

Swing Big. Hold the Line.

A Union of Saints Paper in the Spirit of Babe Ruth

By D. Cowdrey.

You Can't Step Up to the Plate Afraid

If you're worried about being liked, you'll never swing.

That's the first thing.

Baseball isn't played by shrinking ourselves or others.

And faith isn't lived by apologizing for having standards.

You step into the batter's box knowing one thing: You might strike out.

But you swing anyway.

At the Union of Saints, we don't run the bases just to please the crowd.

We play for heart and the spirit of the game.

The Strike Zone Is the Strike Zone

Doesn't matter who's pitching.

Doesn't matter who's watching.

Doesn't matter who boos.

The strike zone doesn't move.

Boundaries are like that.

We don't:

- Call balls strikes because someone is popular.
- Ignore bad pitches because someone is handsome.
- Pretend something's fair when it's clearly foul.

If it's outside the line, it's outside the line.

You don't argue with chalk.

You Can't Win With a Soft Dugout

A team full of talent but no discipline? They lose.

A team that protects ego instead of standards? They lose.

There's always someone who says:

"Let it go."

"Don't rock the boat."

"That's just how he is."

That's how losing cultures start.

Enabling is like watching a teammate skip practice and calling it "personality."

It doesn't build legends.

It builds regret and lost games.

~lahoosaaherr~

Strikeouts Come With the Territory

Here's something people forget about greatness:

Babe Ruth struck out. A lot.

If you play the game, you'll strike out too. But you still play by the rules.

You hold the line.

People will say:

- You're too much.
- You're rigid.
- You're unforgiving.
- You're difficult.

That's fine.

You don't measure your swing by applause.

You measure it by skill and mental alignment.

If the pitch is wrong, you don't chase it just to hear cheers.

You wait for your pitch.

And when the pitch is yours?

You swing, batta.

Protecting the Field

The Union of Saints is home turf, and we defend it.

You don't protect a field by letting players tear it up.

You don't protect a team by ignoring bad conduct.

You don't protect a ministry or its members by tolerating manipulation.

If someone is:

- Bullying
- Gossiping
- Stirring division
- Hiding harm behind spirituality

You call it out.

"That's a foul (tort) not a team play!"

Not to shame.

Not to dominate.

But to protect the game.

Because if you don't protect the culture, you lose the season before it's halfway done.

Team camaraderie and good sportsmanship matter.

They are championship virtues.

Big Swing. Steady Sprint.

Holding the line, or the plate, doesn't mean being rude or cruel.

It means being healthy. Strong. A leader.

Feet planted.

Eyes forward.

Bat on the prize.

You are here to play well and with good character.

At the Union of Saints, compassion and discipline belong on the same field.

Forgive.

Coach.

Extend grace.

But do not erase the strike zone.

Final Inning

The crowd roars. The game is concluding.

Who will be the winning team?

Every game teaches two lessons:

Who won —

and who played with the best sportsmanship.

And what is the score that lasts?

Your character and your ability to stand up for important values.

It's better to hold the line than to bunt your integrity away for approval.

At the Union of Saints:

We step up.

We don't chase bad pitches.

We hold the line.

And we swing for what matters.

~Sincerely,

The home team.