

Gloria's 22nd



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

The N.Z. Killing Fields

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I personally understood a life for a life,
Killers causing victims double amounts of strife.
Ladies and children waiting and sometimes men too.
The public feel lost as to what to do.*

*Justice in our country; there's no such thing.
Beware of your judge wearing a freemason ring!
They really do just look after their own.
Pray to King Jesus on his Holy Throne.*

*Dare not take the law into your hand,
if you prefer to take a deadly stand.
Our uniformed blue don't know what to do,
as they too get murdered doing the job.
Protect and serve for a few stately bob.*

*Humanity's Poetess!
God be with New Zealand.*

Badge of Ten!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Hospitals are built for our very sick folk,
rehab and counsel those drug addicts and drunks.*

*Pray their doctors pull out all stops,
and work together with our Community Cops.*

The flu and covid won't get sorted out.

This virus is the same in many ways.

*Wear your mask, keep your distance and pray,
and God willing live to see another day.*

*Washing of hands, the smart thing to do,
as this germ warfare may not go away.*

Whilst military and governments are here to stay.

Don't be stiff-necked like our Israelite brothers.

Wear the badge of ten and help one another.

Please look out for one another!

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

A Pocket Full of Friends

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do your prize friends live in your purse?
And are they expecting to be wet nursed?
Your true loyal friends should give and take;
only then will you know a true mate.*

*When chips are down they are there for you,
but today it's a different point of view.
I'm all right is the attitude of today,
yet we believers see it another way.*

*I have a real true friend and Saviour,
who looks for my worst and best behaviour.
He will never let me down in need;
Jesus is the Sower, and I the seed.*

*Thank you Jesus Christ for helping me!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman, child in Christ.*

Never Look Back!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My Jay-Force friend gave me a poster,
and it read, "Heading West, never look back".*

*The stagecoach in the days of wild,
travelling this way, for man, woman and child.
Prayerfully an arrow missed your lovely head,
giving thanks to God, you weren't dead.*

*Then the Pony Express killed riders at will.
Some reckless Indians loved the thrill to kill.
The Postal Service came knocking at your door,
now email, Facebook, net and offshore.*

Short but to the point! An idea!

What Shall I Write?

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Butterflies and flowers to swoon away the hours,
or Governmental think tanks in their Faulty Towers.*

*Camelias growing in a bush of pink,
and on such a beautiful day like this,
mindful thoughts appear to go on the blink.*

*I've got my thinking cap back on again,
and can't even dare to think of pain.
The rains have gone and I'm sitting inside,
safe in knowing I have a Personal Guide.*

Has anybody ever read my little wee books?

This is my challenge; you take a look.

*Number 22 I pray is on its way,
As my pen's at rest for another day.*

*Humanitarian Poetess!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Saviour's Gold!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Sky is partial blue, but rain is coming.
Yet the rain too is just like sunning.
It helps to fertilise the hard, dry ground.
Sun and rain together filter when moving around.*

*If I chance to dream of a scene,
a lighthouse beaming o'er the Seven Seas,
North, South, East, West, a hidden treasure chest.
Pirates of ancient times never found the site.*

*But true believers which I shan't name,
searched and found the one true claim.
It was in print, for all to read.
Read the Holy Book and don't be deceived.*

*The Bible plus findings. AMEN!.
Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

When Jesus Wept!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

When Jesus Christ wept it was for all mankind.

God had motives for each one of us.

And as he was hanging, never caused fuss.

Now his weeping willow knows the old story,

and how he became the King of Glory.

If you think you don't need him around,

to put your feet safely back on ground,

then you'll regret it the rest of your life,

and keep putting up with unholy strife.

If we take time to reflect and think,

as we close our eyes, unable to blink.

About the crown of thorns upon his head,

never given glory to our Holy Risen Dead!

AMEN to our Heavenly Father!

Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Desert Train!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*If someone asks you about the desert train,
It's the Arab Camel, he's really quite insane.
Walking the long, never-ending flow of sand,
upon reaching his destination, an Oasis grand.*

*But was God given to the Arab Land,
to fulfil his duties to a Loyal Master.
He weathers all storms and rides the disaster.
One day I may get to ride along,
with friendly Arab worshipping my Lord in song.*

*Maybe this event one day will come true,
and the Camel, I will name him Blue.
He is a treasure to Israel, Holy.
Your train can be relied on completely, solely.*

*The Gracious Camel. Arab's mode of transport.
Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Star of David!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Mata-Riki this, and Matariki that it's the Creation Map.

Jesus Christ rules the stars in heaven.

They are not our domain to rule and reign.

Focus on things that matter to us most;

the stars belong to our Holy Host.

*Put your best foot forward, wiping the slate clean,
and follow your dream, making you humbly supreme.*

*If the travel takes you far and wide,
then pray take Jesus as your friendly guide.*

*Matariki has been around since time began;
now try thinking of helping your fellow man.
If you feel needs to worship and Advent,
turn to Heavenly Father, his begotten Son sent!*

*My humble Jesus Christ's star!
Your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Why?

