

# Beach Butlers, Dyson Dryers and a \$58 Lobster Roll: Inside My Girls' Trip to The Colony Hotel

PINK PARADISE MEETS PALM BEACH



BY SYDNEY MEISTER • PUBLISHED MAR 27, 2025

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COURTESY OF THE COLONY HOTEL

It had been ten years since I'd stepped foot in Palm Beach. My grandfather, who used to live five minutes from [The Colony Hotel](#), had long since relocated to South Carolina—and with him went our family's frequent visits. But when I heard that the hotel had been recently redesigned for its 75th anniversary, I knew I had to go back. The Colony isn't just iconic—it's a mood board, a feeling, a real-life [Slim Aarons](#) scene. And so, when their team graciously extended a stay for me and three friends ahead of a wedding weekend, I happily packed my [Béis duffel](#) and prepared to live out my childhood dreams. (Spoiler: It was better than 5-year-old me could've imagined.)

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## A Brief History of Its Iconic Interior

Let me be clear: this is not your standard coastal resort with a few wicker chairs and seashell prints. This is Palm Beach, and The Colony knows it. Since 1947, the hotel has embodied the town's layered glamour—from housing the likes of Judy Garland and Frank Sinatra to being the kind of place where interior design is part of the check-in experience.

After a multi-million-dollar renovation led by [Kemble Interiors](#), the guest rooms now feel like a hybrid of old-money heritage and [modern maximalism](#). There's nothing minimalist about them—and that's what makes them special. You're met with scalloped headboards wrapped in [Schumacher fabric](#), sea grape-patterned carpets (hand-painted by the founder's granddaughter), and rattan armoires by [Society Social](#) that look like they were plucked from an auction in Montecito.

To that end, each room follows a color story inspired by Palm Beach's flora and fauna. Ours leaned into a cool coastal palette—soft blues with white latticework trim and whimsical tassel details. The ceilings were either tented or raffia-wrapped, and the walls were punctuated with art from [Nick Mele](#) and [Chris Leidy](#) (the latter is Lilly Pulitzer's grandson, which basically sums up the vibe). Even the hallway to Swifty's—the in-house restaurant—features custom monkey wallpaper from [de Gournay](#), nodding to the architect Addison Mizner's pet spider monkey, Johnnie Brown. (More on him below)

All of this is to say that, as someone who's worked with numerous high-end interior designers, every piece felt bespoke but livable. It's maximalism with breathing room—Palm Beach heritage updated for a generation that knows the difference between Frette and Matouk. It's no wonder [they made the rooms shoppable](#)..

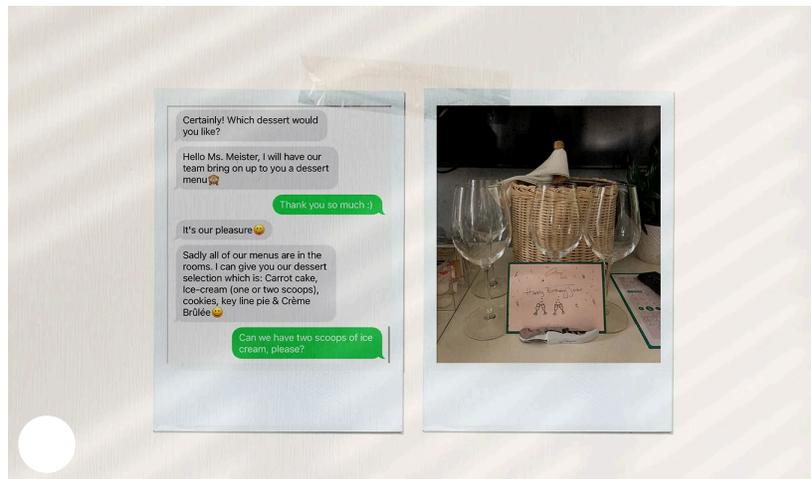


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## The Accommodations

We were given a double-bed suite with two queen beds, two bathrooms, and a shared living room with a pull-out couch—a layout that sounds practical but felt palatial. Picture: one friend curling her hair with the (provided) Dyson dryer while another pours sparkling water into crystal tumblers from the mini bar—a third lays flat on the Matouk-draped bed muttering, “I could live here.” The rooms come stocked with plush Matouk robes, Pink Paradise No. 155-scented toiletries (the brand’s custom scent) and two regular room cleanings. In fact, every evening, turndown service reset the vibe entirely—drawn shades, soft lighting and a Ladurée macaron placed on each pillow like a final flourish.

For context: we are in our twenties. We maxed out our credit cards on the flight there. And yet, we were made to feel like regulars who always book the penthouse suite. The Colony has a way of making even broke girls on a wedding trip feel like heiresses.



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## The Concierge (Johnnie Brown the Spider Monkey)

This section deserves its own award. At The Colony, the concierge is named Johnnie Brown—again the architect’s spider monkey—who has since become the emblem of our group chat. He functions like a personal assistant who’s fluent in both your allergies and your brunch cravings. It’s a text-based service, and within five minutes of check-in, I had his number saved for quite literally anything we needed.

