

# Jesus Christ Veteran



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

# Spare the Rod!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are you single parent raising adult child alone,  
When they are your flesh and bone.  
Their rights are not to rule the house,  
And mothers are controlled like a wee mouse.*

*Getting drunk and throwing his weight around,  
Leaving me to pick pieces up off ground.  
I've had nearly 50 years off and on,  
Now he's got to pack and be gone.*

*He has feelings for me but not love,  
I seek them out from up above.  
Thinking by his put downs he's free from sin,  
Whilst trying to be a good mother to him.*

*His heart really is good and kind,  
But I'm left hanging on a limb blind.  
It's denial from the help he really needs,  
When Abraham's love really planted the seed.*

*Thanking you Jesus for the kindness  
From Paul, Karen, Phillip, Melissa.  
And your child in Christ, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Wired For Sound!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Creator's birds have special little feet,  
From electrical shocks now that's real neat.  
They perch on TV aerials and rest,  
Taking off in full flight to another test.*

*We can learn from birds of the air,  
As they fly free from all the fear.  
Folk who can't stand on their own feet,  
Needing lessons from these birds, what a treat.*

*Alice who lives at St Joan's Rest Home,  
Feeds these fine, feathered friends as they roam.  
Naming her the Bird Lady of Radius Care,  
Now with bowls of bread, she's always there.*

*I see them now zooming up and down,  
Even landing on the wet grassy ground.  
They're a sight to behold when at peace,  
When looking at them my dreams never cease!*

*Bye for now my God and Saviour.  
As Steve may now be on best behaviour.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Saved by Heavenly Father!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Give it all to Jesus the song says,  
As he will answer all heartfelt prayers.  
It's about to come sooner than I think,  
My Jesus has it just within a blink.*

*He knows physical beatings and surgeries I've had,  
Yet my son who belongs to God always makes me look bad.*

*Tomorrow god willing is another quiet day,  
And prayerfully he has paved another way.  
So my ship can stay afloat and not sink,  
And pull me back up from the brink.*

*A spiritual Father Jesus has always been to me,  
Thanking him now and forever on bended knee.  
A truer friend you never will find,  
As his dove like love is ever kind.*

*Your child only, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Thank you, my friend!*

## Awesome Artworks

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The sky today is blue, black, white, grey,  
It never appears the same twice each day.  
This is our Creator's finest work of art,  
Alpha and Omega where it was to start.*

*A storm o'er the horizon is setting in,  
We must still be very thankful to him.  
I can see it's blown left to right,  
The right side is black, then maybe tonight.*

*There was Rembrandt, Botticelli, Michaelangelo and all,  
Specks of colour they were within a ball.  
Great artists from their time we all knew,  
Please take time to see our Creator's view.*

*Now his sky is blue and white again,  
In a matter of minutes never the same.  
This in itself a miracle to believe,  
From my dear friend Jesus who never deceives.*

*An inspired thought on my Creator's works of art.  
Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Awesome Artworks contd!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I have now written all about the sky,  
But what of land and seas sailing by.  
The seas changing colours are beautiful and serene,  
Dare we ask it's maybe a pipe dream.*

*But know my Lord and God are real,  
And that is why we get this deal.  
Now have we given time to honour him,  
This Gentle Man who died for all sin.*

*His creation was taken over by demonic force,  
Only for a while to divert the course.  
The Anchor Man is at his Heavenly Helm,  
By his powers he sails his majestic realm.*

*The Ruler of land, sea, sky, and surf,  
Even the grounds we walk is his turf.  
Therefore, if you choose not to believe,  
Then for sure you're the one to grieve.*

*How can God-created people not believe. It's beyond me.  
Child in Jesus Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Navigating Sea and Sky!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Dangerous territories are the seas and sky,  
Pilots and sailors can tell you all why.  
Knowing what was taught then acting out that,  
Can set them free from the snare's trap.*

*Yet even then it's sink, swim, or drown,  
You can't afford shortcuts, being a clown.  
Take a lesson from pilots and sailors alike,  
Thrust, gravity, drag, and pull, then take flight.*

*A good sailor navigates sky, wind, and stars,  
After all he's not planning going to Mars.  
Just to sail the Seven Seas I'm told,  
His job's not looking for pot of gold.*

*Unless you are panning for such a thing,  
You may be blest wearing the Shepherd's ring.  
Have you been chosen to follow your dream,  
Then give it your all to be seen.*

*An idea, thanking my Creator for my 26<sup>th</sup> booklet,  
made possible I believe with his love and help.  
Child of God! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Lost Lamb in Need!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My son needs loving parents; I'm by myself,  
I do the shopping and cook some meals.  
Made home, after home, but that's not real.  
I've really made something out of my life,  
But have had no justice as an abandoned wife.*

