

# King Jesus



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

# Shalohm Alachem

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Pray for our fellow brethren in the holy land,  
for being at war since the beginning of man.*

*These people should know better as they had the Great Teacher to  
follow each day.*

*If only we could all unite as we too have been shown the way.*

*These hassles over land rights, when will it all end?  
If its not South Africa its New Zealand and cries of apartheid driving  
good folk round the bend.*

*Giving and sharing is what Jesus taught us to do.  
Then how come the love he shared was only heeded by so little few.*

*We Christians are the worst to teach right from wrong.  
Just take a good look at Ireland, they fight to a whole different song.*

*Telethon is once a year over here.  
Offer this love world wide and unite us from fear.  
But then we too are in the same boat,  
and need all our paddles to keep us afloat,  
as our country's going down like a ship in a storm.  
We don't put into practice what we preach either! from daylight till  
dawn.*

*Like clowns at the circus we will return to the ring,  
and await the return of Jesus our Holy King.*

# Our Beloved Christ

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Jesus, Jesus, your name rings so true  
as you the Messiah will appear suddenly out of the blue.*

*Robes you will wear as pure lined snow,  
separating the flock in the way they must go.*

*The saviour is precious, loving, honest and true,  
as he will be selecting his rare precious few.*

*But what of the ones that will be left behind  
their fate worse than death to them that are blind.  
(Forgive me please Jesus, for I have sinned.)*

*Thank you for our prayers that are answered each way,  
while we strive in our faith to be with you that day.*

*Thank you Jesus  
from your servant Gloria*

# The Comforter - Holy Spirit

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Well guys here I am once again,  
hoping to be of comfort in your hour of pain.*

*Trying to understand what you felt whilst in Nam,  
praying you'll read of thy scripture's psalms.*

*You don't have to be a soldier to have a story to tell,  
the little sweethearts and family they too went through hell.*

*Pull together folk and pick up your brothers who have fallen,  
as its inside each and everyone to have a chosen calling.*

*Just a quick thought for us all.  
Thanks guys.*

# The Sacrificial Bleeding Lamb

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*So you think you can write Miss Bridgeman,  
well it remains to be seen.  
Or then again maybe its a dream within a dream.*

*I've been very passionate about the things I write,  
the knight in his shiny armour or the local boy on his bike.*

*Now gigantic, enormous icebergs melting into the deep six,  
or the innocence named drug abuse for that get quick fix.*

*I pray the Hamilton press print my poem The Soldier's Story  
for all humanity to read,  
.then and only then surely folk may grasp the desires for need.*

*Our heavenly Father created all equal you know,  
therefore we should honour his sacrifice  
in order to nurture, prosper, cherish to grow.*

*Friday 13/11/2009.  
From someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Jesus Christ's Spring

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The trees, flowers and the grass all dance in the breeze,  
as spring births forth with the greatest of ease.*

*Roses, carnations, daffodils to name just a few,  
as the spiders weaving their beautiful croqueted nets with dew.*

*Animals prancing all around,  
as crystalized butterflies soar o'er the ground.*

*The seas will whisper with sounds of the roe,  
as they challenge the waters to help them grow.*

*Farms are plush and green with lots to eat,  
to our four legged friends a banquet treat.*

*Blossoms have formed where trees were clothed  
in autumn brown and green,  
aye, spring is truly the Creator's season to be seen.*

*Now believe the rarity seen is true gold indeed,  
and don't give way to the so called powers of greed.*

*Someone who cares.  
Gloria Bridgeman.  
4/10/2005 Tuesday.*

# Double Standards

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We all know where we stand with the two way rule,  
Its not what we know, it was who we knew,  
and only teacher's pets were among the few.*

*But as the years have passed it hasn't been time for change,  
why just our system has been radioactively rearranged.*

*Haven't we as Kiwis got brains of our own,  
stand up battlers and let our feelings be known.*

*Foreigners go home if you don't abide by the law,  
if we travel overseas we know the score.*

*Murdered loved ones laying dead in the depths of the earth,  
praying for change on the horizon, the dawn of a new birth.*

*But the voices of so called power at the top,  
need to be reminded of heads for the chop.  
When they're laid to rest in a nice little plot,  
unless the signing of the treaty pulls one and all together,  
then the chapter on this life will close forever.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Energizing Word

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Christ's creative energy was behind the ark,  
to the shutdown of power in the 40 days and nights of dark.*

*And if you can't accept the glory that we see,  
then please believe on his created bleeding tree.*

*A bird's chorus at break of dawn,  
to a peasant's hands, hard working and worn.*

*Newborn frolicking in the spring,  
as three wise men on camels do sing.*

*Floods stilled in the blink of an eye,  
chariots of fire ride high in God's sky.*

*Now pray tell our Master in robes of gold,  
Has he forsaken us? never! with precious parables foretold.*

