

Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of San Dieguito
10:00am service

Sunday, August 1, 2021
"Take Me Out to the Ballgame"



Minister
Worship Associate
Religious Education Director
Music Director
Pianist
Sound/Audio Visual Specialist

Rev. Jo Green
Mary Anne Trause
Alison A.L.G. McLeod
Marshall Voit
Katie Klaerich
Joe Cantrell

STARTING LINEUPS

Prelude	"Centerfield" by John Fogerty	<i>Marshall Voit and Katie Klaerich</i>
Welcome, Greetings, and Announcements		<i>Mary Anne Trause</i>

ANTHEMS

Call to Worship	<i>Rev. Jo Green</i>
Land Acknowledgement	<i>Marshall Voit</i>
Chalice Lighting	<i>Mary Anne Trause</i>
Centering Hymn: #30 Fuente de Amor, #123 Spirit of Life	<i>Congregation</i>

Fuente de Amor ven hacia mí.	Spirit of Life come unto me
Y al corazón	Sing in my heart
Cántale tu compasión	All the stirring of compassion
Sopla al volar, sube en el mar	Blow in the wind, rise in the sea
Hasta moldear	Move in the hand
La justicia de la vida	Giving life the shape of justice
Arráigame, libérame	Roots hold me close, wings set me free
Fuente de Amor, ven a mí, ven a mí.	Spirit of Life, come to me, come to me.

Fellowship Covenant	<i>Congregation</i>
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May love be the spirit of this congregation;
May the quest for truth be its sacrament,
And service be its prayer.
To dwell together in peace,
To seek knowledge in freedom,
And to help one another in fellowship:
This is our covenant.

1st Inning

Intergenerational Sharing: <i>Jackie and Me</i> , by Tania Grossinger	<i>Mary Anne Trause</i>
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2nd Inning

Offering

Offertory music by Katie Klaerich

3rd Inning

Joys and Sorrows

Rev. Jo Green

Pastoral Prayer

Rev. Jo Green

Meditation

Hymn #1009: Meditation on Breathing

Congregation

When I breathe in, I breathe in peace

When I breathe out, I breathe out love

4th Inning

Reading

“Not Just for Boys Anymore”

Mary Anne Trause

5th Inning

Special Music

“Right Field” by Willy Wench

Marshall Voit

6th Inning

Reading

“Against All Odds”

Mary Anne Trause

7th Inning

Special Music

“Take Me Out to the Ballgame”
by Jack Norworth and Albert Von Tilzer

*Marshall Voit and
Katie Klaerich*

8th Inning

Homily

“Take Me Out to the Ballgame”

Rev. Jo Green

9th Inning

Closing Song

“Sermon on the Mound” by John McCutcheon

*Marshall Voit and
Katie Klaerich*

Extra Innings

Chalice Extinguishing

Mary Anne Trause

Benediction

Rev. Jo Green

Postlude

“Suite from ‘The Natural’” by Randy Newman

Katie Klaerich

Right Field

by Willy Wench

Saturday summers when I was a kid, we'd run to the schoolyard, and here's what we did
We'd pick out the captains, and they'd choose up the teams, it was always a measure of my self esteem
'Cause the fastest and strongest played shortstop and first, the last ones they picked were the worst
I never needed to ask, it was sealed, I just took up my place in right field

Playin' right field it's easy, you know?
You can be awkward and you can be slow
That's why I'm here in right field, just watching the dandelions grow

Playin' right field can be lonely and dull, little leagues never have lefties that pull
I'd dream of the day when they'd hit one my way... they never did, but still I would pray
That I'd make a fantastic catch on the run, and not lose the ball in the sun
Then I'd awake from that long reverie, and I'd pray that the ball never came out to me

Here in right field...

Off in the distance the game's draggin' on, there's strikes on the batter, some runners are on
I don't know the inning, and I've forgotten the score
And now the whole team is yellin' and I don't know what for
Then suddenly everyone's looking at me, my mind has been wandering, what could it be?
They point to the sky and I look up above, and a baseball falls into my glove!!

Playing right field, it's important you know?
You gotta know how to catch, you gotta know how to throw
That's why I'm here in right field, out where the dandelions grow

Sermon on the Mound

by John McCutcheon

He showed up one summer and he stayed for a week. He could eat like a horse and he could cuss a blue streak.
They say he pitched for the Reds before he landed in jail. He was my father's oldest brother, he's my Uncle Dale.
Mama said "He's trouble," and Daddy said "He's kin." He opened up the door and he walked right in.
He would holler through supper and he'd cry through grace. That summer our house was a mighty strange place.

I remember one evening he took me to the back lot, tossed me a ball and he said, "Show me what you got.
But before you let her loose boy, you'd better listen to me: ain't nothin' is forever, there ain't nothing is free.
See I had it all together, then I let it slip away. You get just one chance here, no matter what they say.
And folks are quick to remember and slow to forgive; that ain't no way to play, that ain't no way to live.

So play every game like it was your last. It don't do nobody any good to be wild and fast
Keep your head in the game and your eye on the ball, know when to take and when to swing for the wall.
You've gotta be determined as the devil and selfless as a saint, keep between the white lines and hit 'em where they ain't.
If you play for the team you won't ever stand alone, and remember in the end you wanna be safe at home.

Don't play for the glory, it's gone before you know it
Play for your heart and don't be afraid to show it."

He was gone one morning as quick as he came. I never ever saw my Uncle Dale again.
Since then I've heard a lot of preachin', but never have found half as much wisdom as his sermon on the mound.

"You've gotta be determined as the devil and selfless as a saint, keep between the white lines and hit 'em where they ain't
If you play for the team you won't ever stand alone,
If you're smart and you're lucky, faithful and true, if you play by the rules but still steal a base or two
And if you play for the team then you won't ever stand alone, and remember in the end you wanna be safe at home."