*People have judged me when I've tried hard,  
But my friend Jesus is holding ace card.  
Having four children but one stays near,  
His attitude is something to really fear.*

*Burying my past, yet he brings it back,  
About violence and torment with nothing to lack.  
I feel to travel millions of miles away,  
He also has talents to accomplish these things,  
If he just throws hatred into the wings.  
Well, that is me, I'm off to bed,  
Everything has already been said.*

*Bye, bye for now. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# Help My Walk, Help My Son!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I've tried my best but to no avail,  
Feeling our home is like a jail.  
My son makes me feel I've committed a crime,  
His father not marrying me was a sign.*

*Of the torment he put my child in,  
And his stepfather gave way to a terrible sin.  
Of which I see punishment nearly every day,  
Praying that Jesus will show us the way.*

*As the blame is heaped on my life,  
I'm coping by faith through this agonising strife.  
He's trying to cope with a severe addiction,  
But Jesus Christ's love for him, a near prediction.*

*Thanking you my Saviour for pulling me through,  
Now I can see clearly, skies of blue.  
Not long now a changed man I'll find,  
No more leading the blind with the blind.*

*Thanking you, praise and glory,  
Be to my God, for carrying both our rods.  
Children of Christ. Stephen/Steven, Shane, Severn.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Spirits and Souls Bleed!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*When you feel your children have turned,  
And left you alone to crash and burn.  
My very best friend can pick you up,  
To place you back on firmer ground,  
Where peace and quiet surround you abound.*

*I've been given a safe place for a week,  
When humble pie goes West, turning other cheek.  
Your cylinders are aflame, trust in God,  
He will safely place you in a shell-like pod.*

*Jesus Christ shed his blood for you and me,  
On bleeding cross, carved out of a tree.  
I believe Frankton is the place to be,  
And pray for a little place I know,  
Where my mind can forever flourish and grow.*

*In that historic village is where to be,  
Where soul and spirit can please thee.  
I was there quite a while ago,  
By the railway station, now that's a relief,  
Away from all this torment and grief.*

*My God, my God, please help him soon,  
Then I can go and leave the gloom.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Longest Green Mile?

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you walked miles in other people's shoes,  
Then still been their judge, is that you?  
Judges come and judges go, are they truth?  
Or just some kind of a fairy tale show.*

*Folk getting away with murder it seems,  
Putting paid to their poor victim's lost dreams,  
Letting them out to kill once more again,  
Adding to unnecessary grief, torment and pain.*

*Judges needing to go back to drawing board,  
By seeking the Saviour's word against the horde.  
If you're on the Brotherhood of Mason roll,  
Then can true justice be served or stole.*

*Some countries are a law unto themselves,  
Should we then follow suit like little elves.  
We never took heed of the Geneva Convention,  
Neither took part in the Magna Carta intention.*

*Thanking you my heavenly Father. G.J.B.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Feeding the Planet!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Not as hard as it may sound,  
If we all pull together, getting off ground.  
I rang hotels to help with this situation,  
But they didn't really have a logical explanation.*

*If rich and poor joined together alike,  
Then planeloads of food take full flight.  
Red Cross and Salvation Army do their best,  
Whilst these rich churches only feather the nest.*

*Now Coca-Cola sends truckloads of drink,  
Knowing it's gut rot to the unprivileged link.  
Poorer countries like this don't need this stuff,  
Putting their precious health back into a rut.*

*I suppose they think they're doing what's right,  
And I bet their convoy goes at night.  
If you desire to really help these nations,  
Then rail or road to every great station.*

*I do try my very best at times.  
Don't always get it right, but truth is just that.  
Your sincere child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Wesley Methodist Village!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'm renting a lovely home at Wesley Place,  
I feel this place is state of grace.  
Until my son has had too much drink,  
Then I'm skating on a thin ice rink.*

*My home sometimes makes me feel to scream,  
When I'm just needing to fulfil a dream.  
My lad says he really appreciates me,  
The proof is in the pudding to see.*

*He does little things that touch my heart,  
Then trouble hits his fan to start.  
Bending over backwards doesn't seem enough,  
Feeling like a rag doll without being tough.*

*Sometimes I know it's stand up time,  
But fuel is added to a burning fire.  
When it's a matter of a quiet talk,  
That really is my true heart's desire.*

*Goodbye for now, over and out!  
Your precious child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Pray, Stay! Or Go!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do I stay or do I go,  
This truly is one-ringed show.  
It's all his way or the highway,  
Maybe it's a plane taking me skyway.*

