



2009
A PERU STATE OF MIND
Of Wisdom, Spirit, and Sisterhood
By Penny Peters

In ages past, the Incas blessed Peru's most sacred land
They worshiped gods of sun and moon, they knew life's secret plan
They built great temples clad in gold, they contemplated stars
They listened to the heavens, praising Venus... fearing Mars

Oh, we silly modern technocrats, we know it all of now
Do we really think we're smarter than the Inca's were somehow?
Do we believe the Internet is more powerful than Pacchu Mama?
Or that years of greed and planet rape can be righted by one Obama?

Not we Grovers, no, we've seen the light, we've opened up our eyes
And by listening to the Incan past, we all have grown quite wise
Peru has reached inside us all, and found our ancient spark
And pulled us into spiritual light, where once we walked in dark

Our conference theme brought Wisdom and new Spirit to each life
As our panels searched for answers to this age of global strife
Edie set the tone most brilliantly, saying big change is in store
That spirituality's on the rise, wisdom's counting for more and more

"Even without luggage, life goes on," ... yes, it's time to know what to shed
Some of us will turn into "globe-ins"owning a passport, but not our own bed
Ecotecture's the next new thing, working elders are on the rise
And twelve step programs for "techno-junkies" certainly won't surprise

Our spiritual panel, which Ivy launched in "a sea of warm gooey love,"
Found we all are "spiritual sojourners," with a life force that comes from above
Lorriane said to ponder our "netti-netti," the stripping away of exterior
And Dami showed even a termite has purpose...and is certainly not our inferior

And Patrician gave us the Daoist insight, and without even reading our faces
Reminded us our spiritual path will go on, with no heed for our low earthly places
We are heart, we are mind, we are spirit and soul, and we're even a part intuition
And we're vibrating beings, with "home frequencies" each... our own personal "spirit emission"

Yet while spirit we be, we live in a world with woes social... and finance despair
There's so much we can do to bring needy souls hope, to take action to show that we care
Zelma taught us with dolls and a little toy boat, what a difference a small loan can make
And how microfinance, with some love and healthcare, betters lives on a far Peru lake

Yet dire finance woes still resound 'cross the world, greed has driven us into depression

The outlook is bleak, so our bank experts say, this is worse than just one more recession
Theo told us that gold price would go through the roof, and that oil would drop down to twenty
And Cathy predicted it's time to "live light", [yes, go minimal... but act like you've plenty]

The judge said we each must have "passion for law" [beware as civil systems increase]
And Kalpania and Joan warned of unstable lands, China and India can't stay at peace
And the twenty first century's bio-diverse, eco-systems are getting quite chic
But if we don't watch out, and all stop eating meat, we'll run out of clean water next week

The world's running amok, and time's speeding up, but we Grovers don't fear that life's dire
For we know that the answer lies right in our hands, we are leaders who work to inspire
Inspirational leadership, that's tomorrow's real key, we can set the world right by believing
If we say "yes we can" and we don't give up hope, there is nothing beyond our achieving

And we proved this point well, when we opened our hearts [and our wallets, we Grovers can shop]
And with Melanie's urging, we bid up the price of our auction 'til we hit a new top
We bought each other's homes for an outlandish price [despite Cathy's groups' efforts to downplay]
"Oh that house is so small" or "the wine country's dry"they tried hard to keep bidders at bay

But our Melanie wouldn't let anyone stop, she drove Grovers to new bidding highs
And when you bid three grand for a week at a friend's, she would sell it twice [no big surprise]
She's our QVC queen, our "Saint Do I Hear More?" ... and with Mary Louis by her side
We raised near fifty thou' to help women in need... to build skills, education, and pride

And we welcomed our "newbies" in Grove boa style, introductions were six words or less
Like "when in doubt, board a plane" or "oops, suddenly grown -up" ... our terse intros were bound to impress

We had turkey imitations [thank you Mary Louise] and profound sayings that kept us inspired
But no intro did more to capture our hearts than, "Send help! Husband newly retired!"

Our Peruvian sisters made our visit complete, with their unending Lima hospitality
They embraced each of us like a dear long lost twin, they defined the term Grover Globality
From the bright bags we carried [made by rescued street girls] to our daily pisco sour Grove toasts
We absorbed Peru style, fell in love with the land, "muchas gracias" to our fabulous hosts

In very few hours, embraced Lima's ways, we toured, we shopped, and we dined
The food was amazing, the best in the world, and potatoes...we sampled EACH kind
We feasted 'neath ruins, where the spirits of old, shared our tables [though as orbs unseen]
Mama Mia showed up and brought down the house [could Ms Streep be our own "dancing dean?"]

And we gave out pink ribbons, instead of the blue, celebrating our sisters most dear
Who have bested disease, or are fighting it now, "Brava!" all who have fought through the fear
We are grateful for life, and together we vow, that we'll be there to help each preserve it
For adversity comes, but Grove spirit prevails, and we'll play on decades more... we deserve it!

For while wise and insightful, and masters of change, celebration is our middle name
And when it comes to parties, we really let loose [and poor Lima will not be the same]
For our closing night bash, was over the top, as we dressed as the spirits who call us
And the city stopped dead, as in costume attire, we "glittered" aboard our Grove bus

We had spirits of forest and earth and the sea, a true bio-diversity bouquet
And a "dolly and llama", Atlanta gold in reprise, and Totti's togas worn in every way
The Mardis Bras came, leading all in a prayer for scared shopping [a true Grove obsession]
And the Bhutanese swim team dropped in for a bit, and made an amazing confession

Machu Picchu, it seems, was once a great pool, that's where synchronized swimming began
When a young Incan goddess [with a purse on her head?] fell in and became "tres Bhutan"
She followed a frog, doing just what he did, synchronizing each kick and each trill
And "gross national happiness" took root on that day, [and our swim team continues it still]

But the highlight of all, was when Elvis [and twin], were kidnapped by some wild Incan maids
[Was that priest Judith Ayres? Henrietta in feathers? Was that Gaby in gold and in braids?]
And those Elvises morphed to our heroines two, into Edie and Susan [gone Incan]
And a tall tail was told, of the most ancient days...sacrifices [and an orgy-style "drink-in"]

Yes a virgin was found, to give up to the gods, and she looked so like Susan, we gasped
And the poetic tale that those "kidnappers" spun, was a laugh fest [that only they grasped]
What we "got" was that Susan and Edie are loved, by us all, in ways we can't express
For they founded our Grove, giving birth to our joy, and to nine years of Grove happiness

Once again, dearest Susan, we all are in your debt, for another great gathering of clan
Each retreat gets more perfect, we've out bested ourselves, you're the master of Grove social plan
Yes, we've now come of age, we've got spirits secure, we have knowledge and wisdom to share
And if something goes wrong, we just don't give a damn, we will fix it, or else...we won't care!

It's togetherness that makes our Grove wheels go 'round, it's our sisterhood that really counts
And just being together, is more than enough [that and pisco in generous amounts]
So we all join in saying, thanks for all that you do, it's a labor love...and we get it
And while Lima may now be long miles away, we're still dancing...we'll NEVER forget it!

Note:

So much to say, so many thoughts, and yet so little time
Please overlook the meter flawed, and my quite broken rhyme
This poem's meant to speak to heart, to help us all to savor
A special moment we all shared....so please, do me a favor

Ignore this verse's ragged form, look not at word or phrase
But concentrate on thinking back to our Peruvian days
Please hold dear every memory; recall what you think true
For poems are just to spark the thought...the rest is up to YOU!