

# King Jesus Israel - Shalom



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

# No Smacking Law!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Spare the rod and spoil the child,  
the Holy Bible tells it all for us,  
Yet! its been turned into a giant fuss.*

*Good parents can be divorced by their child,  
to rule and reign running forever wild.*

*Or Mum and Dad because of no smacking,  
taking the opposite course of control lacking.  
A slab of wood or pot and pan,  
in frustration dealing with it best they can.*

*Or no Playstations and TV for a week,  
then be prepared to turn the other cheek.  
One phone call to have you put away,  
System will take them on, leading them astray.*

*Turning your faith to Jesus Christ above,  
the Man with true forgiveness and undying Love.*

*Humanitarian Poetess!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Against All Odds!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Understanding Israel I cherish facts  
that the Holy Land is my friend, Jesus Christ's alone,  
Except that he only shall sit reigning on his throne!*

*It may well be the last mystery for Christian believers,  
but pray do not be caught among the deceivers.  
Now John 14! says it all for me,  
and with his armour I clearly see.*

*We know of ISIL, Taliban, Al-Queda! come what may,  
but my Creator is holding his keys at bay.  
Jesus is the only church at each end of day,  
the Cornerstone, the Rock and salvation of his way.*

## False Peace, False Power!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*And false pride with other things false in between.  
Please take it to the Lord in prayer,  
as Christ in humbleness will answer with care.  
We must be like meerkats guarding each other.  
Christian family to family, brother to brother.*

*Time and Thyme only was the pen!  
Thinking of prophet brother Daniel in lion's den.  
Pray don't fret, Israel's false peace may succeed for a while,  
then Jesus Christ's ray of light  
shall penetrate the heavens in glorious style*

*Humanity's Poetess!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Fourth July Big Deal!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Flags flying, brass bands playing, whilst majorettes twirl their sticks,  
and some poor vet's looking for their fix.*

*Yanks living out the 4th July dream,  
as the White House plots another mad scheme!*

*Red-necks of a specific radical kind,  
what of Christian Americans are they that blind?*

*The system has you by your cool shorts.  
We were given warnings of their evil sports.*

*Fort Knox and West Point academy hold gold,  
Is this for that rainy day feeling?  
as military plans are for wheeling and dealing.*

*Oh! well enjoy yourselves while you may.  
Please be prepared for our final Judgement Day.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Bad Weed Seeds!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*White supremacists, skinheads, Black Panthers name them at will,  
radical racism for want of a pill.*

*Terrorists of a Neo-Nazi kind,  
brainwashing you on the blind.*

*Some able bodied Kiwis too lazy to work,  
maybe that is why refugees get the job,  
Its really slave labour and I don't get that.  
But Kiwi folk want over \$20 an hour to lean on the shovel,  
when our youth could work for the trouble.*

*Governments could help refugees stay in their land,  
as leaders and politicians take a firm stand.  
Urban warfare is here to stay,  
unless Queen Bee and drones at the hive,  
produce a humanitarian package for all to survive.*

*Not a bad attempt!  
From someone who gives a darn!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

## **Prophets Foretold Future!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My last Poem for Book Number 10,  
is not only about why, but when.  
Temporarily the birds shall cease to sing,  
as trees bow their heads to their King.*

*And we left shall fall on bended knee,  
being reminded of our remembrance of Him,  
Creator who gave his life for our sin.  
I may survive to see the Maker's light,  
in divine brightness and glory, what a sight.*

*Where my chosen lyrics are wrapped in gold,  
as the pens I used did their best,  
from the prophets of old Holy treasure chest!*

*From a child of God! Humanitarian Poetess!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Time is drawing to a close.  
If you cherish your heart  
then give it to the best friend  
you will ever know,  
Jesus Christ!*

## **That is Just That!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Over the years the Beehive has always had a Queen Bee!  
This domain was always a man's job,  
Now its a dollar each way but we can do with a Mr Bob.*

