

Au Revoir, Sayonara and Tutto Finito



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Graves that Bleed!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why! Jesus, please tell me reasons for Israel going so mad,
Blood in innocence every day; this has got to be tragically sad.*

*Never once did they obey your pending time,
They just went on about committing their crimes.
Nation's so stiff-necked when you taught us well,
Devil's work will send people straight to Hell.*

*They talk about IRA and Sinn Fein,
What of their Taliban and ISIS to blame.
America with the Freemasons and KKKs,
When we as nations should all be one,
It can't happen unless we remember Father and Son.*

*Even some Christians can't always get it right,
As they serve two masters in darkest night.
Bowing down to one while serving the other,
As prayers are sent on to Big Brother.*

*AI will rule for the time being,
But look out and beware.*

*Child of my Lord and Saviour.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Police!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is their job as easy as it seems?
Calling at your home with broken dreams.
The family torn apart with words of sadness,
Instead of your precious dreams of gladness.*

*They're not pleased with this kind of news,
When they put their lives on the line.
Look at things differently and you'll find,
Hearts to beat in their chest so kind.*

*Please give them a break and you'll see,
A different side to them will be.
They, like us, are humans and all,
And a uniform answered them to call.*

*A short, but to the point, dedication.
To them who promise to serve and protect.*

*From a caring human being.
Child of my God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Why!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why do they worship Sunday, I don't know,
The Pope stated its his way to go.
But my Jesus' fourth commandment states otherwise.
Whose word will you choose end of day,
King James version is my Jesus Christ way.*

*But you people are not trusting my Saviour,
With church on Sunday is the Pope's behaviour.
You have been very grossly deceived in time,
And this is nothing short of spiritual crime.*

*Yet its not too late to seek him,
And free you from this perpetual sin.
He is loving and forgiving I know,
If we but sow the seeds to grow.*

*Please don't forget the 4th Commandment.
Pray we adhere to the truth. AMEN.*

*Child of my Lord and Saviour.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Sunday Or Saturday!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'm not trying to judge your Sunday meetings,
But trying to share God's 4th Commandment greeting.
After all, its written in his Ten Commandments,
By the prophets of old, all gone before.*

*Why? Take my Saviour's word by turning it around,
Whilst leading the lost into murky ground.
Isn't my Jesus Christ the only true church,
Devil's nature leaves decent souls in the lurch.*

*Its not too late to seek repentance,
Than to be given a lifelong sentence.
He is gracious when you seek him out,
And his love takes thee off the roundabout.*

*A truly personal decision.
Pray you talk to my Jesus Christ on this matter!*

Child of my Jesus Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman!

Brothers And Sisters!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Christians should all be brothers and sisters alike,
And not choose to pedal another one's bike.
And keep God's Commandment and please only him,
If you choose to be free from sin.*

*I can't make it any more clear you see,
Than to please my heavenly, gracious, divine Three.
Bend your holy armour into shape this day,
As he will lead you on your way.*

*To a place where others will understand,
The truth about his creation and wonderful plan.
This power of trust will lead us home,
When lost in roaming Christ's bone on bone!*

*I'm trying my best to do what's right Heavenly Father!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Fractured Souls

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Will I write another one today, me thinks so,
When I have nowhere left to go.
My children have written me off for sure,
But must I really care for them anymore.*

*They appear to be my judge and jury,
I'm not needing their unforgiveness and childlike fury.
Their Dad is dead, I can't help that,
I to him was only a stepping doormat.*

*Women and racing cars, his only thing,
Nothing sacred about the unholy wedding ring.
I'm waiting on another pray fully blissful day,
When a lovely man will come my way.*

*Thanking you heavenly Father & Son!
Child of yours. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Modes of Transportation!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Car, bus, train, aeroplane, camel or van,
Maybe your poor baby in a flying pram.
Beam me up Scottie, next form of travel,
Leaves us poor humans shovelling all the gravel.*

*My dear mother believed your feet on ground,
Maybe a flying saucer never making a sound.
Helicopters that spin around in mid-air,
Crash proof planes, now that's something to fear.*

*Blast off rockets tied on the backs of men,
Did they ever fear the true lion's den.
David slew Goliath with one single shot,
From then until now it's gone to pot.*

*Robots, clones, drones, name it what you will,
As silent humanity will end up on pill.
The takeover is coming thick and fast,
But my sanctuary lies within loving grasp.*

Beware, hold fast, you're in for a rocky ride.

