

Against All Odds



Avigdor Kahalani - Israeli tank ace

A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Against All Odds

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Holy Israel will always survive test of time,
Because its the city of prophecy sublime.
Known war upon wars to this very day,
When Jesus Christ tried hard to lead the way.
Reasons why they can never be at peace,
The fighting will never stop or cease,
Even though some countries will announce false lies,
His truth will reign from heavenly skies.
America is instigating war from the top,
Only our Holy Messiah can make it stop (Amen).*

*From someone who loves.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Dreams Can Come True!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Sorry friend, said I'd stop at ten books,
As this samurai pen appears to have mistook.*

*If you take on my 11th one,
Then light will appear under the sun.*

*I'll get it to behave at will,
Then my heart can seek rest until.
A country western singer I pray we know,
Maybe God willing to put on a show!*

*Its always been a dream of mine,
To sing and whistle within a rhyme.
Giving it my very best shot,
Who knows, I may be hot to trot.*

Thank you Jesus! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Why!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The common sense of it all fails me,
Don't go underground after earthquakes have been.
Know! Respect for earth, land and sea.
Is this why? Planes and ships go down.
A lovely day it is when you set out,
But are you prepared for the change about?
Sensing the presence of a man gone by,
We should be questioning the reasons why!
Some don't go near the bush when wet,
As others choose to forget and regret.
I've been there myself in the rain,
And God willing came home once again.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Swans and Fairies

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Children at play in a park, what a sight to see,
Or butterflies and birds in a leafy tree.
Ducks at play swimming around the lake,
Then maybe try your skill to skate.*

*Thinking of all the beauty we see.
Reminds me Swan Lake is coming to town,
What a treat, if I could get around.*

*Ballerinas gliding across a glossy floor,
Heads held high, poised,
Nothing but their best.
Is the price they pay to entertain,
Through world crises they remain the same.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Doctor Who!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is there a doctor in the house?
Good GPs today are few and far between,
Because of Pharmac's health systems and they scheme.
Now its Doctor Frankenstein or Jeckyll and Hyde,
When Jesus Christ can be their only guide.
Surgical procedures done years ago out the back now,
Its money, or your life and courage they lack.
Cheaper doctors visits, hospitals already in the red,
Small wonder you are kicked out of bed.
They talk of staff being heavily abused,
Yet! Patients in care also get used.*

*Check it out! I know!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

The Mind Machine!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The glass windows weep in the cold,
Yet it seems we get bolder when old.
A 93 year young mowing her lawns, working part time,
Then she brings back medals from overseas,
Doing her own will if you please.
Another dear soul in her eighties
Doing a paper run and still finding time to work,
Modern technology can't appear to motivate our young,
They talk of doing away with old age,
The writing on the wall is from another page.
Why should us oldies hang up our boots,
You go girls and don't give a hoot.*

*Jesus loves you!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Crying Heroes! Not Cowards.

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You're sweet sixteen and Uncle Sam knows,
Crikey he won't even let you grow.
Maybe by eighteen you will be dead.
Or shell-shocked shrapnel whizzing past the head.
Others displayed medals on their chest,
Then to be honoured America's best.
Boys unlike you never got to reach 21.
Playing with real guns was their fun.
Uncle Sam never showing them wrong from right,
As their screams echo through the night.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Dancing Moons!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Were you aware of more than one moon,
As a couple two moons dance around the heavens,
The American Indians would have known,
Navigating the stars was signs for them I'm sure.*

*Living humble lives until the cowboys came along,
As the American Indians saw the moons weep and dance
to a mournful song.
Think that is why today we see blood red moons painted o'er the sky,
As they look to their Creator for answers as to why.*

*A personal dedication to our Creator's universe.
From your child Gloria Jean.*

True Messiah - King!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Childlike prayers so easy to do!
Thank you God, for the food we eat,
Thank you God for the world so sweet,
Thank you God for the birds that sing,
Thank you God for everything. AMEN!*

