

Covid-19 Express Train



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Why! Kill a President!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They come and they go,
after putting on a show.*

*You vote them in, then want them out.
Never stooping to find what they're about.
Just taking the word all will be well,
until their final chiming bell.*

*We are mind controlled puppets on a string,
as unfortunate animals in a circus ring.
Change all that by becoming a true believer.
By not falling into the ranks of the Deceiver.
My King and President will reign forever true,
as his power and love will wrap around you.*

The Camouflaged Net!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The military have always used these nets,
and I'm not speaking of the web!
Why are us Christians using this site?
Apps, Facebook, Google and the like.
I'm on someone's web and that displeases me,
I needed my poetry looked at you see.*

*But it must be taken off right now,
and Jesus will answer his loving vow.
These things are the devil's deceitful way,
of tricking us slowly day after day.
What of things we've always done manually.
The old way is the best I believe,
then we won't be so easily deceived.
If a plane's computers lock down,
and drops altitude heading for the ground.
Then the pilot on manual chooses to fly,
saving precious lives in God created sky.*

Humanitarian Poetess, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

A Man Named Dave!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I've met a man, his name is Dave;
its been hard for him to really behave.
A real hangman I can tell he's been,
please don't judge a cover by what you've seen.*

*He's given his heart to the Lord now,
and not prepared for breaking the vow.
Mother said a leopard does not change its spots,
but his orders came directly from the top.*

*This guy is Naki hard core to the bone,
but he will meet Jesus Christ at the throne.
Who dares wins SAS do say,
as Dave survives to see another day.*

*Its been a pleasure to meet this soul,
and pray he meets his chosen goal.*

*From Humanitarian Poetess,
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
Someone who cares.*

Victims of Innocence

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you a loved one and tried hard to help,
a precious gem in the rough,
but no matter what you do its never enough.
Then its time for prayer, and Jesus to take over the reins,
as the pain is just a drain.*

*Worry and torment, an ulcerated thing,
then please pray it over to Christ the King. AMEN.*

*When my last minute things I do fetch,
its time to think of a breakaway sketch.
To Manurewa, a house-sit as family off to Australia,
as I pen about a hidden regalia.
The aprons of brotherhood to whom do they worship,
their Grand Master to say the least,
or the highly priced mark of the beast.*

*Just another disguise to flaw mankind,
as we true believers in our risen Lord,
don't be hoodwinked by this deceitful horde.
Anything in secret is not of Jesus Christ,
this is just a programmed heist.*

*Thank you Jesus for my son Stephen!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman..*

7th October!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Well here I am again 7th October,
praying for peace, and wars will cease,
and greed will soon be over!*

*The governments of the day shall slowly fade away,
as the reign of Jesus Christ will be here to stay.*

*But for now give thanks for the basics of life,
and the terror of surviving everyday strife.
Hell is a state of mind if we let it rule,
Yet! it can be conquered by positive fuel.*

*Churches are buildings where we give praise and sing,
but the Rock of Salvation , my foundation stone,
Jesus Christ, not some layout made of wood,
the purest of white, with crown and sphere,
with his hand-picked chosen delivered in prayer.*

Spirit filled poem by Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

RSA!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I am now an official member of Taumarunui R.S.A.
I'm a writer of humanitarian poetry,
of loved veterans passed away.*

*A little booklet titled Brothers in Blood!
done by a friend named John Bisset,
to remind everyone Lest-We-Forget.*

*At least five other booklets I've penned,
about prophet Daniel in the Lion's Den,
Punji-Pits, Trenches and Foxholes,
tell their stories of the Brave and Bold.*

*War is raw and that's the truth,
and if you're blest, come home to roost.
My mother carried me during Second World War,
and my eldest son born during the Vietnam Tour.*

*My daughter born on Anzac Day,
as nightmares spurred me on my way.
Whatever coloured beret you wore,
I salute the person within today,
as true blessings call each to pray.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Funeral Plan!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*There was a man named Bridgeman who worked in the bush,
from the town of Taumarunui, now that sounds right.
Did he engage my mother one cold dark night?*

*His given name Malcolm I believe.
An older brother I had by the same name.
Medically murdered with no blame,
Skeletons in family closets are not all that rare,
but dare we seek them out or leave them at peaceful rest,
Jesus our saviour can uncover this hidden treasure chest.*

*Be careful who you take on to raise as your own.
They truly may be thankful and grow up right,
or pull the plug and end a life,
getting a few grand each from a funeral plan.
That's what they thought my brother worth,
money to line their greedy purse!*

*Not a bad attempt!
Humanitarian Poetess.
Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

