

# 2003 PANAMANIA

By: Penny Peters

When Atlantic met Pacific, all the world yelled out "hooray!"  
The great canal was all the rage...from Dover to Cathay  
Not even yellow fever dampened prices of the stock  
And "bully" Teddy Roosevelt came down to dig a lock

But Panama has never seen a moment quite so sweet  
As when some fifty Grovers showed up there for a retreat  
A bus load full of women came, with Susan at their helm,  
And managed to forever change the Panamanian realm

These type A powerhouse women couldn't wait to take control  
To challenge every issue, every policy and role  
The poor canal administrator [whom they all adored]

Was nearly brought to tears....they wanted women on his board?

And when they dined at Linkey's and met Panama's elite  
They were so busy giving out advice...they'd barely time to eat  
They traumatized their bus driver by changing plans each minute  
[These gals could commandeer a bus with Noriega in it]

They shopped with wild abandon, leaving cash where ere they went  
[The Mayor funded six new roads on just what Deborah spent]  
These crazed and frenzied spenders cleaned out all Reprosa's store  
And then returned post-Cuba...because Connie wanted MORE

And when they crossed the great canal, through Milles Flores lock  
They tossed out all decorum [and gave Panama a shock]  
As they faced the canal cameras, live on Internet TV  
Two wanton unnamed Grovers bared their breasts for all to see!

Alas, alack this rowdy group just never could stop talking  
They scared away all signs of life when they went out bird walking  
And those who trekked through rain forest deep on Colorado Isle  
Made so much noise they frightened all from frog to Crocodile

They turned Gamboa upside down, especially the bar  
Natica mixed the drinks [her rum and tonic's without par]  
Michelle took over 'booze control" and ordered triple rum  
"This stuff's been watered down" she screamed...so much for Brit aplomb

By day they spoke of issues, of technology and aging  
But when the music started they were women wild and raging  
They salsaed and they sambaed until all the band had dropped  
And then woke up the bar tender...these gals could not be stopped

But by the time the day arrived for them to all depart  
Each had emptied out her wallet...and had opened up her heart  
Sure they shared with the economy, but they shared more with each  
other They reached beyond the business cards to each sister, aunt, and  
mother

They offered homes for Grover's kids and jobs to give them starts  
They supported favored causes in both welfare and the arts  
They gave each other courage to embark on roads untraveled  
And provided hugs and shoulders for the lives that had unraveled

It's true they gave to Panama, helped its women and its banks  
But there's a bigger reason I'll forever owe them thanks  
This group that's called Belizian Grove, should be named "Begin Again"  
They changed my life...they'll change the world...and do it...WITHOUT MEN!