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why do we have folks begging on streets?
This day and age its hurtful to see.
Is it because they're wasting their money?
or maybe need education to spend it right?
Could they be mistreated by society's plight?*

*I've stated on Community Radio 98 Free FM until face blue,
how the professionals can go about this wrong.
Its as easy as falling off a log,
but they would rather wallow in the bog.*

*After ten more poems, put pen at rest,
as I've tried to write my very best.
Not a highly educated soul by any means,
but see the injustice to some individual dreams.*

*My mind boggles as to why! All the bull?
Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Lilac Rose!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The rose I'm speaking of was my mum.
We went to bed when day was done.
And maybe she read a wee small story,
about the roads leading to our Heavenly Glory.*

*The Bible, and desire of ages was there,
and the Forlongs Family took us in pray.
These were the days of our Taumarunui growing,
as the seeds of life, they were sowing.*

*Now mother has gone many a year;
Jesus Christ now my Saviour, nothing to fear.
Mum was a wife, mother, and a nurse,
and my family needed to put her first.*

*But as children, sometimes never thought of this,
to hold and give her a gentle kiss.
Now its too late, the door is closed,
as we are left to wonder and presuppose.*

*Thanking you my Saviour and Friend!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Your child alone!*

The Faith of Elijah!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We as Christians should all have this faith,
Then can anticipate in a state of grace.
It's a God-given means to follow through,
these Jesus Christ's given gifts to us few.*

*Don't only pray for your loved family ones,
but those less fortunate from Empire of Sun.
Or our fellow brothers in the Ukraine,
against these dictators who have lost the plot,
never ever being satisfied with what they've got.*

*War is money; that's it in a nutshell.
We won't be able to buy and sell.
Now one of my booklets is to barter,
and that will rule out the Magna Carta.*

*Thank you Jesus once again. From your child!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Booklet 22 For 2022!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*John may do another little booklet for me,
and I will be most thankful you see.
This is a very special year I know,
my need to move, therefore, to grow.*

*I really have appreciated my friend John;
writings are my trial, but he works on.
Now I have three more poems to write.
Maybe Sunday or Monday will be the time,
When my pen will put rhythm to rhyme.*

*My friend with cancer rang me today.
He's so much better now he's moved away.
Bryce King is the name of my friend,
and my cancer Jesus holds until the end!*

*From your child!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Miss!*

The Sabbath Rest!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*So many false teachings are on every Sunday.
But the Fourth Commandment clearly states the Saturday.
Do you listen to men and the Pope?
This has to be a very sick joke.*

*Sabbath is a sealed document written by God.
Yet the Catholic Church changed it all around.
And Sunday took place and swept the ground.
This man claims to be a Righteous Vicar.*

*Bibles clearly state not to change his word.
To add or take away is really absurd.
Don't tempt the God that created us all,
lest we be the ones to stumble and fall.*

Thanking you, my Jesus! Your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Redemption Riders!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*These riders found Jesus and that is good,
but maybe before they belonged to the Hood.*

*You could be asked, do you believe?
If sitting on the fence, you'll be deceived.*

*I would love to meet a Redemption Rider.
There are probably some ex-veterans among them,
Who have crawled back out of their Punji Den.*

*These guys have been there, done that;
thoughts of Jesus Christ on the motorbikes sat.*

*Now their work is only for him,
as he has kept them free from sin.
We have all fallen short of Glories of God;
Christ always was there to hold our rod!*

*Praise be to my Lord and Saviour.
Child in Jesus Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Arabian Knight!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*He sits o'er the Desert Sands and reads,
how to go about his dutiful deeds.
I have a Calendar Picture of him,
As he is resting, firm, slim and trim.*

*There is a gentleness about my Calendar Man,
as his carpet is the Golden Sands.
Israel, one day I would love to go,
and find the seeds Abraham had to sow.*

*In God's Holy Land, what have they done?
Ignoring the powers of his only Begotten Son.
This man's mission is to reach the people,
to educate the lost and fallen ones,
and remind them of the Saviour as Son.*

*Good night. Pray Jesus Christ be with you all. AMEN!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Men's Affairs Matter!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Go on you real men, take the reins,
then only true women can walk beside them.
Amazon Queens, and perverts will choose their way,
and gay was happy, one sunny day.*

*Then the world went insane, after devil came,
And brought about sin, and who's to blame?
Preachers and Pastors and People of the cloth;
they never once thought of God's Holy Wrath.*

*Choosing the human race and not the Saviour.
Tempting us all into our undesirable behaviour.
Its not too late to turn or burn.
I'll leave it up to you to discern.*

*Thanking you my Jesus Christ.
Your child. Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Number Five, The Beehive!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Well, these are the governments of the day,
paving the way for the blissful, thank you pay.
Some things we would love them to do.
They may not always appear to follow through.*

*I'm elderly and alive, without their vaccine;
your body, God's Temple, is his Glory Supreme. AMEN!
Use your head, not giving in to such demands,
by reading his Word and obeying Christ's commands.*

*There are mind games they like to play,
Yet! challenge the rights of what to say.
Some freedoms are still available to us now.
Pray don't lose rights to Saviour's loving vow!*

*That's it. I quit writing my little booklets!
I pray you learnt answers from Christ's Holy Word, the Holy Bible.
Miss 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.