*And the blind shall see, our Jesus said,  
then we must not walk among the dead.*

*Our Holy One needs us to be in grace,  
to explore his unknown, like a scientist in space.*

*From someone who cares.*

*Gloria Bridgeman.*



# Thy Creator's Cloak

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*His cape would be made from the finest thread,  
the Maker who looks after the living and dead.*

*Trees and flowers, all part of his plan.  
Then came humanity, now isn't that grand.*

*Go walking and see this great artist's work,  
then please give thanks for all he's done,  
as God gave his only begotten Son.*

*Now go for another walk and think once again,  
about our Christ who relieves all pain.*

*He really is the Man at the end of the day,  
to guide, lead and show the way.*

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

# The Golden King

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Just as I thought, there's nothing left to say,  
a word skips by me in the bright light of day.  
And my pen becomes a flashing, yielding sword of stone,  
as my Creator in time will embark on his heavenly throne.*

*The skies will be seen with awesome wonders never known,  
as judgements sent down on seeds we have sown.*

*People are walking where angels fear to tread,  
thinking they bring charms from spirits of the dead.  
But ashes return to ashes and dust to dust,  
when will we realise in only God do we trust.*

*Wars and rumours of wars until the ends of the earth,  
as we await his Second Coming, from the cross to the birth.*

*Only then will his souls from the ground arise,  
and the rapture will awaken the deep darkest eyes.*

*From someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
12/10/2003.*

# Why! Question thy Faith

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Dear Jesus, why so many denominations in your land.  
When the King James Version was written with prophetic hands.*

*Leading us as Christians, uniting fellowship together,  
all pulling in as one,  
honouring the Father's Son.*

*Not this we are Right Church and you folk have it wrong,  
we should all be singing the same song.*

*Jesus Christ is the church within,  
not some posh building to preach us free from sin.*

*Satan's role is being perfected indeed,  
by so called Christians fighting in greed.*

*A heartfelt poem by someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman 24/1/2005.*

# 21st Century Manipulation

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please don't use the faces of innocence for your bloody war,  
because of a dictator and his type of law.  
The Middle East has had strife since time began,  
yes way back, since the bible's first man.*

*The heavy majority rule, denying God's Son,  
but still expecting their holy battles to be won.  
American's New World Order behind code, dark,  
igniting Satan's fuel through a camouflaged spark.*

*Next week is Easter, pray all in Christ rejoice,  
then hear the Powers through an unspoken voice.*

*From some people who worship God and care.  
Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Our Angel's Window

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Watching us through her mirrored window of glass,  
the elite few keeping up with her class.  
Even though our Angela was so down to earth,  
carrying her sceptre from the day of her birth.*

*Meeting folk from far away places,  
keeping up appearances in state of all graces.*

*With a rare talent that captures us all,  
when illness caused her to answer a call,  
now looking through another window in time,  
this angelic lady's in a peace so divine.*

*A memorial dedication about our Angie, TVNZ Channel One.  
A personal tribute for Angela D'Audney.*

## Second Class Citizens

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*So you need to be a clone, big deal,  
then why not! survive our humble planet and get real.*

*You think good benefits outweigh the bad,  
but this demon hath deceived some and that is awful sad.*

*Maybe they'll commit hazardous crimes and you will get the blame,  
then try telling the system and you'll be treated as insane.*

*Now robots will take the jobs as humanity walks the planks,  
its part of the New World Order and Big Brother is a Yank.*

*But everybody's in the same boat,  
and folk of many colours will struggle to stay afloat.*

*Please keep the faith and serve the Master from above,  
and he will make you strong and gentle like a dove.*

*Now I have penned poems about the deaths of many men,  
who fought against these atrocities time and time again.*

*But do we really honour the Christ that died for us,  
or will we still be screaming as we go from ashes to the dust.*

*Gloria Bridgeman.*

# The Bridgeman Files

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'll write another verse  
Then my pen can be at rest.  
Who knows I may have passed a challenge  
and be up amongst the best.  
Oh to think of scripts like a king  
and his stately queen.  
Performing on a platform  
in an everlasting scene.  
Yes it will come into being  
as my future I will see.  
Mirrored in cinemascope  
for all to look.  
Gloria Bridgeman slow but sure  
awaited book.*

*Poem by Gloria Jean Bridgeman 1998.*

# Man Named Jesus

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The birds are chirping from their lofty tower,  
singing praises to a humble man of power.*

*An operative performance of the highest degree,  
a heavenly King's entertainment created specially for thee.*

*In return we must sing praises of joy,  
for Mary and Joseph's divine chosen boy.*

*Creation unbirthed in dance in his chosen time,  
as animals, flowers and trees blossomed in rhyme.*

*A masterpiece that is unique to the end,  
from a man named Jesus, our chosen friend.*



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.