

# Fairies and Elves



A collection of poems by  
**Gloria Jean Bridgeman**

# Girls on Swings

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The trees stand so tall and grand,  
As waves curl softly upon white sands,  
And flowers gently dance in the wind,  
When the children hop on the roundabout spin.*

*Girl on the swing is about to sing,  
Then she is kidnapped against her will.  
Now if alive, maybe is on the pill.  
When I listen to church bells ring,  
I'll think of lost girl on a swing.*

*Children are vulnerable at all playground parks.  
Please keep watch on them, days and dark.  
Parents of old treated children just like gold.  
Teach them now to do what they're told.*

*Please look after these kidnapped children.  
Thank you, Jesus Christ, Amen!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Maybe Tomorrow!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Now the 29<sup>th</sup> has arrived you see,  
Another blessed day for us to be,  
Cool, calm, collected and in full control,  
Lest we be struck off the electoral roll.*

*But Jesus is the role model I've found,  
With my feet firmly placed upon his ground.  
He will get my vote every time in prayer,  
As Christ being my Guardian chose to care.*

*Whilst others were finger pointing and judging me,  
My Saviour never cast any stones at all.  
We've all fallen short of his Glory Call.  
Take up the cross and head for hills,  
Or end instead on the mental health pill.*

*Child of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Russia Versus Ukraine!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why all the fighting over God created land.  
Vladimir Putin, haven't you heard how to debate.  
Power and money won't open the Lord's gate.  
Chernobyl and Hiroshima taught you guys nothing at all,  
except to disrupt the Saviour's trumpet call.*

*Vladimir, haven't you read the Ten Commandment law.  
Please don't send more soldiers off to war.  
Unite together the love of all men.  
Help your Ukrainian brothers to a better end.  
If you think you're cream of the crop,  
Then Putin's harvest may come to a deadly stop.*

*I thought you a better leader of people,  
If only one steps down from his steeple.  
And gives way to the King of Kings,  
By climbing down off his aerial swing.*

*Thanking you Jesus, for helping me. AMEN.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Spoken Voice!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Does one sit back and not say anything,  
Or forever wear our Saviour's eternal ring!  
Things must be said in times of trial,  
Then take a deep breath and rest a while.*

*I feel rewarded in doing such a thing,  
As I step into that vicious circus ring.  
There are those who complain, not doing nothing.  
Their attitude being I'm all right you see.  
It will come around like stings of bee.*

*Stand up, be counted if you have a voice.  
Lay down and die or make a choice.  
I protest every time I desire to write,  
Whether it be morning, noon, or night.*

*You won't be popular at all you know,  
It doesn't need to be a standing show.  
Just be truthful in all you do,  
Where there can be no comeback on you.*

*P/s I just do the best I can,  
To help and give justice to my fellow man.*

*Thank you, Jesus, Child of God.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Another Day, Another Way!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you really decided which way to go,  
After Abraham's seed you're already planted to grow.  
But as humans we appear to know best,  
The Saviour already has put us to test.*

*Yet! On our merry way we all go.  
Its like living in a theatre movie show.  
When all the time he's looking from above,  
Sending pure sweet love on wings of dove.*

*Our Heavenly Father has patience beyond our expectations,  
That has followed through from generation to generation.  
Then why don't we just cut some slack,  
And bow down and worship, never looking back.*

*Thanking you my Saviour, your child in Christ.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## The Gambler Within!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are you a gambling man or lady?  
By now I feel you're a little shady.  
You preach the word with your mouth,  
Then the body sways north and south.*

*Is it like eating the cake and all,  
Not even thinking of the rise and fall.  
A win here and a loss there,  
Forgetting our Lord and Saviour you fear.*

*The Begotten Son is one and temptation another.  
We must look out for our bleeding brother or sister.  
If you claim to be of the cloth,  
Then please be wary of our Creator's wrath.*

