

Broken Dreams



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Broken Dreams

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Troy, an inmate of Casuarina Maximum Security Prison Australia,
alongside his aborigine family and friends,
prayers to our Creator, Troy's dreams never end.*

*No doubt the toughest jail in the land,
whilst assistant superintendent Mr Bob Jennings beats the band.
His guards are not armed with any guns.*

*Yet tazers are used when prisoners get rough.
Talking is his therapy when times get tough.
He believes in listening to every man's story,
paving the way to payroll may be the glory.*

*Some folks needing the Saviour's love to repent,
as on wings of his dove, lovingly sent.*

*I dedicate this poem to Troy and some of his fellow inmates,
serving time in Casuarina Prison, Australia.
Thank you Jesus. God be with you Troy, child in Christ.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Fractured Citizens!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The late Richie Pickett stated suicide is an art form,
plus 50 million reasons folk get divorces,
and why he's dreaming of white horses.*

*Faith, hope, love, peace and harmony makes for a gracious life,
not being hell-bent on causing each other strife.
Violence can lead you up the wrong path,
read the Holy Word, its your Covid pass.*

*Don't put your lives in hands of man;
give it to Jesus who walked Galilean sands.*

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

Jesus Christ's Holy Fourth!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why are some Kiwis stiff-necked like Christ's Israel.
Christians going to church, Sunday morning, night.
The fourth commandment states keep Sabbath day holy.*

*Its Jesus Christ's created day of rest;
a female preacher stated that was Old Testament times.
Old, and New, prophetic writings are true faith sublime.*

*I stated in a couple of verses past,
has always appeared to be the Pope's forecast;
claiming to be one standing in the place of the Son of Man.
Christians believe in the true powers of Son,
then why deny the birth of the Holy One.
He holds us up in storms of life,
and we call him when its about strife.*

*Thank you my Jesus for befriending me.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Summer Rose!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A lovely female in the hospital bed,
the very nice husband is why they wed.
Life on a farm, hard work we know,
but this is how they prospered to grow.*

*Summer Rose was her name, given as child,
when she spoke it was meek and mild.
They sold the farm and bought a boat,
and their dreams of retirement can stay afloat.*

*She was in Braemar for maybe two nights,
and then her shoulder took off in flight.
Maybe one day, God willing, we'll meet again,
this time both of us free from pain.*

*A personal tribute to my hospital neighbour.
From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Kia Kaha!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What's left when all stops have been pulled,
and one is left feeling quite ill.*

*Then ask Jesus for the help you need,
and give thanks for our lives of greed.*

*Never begrudge the wealth of all other folk,
because spiritual wellbeing is not a joke.*

*Is there anything else you need to know;
just read the Holy Word to grow.*

*Give it all to Jesus and see results,
and free yourselves from these strange occults.*

*In the nearly seven months I've won,
through faith and victories of his begotten Son.
To overcome cancer and hip replacement too,
is survival of the fittest among us few.*

Means to be strong, prayerfully in our Creator.

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Is You In or Is You Out!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Prime Minister deals the hand that is rigged;
this game to them is just another gig.
Toying with the lives of the innocent people,
as they banquet up large in their steeple.*

*Uncle Sam's finger put you on the spot,
fighting for our freedom's now off you trot.
To be blasted by enemy shrapnel and all;
they celebrate their wrongs at the Prince's ball.*

*Luxon apparently is the man for the job;
when planes were grounded, no money for him.
Faith in the Motley Crue leads to sin,
unless truly working for our Lord and Saviour.
He must lead spiritually on his best behaviour.*

*My nineteenth book. AMEN!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Prophetic Friend!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Can you guess the name of my friend?
His power stays with you until the end.
Are you thinking of some person on Earth,
or our heavenly Father who chose to rebirth?*

*Strangers can be friends you don't know,
but like the weather they come and go.
This True Friend stays by his faithful believers,
and never gives way to all world deceivers.*

*The Beehive is there to lead by law,
yet its left the people feeling quite raw.
Voted in by folk who never knew them;
falling for promises, the governments outweigh them.*

Who has your vote? Jesus is the answer!

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Our Life Saver Jesus!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Its true we have our own life savers,
and believe me they do a good job.
They save from the depths of the sea.
The King reigns in all forms by degrees.*

*He will look after you, just ask him,
and worship him only, being free from sin.
Read Revelation to find its all there,
then ask Jesus, you need his loving care.*

*Check out the written word and read yourself,
through faith and prayer, I've done by myself.
The Master won't let you stumble and fall,
and he's just a prayer away to call.*

*Thank you my Saviour! Your child.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Sealed Fourth!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why go to church on a Sunday morning,
when the seventh day is in its dawning.*

*You are not pleasing our God at all;
in fact this is a manmade call.*

The Pope, to be correct, changed this day.

They profess to have the power his way.