*Child of King of Kings, Lord of Lords.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Our God Given Lake!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Hamilton Lake is very beautiful to see,
A picnic with a chosen husband to be.
Our feathered friends swimming around this serene place,
Puts my heart in a very safe place.*

*Children having the time of their lives,
Happy and caring, loving husbands and wives.
A rug laid out with all kinds of food,
Puts me in a special, peaceful mood.*

*One day this summer, God willing for me,
A reward I may reap, nice to see.
Who knows, a wedding under the trees,
With a very gentle, soft and loving breeze.*

*The spectacular colours of my lovely wedding dress,
Will amaze even the best dressed guest.
My Beau will be chosen from my King,
As I wear with faith, my lovely ring.*

*Thanking you, God of faith, hope and glory.
Child of yours only, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Bid-Food or Barter

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*There is always a truck driving the road,
No doubt unloading his very heavy load.*

*Bid-Food is written on the side,
Got me thinking of our next swept tide.*

*On the back of my booklet years gone by,
I wrote about barter system; folk wondered why.
Will we be bidding for our everyday meal,
Or pray fully not to beg and steal.*

*The Barter Theory will work much better,
If you are prepared to give and take.
The governments already know what's at stake,
Don't vote for them; it's Jesus Christ now.*

*It was them who broke his loving vow,
There has been a movie named Soylent Green,
Things don't appear to be as they seem,
There is only one man to tend to your dream.*

*Thanking you my King of Kings and Lord of Lords.
Your child in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Prison Style Hotels

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Bacon and eggs for breakfast, what a deal,
Leaving mum and children hungry, how unreal.
They too do your sentence as well,
Begging the state puts them through their Hell.*

*A young delinquent not knowing what's in store,
Loses his innocence in the rapes for sure.
The Long Yard criminal has seen it all,
Beware young lad lest you fall.*

*Some guards will treat you with all respect,
Whilst others shall put a rope around neck.
This means they'll send you for a bruising,
When you felt you were only cruising.*

*But there are wardens who treat you fair,
As us wives and children really do care.
I know we travelled that lonely highway,
Which was not easy, doing it my way.*

*Thank you once again Jesus, as I do my very best.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Doctors and Nurses!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are you in for a game of chess,
Or nurses and doctors doing their best.
The government doesn't really care about these folk,
They're treated like some kind of sick joke.*

*Tossing finance around, left, right, to and fro,
As our hospitals never get a fair go.
The so-called Covid put them to test,
But what of the dying sent to rest.*

*Germ warfare is the title of this sin,
It's a moneymaking machine, like Benny Hinn.
So-called Christianity that can help our hospitals,
Small wonder our medical staff feel quite ill.*

*Millionaires could join these ranks in white,
They can get sick in deep, darkest night.
And what if their money all dries up,
As God takes savings away, filling the cup.*

*My friend Jesus knows the greedy,
From his loving needy.*

Child of my Lord. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Trees and Flowers!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They are such a beautiful sight to see,
Our Creator painted them for you and me.
Before his life was stolen away in pain,
Autumn leaves will always wash down the drain.*

*Notice their colours of bronze, burgundy and gold,
As they pay tribute to his patterns bold.
Now what of his flowering companion we see,
So many different varieties he chose for thee.*

*To name them all would take thyme,
As true beauty set to music will rhyme.
The colours of Christ's rainbow and much more,
These precious designs shall be his closing door.*

A wonderful thought! My Creator's artwork!

Jesus Christ's child only, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Little Voices!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Voices in innocence, echoes screaming o'er the breeze,
As some stiff-necked, so-called leaders,
Sip their blood-red wine with ease.
Napalm, nuclear, nitro mines to say the very least.*

*Do these inhumanes need to follow the nature of the beast.
What will happen when the gates of Hell do open.
Is it too late for mercy when our True Creator has spoken.*

*Twenty-six million on some stupid flag.
If other countries don't know who we are then it's no big deal.
Face this issue head on.
Its small voices of humanity, when they can't understand,
How Jesus Christ is ignored through his master plan.*

When will our governments pray wake up.

