Some people handled it pretty well, but others didn't, and if you were a true man, you could get another ice-cream bar if you could last 4 minutes.

On Monday, the guys had the axe throwing challenge. This challenge requires skill and strength in order to stick the axe in the log. Again, some people got it, some didn't, but this is a classic activity for lumberjacks to show their masculinity.

On Tuesday, the guys had the caber toss challenge. This challenge requires a lot of strength, and the goal is to see who can flip a log the most times. Sadly, only a few got to participate as one of the guys threw the log so hard it broke.

On Wednesday, the final day of Lumberjack Week, the guys participated in the arm-wrestling tournament to see who was strongest out of them all. One by one they were eliminated, and finally it came down to two people. The battle lasted for a few minutes and it looked as if it would be a tie, but eventually Danny Holloway-Cook won and was crowned the true lumberjack. After that, the guys made pancakes for everyone.

Lumberjack Week was eventful and is truly one of the most exciting and fun week in the guys' dorm.



Coach Reading goes for the shot during a staff-student game.



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APDC bleeds

by Braden Reitz

Third quarter, the Anatomy and Physiology Dual Credit class was studying the circulatory system. One day near the end of class, Mrs. C gave us a heads up and said, "Just so you all know, next time we meet we will be taking samples of your blood and examining it." Now I don't know about all of you, but getting blood drawn is not most people's favorite thing to do.

The next time we met, we began class by watching a basic tutorial video on how to draw the blood, examine, and test it. In this lovely video, a person was shown holding a small metal object with what looked like a spear on the end. All of a sudden, that person just stabbed their own finger—very aggressively.

Now this did not go over well in the class. Not only would we have to draw our own blood, but we would also have to stab ourselves with a mini javelin. Thankfully, Mrs. C had purchased a different tool to extract the blood that was like a diabetes prick.

Then we began the process. We cleaned off our fingers and began taking drops of blood. Some people were bleeding a lot and some could barely get a drop out. After dealing with the different problems, everyone started the test, and at the end we all discovered our blood types and who in our class could donate blood to the others. At the end of the day, it was very interesting . . . and no one fainted.

Where to next?

by Missy Surdal


Every year, music groups go on tours. Recently, a priority has been to go on trips farther away, not just in Washington or Idaho. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Johnson asked Mr. Anderson what he wanted for the music department. Mr. Anderson had two things: He wanted more small ensembles and tours to more distant places to allow students to have the experience, and to recruit students in new areas. Since everything costs money, this is a hard thing to do, but it is something that the music department wants to work towards.

This year, the Octet went to Loma Linda, California, to record songs and go on live television at LLBN (Loma Linda Broadcasting Network). While there, they also visited La Sierra University and performed at La Sierra Academy. Not only was this a fun trip, but it also gave UCA a chance to show off its music program and the school in general. Every time a group gets a chance to go somewhere, it promotes UCA and gives our students an opportunity to visit other places.

Thanks to Mr. Knipple, the decision has been made for UCA music groups to travel to Russia next school year for a tour and mission trip. This will be another great opportunity for UCA to reach outside Washington and, in this case, even outside the United States. Students will have the chance to experience new things and show God's love through the work they do.

Up owl night

by Hannah Thornton



I fiddled with my pencil as I started my homework. Through my open windows, cool air blew on to my face as I sat at my desk. The wind made the trees whistle as it flowed through the branches. Suddenly, I heard a sound I had come to love. The eerie hooting of the owl had become the greeting of an old friend. I set down my pencil and leaned against

the windowsill peering out into the shadows of the night. I listened carefully and tried to imitate any call he made and listened for his next call. As I listened for my friend to respond, I heard a faraway screech from another owl. I listened with enchantment at the conversation taking place. Eventually, a cold gust brought my mind back to my homework, and once again I sat down and continued working on my assignments. But I smiled, knowing I would converse with Mr. Owl again tomorrow.

India, our family in Christ

by Tawni Lloyd

It is an amazing experience to fly across the world and meet people who profess the same beliefs you hold as your own. To hold their hands and to smile or laugh at each other's strange actions gives just a glimpse of what bliss awaits in paradise. Though secular culture seeks to separate the individual, and the devil wishes to dismember the church by scattering the flock with heresies, distractions and lies, we as children of Christ can be assured that we are never alone.

I went to India and heard what I wish each and every person could have heard. A different language was being used to sing a hymn we sing in our churches. They sang as if their lives depended upon God's grace, and, in fact, our lives do depend entirely on Jesus. I went to India and built a school with many other volunteers out of red bricks (no two bricks being the same). As those bricks went up together, they looked less like miserable pieces and more like a unit, a whole, serving a glorious purpose for which they could be proud.

We are bricks God puts into His church. Only together can we truly glorify Him and serve His name. Can we come together in harmony to support each side of this worldwide church and grow in Christ? Are we willing to lay aside our personal traditions or cultural norms in order to see a larger picture? Our world is "at its end," as some people would say; however, perhaps we are at the divide between an ending and a new beginning for something completely different. May Jesus be the center of every action the church produces moving forward. May we walk each day looking forward to the ultimate paradise wherein we can meet our brothers and sisters in Christ from around the globe.

Origins projects

by Joshua Penhallurick

The week of March 9 through 13 was a trying week for Origins students. They had to turn in their big projects. Some students had to turn their projects in Monday and some on Tuesday. Some hadn't even started on their projects on Sunday evening, so you could see them scrambling around the dorm and typing so fast you could see smoke coming from the keys. It was as if they hadn't had all to get the projects done.

