

GOD
wants you to
SUCCEED



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Israel's Unholy War!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Mr Benjamin Netanyahu, the new Adolf Hitler of the day,
Seems to think Israel's wars the only way.
The Nuremberg Trials were heard of each day,
Why not try him the very same way.*

*Is he really above the laws of land?
Or does he think maybe he's Master Grand.
Even Adolf Hitler came to a sticky end,
When poor Germany was driven around the bend.*

*Now two men murdered carrying a white flag,
Just as if they were shooting a stag.
United Nations, UNICEF, Geneva Convention,
and all of the One World Order tribe,
Giving way to a New World bribe.*

*The Illuminati pull the strings on this life,
Unless you are a Christian to survive strife.
Now is the time to decide your choice,
Jesus Christ to trust or hearing your own voice.*

*Thanking you for your kindness John!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Love Thy Neighbour!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*If you have lovely neighbours, bless them so,
Otherwise turn the other cheek and let go.
This may be hard for you to do,
If people over your fence don't please you.*

*Try to please them if you dare,
By not showing any signs of fear.
Otherwise put motives into place by showing grace,
And if plans fall through end of day,
Just be yourselves and pray for the way.*

*I have been blest by my last three neighbours,
Tyrone Garret, Fiji-Indian, and Valerie,
Thames Street Fairfield, Fiji Indian Fairfield,
Valerie, Taumarunui Council Units.*

*I have the best friend in the Universe,
His name is Royal Majesty Jesus Christ.
John Bisset has been a lovely loyal mate, plus Shane Nikora,
Ta-ta Wilshire now Mrs Dan Gartner,
St Joan's Radius Care*

*Bye-Bye for now. Child in Christ.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Be Nice!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My Lt Green Beret, Dennis John Patrick Albert Fitzgerald,
Always quoted "Be nice, Be nice".
Now that was truly very good advice,
To be very nice.*

*I can't be anything else anyway you see,
Its against my better nature to be unkind,
That would be like blind leading blind.*

*This man was always in command,
To require the best Dennis had to demand.
A voice inside of him said "Be nice",
Even though he was amongst the real elite,
He too was responsible to the beat.*

*Being a soldier is about doing your best,
Its not to do with passing elite test.
Audie Murphy the film star got it right,
When he took Germans quite by fright.*

*A personal dedication to ALL who fought in all wars,
K.E.V.S. this is for you.
Child in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Man Named Murphy!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Audie is his first name to be sure,
His gentle disposition was his everlasting cure.
Did you know he was America's war hero,
In the museum no doubt with Geronimo!*

*My relatives Murphys and they had it tough,
Yes, King Country folk can really do the rough.
I don't know where this man was born,
But he certainly was very war-torn.*

*Medals should have been named after this man.
As his Tour of Duty was very grand.
He was a whole platoon on his own,
The Germans probably admiring his stiff backbone.*

*These men only wear the Badge of Ten,
After surviving their True Lion's Den.
What else can I write about a True Blue,
With his wired brain, he came shining through.*

*A personal dedication to an excellent war hero, Mr Audie Murphy.
From an ardent admirer. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

New Zealand Post's Pony!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Emails, Faxes, now the Pony is dying,
And Cupid's valentine is among the Crying.
No more mail putting people out of work,
Robots and clones; are we not the jerks.*

*Cupid's arrows can no longer fire the mail,
What of loved ones stuck in jail.
No more letters from friends or wife,
Adding to the torment and suffering of strife.*

*This is not now a very planned Universe,
Its all about lining the governmental purse.
Smash A.I. Its all gone wrong anyway,
I'm for the manual project here to stay.*

*Pilots should fly manually, avoiding a crash,
And don't forget West Point Academies' golden stash.
Marks of America's beast is not far away,
Choose now Jesus Christ or be led astray.*

*A dedication to a dead N.Z. Mail Pony.
And other challenges to consider.
From someone who cares, Child of God,
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Bees, Butterflies, Birds!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Isn't it sweet that the bees make honey,
But for the butterflies it's not so funny.
Apparently, a day is all that they have,
And birds with broken wings, how sad.*

*Now the Monarch is a sight to behold,
With wings that shine like pillars of gold.
We have all kinds of feathered friends,
They entertain us folk to the very end.*