*Blackmail, guilt tripping, he does it all,  
Thinking I may just give in and fall.  
My God I believe is turning this around,  
And place his feet firmly upon solid ground.*

*Things will be different then I know,  
And he can be given room to grow.  
As I need to go home tomorrow,  
Away from such torment and confused sorrow.*

*Help is on your way son,  
Only God knows what shape or form.  
Where we are both sheltered from the storm,  
And won't need to feel worn and torn.*

*Thanking you my Lord and Saviour,  
For carrying both our rods.  
Steven Shane Severn.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Egg Shell Walkers

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I guess you have heard of Firestone Walkers,  
But what of our needed Eggshell Walkers.  
Family members taking control over your rented place,  
Instead of being humbly grateful for their space.*

*Treating parent like a child is not on,  
Husbands and wives are also treated this way.  
Give an inch, they'll take miles each day.*

*Leading horses to water you can't make drink,  
A plan is needed for one to think.  
They threaten you with their suicide and all,  
And you must beware you don't fall.*

*Jesus then will come to lift you up,  
Filling you with love and an overflowing cup.  
Some people argue, adding fuel to the fire,  
Yet I choose the peace and God's desire.*

*Thank you Jesus for today and loving me in every way. Amen..  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Population Elimination!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Human beings were the very first creation,  
Now it's robots, clones, humanoids and drones.  
There was a man running for Mayor,  
Twenty-five years ago, thought me a mental case.*

*But Christians now are filling his world with grace.  
It's not myself who's gone mentally insane,  
Being the evil rulers who are to blame.*

*I'm the meat in the sandwich of time,  
As my Creator holds his Golden Keys sublime.  
I speak out for the unspoken voice,  
As they may not have a real choice.*

*This is a duty I feel, to see justice done,  
I'm trying to serve my Father and Son.  
Also, my little booklets that I have wrote,  
Prayerfully as humans we will take note.  
Of the Bible!*

*Child of my Lord and Saviour.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*



# A Thoughtful Idea!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I really don't know what to write,  
In this early evening, beautiful, twilight night.  
Plants and trees gently blowing in the breeze.  
I'm in a rather sensitive state of mind,  
Trying to be very caring and kind.*

*But it seems to whiplash back at me,  
Then trouble has stirred in a cup of tea.  
What can I talk about this radio time,  
Last week it was about justice and crime.*

*My life is likened to a roller coaster ride,  
Going with the flow of a never-ending tide.  
Well, enjoy the peace while I can,  
And distance myself from someone else's plan.*

*Fluffy cat has found box inside to sleep,  
Now I can retire like Little Bo Peep.  
There is nothing more left to say,  
It's nice to see you facing another day.*

*Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Impossible Odds? No!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I cannot seem to settle tonight yet,  
It's only early in the evening you bet.  
Somebody has decided to mow their lawn,  
Now it doesn't need doing in the dawn.*

*After this I can go to bed again,  
Where it's delightful and I feel no pain.  
Emotional torment I've been put through you see,  
And that's not resting easy with me.*

*Problems should not be guilt tripped on anyone,  
By the eldest of your only three sons.  
I need my Jesus to show his touch,  
And tell him he's loved very much.*

*This kind of life we don't need anymore,  
As we battle on toward the shore.  
I'm now clutching the straws of life,  
To bring us out of all this strife.*

*Thank you Jesus. Your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman. AMEN!*

# The Only Way Jesus!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do you believe in Jesus Christ the Way,  
Or think he's not worth time of day?  
But pray your thoughts before it's too late,  
And his open door becomes a closing gate.*

*Nice and neat following others on the street,  
Will they ever consider his true offers to beat!  
Just reach out and touch someone in need,  
And feel true love and not all greed.*

*Some folk out there have lost all hope,  
And are prepared to worship a false Pope.  
He's not the saviour of all mankind,  
Never healing the sick and curing the blind.*

*Why is the Bible the bestselling book,  
Because prophecy and truth, it's worth the look.  
Stories of warriors who passed tests of time,  
Sincerely repentive of their sinful burdens of crime.*

*Thanking you Jesus, for all your help.  
Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Meerkat Watch!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Left to right, back and forth they go,  
God given creatures put on a reality show.  
As the family take off breeding and eating,  
The strongest of all watches for spiritual meeting.*

*I love these animals, so bold and bright,  
Sleeping standing up, as they guard during night.  
Shouldn't us humans also be aware and awake,  
For the return of our Creator's at stake.*

*Our furry little friends teaching us something,  
Different folks go about with heads in sand.  
As Jesus' meerkats are so victoriously grand,  
I pray we learn a lesson or two,  
As they fade off yonder into the blue.*

*Thanking you my Creator,  
for these God-given little friends.  
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.