

Glorias Ronan



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Beyond Me War!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Benjamin Hitler Netanyahu,
For the want of a killer's namesake.
Him and Joe Biden really take the cake.*

*To desecrate Christ's Holy Land is not done,
Once again crucifying the Father and Son.
You were chosen to lead Israel in love,
Denying the baptism from his Holy Dove.*

*I'm sure you have heard of Nuremberg trials,
When your prodigy came to a sticky end,
You too are following the very same trend.*

*A nice man I thought you to begin,
But you were led very quickly into sin.
You apparently avoided prison the first time around,
Next time maybe the hangman's noose off ground.*

*My personal thoughts on a serial killer named above.
By Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Saviour's Borrowed Time!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My third brother has reached end of line,
Yes, we all live on Saviour's borrowed time.
I always needed to be happily wed,
But fate was always against me instead.*

*My thoughts and prayers are strong in strength,
As I skate on a thin ice rink.
Therefore, we must be in tune with God,
Be ready when the King gives the nod.*

*If you are not thankful for blessings received,
Then believe me you are truly deceived.
This merry-go-round will come to a halt,
And all that's left is a sudden jolt.*

*You may think of living in a fast lane,
Where the Devil already has got your name.
Its not too late for Saviour of man,
Just reach for glory on Christ's loving stand.*

*A personal dedication to all humanity.
From your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The United Nation's Debate!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*It's too late, horses have bolted the gate,
All you countries do is talk and debate.
This bull-crap war was wrong from start,
Stepping on the Creator's forgiving and loving heart.*

*I am a Kiwi, not terribly bright,
But dear Mum taught me wrong from right.
His Gestapo government should be put down,
When puppets like him act as a clown.*

*How does he lie straight in his bed,
When most of his Palestinian citizens are dead.
They may serve a crime list against him,
For the murder of humanity's greatest evil sin.*

*Saviour said lest you hurt his little ones,
At best a rope put around your neck,
Never again your eyes to see the setting sun.
Pray now tell Illuminati out back door,
Its never too late asking forgiveness for sure.*

*We are all answerable for what we do,
It's hard walking the mileage in his shoes.
But you know the wrongs you are reaping,
Then give Christ your heart for safekeeping.*

*About a serial killer named Benjamin Hitler Netanyahu.
By Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Israel's Heroines!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Goldie and Shula, your bones and ashes screaming below,
As the mongrel Benjamin puts on a show.
Small wonder he's not selling tickets to see,
The slaughter of humanity from Christ's stricken tree.*

*Why is he left to rule this way,
Kick him out; let somebody save the day.
Why should the Illuminati pull all the strings,
A hangman's noose and see how he sings.*

*They think they govern with an iron fist,
Until their tables turn with a serious twist.
I'm not sounding the loving Christian I know,
But his circus is a blood-filled show.*

*The blame is also steeped on other's hearts,
He is truly only acting out his part.
I guess the bankers make money from war,
It's hard to digest but that's the core.*

*My truly loving Friend and Saviour Jesus Christ.
From your loving child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

So-Called Friends

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Trust me they say, I'm your true mate,
They always backstab you behind closing gate.
All the while putting you down every turn,
As their desire for friendly is crash and burn.*

*Mickey Mouse mates are a dime per dozen,
As you stay cool from their fiery oven.
One day all over you like a rash,
Next time treated just as their trash.*

*The moral to this story is just beware,
As the odd friend really does truly care.
Some of your children don't wish to know,
If you need them to help you sow.*

*Harvest of human kindness is where to grow,
Next time your friend knocks at your door,
Make sure their truth is yours for sure.*

*An idea put forth! Thanking you my Lord and King.
Child of God, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Kiwi Named Trevor!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Rotorua Hospital let him out too soon,
Like sweeping the corridors with a large broom.
One doctor says he must stay another week,
But a know-all Quack turns the other cheek.*

*Never giving my brother the time of day,
His doctor's knowledge only being his thoughts of pay.
No vitamin C drips to flush the system out,
Believe me they know what this is about.*

*Oh well brother you're past used by date,
And the clones need the parks to operate.
The writing's on the walls I guess,
Pray folk stay well to pass the test.*

*This hospital botched up his hernia years ago,
As the dice was given them to throw.
They tell you get up and move about,
Sending one home whilst you scream and shout.*

*Farewell my dearly beloved brother, Mr Trevor Owen Nairn.
The Rotorua Hospital gifted me a last dead brother for Christmas.*

