

# King Jesus Reigns



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

# Unity is One!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you something to share with my Lord?  
How people are roped in together like cattle horde.  
Pakehas on the left, Māoris on the right,  
This being the case, is not very bright.*

*We as one in the sight of God,  
As some so-called official is a sod.  
They never really earn their bigtime pay,  
Wondering if they see the light of day.*

*If you are a member of the KKKs,  
Or the White Supremacists of the day.  
Maybe a Freemason to boot,  
Then you really have collected your loot.*

*This is not right, butter it as you like,  
My Saviour is as a thief at night.  
He is the Creator of each of us,  
Therefore beware of all creating such a fuss.*

*We are all cut from his same cloth!  
Thanking you all, my Heavenly Father.  
Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Farewell Readers. God Bless!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We have all sinned, fallen short of glory,  
But each and everyone has their story.  
Most of my life a horror book read,  
In all the best to help the need.*

*My eldest son has now turned against me,  
I'm accused of talking too much you see.  
Folk who appeared to be friendly and such,  
Forgetting Christ's word and soft, gentle touch.*

*I sit for hours on my own,  
And rarely have conversations on my phone.  
But beware of them that talk a lot,  
Because they're the ones who lost the plot.*

*Yet why should I justify myself indeed?  
When they are ones to seek the greed.  
Maybe their feet are in both camps,  
Lovingly my Jesus Christ has placed his stamp.*

*Bye-bye to all my lovely readers.  
Until maybe we meet sometime.  
God be with you all. AMEN! AMEN!.*

# Humanity's Wake Up Call!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Needing some CRC to take rust from bones,  
Should we wait for the manipulation of drones?  
Some things today we just shouldn't ignore,  
Lest your broom sweeps up that floor.*

*Do you fail to see writing on wall,  
Or the destruction and chaos when we fall.  
Other countries shouldn't tell us what to do,  
When they're not walking in our shoes.*

*We are a self-supporting country at best,  
The hidden gold is in our treasure chest.  
These are God-given by our Creator's hand,  
Therefore wake up and please take a stand.*

*AI has gone overboard on these inventions,  
Maybe that really wasn't the true intention.  
This is the final call to wake up,  
And drink from Jesus Christ's overflowing cup.*

*Thank you, my Lord and Saviour.  
Child of our Heavenly Father. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## S.O.S. H.E.L.P.

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Maybe Taumarunui is not really for me,  
Then its another place I guess will be.  
Out of this city is what is needed,  
Where my roots can grow and be seeded.*

*A nice Christian lady may help me out,  
It's against my nature to scream and shout.  
I've prayed things will work out for him,  
Keeping him free from all the sin.*

*This is a real mission I'm telling you,  
If help can appear out of the blue.  
My thoughts are torn and I can't think,  
Open to suggestions that will join the link.*

*My life now is likened to a sinking ship,  
Please, I must go on some safe trip.  
To leave this city is a real must,  
Where I can finally shake off the dust!*

*Thanking you once again, my Creator!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# Wars – Cannot Bring P.E.A.C.E.!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I need to stop writing and have rest,  
But this last booklet is a real test.  
The Peace Prize maybe in the making,  
Ready I'll be if it's in the taking.*

*From Humanity's Truth and Point of View,  
Fingers Gloria may be having thoughts of you.  
There are others, no doubt, write much better,  
But what surprise to get such a letter.*

*I've stuck my neck out over the air,  
And as co-host I'm liking it there.  
'From the Fringes' a really good listen in,  
If you need to be free from sin.*

*Oh well, that's about me for the day,  
As I choose not to accept my pay.  
I'm speaking about my little booklets of course,  
And Community Radio is a voluntary source.*

*Thanking you for the help, my Creator friend.  
Your sincere child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# Flesh On Flesh! Bone On Bone!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Black on white, and white on black,  
What's with the colour that you lack?  
We are all cut from the same cloth,  
When Jesus Christ is our loving Boss.*

*He didn't make us a separate race,  
As Christ moulded and loved us with grace.  
And us as humans must put it right,  
Walking out of darkness into the light.*

*I have whanau in my family race,  
And we as one set the pace.  
To love one another at all costs,  
By forgiving the wrongs in what was lost.*

*Only then can we move on in life,  
And put paid to all this strife.  
Because after this booklet there is no other,  
Lest we forget our comrades, brother to brother.*

