

Justice Recycled



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

East Versus West

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Palestinians and Jews fighting over God given land,
Jesus provided Israel evenly his holy earth for all,
haven't they learnt anything from Germany's past divided wall.*

*Jews back then denying our Lord,
giving way to the Nazis and their murdering horde.*

*Whilst their power games they are flaunting,
Hitler's ghost arises from his crypt a haunting.*

*History in the making causing misery and pain,
as the so called leaders reap money from grain.*

*The seven year false peace has come to pass,
but beware the King of kings as you slaughter your brother.
Fear Christ's power like no other before,
as Jesus will again walk his shore.*

*From Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
Someone who gives,
compassion about humanity.*

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by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Staff Sergeant Robert Bales! doing time for war crime,
he has prayed forgiveness then why doesn't
Lieutenant General Stephen Lanza leave it at that,
we can't all be heroes as pawns in this life.*

*War is raw and that's not nice,
Jesus Christ is our judge then please take his advice.
Drones plus fighter pilots not always on beam,
do they really check before murdering some poor family dream.*

*If you Mr Lanza are hell bent on a rope around Robert Bales' neck,
think of the Geneva convention lest we forget.
That wasn't worth the paper they used, who ever took notice of that,
as it also went under the dirty military mat.*

*Some soldiers are worth more than gold, even though outranked,
what about in God we trust liberty coin, well what a joke,
when you Illuminati note belongs to the One World Order folk.*

*Feet in both camps now try to judge this man,
pray you ask forgiveness to our Creator and Master Grand,
Jesus Christ. AMEN.*

*Monday September 14th 2015.
From someone who really cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Jesse's Tattoos!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The bar turned Jesse down for a drink,
perhaps they needed a quick rethink.
Who dares wins an elite tats, or the Maori moko,
on our brown coloured brother.*

*Aren't we told by Jesus Christ to love one another!
I'm sure our All Blacks get drinks at the pub,
along with well deserved grub.*

*Go on give Jesse a drink on the house,
and if then he causes trouble kick him out,
but until then he should get the benefit of your doubt.*

*Some All Blacks too have come short of the goal,
when filled with booze,
just be careful my friend the company you choose.*

*Monday September 14th 2015
Someone who cares.
Gloria Bridgeman.*

Cold Case Files!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please reopen these books,
I challenge you just take a wee look,
the answer lies within the pages,
of unsolved crimes down through the ages.*

*Don't read too deep within their lives,
just the relationship of husbands and wives,
it can be sometimes a simple task,
its just a prayer away to ask.*

*Don't forget our loved souls in the ground,
murdered innocence whose blood they shed,
now sleeping in the graveyard bed.
Custodian battles need to stop,
and pray get it sorted from the cream at the top.*

*September 14th 2015.
Someone who cares.*

The Big Turnaround

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The innocent won't always be treated bad,
when society gets to grips they've been had.*

*Yes! we have cradled the evil far too long,
even forgiven the wrong they've done,
as we choose to walk nearer the Father and Son.*

*Two wrongs never a right do make,
so I chose to turn my other cheek for Christ's sake.*

*And true vengeance comes from up above,
as his saints will fly as a DOVE.
To reunite with his chosen in LOVE.*

*I've tried helping others through sins of my own,
and was rejected like a dog gnawing at a bone.*

*I was so used and abused until I felt raw,
now our Creator gets to even the score.*

Someone who cares.

Weeping Willow Tree

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The spirit within the willow, weeps for the dead in our Lord,
and its a fast and ever-changing horde.*

*Some trees are red in sap and bleed as well,
as millions ignore his angelic bell.*

*God and trees have rings to mark their years,
Yet those humans who tend to cruise through life,
may very well end up paying the ultimate price.*

*This is your last chance to come to him,
and be forgiven, for Christ's crucifixion, from sin.*

*Not a bad attempt.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

When Clowns Cry

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Folk think a clown's role
is to be a happy soul.
Dancing around the ring,
up and down and fireman's pole.
But Malcolm's life was far from that,
being swept under the big top mat*

*My smiley clown brother always there to lend a helping hand.
Laying under Jumbo's foot or human cannonball to beat the band.
Caged tigers he eyeballed them when fed,
I hear them silently moan now he's dead.*

*The circus is not just a one man event,
as my hard working brother and son Chris,
rolled up and down the tents.
Only then his painted face slowly, painfully wore his frown,
my loving heartbroken special clown.*

