

From the Fringes



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Debt Free Peace!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Just when you thought you're rid of me,
I need to write another booklet you see.
Maybe some Kiwis haven't caught on yet,
About the state of play and hopeless debt.*

*If you can't afford the real good stuff,
Second-hand will see you through the rough.
I'm off to the supermarket this very day,
My 'not in debt' wardrobe paves the way.*

*Its nice to look one's very best,
When our charitable shops are put to test.
The big spenders have checked these places out.
People aware of our economic fall-out.*

*The saying "money never grew on trees",
Then be very thankful and aim to please.
Just set aside enough for a treat,
And then rest peaceable on easy street.*

*An inspired thought.
Thank you, my Saviour and Friend!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Forgotten Wars!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Lest we all forget the wars gone by,
They have taken on pie in the sky.
I can't go to the dawn parades anymore,
Myself feeling like a real hypocrite for sure.*

*People fighting over the God created land,
Sure as hell to me, beats the band.
What did K.E.V.S. really give their lives for?
Not to have politicians fighting behind Green Door.*

*If you are single, then maybe go fight,
Don't leave father and children in darkest night.
Or loving grandparents doing your job,
Getting arse shot off for a few bob.*

*Does these scenes make you an Amazon Queen.
Do you feel like Rambo when you roam?
Knowing your God-given place is at home!
The male made different to fill his role,
That's why fractured families are up the pole.*

*PS. The truth is just that, nothing less.
Thank you my Lord and Saviour.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Watchtower Meerkat!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My 25th booklet, I must see it through,
To please the minds of me and you.
I am a true writer, heavy at heart,
To judge others is not my part.*

*Telling it as I know it to be,
Does not always sit at ease with me.
Taking into account what we must do,
Walking in the shoes of the Fisherman True!*

*I'm not judging but trying to make known,
That Abraham's seed is truly full grown.
God's little creatures know that time is near,
When we as humans need only to fear.*

*Our Creator who gave us all free will,
Like these little Meerkats who stand still.
Looking left to right for signs of him,
Seek him out being free from all sin.*

*Thanking you, my Jesus Christ.
Saviour of all men, especially those who believe.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

White Collar Justice!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are you a Freemason going to court,
At school, pupils were there to be taught.
You say to claim a Brotherhood of Men,
But aren't afraid of the true Lion's Den.*

*You serve the Master of a different kind,
That in itself makes you very spiritually blind.
In court representing white collar crooks,
True justice being misled by your bloody books.*

*When others who don't fit into your schemes,
Are sadly misplaced and lose their dreams,
Small wonder our suicide rate is up,
As you drink from your deadly cup.*

*Even the Grand Master of Cambridge is dead,
I feel truly sorry he made his bed.
My Heavenly Master, I've put faith in him,
And prayerfully that keeps me away from sin!*

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

Treasures Unlimited!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I have an appetite trying to get going,
Not for food, but words I'm sincerely sowing.
Thought I'd try writing another little book,
But its not as easy as it looks.*

*You sink or swim; it's up to you,
But help pray comes out of the blue.
My friend may do this one last favour.
Reaping our benefits, we must savour.*

*It's been a pleasure in so many ways,
As I seek the courage for each day.
Some of you won't even agree with me,
And that's your opinion only you can see.*

*I am a child of my Father God,
Who never wearies carrying his child's rod.
That's how I know I'm truly blest,
My name is locked in his treasure chest!*

*Child of Jesus Christ – Thanking you.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

New Jacinda Returns

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Loving one's freedom of being able to write,
A beautiful feeling when I get it right.
Especially when having quiet days to myself,
Then everything inside me, falls off my shelf.*

*Jacinda Ardern, you are a very privileged lady,
Therefore, don't rely on those who are shady.
Check with your loving Creator before decision making,
Providing the billions for only the genuine taking.*

*Don't give way to the Hitlers of yesterday,
Put your best foot forward earning your pay.
Sending rockets up into space goes against grace,
You don't need to compete with other nations,
Whilst their countries are only surviving mere rations.*

*Just be the leader you're chosen to be,
The love was there when you were voted,
Step up notches and don't be demoted.*

