

Beehive Jumpstart



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

A Eulogy About My Mother Ruby Parsons

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Ruby is a rare stone, blood red,
but Mum looked like a true diamond when dead.*

*Laying in her satin weaved casket of our Creator's wood,
I felt that our Mother was truly misunderstood.*

*By the ones that she held truly dear,
must have nestled in her a mysterious fear.*

*Not of a violent nature, please don't get me wrong,
but family arguments can sing a wrong song.*

*When a loved one is really truly unwell,
family can put that person through hell.*

*Its no good shedding tears after the horse has bolted the gate,
Pray others can realize the tension, before the closing of the gate.*

A heart felt truth

Let Jesus Christ Reign!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What is it of families that argue and fight,
when life is so precious and rare.
Are we not liking truths coming out,
that is why we scream and shout.*

*But then we try a different way,
to try and resolve it with care,
quiet words cut like a knife,
in this world of stress and strife.*

*But sometimes that too doesn't seem to mend,
and you feel driven around the bend.
But one good parent is so hard to find,
its the financial pressure that leads us blind,
when family members want one to do it all,
and that leadeth to the fall.*

*Please just take it back to Jesus Christ and let go, let God,
as in everything we do or say he carries upon his back our rod.
Nation is rising against nation, and family against family,
as is written in God's Holy Book,
if you but dare to look.
Turn on your light book of John,
and pray your troubles and sorrows shall all be gone.*

*Our Creator will help us all find his way,
as our footprints he walks in day after day.*

Gloria Bridgeman.

The Pain

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Lest we forget!. Year after year we say,
as another daunting message was received today.*

*Why the fighting to bring about peace,
when each walking wounded needs war to cease.*

*Yes! the 25/4 is a day to reflect I suppose,
as the U.N. and wars increasingly grow.*

*Mum kissed the children goodbye, and off they ran,
to the middle of the ocean or desert sand.*

*Never knowing if her young-uns will come back,
with the spring in their footsteps and a strategic backpack.*

*Left to do the chores all alone,
as dad's wounds prevent him going again.
Now his prides of joy must endure,
to honour his name and his suffering pain.*

*Someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

What Else Is New

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Spring animals being born in autumn,
the unicorn that was left out of the ark.
Why can't we all walk in the light
and never fear the dark?*

*Modified versions of things from the past,
at least they were designed to last.
Pots with rivets instead of ones with screws
that always need tightening.*

*Things that worked for years to come my friend,
not for the throwaway society because of some brand new trend.
But still we all knew this from the start,
yet the waste in our country would scorch the heart.*

*Easy come, easy go,
but if you don't need it pass it onto the bro',
or turn a dollar from another's greed
and pave the way for those in need.*

*An idea! From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Terrorists Kiwi Style

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have some New Zealanders already joined
the One New World Order!
When our highly trained troops fought across the border!
And still are.*

*It sorrows my soul in feeling what our country has become,
Joe Don Baker, American movie star,
stated we are like Texans from a tough breed.
But in some ways he's right, if one thinks the need,
is for greed, greed and more greed.*

*Taranaki hard core and home front, King's Country folk,
must be pondering this about the Long White Cloud joke.*

*Our native bird has no wings to fly,
does that mean we as true Kiwis should lay down and die!.*

*Please don't be like Israel, dividing God's Holy Land,
when Christ's commandment is to love your enemy brothers
and embrace Shalohm, not run for cover,
please learn from their mistakes and love one another!.*

*Shalohm alachem!
from Gloria Bridgeman.
Humanitarian Poetess.*

Friends Passing Through!

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Mark's mum died then my mum too,
Graeme Scanlan, Snow, threw his horseshoe,
now Don Farnham and Vicki's mum as well,
and Paula's father in law are waiting for the bell.*

*Uncle Keith went first then friend Jan,
after her mother and both brothers Henry and Abraham,
now don't that beat the band.*

*And I'm told in jest to come down to earth, like I've had life sweet,
and I try hard to give others a special treat.*

*Now my good mate Don Farnham whose ashes will fly
along with his spirit to our maker Jesus Christ,
who abides in the heavenly sky.*

*Miners plus Christians over the seas. Yes!
Aussie floods, beached mammals, birds dropping out of the blue,
could this all be a sign preparing believers to hold true.*

*Jesus is our salvation, take comfort in that thought Don,
and in his house are many mansions,
now you he created are gone, along with
Robert Toki, Ritchie Pickett, Paul Robinson.*

*PS. We all love you deeply my best mates,
as you enter his Pearly Gates.*

Honestly Don't Care

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please help me with an income or a good job of some sort.
C'mon now Brian Yeah! be a good sport*

*Did you get the message Brian after what you just read,
because the surgeon general at Waikato Hospital
nearly killed me stone dead.*

*Now once again I find I'm begging for rent,
when lying beneficiaries come to WINZ with criminal intent. .*

*ACC I lodged a claim, but they've never heard of me,
trying to claim me insane.
The last six months a very bad leg, which needed real in patient care,
but my GP did he bloody well care,
took my money with no thought for my true well being,
its now the full extent I am now seeing.*

*Injustice after injustice I have had done,
and working hard volunteering to help others, started out to be fun.
Taumarunui was good to me a few years before,
then bad family health knocked at my door,
coming back to Hamilton a giant mistake,
unless my turn for a miracle break.*

*Money, I don't really care one way or another,
when credit cards rule under the hand of Big Brother.*

WINZ Alcatraz for Fraudsters!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please WINZ don't persecute the honest
when you know who they are.
Hand outs for food,
now can refuel my BMW dude,
take a boat trip to Raglan hooked up to our 4x4,
then next week go knocking on the state's charitable door.*