*The Fourth Commandment, what does it read?
Obeying our heavenly Father and doing his deed.*

*The Pope claims he's the vicar on earth,
but my Jesus holds the key to rebirth.*

*Now my Master is the Saviour and King,
and his Fourth Commandment is a sealed thing.
Are you for Jesus Christ or the Pope - beware!.*

*A child of God.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Killer Named Covid!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some people survive the vaccine, whilst other folk don't.
There are them that say yes, and others won't.*

*Booster jab appears to be way to go,
but the deceit puts on quite a show.
The Creator gave you a brain to use,
so called powers treating you with abuse.*

*I've tried saying Jesus is the only way,
lest we forget our Lord and Saviour today.
Pray you read your bible and be told,
then you friend shall be panning for gold.*

*Please be on the alert for Jesus Christ's Second Coming. AMEN.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Stop Killing Cops!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why are people attacking the forces in blue?
Their job is to serve and protect you.
They're being blackmailed by this government as well.
You think this Covid affects only you.*

*They have family and friends that care too.
Why murder them while doing their job?
The aim is work to earn a bob.*

*Therefore don't judge a book by its cover.
Jesus and the force are like no other.
I know there are crooked cops who sin,
but time will put them in the bin.*

*Before you think of pulling that trigger,
basically our cops are true, blue riggers.*

*This is dedicated to our hard working blueblitz folk.
From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

The Holy Fourth!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*No, not America's fourth of July.
Jesus Christ's commandment, the fourth.
It is his Sabbath after all,
Lest we forget and choose to fall.*

*Sunday I believe is Pagan, as is Christmas Day.
Moses was handed the written word on stone,
true Christians bowing down to the Creator's throne.*

*Prayerfully I'm chosen in his flock this time,
as his multi-coloured rainbow is heavenly sublime.*

*Thank you Jesus for being my friend.
From your child Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Wolf Action Junkie!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My diamond in the rough, what of Dances with Wolves,
An S.A.S. man who gave his all,
helping his comrades in Israel lest they fall.*

*Units of Blood Brothers in the red,
fighting for freedoms, whilst others lay dead.
A rare wolf sniper doing his job;
striking you down in a fleeting second,
as bloody Uncle Sam to him beckoned.*

*War is raw and that's a fact;
humanity can't always tell where its at.
That's when my wolf friend steps in;
Jesus Christ's blood was shed for your sins.*

*America's red, white and blue for the yank;
oh no, not another sound of tank.
The time is nigh for my mate now,
as our Creator and Saviour we must bow.*

*Dear Creator Jesus Christ.
Pray look after my friend Amos-Kiwi-Kiwi.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Trouble Bubble!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Here we go again Mr. Terrorist Covid;
the reign of Hitler back once more.
Did his ghost swim off our shores?
White supremacists, Nazi style,
black lives mattered for a while.*

*Economy crushed into little bits,
whilst suicide is on top of list.
One way I guess to kill the population;
the vaccine acting faster than Hitler's Gestapo station.*

*Protest until blue in the face;
just be thankful and be led by grace.
History repeats, you may say that again;
seek out Jesus, staying clear from crimes insane.*

Please wake up and smell the flowers before its too late.

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Ups and Downs!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Up is up and down is down to grow.
Sometimes I feel like neither up or down.
Then pick up the Holy Word and sow;
now grass underfoot is ready to mow.*

*These are hard times; we must pull together,
with our Saviour's help, can calm the weather.
Out of hospital again, and he's guiding me,
to be the best that I can be.*

*Doing everything for myself with his helping hand;
its an honour being obedient to a Master grand.
Pray you know the Saviour as I do,
and he will always take care of you.*

*If in pain there is a way out.
Cry out to Jesus; he only can help.
I have three boxes of pills to eat,
but my Creator is my sweet loving treat.*

*Since being at home , have not taken any of these pills. AMEN.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Next Generation!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*There will never be another generation this time,
at least not the human point of view.
This third war, now to eliminate the few.
I'm blest to have Jesus on my side.
In our Saviour's true power we must abide.*

*The vaccine named booster is all very well;
no promises given now you're their working cell.
Its not the first time we have been hoodwinked.
What of the Y2K bugs false saga;
the Kiwis soaked that up with their lager.*

*They treat Aussies as our dumb mates,
but who's really left to close the gate.
Who has truly heard of a flightless bird;
yes that be us Kiwis, its totally absurd.*

*Put your faith and trust in a heavenly power, not mankind's.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Fall of Nations!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*China and America, the first nations to play.
Nation rising against nation; its in the Word.
Rising of the Phoenix, screams to be heard.
Now out of the depths of icy waters,
Russia has a giant plan of it's own.*

*They never appeared to flaunt their stuff,
but maybe can help when the going gets rough.
Pray for Australia in the line of fire,
this being dire straits out of the mire.*

*The arrogance of communism will fall deep down,
as my God can put them forever underground.
They fail to think of another superpower,
who's coming thief-like in his chosen hour.*

From humanity's Christian Poetess!

Deep Down!

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Who Pulls Your Strings?

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Jab's not followed through by underlining health problems.

*If you are issued with an exempt token,
and some places choose not to know you,
then at day's end you still feel broken.*

*They break the laws as they go along;
for you and me a prison term song.
We are the taxpayers for our legal rights;
guess who's feeling the pinch plus bites.*

*Its our so called Minister of Justice asleep;
can't he take this terrible atrocity to court?
But I guess his monopoly figures are bought.*

*Why are the police and minister of justice allowing these breaking
of laws to take place! Its beyond ME! My Personal opinion.
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.