*From a human being who actually gives a darn!
Your child only my Saviour. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Strength Comes From God!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Does your strength come from working the gym?
Or Martial Arts club, but serve only Him.
The body looks fit but what of mind?
There is no other strength that's merciful and kind.*

*I love the arts and the Samurai Man,
But Christ's the supernatural power of hand.
Run, jog, swim and all you like,
Get prepared not to come off your bike.*

*Exercise really is the thing to do,
Even by putting on your best running shoes.
But don't try to compete with my Saviour,
Bare in mind to keep your best behaviour.*

*Christ is there waiting for you to ask,
If he has a calling, answering a better task.
Then please give your life solely to him,
As you sail the course free from sin!*

Thanks be to God. Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman!

Four Seasons!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are we not blest with all kinds of weather?
Even if its rain, hail or snow,
We are protected if in Christ we grow.*

*They say no two snowflakes are the same,
Its some of humanity that's gone insane.
This beauty has all been bestowed on us,
And yet we still kick up a fuss.*

*Yellow, white, blue and gold, from his fold.
His little birds know when to fly.
Each month goes into perfection by and by.*

*We too have a built-in time clock,
Only Jesus Christ knows when it will stop.
In the meantime give thanks you're alive,
As I too am happy I truly survived.*

*Thanking you God for saving my life more than once.
Your child true, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Au Revoir, Sayonara & Tutto Finito!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Eiffel Tower, a sight to behold,
Or Samurai Princess with heart of gold.
Lunar Rossi or fountains from Lovely Trieste.
Pray one day, Italy, I'll be its guest.*

*I finally made the grade in writing today,
Even though I don't collect a pay.
If it's helped some poor soul meeting God,
Then I'm pleased I never received a bob.*

*This is my final 29th little book,
Pray you took time to have a look.
I've written about everything you can think of,
And feel with Christ's help, a pretty good job.*

*Now my trusty pen can rest at last,
As I've written about the future and past.
Thanking you if you have heard of my writings,
And sometimes it's been really exciting.*

*Once again prayerfully thank you my only King.
Yours forever. Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

The Walking Things!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*These things were human beings one time,
But now they commit horrendous crimes.*

*Let out of prison to do just that,
Yet it is swept under the criminal mat.*

*Pleading insanity for their crime,
Means we don't have to do full time.*

*We hide behind the justice system,
Until our next kill, Wow, isn't this an easy thrill.*

*We can join our zombie type friends,
As robots and clones complete the trend.
Women and children are the weaker ones,
They do fear the only begotten Son.*

*The Devil will use them as long as it takes,
Then you and him will be burnt at the stake.*

*Now if your mind can think at all,
Then Jesus Christ awaits your long caring call.*

*This is a personal dedication to all murdered souls,
men, boys, women, girls and children.*

*From someone who cares!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Child of God.*

Who's Delinquent, Who's to Blame!

by Charles R. Swindoll

*We read it in the papers and hear it on the air,
Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere.
We sigh and we say, as we notice the trend,
This young generation, where will it end.
But can we be sure that it's their fault alone,
Are we less guilty who place in their way,
Too many things that lead them astray.*

*Too much money, too much idle time,
Too many movies of passion and crime.
Too many books not fit to be read,
Too much evil in what they hear said.
Too many children encouraged to roam,
Too many parents who won't stay home.*

*Kids don't make the movies, they don't write the books,
They don't paint the pictures of gangsters and crooks.
They don't make the liquor, they don't run the bars,
They don't make the laws and they don't make the cars.*

*Copied out of "Come Before Winter" by Mr Charles R. Swindoll.
Beautifully written. Thank you Mr C.R. Swindoll.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Three Poems Left! H.E.L.P.

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Father, Son and Holy Spirit, please help me.
I thought only two more was needed,
But got carried away as writing was seeded.*

*I need a miracle as I finish last ones,
Wings of a dove, from your Holy Son.
Now my confidence has come back,
It will support the courage that I lack.*

*I will bust my gut and find,
True worth in your grace so kind.
The other prose I'll write after tea,
And thanks for your help when needs be!*

*Short but to the point! From your precious child.
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.