*But now humankind after slipping into sin,
We have all woven a dark cobweb dim.
Yet Jesus Christ can lead us into light,
Into glorious sunshine out of deep darkest night.*

*How can such a Man do these things,
Reading the Bible has power over all kings.
My Creator is more than a mere man!
He rose from dead, can you do that?
Its impossible I hear you say out loud.
You know he told his prophets among the crowd*

*My Master saved my life nearly 5 times,
Miracles he does when you don't even know,
Pray to him because only He can show.
If you don't believe then its a choice,
Then fear is with you, upon his Voice.*

*Please take note! Take heed!
Someone who loves.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

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The Bridgeman Files

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I see myself as a writer of little books,
Dare you please just take a look.
Doing my best with the powers in mind,
Keeping faith and truth, without being unkind.*

*All systems today are corrupt as heck,
Why Jesus Christ keeps us in check.
Its your choice to believe or not,
Praying you decide before reaching your plot!*

*Never did get UE or School C.
School of hard knocks was for me!
Yet an education it was no doubt,
Vicious beatings as adult wore me out.
I'm thankful for all that happened to me,
Rose coloured glasses are now off you see.*

*From someone who cares.
Humanitarian Poetess!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Not Quitting Time!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My 10th booklet was going to be it,
But maybe it isn't my time to quit.
I'm no Agatha Christie or Danielle Steel,
My booklets are factual, that's real deal,
Yet I can't compare with these two ladies,
Mere writings are surely a little shady.
Romantic mysteries I'm sure they write about,
Whereas my facts intend to scream,
As blood, in innocence lost their dream.*

*Children used as chess like pawns to play,
By them never getting the time of day,
Lots of mums and dads going to work,
Financing a roof over their heads,
As the darlings are sound asleep in bed
Its mostly about greed, not need these days,
As the throw away society lost its way..*

*I do my best, that's all I can.
For the salvation of Christ's chosen plan.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Sirens A Ton!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You may ask what does this title mean?
Its sirens upon sirens in dream city Hamilton.*

*Watch out for your wheels park close within,
Otherwise a siren may take you out,
Or criminals lurking around town or about.
Roads are only for posh cars these days
Even though Road Rules stipulate 100kph.*

*It never ceases to amaze the childlike rules,
Our systems need overhaul from being so cruel.*

*But once again its money or your life
Pray soak up the hand you're dealt,
Because we need votes of youth you say,
Double standards rule incentives to go astray.*

*Poor common sense,
Murdered by thugs and crooks!
From someone who gives a darn.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Common Sense Thought!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What can I write about this day,
The DHB staff and lack of pay.
Only! 37 million dollars in the red,
Maybe a small fee for bed and board.
Should compensate for the never ending horde!*

*Smokers, drunks and violent addicts at line's end,
Could help the hospital going off deep end.
Folk having major heart surgery needing to smoke,
A waste of surgical procedure, what a joke.
My brother whose life was graciously spared
Off life support machine,
About 20 years later died of lung cancer,
Putting paid to his life's lonely dream.*

*If people can stop addictions before operation,
Then why not give surgeons full cooperation.*

*Food for thought!
, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Coloured Cloak!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Notice its not colours of coat, but cloak,
We weave these precious people within our soul,
Do problems stem when not painted white?
Brown, black, half caste or red,
Bones are all the same when dead!*

*Please don't be like Hitler's days gone by,
Or end up with mud in your eye.
Don't be like Israel, rough necked to the core,
Or the so named Whitehouse, Washington DC.*

*They certainly need the saviour's mercy and grace,
If they intend indeed to save their face.
Main cause of troubles in Middle East,
As military ammunition brings forth the beast!*

*I'll now put an end to this story,
By giving my Creator the never ending glory.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Prophetic Faith!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do you have faith like prophet Elijah's?
I would prayerfully love to think so,
Or our friend Daniel in the lion's den,
Never doubting his life on the menu for them.*