God be with you Trev, your loving sister Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Weeping Willow Trees!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They hear the screams from souls deep underground,
As their roots pick up the deadly sounds.
Then these poor trees cry silently in vain,
As they hang limp to a forgotten pain.*

*Maybe some wounded soldiers sat under these trees,
Contemplating life or death or be set free.
Could they be crying over their Creator's love lost,
Whilst bleeding for his creation on sacrificial cross.*

*Pray we understand why they cry at all,
Maybe the seasons know when coming to call.
There are things in this world not to understand,
Just like Christ's desert, the shifting, whispering sands.*

*Whenever I see the lovely leaves hanging down,
I feel the reason for the weepy sound.
The Majesty's Heaven and Earth are beautifully crowned,
Until mankind destroyed it with nuclear weapons abound.*

*A precious thought about my Creator's trees.
From your child Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Women Aglow, Men to Sow!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Men in the Bible never fought under twenty,
Women never went as manhood was plenty.
G.I. Jane appears to be the Amazon thing,
They battle to be Queen of the Ring.*

*Females years ago knew where it was at,
Now they enter politics under the shady mat.
Playing football and games only for the men,
Thinking now they're Daniels out of the den.*

*This is how it all went sadly wrong,
The men bow down to her siren song.
Our white ribbon is now fixed in place,
Some men give way to her stately face.*

*Eve thought she knew it all from scratch,
And these know-all Butch opened the hatch.
To be like staunch men about the house,
As they wear their gender like a mouse.*

*Not to judge, we are told, but not to condone either!
This is not my Saviour's way for womenkind to be!*

*Thanking you Jesus for your written word.
Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

His Majesty's Mountains

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The snow is melting fast off Christ's Mountain,
I guess downhill it's like a fountain.
The bottled Tongariro water is sometimes quite nice,
Other times it's like tasteless ice.*

*Maybe some dead lava got in the mix,
We must all be patient for the fix.
This Mountain may lay dormant for a time,
Us folk must be ready, stepping into line.*

*They are likened to a tragic, stricken horse,
Not quite knowing their descent in Nature's course.
I pray we must all leave this town,
To seek out our home on other ground.*

*Not wishing to sound morbid about these Mountains,
Such a beautiful sight to see each day.
Makes me in some ways want to stay.*

*Plans are in motion for me to go,
Ohakune may become a dust Lava Glo.
Anyways I'm tired of being lonely and blue,
Where I'll sing and be of help too.*

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

Empire Junction Hotel

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This establishment was a nice place to stay,
Closure of Tokanui put paid to the day.
Some mental health patients can get very psycho,
Believe me, as a carer I should know.*

*Some have mindsets of fire and suicidal thoughts,
A patient told me drugs said to kill.
Now he stopped taking them because of that,
This Devil's tool is funded by a Government act.*

*The man who done this horrible, atrocious thing,
Is at peace under the Saviour his King.
He also burnt me out of a flat,
I've had to make the best of that.*

*He came right when stopped taking his meds,
Then he had to deal with the Feds.
Six precious lives died on that fateful day,
Patients putting Christianity and drugs as a way.*

*Mental Health must go back to the drawing board.
Even a Hamilton judge said these suicides must stop.
Child of my Lord and Saviour. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Truth Prevails

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why lie to the children about Santa Claus!
Stop and think and take a giant pause.
We teach our loved ones not to lie,
Then we hold the guilt as to why.*

*The Easter Bunny is maybe not too bad,
But they should remember Jesus Christ and feel glad.
Presents at Christmas, I've no problem with that,
Just be up front with your welcome door mat.*

*We tell them one thing which means another,
As they are silently wrapped and placed under cover.
Then when the truth is finally out there,
We wonder why we never seem to share.*

*We knew it as Guy Fawkes when growing up,
Now the Yanks have an evil Halloween show.
Please keep it on their side of fence,
Don't make it a problem for our defence!*

*Pray we stick to the truth. No half measures.
From someone who gives a darn.*

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

The Dilemma of Hospitals

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Rotorua, get it right from the very start,
Don't bleed the Hamilton Hospital's very generous heart.
This great hospital is in debt to ears,
Looking to Council and Government easing their fears.*

*Build your own kitchens and prepare patient's meals,
And give the Waikato a really better deal.
The rich in this city don't give a darn,
When the Council spin the same old yarn.*

*Paula Southgate needs to resign from this job,
And let someone else with brains earn their bob.
This establishment has been crying out for years,
Doctors and nurses bleeding out with flooded tears.*

*The wealthy think they'll never get sick,
Band-Aids are a not get quick fix.
They even sold off our Hamilton Council flats,
Now who got all the money from that?*

