

Oasis of Shadows



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman
and Jay Stark

The Hour Man!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Who is the Name Man of hour,
Jesus Christ watching from his lofty tower.
Prophecy must be fulfilled in his time,
Anything short of this a real crime.*

*Then don't put trust in hands of man,
When the Son of God has other plans.
He's done what no other being can do,
And we are amongst his elite chosen few.*

*We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pain for us he had to bear.
But we believe it was for us,
He hung and suffered to real despair.*

*Child of my Heavenly Father!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Holy Sabbath!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Friends I've met at Love Manifest place,
Have put me in a state of grace.
God's Sabbath is the Holy Day to keep,
I'm not needing to be a lost sheep.*

*To obey the Lord's word is my command,
And his commandment must be a demand.
Why did he write the Fourth to obey,
When we turn the cheek and go astray.
Read the word about his Tenth written law,
Its in his bible I've read for sure.*

*The Pope has repeated he changed that day,
So man decided to follow his way.
When he was not chosen by my God,
To carry out that very spiritual Saviour's Rod.*

Your child Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Golden Rose!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Coloured roses of red, white, blue,
Golden petals being sprinkled upon us few.
The rose I'm speaking of is rare gold,
But it can't be panned for I'm told.*

*These are spiritual riches we must seek for,
Before the closure of Christ's heavenly door.
If you know your life is a mess,
Then put my loving Jesus Christ to test.*

*You wouldn't believe what I've been through,
As my faith in my Creator rang true.
They say the hotline to my Saviour,
Is forgiveness and repentance for my bad behaviour.*

Child in Christ, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Crying Wind!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Good Friday today and the wind howling,
Is it because our Creator suffered this day.
I believe it's crying in hours of distress,
Trying to make up for our humanity's mess.*

*We've been given chance after chance to recompense,
And to all humanity it should make sense.
But I'm a Christian and proud of that,
Yet we shouldn't be treated as a doormat.*

*It is a lot calmer now I see,
As I'm feeling he's close to me.
I can't see the woods within the trees,
But his presence is filling me with ease.*

*Trying very hard to understand and cope,
When seriously in all it's been no joke.
Thank God for his Son and bloodstained cross,
Because now and forever he's our Boss.*

Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman!

Be Happy As!

by Jay Stark

*Always be as happy as you possibly can be.
Love your self every day and remember,
How many people love you.
Do good things for others but also give to yourself.*

*Release the child within you,
So you can sing, laugh and play.
List the things that you do best,
And give yourself a hug.*

*Accept compliments and dance barefoot,
Plan to fulfil a secret wish,
Laugh at yourself,
And above all remember you are loved.*

*First of two poems from a special friend, Jay Stark.
Child in Christ, Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Faith of Elijah!

by Jay Stark

*Have faith and expect the best.
Faith begins by believing in your heart,
That what is right has a chance.
Faith is knowing in your heart,
That good can overcome evil,
And the sun can shine in a rainstorm.*

*Faith is peaceful and comforting because it comes from within,
Where no one can invade your private dreams.
Faith is not something you can command or demand,
It is a result of commitment to belief.*

*Faith is believing in something you can't see or hear,
Something deep inside,
That only you understand and only you control.
Faith is trusting in yourself enough to know,
That no matter how things turn out,
You will make the best of them!*

*From a personal friend! Jay Stark.
Child in Christ! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Rescue Me Please! H.E.L.P.!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

A rescue van went down Bettina Road today.

*Maybe a dearly loved pet up a tree,
Feeling really quite lost, just like me!*

*I shouldn't be feeling this way I know,
As a Christian, it's stunting me to grow.
I've always been a tower of strength,
Now I'm thin ice skating on my rink.*

*By my adult son needing help as well,
Lifting us out of his punji pit hell.
How can he find a place to survive,
He won't let Jesus Christ be his guide.*

*Sooner or later, pray on bended knee,
He will seek out God then praise be.
I'm feeling whiplashed, backlashed and such,
But welcome the warmth of his Holy Touch.*