In My Blood!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Writing is in my blood it seems,
for want of a fulfilling dream.
I love to sing Country and Western as well,
Now a tune I need to ring my bell.
Lyrics are no problem for me,
I wrote 8 songs in 2½ days you see.*

*Taumarunui Bulletin or Mr Buckley's Brother,
Maybe when I show them my credentials,
they will see my potential.
Or our local RSA,
maybe they can pave the way!*

*Others I have tried to help but to no avail.
They abuse my kindness, to say the least.
Or end up, well you know where,
Her Majesty's Royal Jail.*

*But never fear, not all is lost,
as Jesus Christ rows my boat.
I refuse to sink, never to judge,
as loving outstretched hands keep me afloat!*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman!
Three poems today!*

!

Tablets of Gold!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*When I see the birds strutting their stuff,
I remember men in trenches, doing it rough.
When I see leaves falling to the ground,
they whisper another soul has been shot down!
And when I hear the guns to salute,
I dread the thought of more to recruit.
When I know money can make all peace,
stop the killing fields for torture to cease.
And when I hear countries with nuclear disaster,
then praise God for my blessings from my Master.
And when I think of prophets of old,
reminds me of Moses with tablets of gold.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.
Child of God,
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Toxic Military Green!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you seen the shades of green,
50 or more different colours it seems.
Small wonder the military use it their way,
the camouflaged truths of war to stay.
War is money; innocence in blood is lost,
when Jesus Christ is our Creator and Boss!
Leaders of today stuck up their tree,
ignoring God and King of Israel's plea.
We train SAS and our elite forces,
whose pockets they fill to be off guard.
Training them for their long, hard yard.
The proof is in the pudding you know,
yet terrorists' forces recruit large numbers to grow!
The conspiracy theory if the answer is no, or maybe yes!
Then why don't military personnel conjure up the rain
to dampen down the heavy duty fires in Australia,
as folks are being burnt alive.
Or don't you fruit salad guys give a damn!
Elimination of population maybe!*

*Now bonny Prince Harry!
Done away with royal duties.
The Prince and wife going it alone!
Out of their protective nest,
nice one Harry!
Mind of your own, not being controlled!*

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

Please Take A Chance On Me!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Country living is the place to be,
farm or bush can not stop me.
Trying my hands at this or that,
I'm not yet ready to be swept under the mat.*

*Carpentry course is what I wanted to do,
but metrics, feet and yards I couldn't get through.
The manual side of it all, like tools and timber, I could adjust,
but the above I know is a real must.*

*Poetry and music is the way to go.
Pray God willing he can help me to succeed,
if others work in and forget just their greed.*

*Sometimes I feel I'm all written out,
then an inspired thought catches me out.
I've penned a lot about autumn since yesterday,
but unfortunately it doesn't bring home pay.*

*Yet folk like James K. Baxter, Sam Hunt and the rest;
poems no better than my own are put to the test.
Twenty odd years of writing may be published when I'm dead,
preferably when I'm alive they will be read.*

*Maybe King Country or Taranaki will see my potential,
even though if you know me you would see the credential.
Now if you love poetry, please take a chance on me,
and a lot will be better off you see.*

*I've done seven poems in two days!
Humanitarian Poetess!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Waka of Reasoning!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I believed the school bus was children's transport,
are these poor souls bullet proof or something!*

They're not needing to wear masks they say.

If Covid is spread it will wash away.

*This whole debacle doesn't hold up any more,
and our Waka of Reasoning has slipped offshore.*

*Two plus two equalled four when I schooled;
now we are being abused as government's tool.*

*This perpetual Covid is set in motion,
but I will hold faith full to Jesus Christ's devotion.*

If I cannot do great things, I can do small things in a great way.

Thank you my Creator and King for everything. AMEN.

Your loving child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Ruling Elitists' Governments!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Vote them in to pick fights and scrap!
Never really serving the people where its at.
They have a hidden agenda, not for us.
That's why you must choose a spiritual leader,
The only One Universal Kingdom you can trust!
Its named a Paradise inheritance given to us,
by my Creator and Saviour with everlasting trust.*

*If you seek the truth now you'll find,
the only Holy Messiah will treat you kind.*

*But if this message is not for you,
then governmental lies will do, what they do!*

*And I truly feel sorry for you. Please don't ignore red alert signs.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

One World Deceit!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*New World Order or One World Order!
One World Government is where it will be,
with all bad leaders for us to see.
Why the poor Kennedy brothers had to go;
they're needing puppet leaders to run the show.*

*Strings being pulled from the very top,
using mankind as fodder for their crop.
But trusting in Jesus Christ will withstand all,
as One World Authority shall crash and fall.*