*Did you know honey, used for medical reasons,
When our little creatures are in their season.
The Queen rules the roost in this hive,
Whilst these poor males struggle to survive.*

*Well birds of a feather they flock together,
Heading north or south, depending on the weather.
Butterflies know when they come to an end,
Now our Creator made these to be friends.*

*Thanking you my Creator, Lord and Saviour.
Friend in Jesus Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Bermuda's Death Door!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Oh! Bermuda. Now what have you done?
You have taken away my father and sons.
Your magnetic force could be alien bound,
Sea to sky without making a sound.*

*Sunken treasures taken to your planet on high,
As science tries to piece the reasons why.
We know other solar systems are out there,
And maybe another race that wants to care.*

*This planet of ours is full of sin,
Otherwise maybe they would want to come in.
They have taken people from Earth far away,
And brought them back the very next day.*

*Just believe the truth is really out there,
Yet there is nothing about this to fear.
God controls and guards his created Earth,
And was chosen for his role from birth.*

This Triangle is another mystery of life!

*My Creator knows all about these things,
After all he is Lord of Lords and King of Kings.*

Disciple of Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Walk of It!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do you walk like a man should walk,
And also talk like a man should talk?
All this queerness going on is not Gay,
When my Jesus Christ showed us the way.*

*My granddaughter thinks it's really quite alright,
And my sister's grandchild feels the same.
We're not to judge and who's to blame?
But as Christians we are not to condone it,
The creator didn't plan this one little bit.*

*Play with fire and you will get burnt,
That's not at school what we learnt.
But the education today is really to blame,
As they encourage it now; that's a shame.*

*A Man for a Woman and Women for Men,
Unless you get yourself stuck in Lion's Den.
Then keep playing your stupid little mind games,
As your life now is burning in flames.*

*Its not natural. Jesus Christ made Male for Female, that's it.
This is not part of his Creation. Please get it right.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Lost Words Again!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I am no Agatha Christie or Andy McNab,
Hammond Innes or Hemingway.
But muddle through my very Best of Days.*

*Some words come out like fire breathing Dragon,
While others lay dormant and then I'm lagging.
Suddenly brilliant thoughts come to my mind,
Its not hard to write about being kind.*

*See just when I think my word's gone,
Along comes another in rhyme and song.
But my writings are helped from God above,
I believe sends words on wings of dove.*

*But this Pen-Pal never lets me down,
Until it finally runs out of Ink.
Another quill turns up, I'm in the Pink.
Now this Lost for words made me think!*

*Thanks be to God, for all my pleasures,
As they have become Golden Treasures.*

Child in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Creation's Wonders!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The sun goes down and moon comes up,
And Jesus has blessed me with an overflowing cup.
The clouds disappear o'er the horizon,
And the blue sky is no more today,
But won't it come again you say.*

*Sea and sky never look the same twice,
The beauty of them is tranquil and nice.
Then storms arise which make us aware,
That our Creator really does love and care.*

*By giving your heart to this Gentle Man,
He will make your life feel so grand.
And your life which was Doom and Gloom,
His mansions are there for you to Room.*

*Choose your path today, which way to go,
Seek him out and be baptised to know.
His promises to you go to Eternal End,
And Holy Spirit on wings he will send.*

*Thanking you my Saviour. Child of yours.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Pledge For Doctor!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is there a doctor in the house,
At the Taumarunui Hospital quiet as a mouse.
Bookings for doctor couple of months in advance,
Even Raetihi took a G.P. by chance.*

*Set yourself up in a small, lovely town,
Stay away from cities, don't be a clown.
There are farmers, loggers, children and wives,
After leaving Medical School then please get wise.*

*When growing up seven of them were in town,
But one in Practice would turn things around.
Its not all about the money, its life,
And patients going without builds up strife.*

*We will look after you, looking out for us,
Pack your bags Medical Person, catch a bus.
In the knowledge of taking good care of us.*

*Thank you, my Lord and Saviour,
For providing Taumarunui with a guardian Angel.*

Yours in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Rubbish Bags Are Just That!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Five dollars for one Pink, how crazy,
\$2.50 for 2, now that sounds much better.
Are you paying for the colour, how hazy.*

*One would probably overload at this shocking price,
Let's make two for \$5, Council be nice.
We pay Te Kuiti line charges too after all,
Yet Contact Energy made a very clever call.*