*A special dedication to my very dearest brother Malcolm.
From your loving sister Gloria.*

Justice For Malcolm!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Hospital induced coma, never given a chance,
when a non-biological family member decides to war dance.*

*Switch off my dad says he, ignoring a couple of family pleas.
But when him, and another brother, were on life support machine,
we would not have a bar of switching off their dream.
He didn't flat line when these creeps wiped him out.*

*For a small amount of money, they got the job done,
walking where angels fear to tread was their fun.*

*I'm the eldest sister and was not included in family thoughts,
going against the grain of what we were taught.*

*My dear brother's heart and lungs were good,
a broken hearted clown was the price he paid,
as ashes of red in God's earth lay.*

Japan's Cherry Blossom!

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Skies are blue and sunny,
bees are sipping honey!
From a cherry tree in old Japan,
at a bamboo table, in a bamboo chair,
I can picture myself sitting, pondering there.*

*Of emperors and princes back in time,
with thoughts of melodies to rhyme.
Samurai this and my grasshopper that,
and woven textures in hand painted silk,
or carpets preserved from centuries past,
as barefoot geishas feet moulded an imprint to last.*

*Now a warrior in Jesus Christ, has swept me off my feet,
and I am awakened with a heart rhythmmed beat!*

By Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

1st four lines memorized from what mother told me!

Our Gracious Monarch

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do you trust the system
or the man who calmed the sea?
Do you again trust politicians
or our Power House from Galilee?
Please yourself it is a personal choice,
but beware the backlash as Jesus Christ is our voice!*

*Lebanese, Syrians, Moslems, Arabs,
mostly cut from the same cloth.
Our saviour preached amongst them,
Yes! God chose his only begotten Son,
the Messiah! on his crucified cross!*

*Now do you trust and believe, he grew that tree only he knew,
would be used to make the old rugged cross.*

*Satan's job is to rule and destroy all in his plan,
but my Master of Creation is to reign in grace,
the Monarch of all lands!*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Bloody Peace!

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Peace won't come until the return of God's Son!
And the four horsemen have circled the globe,
then Jesus Christ on his throne of gold,
wearing sacred pureness of heavenly robe.*

*False words of peace spring forth from mankind,
as prime ministers, emperors and presidents act on the blind.
If only they put our Creator first,
then all could flee from Satan's curse.*

*But their failure to think of Jesus as King,
allows the evil to grasp the ring of fire,
fuelling the hungers of people's desire!*

*Someone who cares about humanity.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Coast of Light!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'm going to visit the Gisborne coast
where Paddy and Allie will be my host!
Desperately needing a holiday from this city,
where so many folk are in need of pity.*

*There they are in colours of shady blue,
or the war colours of red,
agree to disagree, you still may end up dead!*

*But with Jesus Christ as my spiritual guide,
I will not run away and hide,
my marching colours of green and gold,
disciplined me for troubles untold!*

*Drop the anchors, I'm off this ship,
to paddle my own canoe within shore's reach,
as the battles in life, like tossed straws on the beach!*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Don't Deny God's Love!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'll drink and drive if I want they say,
we will live to see another day,
having already killed family and friends,
I can handle alcohol until the end,
in denial, what else can one do,
leading horses to water for want of a shoe.*

*Alcohol is a crutch, it fuels their past,
when claiming to love Jesus,
with the feet in both camps,
how long will this last!
Hate one, be servant to our brother,
is my Saviour's plea to love one another.*

*God loves his sinner, not the sin,
put on his armour and you will win!
Life is hard if you let it be,
but Christ within will set it free!*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
22/3/2015.*

My Friend Brian

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My friend Brian is in a wheelchair,
but what's around his corner,
he does not seem to fear!*

*Losing his legs from a shunting train,
yet! he never appears to lay blame.
Mark his brother tries hard to forget,
with drugs that numb his mindset.*

*As Brian's focus is to cruise with life,
and overcomes his sorrows and strife.
Brian has conquered the demon drink,
because for him it was swim or sink!*

*Pray Jesus help Mark from his dark room,
and give him please an uplift from his doom!*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Sword or Pen

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You choose the sword, I know you do,
but my pen has got it over you.*

*It too draws blood, but not to kill,
only I can make it do my will.*

*The world majestically created by God's loving hand,
to be slashed and demolished by wicked man.*

*When true beauty is in the beholder's eyes,
then the heavens will open as Jesus arrives.*

*Now as I ponder on a beautiful tree,
I'm needing only to spend Christmas with thee.*



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.