*Pray he can come to grips with this.  
Jesus knows this man!  
Thanks, and praise be to God. AMEN!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Violence Okay, No Way!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Were you on the receiving end today,  
And had just cause to go astray.  
By someone who really is a control freak.  
You always have to turn the other cheek.*

*I'm sorry, I'm sorry, what for I don't know.  
This can easily stunt your growth to grow!  
Trying hard not to let past creep in,  
As family member is not kicking the sin!*

*His mindset thoughts not doing him any good,  
But the power of positive prayer would.  
Then faith can make a breakthrough now,  
As thoughts will be under spirit-filled vow.*

*This is a personal dedication to all who suffer from PTSD.  
From a caring soul. Thank you, my Saviour.  
Your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# Rip Curl

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A true surfer's real dream of delight,  
They can only experience when in true flight.  
Surf, sand, and sea entwine them together,  
Binding oncoming storms to future weather.*

*We can learn a lesson from such folk,  
And not treat the professionals as a joke.  
I've always admired these dedicated women and men,  
A bit like prophet Daniel in Lion's Den.*

*Government, take a leaf out of their book,  
And ask them how its strategically done,  
I'd say by the Creator of the ocean,  
Then politics could set its engines in motion.*

*Jacinda, be a Rip Curl planning lady.  
Blending the truth from the shady.*

*Be positive like our Rip Curl Family.  
Thanking you Lord.  
Child of God, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Healed Hearts, Broken Minds

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*It is after all a heart matter,  
No requirements needed to decorate your platter.  
Just take it from your heart in care,  
As Jesus Christ can repair minds from fear.*

*Burdens can be left at our Maker's Cross.  
After all he is our Saviour and Boss.  
Don't toss and turn in bed at night,  
Lest you wake up in tearful fright.*

*If you try and solve problems by yourself,  
You'll feel like a rag doll on the shelf.  
If at first you don't appear to succeed,  
Maybe it's the selfish self and mind's greed.*

*Then please learn from your past of old,  
And generate power within our Lord's perpetual gold.*

*Thanks once again my friend Jesus.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Foundation Stone!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*When building your next project becomes a foundation groan,  
Then remember your Creator as Foundation Stone.*

*Your project then will withstand the strain,  
Without the blueprints going down the drain.*

*Time and money will be well spent,  
As the architect within it desires to rent.  
New projects today are dark and sad,  
When you the designer should feel glad.*

*Stone and wood, together a good combination,  
Making all harvests good for the nation.  
Where we can all prosper at end of day,  
By Jesus Christ being our only supernatural way.*

*Foundation stone, cornerstone – the one and only stone,  
Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. AMEN.*

*Your child Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Down But Not Out!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Pull yourself up by your bootstraps,  
Because within yourself you have set a trap.  
And if you are not wanting to fall  
Then we best be ready for his call.*

*I've prayed that things will start to happen,  
Even it may mean to untie your wrapping.  
Thinking you're finished, nothing else can be done,  
Then leave it up to Father and Son.*

*Help, please help, is all I can say,  
As my King will pave a beautiful way.  
Then and only then a task in place,  
Will be set to go with his Saving Grace!*

*I give my life over to you,  
Then Jesus do, what you must do. AMEN.  
I'm feeling tired and worn out. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.!*

## Dixie – Pixie - Trixie!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are three helpful little garden fairies,  
They flutter around where we can't see.  
But I felt one sat upon my knee.*

*You have heard of Peter Pan and Wendy,  
Yet my little friends are really quite trendy.  
They wear every colour of our Creator's rainbow,  
Believe me, they put on quite a show.*

*Dixie thinks she is the only one,  
In their garden having all the fun.  
But Pixie knows that is not true,  
When all of a sudden out of the blue.*

*Comes Trixie, the littlest of them all,  
Who has organised a colourful, flowery Spring Ball.  
Invitations been sent to little elfin friends,  
Bringing lanterns and food to meet the trends.*