*The real hives have a Queen that produce is honey,  
Yet this lot ain't even half funny.  
Grave digging on each side for brownie point.  
This hive is not producing any honey for taxpayer's money.*

*Posh meets elite once again on this round,  
high rise this and that all over town.  
Not thinking of our poor or middle class hard working folk,  
to this elite lot its become a joke!*

## **Oriental Medicine Man!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*With Chinese or Japan's methods of healing.  
Sacred and sometimes spiritual since beginning of time.  
As acupuncture and methods join together in mind.  
Redeeming my leg through my Saviour and King,  
Jesus Christ only the Master of the Ring.*

*There is power in hands of healing, if you only but believe.  
Just stay focused and don't be deceived.  
This medicine man taught by an ancient art,  
with highest respect we can only but start.*

*Keeping the faith.  
Someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# **The White Supremacists!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*As I've stated time and time again,  
whilst their power games they do flaunt,  
Hitler's ghost comes home to haunt,*

*Yet radical racism goes on and on,  
its quite obvious some of these guys  
never volunteered for the front line.*

*The poor black slaves of yesterday year,  
paid full price for likes of us.  
Have all you guys missed the spiritual bus?  
The biggest ransom was paid at the cross.  
At the world's end Jesus is Boss.*

*Did you go to Hiroshima, Nagasaki or Vietnam?  
Only then would you become a real man.  
Now before you become holier than thou,  
pray think of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Jesus Christ our Spirit-filled Host!*

*Someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Log Cabin or Thatched Cottage!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'd love to own my own home,  
and never more need to roam.  
Bricks, logs, stone, tin, straw and hay,  
will keep me warm on the coldest day.*

*Country and Western could bring me money,  
as a change in life will be sunny.  
Jesus can put me to this test,  
where I can be among the best!*

*Its my time to shine in this life,  
by breaking the shackles of torment and strife.  
But never to fear blessings were real.  
With Christ's help now, a better deal.*

*Food, clothing, a warm place to sleep.  
Struggle helping others put me in deep.  
I've always been at best a positive soul.  
Now to go get my Olympic Goal.*

*Thanking You Jesus.  
As I enter into the gift of song,  
and pray you protect me from any wrong!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Child of God.*



# The Angelic Mons!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They say the battle had its own angel,  
you choose to believe it or not.  
Bodies fell like fallen leaves left to rot.  
My Jay-force friend when tents pitched,  
in another field in times of trouble,  
a beautiful lady in a cowl cape  
appeared to him on the double.*

*Miracles happen every day of our lives,  
if only we thought but to compromise.  
Blood Brothers, Band of Brothers, name them as you may,  
POWs, MIAs they found their light of day.  
Living through to a ripe old age,  
after a filthy cage or Vietnam's Punji-Den  
No thanks to United Nation's Lady GEN. (Geneva)*

*Humanitarian Poetess.  
Someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Post Office or Pony Express!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*For now in time post shop,  
emails, Facebook, Google or fax,  
Why bother to even pay our tax.*

*Freedoms of speech, well that's long gone,  
we controlled freaks in a system gone wrong.  
Bring back the Pony Express or iron horse mail,  
loved one's letters sought solace in jail.*

*The west was won, those were the days,  
design your robots if you but dare.  
Don't groan if left hanging in the rear.  
Mind control will rule from the top.  
My orders will be from Christ's chosen crop!*

*Child of Jesus Christ! Thank you for my writings.  
, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Lonely Lady Wolf!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Wolf Lady has a dream of her own.  
She's out of the shadows into light.  
Needs a male wolf friend together in flight.  
Someone very precious, gentle, kind and true.  
This soul will rise up from the blue.*

*Caves can be made into lovely homes,  
where we may spend a lifetime alone.  
Roaming hills and valleys to stray,  
meeting friends a few along the way.*

*Then back to a homely cave and den,*

*to share our stories that never end.  
As future generations that come to pass,  
will leave a future legacy that lasts.*