*I've been with Contact for years, won't change,
To me this power company is top of the range.
A change as good as a rest I'm told,
Then this electricity is as good as gold.*

*What have rubbish bags to do with this,
Count the blessings Council has a cheerful twist.
A few more dollars in rent to pay,
Now that could really just make their day!*

Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Autumn's Precious Gold!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Trees of red, yellow, golden and green,
Travelling Inter-City a rare sight to be seen.
There is a lot you can't see by car,
As your eyes are fixed on road afar.*

*Give this service a real go at least,
Whether you are travelling North, South, West, East.
The highways are getting much better every day,
This being a good way of spending your pay.*

*There are good looking Dames behind the wheel,
Who knows, you may get a better deal.
These women are to be admired so much,
With husbands and children needing their soft, gentle touch.*

*I guess Weeping Willow is a favourite of mine,
Shedded tears we cannot see on the blind.
But they are all part of Creator's plan,
If we all take place, making a stand.*

Yours truly in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Lonely Writer!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Misery needs company, as the saying goes,
Just throw the dice seeing who it's chose.*

*I love the way my Penpal flows,
As I guide it which way to go.*

*They used feathered quills in years gone by,
With droplets of ink, will tell you why.
But today sadly it's all about A.I.*

*Robots and clones will take over your dream,
Now all be prepared for what they scheme.
Humanity's Rights, Patient's Rights and those of brothers will fade,
And secrets will flow out from shade.*

*But with Jesus Christ at our helm,
Everything is set to his heavenly realm.
When Mark of Beast is set upon you,
The Crown and Cross will pull you through.*

*PS If you let it pull you through.
Thanking you my King of Kings and Lord of Lords.
Your Created Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Church Jesus Christ!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Cornerstone, the Foundation Stone,
Isn't this the plans of a Builder's Church.
But my Church can't be burnt or broken,
Not when my Saviour's voice has been spoken.*

*The Church should be with each of us,
Without Christians and folk making such a fuss.
We are the right Church, and you are wrong,
Why does Christianity all sing different songs.*

*Jesus Christ said I am the Way, Truth and Life,
Go through the Father to get to me,
Now see how easy this can be.*

*Churches are buildings and that is all,
Lest we all take a Giant Fall.
When you are fighting which Church is right,
Then give it to God putting it in sight.*

*Thank you, my King and Saviour.
Your child only. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Second Farewell!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I said Number 17th Booklet and that was it,
But my pen wouldn't let me go,
As it was putting on quite a show.*

*Writing about Galleons and their sunken treasure,
Or me just writing at my leisure.
Asking myself why do I love to write,
As I don't really write during the night.*

*But to be fair to friend John,
Told him after seventeen all would be gone.
It was because a lot of family died,
And I couldn't seem to make me cry.*

*Writing about Israel top of my list,
I had to see things from a different twist.
Country and Western is my priority now,
And my pen can now take a bow.*

Goodbye, Au Revoir, Sayonara, Crikey!

Thanks, and Glory be to God! Tuti-Finnito!

Sister in Christ! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

When Aussies Rule!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Aussies and aborigines don't fight over land,
But Europeans and Māoris take land created by God.*

*Crown, Māori and Farming Land,
We are nothing but guardians of this place,
Being put here by our Holy Saviour's grace.*

*I'm ashamed to be a Kiwi at times,
When Tainui of Waikato think they know best,
Sailing their Waka to pass every test.*

*Take a leaf out of the Aussie book,
Maybe then a True Hangi we can cook.
Do you get my meaning, its plain enough,
As True Spirited Kiwis can take the Rough.*

*True blue Kiwis give a darn and care!
Child in my Lord and Saviour. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Rainy Friend!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The rain is here, a very welcoming sight,
As its company for me on darkest night.
My life is a lonely kind of place,
When family need to have their space.*

*Putting you out to pasture like a lonely cow,
Piecing together your Jigsawed life somehow.
Three sons and a daughter doing their thing,
As I'm trying hard to please my King.*

*Is it that his clouds are crying,
As God's people in Israel are slowly dying.
Guess the rain has its own story too,
When it pours down out of the Blue.*

*It did stop for a short, wee while,
Off and on is its quiet style.
Now lots of birds have banded together,
As they rummage through the wet grass weather.*

*Bye-Bye, that's it from me!
Thanking you my King, 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.