Child of God! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Sharing is Caring!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Testimonies shared is the right thing to do,
Before you let go of your shoe.
By listening to someone else's traumatic story,
It may steer the way to your glory.*

*I've heard stories that can shake the earth,
That's why our Jesus was given from birth.
But the stubborn don't really want to know,
And its why they will never truly grow.*

*You have heard the saying "Rain, rain go away",
"Leave me alone, come again some other day".
We need this water, to flourish and bloom,
And its quite refreshing, from my lounge room.*

*The singer, actor Gene Kelly danced to rain,
And you would welcome it in outback of Australia.
And to our Aussie brothers it's a regalia.
Turn to Christ, he will keep your weather dry,
By helping your trials through a lens filled sky!*

*Thanking you my King and Saviour.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Blest Country Living!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*As an adult I've never been on a picnic,
This must go on my list of things,
I can eat, drink, be merry and sing.*

*Or visit a beach on a moonlit night,
Where my heart is free in full flight.
Taking a walk along a sandy beach,
But for the time being, out of reach.*

*Maybe the sideshow at Claudeland's Event,
Where fellow Hamiltonians will pitch their tent.
Ferris wheel I went on as a child,
But today's prices are really out of style.*

*It's the economy and prices out of reach,
Where I must settle for my lonely beach.
But would dearly love leaving this city,
With all its sadness, grief and pity.*

*Thanking you Heavenly Father,
For seeing I can go country.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Pensive Mood!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Looking out my window I can see,
Lovely trees of green, standing very majestically.
But in the winter they look so bare,
As I sat in my chair, to stare.*

*Heaphy Terrace is a very busy place,
You must be in a state of grace.
To plan and write what I must say,
I must be alert each and every day.*

*When I have finished writing my little book,
Then must take a good, long look.
For my next venture that I must do,
To follow the road, to see me through.*

*I pray God will help me to find,
His love I need and peace of mind.
And my son will find a place to stay,
Where he can settle in his own way.*

*Thanking you my loving King!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Knitting Hands

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Your knitting hands never seem to quit,
Pearl one, plain one, that's how you knit.
And after this 24th booklet is written,
I'll dearly love to resume my knitting.*

*My bag of wool was stolen from me,
When I was learning to knit you see.
Knitting is like ploughing a field I guess,
Make one mistake and oh, what a mess.*

*The harvester and needles will click together,
And both will perform in all kinds of weather.
Men and women can knit side by side.
If you pray and ask Jesus to intervene,
Then your garment shall become a knitter's dream.*

*Thanking you Jesus Christ for everything!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Five - Maidens and Out

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Thank you Jesus for your help in every way,
To see this challenge through we have done,
Giving credit to my heavenly Father and Son.*

*Never thinking this booklet could be done,
Tuning the Revs and praying this last one.
If only people will follow our Maker,
Before his closing gate meets the undertaker.*

*Five more left to write, that's all,
Then I can relax until my next call.
Which may be a move to country living,
Where I can enjoy the pleasures of giving.*

*I've tried to be there for everyone,
Now my time has come for some fun.
The Lord's King Country, my place to be,
As he walks and talks in loving me.*

*Please Jesus, give me solitude to write five more.
Thank you.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
This was to be the last poem for the day!*

United Nations Family

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Presidents and Prime Ministers come and go,
The one to put on quite a show,
Was the red, white and blue striped man.
Not Uncle Sam but the Trump of course,
As he always put cart before the horse.*

*But I guess he had America in mind,
If only he sought the Lord in kind.
China and America, the world's only superpowers,
They know of the Illuminati and Satanic rule,
But have they investigated Jesus Christ's loving tool.*

*I really don't like the way he smirks,
It makes him look like a real jerk.
Power and money always go to their head,
When they could be a good leader instead.*

*And the ruler of China longs for peace,
When his artillery never appears to cease!
Each nation trying to outdo each other,
When we are all one sister and brother!*

*AMEN! AMEN!
God the Father and his only begotten Son!
Child of God, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Wesley Methodist Lunch!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Weds is a very special day for me,
Friendly faces and food with nice cup of tea.
Then off to John's for tea and cake,
As we never really get there too late.*

*He is truly my real Christian brother,
As he stands alone, quite like no other.
Giving his heart to God many years ago,
With hospitality he puts on quite a show.*