*One last move I intend to take,
But can't afford to make any mistake.
It will one of two places,
Because the country scene is truly me,
As I choose a closer walk with Thee!*

*Maybe by the end of the week
Time will finally answer my precious prayer.
And some human help must get me there.
I lost special friends in my life,
And have felt loneliness, torment and strife.
Family members also turned their back on me,
Whilst in their judgement seats they sat,
I forgave but it didn't mean a thing,
As always Jesus Christ's power and love means everything.*

*From your child.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Recycled Humankind!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*As the lyrics to a song say,
Good men are either gay, married or dead,
Where is the honest, reliable, steadfast, kind man.
The gladiator person with a will of steel,
A human male who can make woman feel real.
Next generation is robots, clones and hybrid cells.*

*Needing to take small steps into the past,
Learning from true, loving relationships nurtured to last.
So called folk violently beating on their spouse.
In our environmental whare, also known as house.
Teaching our whanau, children, all wrongs of life,
Keeping the faith and walk free from strife,
Giving thanks for blessings untold to Jesus Christ,
For creating the humble male to unfold.*

*Poetess of facts.
Sharp shooting from hip.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Hello Mr Mortensen!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Wow! what a talented man you are,
Poet, actor, producer, artist, musician.
But if you're not a Christian soul,
Then you may never reach the final goal.*

*Do you ever give thanks for the talent,
Its truly a miracle these gifts you have.
Now Viggo for you it was truly sad.
Having no doubt, fought off all wrongs,
Finding the genius within gave way to song.*

*I felt the need to write of you,
Humanitarian poetry I write and sing country too.
Cousin Don Selwyn was an actor as well,
Also he was talented , before his chiming bell.
Well that final curtain comes to us all,
Pray be ready Viggo, before his final call.*

*A personal tribute to Viggo Mortensen.
A green beret actor whom I admire very much.
Humanitarian writer.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Leadership Is Not Accountable!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Every time I think, can words come any more,
And try to close my writing door.
Then something springs from within me deep,
About lost innocence in wars of time,
By weeding out perpetrators for their crime.*

*Dare we give way to road toll deaths? No!
Concentrate please on victims of war,
And drugs, ammunition, coming into our coasts offshore.
Now how do I know this to be?
We haven't coast guard police you see,
At least not enough to do the job.
Our country's in debt up to its ears,
By weak prime ministers not doing their job,
Whilst taxpayers fall short of a few bob.
If only the leadership's that was willing,
Could put paid to these atrocity killings.*

*Gloria Bridgeman.
A humanitarian people's person.
By the grace of my God and Saviour*

The Last is First!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Telling my printer I would stop at 10,
But its the pen that doesn't know when.
Well, after 4 more poems that is it.
Before I end up in the punji pit.*

*You may think what does she mean?
It may sound easy writing the truth,
But there are those who dwell in lies,
As they cannot see beyond the skies.*

*Blessed be those that tell the truth,
My words are from the heart that's true,
As I try to convince every one of you,
Just open hearts and minds to find,
Your Lord of Hosts who will treat you kind.*

*I'm signing off now to get some tea,
Being aware of his love for thee!
Its easy as falling off a log,
To get to know my Saviour and God.*

*From someone who cares.
Faithfully Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

King Country Mongrel Mob!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*So they wear their patches in gang style fashion,
The minority of guys declaring their passion.
At least they talk straight, not with forked tongue.
Living in Hamilton you end up in dung..*

*Double standards right across the board,
Unless you grease up to the particular horde.
Never breaking the law but that doesn't gel,
Until I was blessed with Jesus Christ's chiming Bell.*

*Heading down south to make a new start,
Will sever the pain of an aching heart!*

*South of North Island!
Pissed off humanitarian poetess,
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*



Gloria Jean Bridgeman was born in Taumarunui on the main trunk line. She sees herself as a humanitarian poetess and a peace activist. She has four adult children: Steve, Shane, Paul and Charlene. She is a Christian who is called to help those in need. Her poems are about injustices to humanity and often have war and spiritual themes.

