Baseball. The ball diamond. It is simple, Pete Maurice loved baseball. Each spring, you could see the sparkle in his eyes and the anticipation in him when the grass was ready to be mowed and the kids started taking the fields. He just wanted to play. That 12 year old inside of him never left!

When Pete was a young boy and was supposed to go to bed, he would hide under his covers and listen to his transistor radio as they broadcast the Milwaukee Braves games. He would keep score in a scorebook as though he was their official scorekeeper or coach. He rooted on the players (especially Eddie Matthews) that he could not even see and imagined them racing around the bases or throwing someone out. He knew the guys batting averages, on base percentages, and pitching counts. That never changed.

At every age, Pete played ball. He loved it so much that he hounded his brother in law to pitch to him each night. They put up a backstop at the house so that they could play. Union Grove was his hometown and he played ball as often as he could with his buddies and teammates. He played ball from little league to ice ball.  As the years wore on he had quite a reputation for playing third base and (even though he was right handed) batting left handed. He was strong, quick, and a smart ball player. Pete lettered in baseball (along with football) at Union Grove High School.

Pete’s love of baseball did not end when he officially stopped playing, he continued to share the love of the game. No picnic was complete without playing a game of ball. Even more, Pete could be found at local ball diamonds cheering on family and friends and at County Stadium or Miller Park cheering on his beloved Milwaukee Brewers. Spring fever ran deep!

Pete was an original board member for the UGYBA. The group started out very small...running a concession stand out of a food truck, hanging nets themselves to catch foul balls, recruiting positive coaches, and eventually adding additional diamonds. Baseball was always a passion for Pete and he worked hard to bring it alive for the youth of Union Grove.

At home, he would work with Kathy, Dan and Becca on the ball diamond or have them swinging at the rope with a knot hung from a tree by the barn. He would cheer them on without failure. That grew into Kara, Cade, Reese, Audrey, Carter, Nolan, Emme, Cole, and Avery playing ball too. Peggy and Pete would keep their chairs in the back of the van and plan dinner at the local concession stand every night of the week during spring and summer.

If you hopped in Pete’s blue van you would likely hear a ball game blaring off of the AM radio. Or perhaps you saw him racing around on his lawn mower with AM 620 tuned in on his headphones. Pete still picturing the game and soaking in every statistic. He would light up when discussing the game, especially if he was talking to a Cub fan.

Pete loved baseball.