Need extra towels? Done. Want to move your Swifty’s reservation from 8:30 to 7? Confirmed. Curious if they have a bottle of rosé on ice for your friend’s birthday? The answer is yes. One night, we asked if they had a dessert menu. Ten minutes later, scoops of strawberry and chocolate ice cream arrived on a dolly with a bow. At one point, I half-jokingly texted, “Is there any way to get an extra razor?” and four little razor packets with

complimentary shaving cream showed up with a handwritten note. The best part is that they also manage The Colony's complimentary shuttle service—meaning at any time, we could request a pink golf cart or a Volvo SUV to take us anywhere on the island within a two-mile radius. We used it for trips to the beach, dinner and to pick up an emergency bottle of Aloe Vera from Royal Poinciana Plaza after one of us underestimated the Florida sun.

It's not just the convenience—it's the tone. Each message felt like it was written by someone who not only got the memo, but was the memo. Spider Monkey didn't just assist our stay. It made it unforgettable.



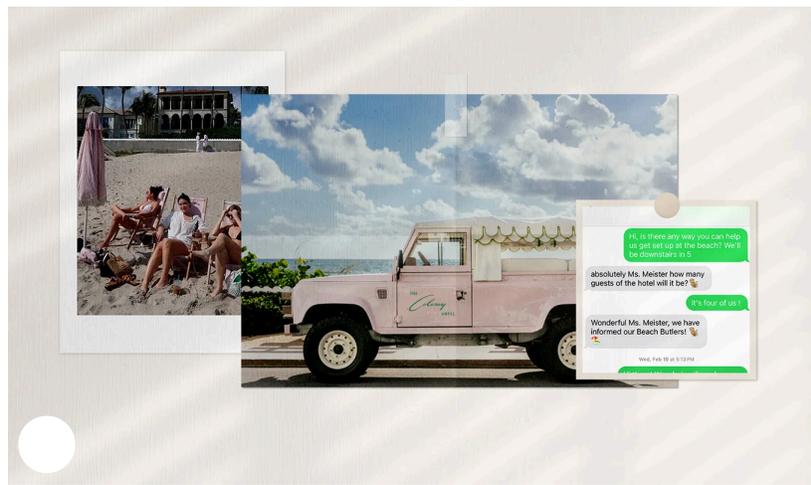
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## The Pool and Dining

Swifty's isn't just a hotel restaurant—it's the social nucleus of The Colony. But what makes it exceptional is that it somehow doesn't try too hard. It doesn't need to. Swifty's knows exactly what it is: part old-school Manhattan transplant, part poolside party, all Palm Beach magic.

In the mornings, we'd grab coffee and pastries from the adjacent Pink Paradise Café (the kind of grab-and-go that still involves Greek yogurt parfaits layered with honeycomb and glass-bottled cold brews). By noon, we were posted up at a poolside table under striped umbrellas, watching Dior-clad locals roll in for brunch, while a DJ played vinyl that somehow made us want to chill and party at the same time. The Cobb salad? Beyond. The \$58 lobster roll? Not overrated. And don't even get me started on the rosé goblets that magically stayed chilled, even in the Florida sun.

The pool itself is the heart of the property, and honestly, it felt more like a curated day club than a hotel amenity—in the best way. The loungers were plush and plentiful. The crowd was a mix of stylish grandmothers in straw hats, twenty-something friend groups, and small children floating by in neon flamingo tubes. And the staff? Knew our drink orders by day two. (Hi, Christian. We miss you.) And on that note: everything at the pool is serviced. You don't have to move unless you want to. One of my friends casually mentioned craving a smoothie, and three minutes later, a mango-pineapple situation arrived with a garnish that looked like it belonged on a yacht in Capri. You can order from the full Swifty's menu without ever leaving your lounge, and when the sun hits that late-afternoon golden hour, it's the kind of scene where you half-expect Slim Aarons himself to rise from the water and snap a photo.



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## The Beach Set-Up

Here's how it works: you basically text Johnnie the Spider Monkey and say, "Beach, please." Ten minutes later, a staff member in a pink golf cart picks you up. Then at the beach—just two minutes away—your setup is already waiting. Striped chairs, umbrellas, towels and a pink Yeti cooler stocked with sparkling water and soda. The beach butlers (yes, they have beach butlers) will take your lunch order from the Pink Paradise Café and deliver it right to your chaise. And while no alcohol is allowed on the public beach, we were too sun-drunk from the night before to care. The best part? When you're done, you don't have to fold anything. You just text "heading back," and your carriage arrives.

It's Palm Beach meets private island. And it beats dragging a tote and umbrella like a mortal.



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## The Final Takeaway

The Colony isn't just a hotel. It's a feeling. It's the scent of gardenia in the hallway, the sound of a DJ spinning at 1 p.m., the weight of a Ladurée macaron on your pillow and the kind of hyper-personal service that makes you believe in hospitality again. Design-wise, it's a masterclass. Service-wise, it's worth every penny.

Ten years after leaving Palm Beach, I returned not just for a girls trip—but for a reminder that luxury is personal, and the best hotels don't just impress you. They stay with you.