*A precious day-dream by Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## **Gloria's Main Trunk Line!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'm now at the end of the line,  
ready to refuel and start once again.  
Temporarily my speed is dead, slow, stop,  
picking up momentum when time to go.*

*I've pulled through the worst show on earth,  
this eggshell hatching to a new rebirth.  
Its been a journey of torment and sorrow,  
but always silver lining clouds of tomorrow.*

*Gloria is the name; challenge is the game,  
us King Country folk won't be beat.  
It will be above board, nice and neat.  
Now the warrior within myself esteem,  
the power of Jesus Christ heeding the dream.*

*A personal dedication to myself. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Lion Man's Lady!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Half man and half a lion,  
he could be my love from Zion.  
I wasn't found as the story goes,  
yet he put on quite a show.*

*His love for me was but true,  
like the Prince with the lost Cinderella shoe.  
If you be true to Saviour and King,  
he will find someone to fetch a ring.*

*If my hero had gone to fight,  
he would have whisked me off in morning light.  
The hills are far away from here,  
with his special love I truly care.*

*We can't always have the comfort zone,  
TVs, stereos, laptops, DVDs, net and phone.  
Clones, robots, humanoids, drones of a kind.  
I don't desire to be so blind.*

*A truthful fantasy. Only to them that believe!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Our Christ-like G.P.s!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They are out there for us believers.  
We don't need to deal with deceivers.  
Doctors chosen from the Lord in grace,  
We can keep our self-respect and face.  
Otherwise!*

*Medication given out at random because its new,  
kills lots of folk who have different view.  
Electro-magnetic shock waves to their brain.  
Small wonder they appear to go insane.*

*Then end up in the system's court,  
against the drugs they have always fought.  
The root of the problem doctors never get,  
answering to Pharmac for their mindset.*

*Unless your medical practitioner is chosen by God,  
then they along with Christ carries your rod!  
Spiritual healers in the name of Father and Son,  
then you shall know, you have won!*

*From someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Humanitarian Poetess.*

## Crown of Thorns!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*How can mankind that was created by God,  
deny any knowledge of His Divine Birth.  
And only Jesus grew the tree,  
He knew would be used to make the Old Rugged Cross.*

*Yet! Science appears to test the faith all the way down the line.  
Seeking out answers that only blind faith can bring,  
about our God, Saviour and King.*

*The proof is in the pudding, mankind will say,  
and yet miracles are perceived in every which way.*

*Some scientists and general practitioners are, praise God,  
starting to form opinions,  
that prophecy from the Bible is being fulfilled,  
and that, my friends, is true to this very day.*

*From someone who cares.  
Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Bridgeman.*

## Nod-Wink-Nod-Wink!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Or the never ending famous handshake,  
maybe its a Nod - Nod, Wink - Wink,  
then People Power goes on the blink.  
Have you seen two fingers outside their pants,  
and only the thumb is left to chance,  
then worldly puppets are made to dance.*

*Becoming a Christian is a real need,  
if you don't need these beasts to succeed.*

*Worshipping idols is the wrong thing to do;  
the world suffers because of falsehood and pride,  
when Jesus Christ is our leading guide.*

*Yet! Even systematic Christians don't care less,  
thinking the govts of today know best!  
Even Jesus Christ's Saul, before he became Paul,  
and poor Peter when he also denied,  
the rooster crowed , he pleaded and cried.  
How many more miracles do we need,  
taking heed only of Christ's mustard seed.*

*From someone who loves and cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## **Jesus Christ's Tree!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why! are some trees stripped in cold. Is it to do with age old tree.  
Thinking of this sometimes really puzzles me.  
I've been in the bush, where its at,  
even ridden on the big old CAT.*

*I wonder if a logger out there, can tell me the story of tree's rings.  
It may have something to do with age, or a whole lot of other things  
of which I may need another page.*

*Do some folk understand about the Sacrificial Tree;  
how miracles were created for you and me.  
Our hearts and minds shall beat as one,  
as in remembrance we believe the Father and Son!*

*From a child of God,  
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.