*I would have thought our hospitals a top priority.
As they're always playing the Covid fiddle.*

Ashamed Kiwi. Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Communist Housing Project!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Waikato is building all these chicken coup homes,
They'll fence us in as humanoid clones.
Big Brother, Martial Law and all that sings,
Thank God for my Creator, King of Kings.*

*Please don't fail to see the light above,
His rainbow aura sent to you with love.
I've suffered so much torment in my life,
His love has pulled me through this strife.*

*Keep the faith, its going to get worse,
Starting with finances and what's in the purse.
Please live cheaply as I know you can,
And be aware of the unholy Preacher Man.*

*I guess its time for me to eat,
Leaving the evil one to beat the feet.
Five more poems there are left to write,
As my thirty-fourth booklet can leap into flight.*

*Thanking you my guardian Jesus Christ,
For looking out for me. Through the eyes of a child.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Our Dearly Beloved's Bones

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Ask the police, they know what it's about,
This was told to me by a good source.
While science will take its evil course.*

*Seventeen million females missing from U.S.A.
So the Canadian Newsreel stated one day.
Childless swings and roundabouts left empty in park,
Please do not leave them alone in dark.*

*Women don't go night walking with your dog,
Or even in the small wee hourly fog.
Some undertakers holding back your loved one's bones,
Well I've tried to write about these clones.*

*Do the best we can for one another,
Serving each one with a Christian like brother.
And if things don't look right to you,
Look at them again from an angled view.*

*This is true prophecy in a shell,
But we must listen for our chiming bell!*

*A true faith believer in my King of Kings.
By Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Ocean Mist!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Big ships go down in those heavy waves,
Making the Seven Seas a very watery grave.
Your holiday of a lifetime has gone wrong,
As the whales sing a very mournful song.*

*The lighthouse keeper guided these big boats,
But now they navigate to stay afloat.
Now if the dolphins are riding this surf,
Then Captain follow them, they know the turf.*

*The skies and seas work closely together,
And his stars are a course pointing the weather.
Can't you drop anchor, riding the storm out,
Call out to the Saviour with a shout.*

*After all this Creation is his very domain,
Why Jesus can even put stop to rain.
People never call upon this very Powerful Man,
Have the faith of Elijah taking a stand.*

*Dearest Heavenly Father we never stop to think.
Child of your own. Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Tribute to Don Selwyn!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Acting is really a very clever art form,
It's like nurturing a kernel, rising to corn.
You either have it in you or not,
The time of your birth out of cot.*

*My first cousin was a New Zealand film man,
His name Mr Don Selwyn at hand.
The burial now is in our hometown,
As Don is at peace, beyond God's ground.*

*His nature was to lend a helping hand,
Now don't that just beat a street band.
I read about Adult Life in Waka Huia,
About his version of the Merchant of Venice.*

*Don's role in an Agatha Christie was good,
Sometimes I feel he was greatly misunderstood.
He worked at times with Lee Tamahori I believe,
And made good movies, not those to deceive.*

*Rest in peace my cousin Don. From your cousin.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Child of God.*

Ohakune's Killer Boy!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I found out today about young murdering boy,
Taking a wee girl to play with toy.
High in his tree hut, up in bush,
Where he took advantage of her precious body.*

*It did not stop there I was told,
This little lass was worth more than gold.
How do parents cope with something like this,
By knowing our Saviour and his bleeding wrists.*

*He murdered her maybe to shut her up,
Her name now written on Jesus Christ's loving cup.
Did this boy give his life to him,
To be forgiven from this terrible, ugly sin.*

*Apparently, he didn't live far from here,
As the parents strive with this stricken fear.
My thoughts and prayers go out to them,
The lad's family also suffered the Lion's Den!*

*Today being Tuesday 16th January 2024. I was told.
I have lived here six months today.
Your child in love, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Murdering Babes

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is it the things they see on T.V.
Which makes them different from you and me?
I'm struggling to come to terms with this,
As the cards are dealt with a twist.*

*Is the evidence within the genes to grow?
Tell me Heavenly Father as I don't know.
I'm trying hard getting my head around this.*

*A mother poured boiling water on her son,
Father hid his daughters until days were done.
Does this stem from this kind of behaviour,
Or the wrong preaching about our Holy Saviour?*

*We really have some religious nutters out there,
And Christians who really nurture and care.
Saying to little ones about brimstone and fire,
Instead of a loving, forgiving Christ that's higher.*

*Have I done this writing justice? I've tried!
God be with me always, 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.