*For those who don't trust Jesus Christ now,
must suffer consequences when we all bow,
to our King of kings and great Master,
who controls everything to lead us from disaster!*

A genuine, sincere plea to humanity from Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Covid-19 Express Train!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*All those with Covid-19 tickets are stamped;
sorry to all who feel a little bit cramped.
You should have cooperated as you were told.
I know of a lady held for 14 days,
being in isolation as she went astray.*

*She went to get her vapour incense stuff,
and now she's doing like prison time,
the penalty for her not listening crime.
Even though there was no contact at all;
the victim of her own demise and fall.*

*Whilst their power games they do flaunt,
Hitler's ghost trains once again, home to haunt.
Cast your votes for Jesus and see results,
and shake off these bad and evil occults.*

*Red Alert! Please catch the Jesus Train.
As you are warned nicely once again.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Child of God.*

Lest We Forget Again!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why is China treating nations so bad,
when we have given them the trade.
Their country is part of the One World Order.
Mind control is communism at its best,
try then putting our leaders to the test.*

*Are we also having the one child rule,
if full term abortion is taught in school.
Correct me if wrong but that's legalised murder!
There are veterans in rest homes you know,
and military don't give a darn,
when Uncle Sam chooses to spin his yarn.
Even our elite forces are ignored today,
yet this red, white and blue creep,
will jump to attention and ready to leap!*

*Don't let these women politicians rule the roost,
when they know already they've cooked their goose.
Choose a real man to govern Kiwi Land,
and together united we can all stand.*

AMEN!.

*From a caring, loving humanitarian.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Manipulation of Covid!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The second wave of Covid-19; it never left.
Governments are putting people through the communist test!
Some politicians in countries are wearing the mask,
whilst others willie nillie go about their secret tasks.
Maybe a big smokescreen for what's to come.
Let's join united as Christians to become one.
Michael Savage, Big Norman Kirk, Mike Moore,
doing their best before their boats sailed offshore.
Folk like us are puppets playing by rules,
as they profit riding a train of mules.
National, Labour, both as bad as each other,
working together as they please their Big Brother.*

*A Christian friend trying to unite all churches as one,
to conquer, strength in numbers. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Evil Covid!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We have known about eight months of this,
W.H.O. knew a few months before us.
They chose not to inform countries at hand,
until the ticking time bombs dropped on land!
What else are they covering up this way,
the taxpayers have their rights to know,
as tents go up for the universal show.
We talk of days gone by of old,
some prophets were worth their tenths of gold.
Never ceases to amaze, ignorance of us all,
as lambs to the slaughter we could fall.
Unless we listen for Jesus Christ's trumpet call!*

Loving child in Jesus Christ! Carer of humanity. Gloria Bridgeman.

Terrorist Named Covid-19!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*It can now befall your precious pets,
as if the human toll wasn't enough.
The survival kicks in when going gets tough.
Red alert for wandering cats and dogs,
whilst the so called powers play leap frog.*

*Where are our knights of the round table,
fighting for justice and accountability, while able.
Cats and dogs sense the open air,
as they go about their everyday play.
Try telling them "not today mate, its risky",
especially if its time and they're rather frisky.*

*Talk about the Diary of Anne Frank,
its all too real this mind game prank.
Whilst their power games they do flaunt,
Hitler's ghost comes home to haunt!*

*Jesus Christ needs you, and if you're honest, we need him.
Please don't delay, time waits for no man!.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Breaking News on Covid Treaty!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Its mandatory to wear masks on public transport.

Yet our school bus children don't need masks.

No seatbelts in school transport either.

*The Kura bus has crashed in the past,
as children clamber together without facial masks.*

Is seating 2 metres apart from each other?

The young ones don't always keep seated.

Is this another tragedy to be repeated?

Drivers know they don't always do as asked;

now they're set an even dangerous task!

They may even get it from their pet,

then both need a visit to the vet.

Why not mandatory for our young ones.

Precious little ones get illnesses, same as us,

then fasten, and mask, to catch that bus!

I really do care, its called Love.

A humanity's person! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Waves of Clusters!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*One minute tides in next tide's out,
some folk needing to scream and shout.
Whilst others, we are thankful for being alive,
never giving a thought to an ongoing tide.
When the taxpayer's votes are cast,
are we given a fair chance to ask?*

*Pharmac and World Health Organisation are rich enough,
can't they band together when going gets tough?
Or are they out to bleed us all,
now when is the cure for cancer call?
By TV hosting a Medathon once a year,
we reap the rewards with joyous cheer.*

*When will we be told the whole truth and nothing but the truth.
A caring soul toward humanity! 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.