*Fun time for our imaginary friends, an idea!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# One Funeral! Many Lives!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Pay your respects but be watching at all times,  
For the hidden elements, then comes the crime.  
Many deaths occur putting loved one to test.  
Please be on guard for the final test.*

*Faith test is what I'm meaning you see,  
As we take a closer walk with thee.  
Jesus Christ will answer any of your prayers,  
Believe, and trust he is always there.*

*Its hard holding onto someone you can't see,  
The Saviour will never leave or forsake thee.  
Proof is there, just read the Holy Book,  
And that for me was all it took.*

*There will be a precious place in time,  
Please go away and be a true believer,  
Not giving way to any fake deceiver.  
Take all sadness to Foot of the Cross,  
In the end, he is truly our Boss!*

*Please be with those who are in bereavement God!  
Thanking you, your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Fairies and Elves!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Ball is truly underway now,  
As a fairy and elf make a vow.  
To get married at this special event,  
One fairy has organised a very large tent.*

*A Ball has become a special wedding day.  
They bow down in thanks to pray.  
For the beauty that befits all things,  
Now words that bind together on dove's wings.*

*Home is a castle of leaves and flowers,  
Where they can spend happy, endless hours,  
And plan perhaps a little family together,  
That will surpass all kinds of weather.*

*An idea, a thought of fantasy from my factual truth writings.  
Praise be to God!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Jesus Way! Or The Highway.

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We do have a choice you know,  
Standing in awe as Christ's light shines forever.  
He is the Helmsman in all kinds of weather.  
Just obey him as he's always in control,  
As the Saviour is on my Electoral Roll.*

*Ask the redemption riders about their lost highway,  
And they should say the way is up,  
The reward will be filling the Holy Cup.*

*These men know the road they're riding now,  
As their prayers were answered through a loving vow.  
Bikers are not all known as gang related,  
This theory by now should be all outdated.*

*And just because bikie's patches are worn,  
As they are misguided badly bled and torn.  
What gives us the right to judge them,  
When they've screamed out for that Lion's Den!*

*A personal dedication to all Highway Bikers or Bikies.  
From someone who cares. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# Fish Bowl, & Birdie Story!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'm a little fishy in a Goldfish Bowl.  
I'm a little fishy and think I'm quite a Dishy.  
I'm a fishy in a Goldfish Bowl.*

*I'm a little birdie way up in a tree,  
I'm a little bird as you can plainly see.  
I'm a little bird and I whistle all the day.  
I'm a birdie way up in a tree.*

*I'm a fish, oh what a dish, I'm a cute little fish you see,  
I'm a bird you've never heard a birdie just as sweet as me.  
Tweet-Tweet. Tweet-Tweet.*

*An idea from my mother, Late Ruby Parsons nee Elliot.  
With all my love! Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## The Ash Grove!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Down under green valley, where streamlets meander,  
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart.  
Around us for gladness, ye bluebells were ringing,  
Twas then little thought I how soon we must part.*

*With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden.  
Again I go yearning in search of my love.  
Echoes pray tell me where art thou sweet maiden.  
She sleeps neath the green grass down by the ash grove.*

*Author unknown. A gift of words from high school.  
From Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Mind or Time

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Yeah we all like to use our minds,  
Thinking the way for survival each day,  
When our Creator is truly the only way.  
Our minds are a very complex machine,  
But oil it with the Holy Word supreme.*

*I truly felt all written out and tired,  
Then my Lord cleared my head and rewired.  
Now the words are flowing once again,  
Can now feel free from all the pain.*

*People try hard to slap your face.  
They don't know the power of Holy Grace!  
Judging before they even know you,  
Can come soaring right out of the blue.*

*I'm a child of my loyal God,  
He sacrificed his Son to carry my rod.  
Then please think again before you leap,  
I was one chosen from his lost sheep!*

*Thanking you, my Creator.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!  
Child of God!*



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.

