

The following excerpts are from what Eloise Mosbo Obman, Rembrandt Class of 1960, wrote for the original dedication of Engebretson Field in 1988. They are also included in the book,

Rembrandt Remembers:

We know you're not comfortable being in the spotlight. But before we conclude our dedication of Engebretson Field, we're going to ask you (George) to look out at this field and imagine – imagine some of your former players taking the field one more time.

Engebretson Field

It looks extremely hopeful for the Rembrandt fans this day,
The diamond's set, the fence is up, the kids are here to play;
The bleachers offer firm support for eager moms and dads,
While to the left, the scoreboard shows each run the home team adds.

But look – out there – what's that I see? McGrew on second base?
And who's that pitching? Must be Green – I recognize that face.
That's Hoover out there hugging third, and Hegna's at the plate,
A dancing Eddie leads off first and swiftly shifts his weight.

A host of players fill the field: McKibbens, Obmans, too,
A Cavanaugh, some Andersons, and Eastman – what a crew!
There's Peterson – he's stealing home; there's Mosbo, Stroup, and more;
An Engebretson swings the bat and pushes up the score.

A Siekman, Parris, Binder join our players from the past;
A Whitaker, the Haraldsons, some Boettchers swell the cast.
The numbers grow, by dozens now; they pour out from the stands.

But wait! A single form appears, “Time out!” his voice commands.

His hand is held in gentle sway, but firm is his decree –

Yes, George, that’s you, our trusty coach, and “time out” it shall be –

Time out right now for all of us to tally up your yield

And show our thanks by dedicating Engebretson Field.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land, dark clouds may hide the sun,

And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun,

And somewhere in some dreary lives, there is no hope or spark,

But Rembrandt hearts are happy now – their George has got his park!

To conclude our dedication ceremony, let’s join in singing together some special words to Thanks For the Memory.

Thanks for the Memory

Thanks for the memory of ballgames in the park, teams with lots of spark,

You always knew just what to say, you’d never bite or bark.

How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memory of burlap bags and straw; George, you always saw

That everyone got in the game, though win or lose or draw.

How lovely it was!

Sometimes your team was the legion, And sometimes the town was your region.

Yes, you were a busy Norwegian! For every team, you were a dream!

And thanks for the memory of knuckle balls to hit, signals from the mitt,

And who of us will not recall the big cigars you lit?

We thank you so much!

Thanks for the memory of trips to other towns, though we were sometimes clowns,

We may have tried your patience, but you never gave us frowns.

How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memory of victories so sweet, seldom a defeat,

Of sending some to center left that landed in the street!

How lovely it was!

When we would smack one to center that soared toward the house of our mentor,

We all know that when it would enter the coach's lawn, that ball was GONE!

And thanks for the memory of home-run balls in flight, apple tree in right,

Of dugout chats and swinging bats, you took us to the height,

It is our delight to honor you tonight and thank you so much!