*AMEN. To my Lord and Saviour's creation.  
Daughter of my Heavenly Father. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# My Shipwrecked Life

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I try to stay positive above it all,  
Often trip, but don't need to fall.  
A female Robinson Crusoe trying to stay afloat,  
But this situation is beyond a joke.*

*Folk don't understand unless they've been through it,  
Like a wounded horse biting at the bit.  
I must have patience to see what's next,  
As my thoughts cannot become unruly vexed.*

*Help for us is on the way, sure,  
Where my Christian walk shall be pure.  
Our souls are crying out for rest,  
Now this final challenge has been my test.*

*If you feel your ship is sinking,  
Its all about the trials of thinking.  
Back to my drawing board I must go,  
Pressures get heavy in a one-ringed show.*

*Forgive me Jesus Christ, for feeling this way!  
Saviour's child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# Recycled Homes!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I know we have recycled homes everywhere,  
Do they have a rent-to-buy scheme somewhere.  
Yes, its probably true but where's the land,  
Didn't our Creator write it in his plan.*

*This land is free for all mankind,  
And some races are left in the blind.  
If you don't belong to certain tribes,  
There's probably some room for the bribes.*

*Cannot believe how I feel at this time,  
It, in itself is nothing short of crime.  
We all pay taxes like the rest,  
And can survive amongst the very best.*

*I'd love to own a one-bedroom place,  
And not be left out of this race.  
One dollar each way it should be,  
The prize should be for you and me.*

*Thanks be to my Heavenly Father.  
Child of your own, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Do It Anyway!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Fear may be there, but trust in God,  
He is for you and carries your rod.  
Whatever the work, it's for my Saviour,  
And he rewards your very good behaviour.*

*If Jesus is for you then it's alright,  
Pray then work by day and even night.  
Set the goals at a certain pace,  
And he will show you peace and grace.*

*These poor children are victims in this way,  
And it must be condemned every day.  
The exploitations of our very dear little ones,  
Its once again piercing Father and Son.*

*Heartbreak to know is when we don't care,  
And our love within is to be shared.  
The wicked won't survive, we must remember that,  
As his Throne of Truth is where it's at.*

*Thanking you my Holy, Heavenly Father.  
Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Fasten Your Seatbelts!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Hamilton doesn't care about you or me,  
We haven't a villa to sell you see.  
I believe China is heavily involved,  
And its us who must do as told.*

*We had a Prime Minister named J.K.,  
As his property was bought from China's Pay.  
Millions was spent on this shady deal,  
Oh well, we know Chinese takeover is real.*

*Lest we forget, well we have really,  
And lost the plot ever so dearly,  
We've now been sold down the creek,  
As the deals go on as I speak.*

*But my Lord knows at end of day,  
How it may swing, each and every way.  
You see the votes don't mean a thing,  
As we are the puppets on the string.*

*Thanks be to God, fear Father and Son, not mankind.  
Your daughter in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Welcome Mat!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This welcome mat is at my front door,  
And it really means that, just for sure!  
Maybe you're needing a cup of tea,  
Or just seeking some very sincere company.*

*I'd love this and that's a fact,  
Then why not choose my welcome mat.  
I am a Christian and love to see,  
The warmth of another human being pleases me.*

*There is so much anger around today,  
And you really don't need being led astray.  
A true friend is a rare golden thing,  
Growing up was to laugh and sing.*

*Now as the tables turn each day,  
Then my Lord and Saviour shows better way.  
But beware of folk you think you know,  
As true colours in them will truly show.*

*Thank you, my Spiritual Heavenly Father.  
Children in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Wolf Man!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Vicious rumours he spreads around the town,  
When his spiteful voice gets off the ground.  
Its not as though he's nothing to do,  
So called help to suicide is his cue.*

*Beware this holier than thou man,  
As his podium is the grandstand.  
There was another Māori man working Mental Health,  
Now he accused him of feathering his wealth.*

*Well, that may have been truth and all,  
While he's stealing suicide money, lest he fall.  
This wolf picks the bones out of you,  
But still believes he's one of chosen few.*

*His name is well known around this city,  
Don't feel sorry for him with your pity.  
He will charm you as bad people do,  
Leaving you up the tree, despondent and blue.*

*Why? Only my Jesus Christ knows the wrong.  
But we have all fallen short of his glory.*

