

This is the year that the grannies did ride

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A tour to raise money
To stem the AIDS tide.

COVID-19 forced the format to alter
The riders' commitment
At no time did falter.

From Addis Ababa the women set out
To Cape Town they aimed
With never a doubt.

That the clicks they would count, day after
day
Would eventually mount
In a breath-taking way.

This tour did not happen by luck or by
magic
Changes were needed
Yet not seen as tragic.

A group of strong women took reign of the
tour
Opinions were many
Yet one thing was sure.

The work it got done, no job left to fester
No need to prod them
No need to pester.

The working group people worked, and
they toiled
With google an aid
Their efforts not foiled.

Riders were ordered to stand in or sit
Photos for viewing
On Facebook to fit.

The team leaders encouraged sending in
clicks
For mapping 'twas needed
A weekly map fix.

The riders they plodded to Cape Town's
seacoast
O'er hill and through valley
Their successes we toast.

Still, there are donors that we can't ignore
Their dollars keep coming
And coming and more!

In this year of COVID our goal we did set
We low balled; we raised it
And still it was met.

Yet the heroes in all this, the reason we ride
Are the grannies, the gogos
Who serve as our guide.

Their grandchildren's needs the gogos do
meet
From sunrise to sunset
On tired old feet.

So raise your arms women and stand up
with me
Our voices, our efforts
For all folks to see.

That we will not rest until they can all rest
That is our motto
And brings out our best

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