*Others are in his house as well,
Speaking of mysteries and the Bible to tell.
This man a talented musician you see,
As his focus is on pleasing thee.*

*Three more poems I have left to write,
But it surely won't be this very night.
My pen can wait for another day,
As its off to bed, and to pray.*

*Please help me tomorrow my Lord!
As I'm getting out of steam.*

*Your created child!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Humble Camel

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*As I was traveling the other day,
This sign my eyes read to say.
Kebab Camel on the menu, I was upset,
Arab's mode of transport we should never forget.*

*To respect this humble creature from my God,
The three wise men came on camel train,
As Virgin Mary delivered our Jesus in pain.
Camels with their heavy load of treasure trove.*

*I've never ever been to an Arabian city,
This lovely creature known as Lords of Desert.
How could we be so ignorant as to forget,
This holy place from whence my Saviour came.*

*Traveling desert camel train o're the horizon,
A sight to behold, of this I'm sure.
Please just leave them holy and pure.
For the next generation of Israeli folk,
And believe my writings are never a joke.*

*Thanking Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour.
From your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Gloria's Wonderland!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You have no doubt heard of Alice's Wonderland,
Did you ever read Gloria's little booklets grand.*

*I was lacking courage, the Lion never had,
And understood the feeling of the Tinman sad.
Whilst the stuffing in me was needing some love.*

*One more poem and I'm all written out,
But I don't desire to scream or shout.
A holiday would be nice for a while,
Maybe some respite in the lodge with style.*

*The lyrics I wrote were always the truth,
Even about violence and all abuse.
Having happy times in my field of writing,
With words that played on things exciting.*

*Through the window I see my bird friends,
As mirrors of my soul never end.
I guess its time for me to eat,
As my last prose I believe a treat.*

*Thanking you once again dear God.
Child in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Almighty God or Man!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Needing to write about only peace and love,
I guess I was inspired by a gentle dove.
God on high's true message of hope,
Not the one that's named the Pope.*

*We can be deceived one way or another,
But Jesus was birthed from his virgin mother.
And yet some still refuse to believe,
Then comes the time for one to grieve.*

*If only these so-called people in power,
Making the Lord of Host's every full hour.
Back in days, never listened to him,
Making his creation being led into all sin.*

*Prophets in time tried to tell us so,
Us humans thought we knew ways to go.
If only we had listened to God's voice,
Of the freedoms he gave we had choice!*

*Thanking Jesus, I've tried my best.
Now John can print the Booklet 25!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Germ Warfare – Murders, Suicides!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Mother with baby jumped in front of train,
Did anyone understand the extent of her pain.
A truly beautiful Wahine murdered in her flat,
And a truly beautiful, young, teenage girl,
As her life is brought to an end,
By some form of creature or freaky fiend.*

*Spare the rod and spoil the child,
That is the reason why they're growing wild.
If only we all took notice of the book,
The Holy Bible needs us only to look.*

*Failures as parents is not always the child's fault,
Maybe too they were victims of severe assault.
It shouldn't give them the right to wrong.
The only way out is by looking above,
And being assured of his trust and love.*

*Under your own steam it can't be done,
It must take faith in the Heavenly Father's Son.
Only then can you put thigs at rest,
As God opens his loving Treasure Chest.*

*Thank you very much my personal Saviour.
Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Fractured Minds, Fractured Souls.

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is this the failing of fractured families scenario,
As loving parent, we are put to test,
But its hard living up against this request.
Trying to keep my own mind at peace,
I just pray it will soon cease.*

*Coming from violence of my past,
I've needed to be very strong to last.
The Government is put there for other things,
This matter is priority for my King of Kings.
I believe trusting in him will be true,
As my eyes look yonder into the blue.*

*Thank you my True Friend.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Truthful Leader!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Leaders come and leaders go, putting on a show,
But a true leader never forsakes his people,
When he's eyeing them from above his steeple.
This man can be trusted to lead from within,
Guarding you safely, never to sin.*

*Cast your votes on a man named Jesus,
As he does whatever he pleases.
And he won't write you off when down,
His hands will gently pull you from ground.
He has always been a loving Father to me,
True comfort when no one else seems to care,
Then I pray and he's always there!*

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.