*I've been on welfare for a number of reasons,
but I work voluntary from season to season,
but now it appears I'm being gruelled once again,
when I've helped others through trauma and pain.*

*Having had operations and disasters myself,
now have to go back to the drawing board shelf.
Give me a job and I'll work my fingers to the bone,
not sit on my backside beside the phone.*

*Or a rent free home in the country on a rural run,
standing at the gate, taking in the setting sun.*

*Next time you visit WINZ for a benefit in need,
make sure and get it right then its not used for greed.*

Politics and Peace!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Does Mr John Key have answers to the knock on the door
and you shall receive.*

*Or are the voters truly deceived,
Jesus holds the key to his kingdoms, in heaven and earth.
And he's needed us to follow him even from birth,
pray John your guidance comes from above,
and then you can lead in confidence, with true love.*

*Please don't just look after the rich, or fall into the trap
of those so called poor and greedy.*

*Get the uniform branch to weed out the system's users
and deal to the troublesome abusers.*

*Put electronics to work for the good of humanity,
doing away with all this insanity.*

*And peace of mind from criminals that think crime really does pay,
then pray give them food for thought to fulfil their day.*

*You must lead by example my friend
as your road will buckle and bend,
holding onto what is true, never let fear be your master,
as the government's ship stays afloat
with Jesus Christ steering the captaincy from disaster.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Humanity Not Numbers!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Another day of wondering about it all,
and which way my cards on the table will fall.
I need to find a job that will see me through,
not just a number on the scrap heap of human poo!*

*Talent and potential, is all that's left for me,
but in this Mickey Mouse world it isn't enough you see.*

Tim Robbins from script

*"I had to go to prison to become a crim" crook,
now that's saying something if we take time to look,*

*Victim's screams heard from the depths of the ground,
as money hungry lawyers throw their dollars around.*

*Plea bargaining some vicious killer's case,
then some Q.C. adds to the pace.*

*When the lifers are buried six feet in the dirt,
then some hot shot psychologist may throw in his shirt.*

*Small wonder the mental clinics are overrun,
when some patients go loopy with a gun.
Its named frustration when the system rules our fate,
then trust in Christ to wipe clean your slate.*

*Someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Accountability Big Time!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Our country's going down the tubes I fear,
with benefit fraud from those who don't care,
as white collar workers milk the cream of the crop,
blind justice to those who are honest and true,
as victims roam again like the wandering Jew.*

*They say honesty pays true to form in the end,
but not until prayerfully you don't go around the bend..*

*The system knows what it does to poor folk,
with the foot on the head routine and think its a joke.
They know idle hands create work of a different kind,
when the so called powers that be pretend to play blind.*

*I was always proud to be a Kiwi in our land of milk and honey,
now its dog eating dog to get that money.*

*High rolling ministers using godly parishioners
as they weep tears of joy,
to buy their bishops highly expensive toys.
But someday the sheep will be sorted from the goats,
and the real Christians who strived for the best,
found glory in winning God's test.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Be Counted For Good!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A late Mr John Kennedy quote:
"Ask not what your country can do for you.
Ask what you can do for your country!"*

*Folk think I'm slightly off beam but its coming from prophesy,
the Holy Book of John.*

*Where Christ's light will forever shine true,
for his gracious believers like me and you.
The Revelation days are upon us now
please be on your guard, don't slip and fall,
lest we miss our precious call.
About the 17th of April another red moon,
to respect his grace and honour our stand,
another sign written in Christ's loving hand.*

*Whales and dolphins washed up on shore,
as the deep six is too warm for them to bear,
and I truly care.*

*Birds dropping out of the blue, fishes falling from the sky,
do you ask yourself but why!
Signs and wonders Jesus Christ will perform,
in his calm before the storm.
Just please take refuge under his wings,
our Lord of Hosts our Spiritual King!*

*Thank you Jesus from your child.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Why!

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why! are children used as pawns in this game of life,
fathers and mothers hellbent in this domestic field of strife.
Mums fighting dads and vice versa for custodian visiting rights,
when pray can we sort it out without harmful, painful, tearfelt fights.*

*Our justice system, even though the husband or wife is dead,
need to take off their kid gloves in remembering murdered souls,
and change laws for harsh penalties for them that fit this dying role.*

*The blood of innocence bleeding in God's earth,
must awaken with screams, a change in government to rebirth.*

*How many more murdered children will it take?
Someone who cares deeply.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Power of One!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What does the poppy mean to you,
Yes! they gave of their lives for us.
But the King of the Jews did years ago
and he still remembers in disgust.*

*Honour and respect our fallen dead,
but God sacrificed his only begotten Son,
lest we forget the holy blood he shed.*

*And as Anzac Day draws closer now,
Jesus Christ never forgot his vow
to die on Calvary to set all humanity free.*

*Pray our vets never forget our Creator
saved their lives years ago,
instead of remembering medals they won.
Yes! Lest we forget, Jesus Christ was our Lord's only begotten Son.*

*Celebrate their day by wearing the poppy red flower,
pray never forget his blood dripped cross-brow,
and put on the armour of God in connecting with his power.*

*From a Christian who truly cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

D.J.P.A. Fitzgerald. Green Beret!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We have read of a soldier's story
and of loved family and friends left behind.
But my Lt Green Beret and I shared nightmares of a kind.*

*Post traumatic stress disorder they named it fairly well,
when you think of Agent Orange and its rainfall living hell.*

*Gallipoli is next to remember and decorate their chest,
they too fought in bloody trenches along with humanity's best.*

*But why all the fruit salad laced on their uniform,
to awaken the killing fields in the early wee hours of dawn.*

*Peace, not war, we scream to God's Israel,
Yet! it always falls on deaf ears and to no avail.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman 22/03/2015.



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.