Finally, the big day came, and they had to turn in their projects. People showed up late to class, skipped classes, and dreaded turning in projects that didn't turn out exactly as planned. Some were just happy to have it finished and over with.

Then Wednesday, March 11, came, the day the projects were put on display in the Ad Building for all to see. Staff and fellow students could grade the projects on a scale of 1 to 5, but, fortunately, the final grades depended on Mrs. C's evaluation.

With the projects over, the Origins students could relax and think about what could have happened on the Marine Biology trip, cancelled because of COVID-19.

Baby project returns

by Julia Welch

The week before Senior Recognition was a bad week for the majority of the UCA population—especially Senior girls. Not only was it the week leading up to Senior Rec, but it was also the Baby Project Week. By that I mean at least 20 girls were lugging mental exhaustion as well as 10 lb. sacks of rice.

The "pregnant bellies" themselves were interesting contraptions. They were meant to simulate the experience of a pregnant woman. Whether the simulation was accurate is hard to tell because the sacks provided different pains to each girl. The sacks weren't uniform in design, and the differing construction affected how they affected the wearer.

The newer rice sacks came in nicely sewn bags with seatbelt-like harnesses. They looked ok until put on. Many girls complained, saying that the rough, stiff straps dug into their skin, leaving unpleasant redness and tenderness.

The second type of sack had elastic harnessing, and while it did prevent the chafing, the elastic proved inadequate to support the bags. The rice sacks hung very low and girls struggled to find ways to conceal them.

Lastly, there were the cloth rice sacks. It was a headache trying to keep the straps from tangling or from rolling up. The latter was more undesirable, since when the straps rolled up they applied more weight to parts of the shoulder and neck. They, too, would chafe the skin.

We were finally able to rid ourselves of our extra weights at 3:30 p.m. on Friday. The days were strenuous and there was a lot of whining, but all were overjoyed when it finally came to a close.



Hand sanitizer

by Abbie McAdams

Before March, the appearance of hand sanitizer was a rare occurrence on the UCA campus. Even the sanitizing stations in the café would be empty for months at a time. However, with the news of the Coronavirus, hand sanitizer bottles popped up on every corner of campus. Every classroom had at least one bottle of sanitizer somewhere. They were on bathroom counters and often two bottles would be side by side. Faith Workman said, "If anything, we have probably killed off every other disease that may have been on our campus with the amount of hand sanitizer we're using."

It's just too bad we didn't all stock up on hand sanitizer sooner and sell it for a profit to pay our college tuition.

Hard at work on Les Mis

by Julie Van Arsdell

As the assistant director of the Les Mis production that was planned for the Gala, I know the hours of work that were put into the production.

Multiple departments and classes put in a lot of time to support the show, including the woodworking classes led by Mr. Melendy, who built large parts of the set in preparation for the play. They designed a backstage wall and backdrops that could get switched out depending on the setting of each song, and rafters to provide for better sound and to allow for actors to appear above the stage. There were also plans in place to build platform-like steps for the stage and a pile of rubble to act as the "barricade" later in the musical.

The creative department is not connected to a specific class, but many people offered to help or assist with planning the musical or with costuming. Each person was assigned a costume to best fit their role, and assigned times on and off the stage as needed. To tie the scenes together, we decided to have Old Jean Valjean as the narrator looking back on his life, which would help with character and scene building between the relatively isolated songs.

It appears in this case the show won't go on. It would have been a great show, but for now we'll have to be satisfied with a great learning experience.

Junior job shadowing

by Jules Hughes

Upper Columbia Academy gives the junior class an opportunity most high school students never get: a full week of job shadowing. Every year in February, the all juniors take a week away from campus to shadow a profession of their choice, giving them a head start when it comes to choosing a career path. Getting a preview of what life is actually like in a specific career may help keep students from making a mistake in choosing a college major that sounds good but then ends up in a lifestyle they wouldn't enjoy. Even if the profession a student chooses for this internship turns out not to be something they enjoy, it is still a valuable experience because it allows them to eliminate that career as an option. Through this program, UCA is equipping students to make better educated choices regarding college majors.

Mrs. Fleck spent time with the junior class since the beginning of the year, preparing them to make the most out of this opportunity. The first thing she had students do was complete a set of tests designed to identify strengths in interest and aptitude. This gave students an idea of which type of career they might like to observe and maybe one day pursue. Next, Mrs. Fleck taught students how to put together a resume. Rather than just an academic exercise, this step was very beneficial to students who could actually use their resumes to help secure summer jobs. Mrs. Melendy reviewed the resumes and gave students constructive feedback for improvements. Then she interviewed each student to give them practice for what a job interview would be like.

During the internship week, students journaled about their experiences and wrote a paper which they will present when they return to campus. This helps the rest of the students to benefit from each internship experience. Through this internship process, UCA is maximizing the benefits for its students.

Junior brunch

by Carly Haeger

On Sunday, March 8, early in the morning, the seniors snoozed peacefully in the dorms, finally being done with Senior Recognition. None of the clocks had been changed yet, and everyone still felt like they were an hour behind. The rec skiers traveled to Schweitzer, oblivious to what went on at UCA. But in the cafeteria, the junior class officers, with some additional juniors, began putting together a delicious meal for brunch.

The officers had been planning this for quite a while, and it was showtime! Behind the kitchen walls, they baked breakfast casseroles, mixed and flipped banana-chocolate-chip pancakes, sliced oranges, washed dishes (and each other), and had lots of fun.

The brunch was a big hit; everyone enjoyed the food and lots of people came to support the junior class. Mr. Hartman was in charge of counting students coming through line, and even sent juniors into the dorms to wake up sleepy students that hadn't come to support the junior class. All in all, the brunch was a smashing success.