*Your child only, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Paper and Pen Challenge!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I am going away for a little while,  
My pen was put to test in style.  
Sometimes it has been a pleasure to write,  
Other times a jab in rear end to fight.*

*Did you do census for all to read,  
King David was tempted to do this deed.  
It didn't come from the word of God,  
The order was given by Commander the Sod.*

*Because of this many Israelites died before time,  
Thinking on this, humans today walk the line.  
It obviously was written way back then,  
And that is why paper leads to pen.*

*A coffee is now for me to drink,  
As five more poems I need to think.  
It all gets a bit much you see,  
When my writings are simply to please Thee.*

*Thanking you God for being with me.  
Forever yours. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Flying Your Flag!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We eventually show our real, true self,  
As our hidden skeleton is on the shelf.  
It doesn't mean we're all really bad,  
Maybe it could tell the victim is sad.*

*What sort of life from Abraham's seed sown,  
It could be genetic or from heritage grand.  
That you are a pebble on a shifting sand.*

*Or a tidal wave life put you through,  
Could have been right out of the blue.  
It doesn't mean you were to blame,  
You are left numb with the shame.*

*Treating yourself to something nice, and feel great,  
Perhaps a nice luncheon with your mate.  
To walking hand in hand, to places unknown,  
And sickle the sheaves that had grown.*

*AMEN! Au Revoir. Take care everyone!.  
From an unknown friend. Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Child of Christ.*

# My Lovely Wedding!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Pray someday I'll have wedding of the year,  
As my life has had lots to fear.  
Yet never look back on what has been,  
Just pray keep looking for the unforeseen.*

*When focusing what it may be like,  
There's your shining knight on his motorbike.  
You know now its going to be fine,  
As he's a changed man from doing time.*

*He sought out God on this sunny day,  
And life changed as he came Jesus Christ's way.  
Our happiness already is here to stay entwined,  
As the branches of life treated me blind.*

*A Harley parked outside a shack of love,  
But its for real if sent from above.  
And this husband I have is for myself,  
As he lifts me from this broken shelf.*

*Dreams or prophecy. If it's meant to be.  
Children in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# Long White Feather!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My SAS friend Amos, gave me Indian name,  
Now he's passed over, no longer in pain.  
His shrapnel filled body has been put to rest,  
North with family, as he passed the test.*

*Serving in the Middle East was his theme,  
Putting paid maybe to his lifelong dream.  
Five long years he suffered or more,  
Before the final closing of his door.*

*As Long White Feather, pray we meet again,  
Until this time you are always my friend.  
Told me, as a believer and that is great,  
Now and forever I'm your trusting mate.*

*There will be lots of things to do,  
As I feel comfortable in my moccasin shoe.  
Thank you for giving me this beautiful name,  
And his light forever shines with no pain.*

*Bye-Bye my friend, this is not the end, AMEN!  
Yours sincerely, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# My Chinese Friend!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*There is a lovely Chinese lady named Margaret,  
I am really honoured this person to know,  
As she honestly stands out to glow.*

*My friend, a beacon of light to all,  
She's helped so many from the fall.  
Her mother died when Margaret was young,  
Then after her grief came the fun.*

*Helping those less fortunate with food and clothes,  
And maybe a few thanked her I suppose.  
This kind soul now in her eightieth year,  
Can now take rest quietly in the care!*

*Shopping trolleys she pushed around the streets,  
Almost like a policeman on his beat.  
And if one needed a helping hand,  
This friend of mine would beat the band.*

*A personal dedication to Margaret Sun! Friend.  
From someone who cares. Lord's child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Too Many Sorrows

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Many sorrows but give thanks for your blessings,  
It's a trial as you're being tested,  
Don't let it become a problem to fester.*

*Drop anchor and ride out the storm,  
And look forward to a bright new morn.  
Just give it all to Jesus and pray,  
And you will see a clearer day.*

*A man walks by with his dog white,  
Each and every evening while still light.  
Now you share the beauty I'm telling you,  
And the sorrows you felt come shining through.*

*Then when your anchor is lifted up,  
His joy will fill you with his peaceful cup.  
Now its time for me to sit back,  
And deal to my cards that were stacked!*

*Thanking you once again God, for carrying my rod.  
Child of Creator and Saviour. God bless you all.  
Goodnight. Sleep Tight!*



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.