*Thanking you my heavenly Father,
For getting through to my son.
Your child in Christ! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Cheryl – 22nd May Birthday!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Something may happen before tonight is through,
To help Steven out of the blue.
A place of his own where at peace,
And the spiritual warfare will slowly cease.*

*My sister's life was cut short in time,
The cure for cancer is a stolen crime.
Crabs are the answer to this disease,
The W.H.O. hold the key if you please.*

*This is the Hebrew word for crab,
And vice versa is the prolonged stab.
The Zodiacal sign for the Cancerians as well,
Try's keeping us patients under their spell.*

*Expensive hospital machines they need to keep,
But they will reap what they sow,
As it appears they won't let go.*

*It keeps a lot of folk in work,
I'm starting to feel a lifetime jerk.
The oceans have known this all along,
As I've sung the praises to this song.*

*Thanking you my Lord. Child in Christ.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

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 with a lovely chair,
Here I sit patiently as my true love draws near.
My Christian Samurai who fears my God, we love.
This man is truly sent from my Saviour up above.*

*He will be my guide upon this earth,
As our souls will entwine to face our new rebirth.*

*Thanking you John for maybe my truly last booklet.
Child in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Please and Thank You!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*There are two little magic words,
That can open any door with ease.
One little word is thanks,
And the other little word is please.*

*Now you'll be surprised what these two little words can do,
They'll work like a charm for me,
and they will work like a charm for you.*

*Now when you want the butter say please pass the butter,
Good manners are never out of style,
And when you get this the next thing you utter is thank you,
With a great big sunny smile.*

*An Idea! Thanking you my Jesus Christ,
For all you have done in my life.
Your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

United Nations Reign!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please let good people rule and reign together,
Good Christian folk who can withstand the weather.
Folk with backbone who won't give in,
To these so-called powers ruling in sin.*

*If all these Christians were banding together,
Then they can put paid to stormy weather.
Instead they serve two masters in time,
And that in itself is a severe crime.*

*Divided Christianity will never work you see,
My Jesus Christ never intended it to be.
At the moment it's a one-horse race,
By Christ-like nations being saved by grace.*

*The only solution is to obey our God,
Who by love and mercy carries our rod.
Why worship a false man of hope,
Who in disguise is this creature named Pope!*

*Thinking my Lord and Saviour.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Timber Mill Country

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'm nearing the end of my little booklet,
Four more left to write before I forget.
It's a very lovely day on Bettina Road,
As I'm about to move a heavy load.*

*The country is calling me back,
To fulfil a plan beneath the stack.
There must be a reason for my return,
Like the timber in our mills, we burn.*

*It is the place where I was born,
I'm now feeling happy but tired and worn.
To know the place where I am going,
To reap and sow, the life for growing.*

*There may be a 28th booklet, end of year,
With a noble prize to bring good cheer.
But if my gift is from up above,
Then it's sealed from his dove of love.*

Your child Jesus I love, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Holy Bible Truth!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have not read the Word for a while,
Like no other book it's really in style.
Thousands of years this Holy Book was penned.
Reminds me about Daniel surviving lion's den.*

*Pray tell if you don't believe this Power!
It's a God-given help in darkest hour.
From morning until night, it reveals the light,
Teaching us the basics from wrongs to right.*

*It's written from prophets, these words of gold,
Given inspired verse had made them bold.
To seek and walk this Spirit-filled roadway,
Has shown us beyond belief this very day.*

*These little booklets I have written for you,
From my humanity's love and Bible truths too.
Then if at first you don't succeed,
It may be because of all your greed!*

*Thanking you my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.
Child of Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Oasis of Shadows

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Divine birth of Saviour, a mystery in itself,
Us Christians need to get down from shelf!
And fulfil the role we're designed to play,
It's expected of us to perform each day.*

*I don't really know what more to do,
I'm feeling right now like a lost shoe.
My little booklets are sheaving the wheat,
Around the world, wow, what a treat.*

*The desert shadows are a secret as well,
It's possible it's under some sort of spell.
There is water to drink under the desert sand,
And this being so is a miracle grand.*

*A God created universe for all to see,
In unity we must seek out Heavenly Three!
It's all there in the King James verse,
Your refusal to look will empty your purse.*

*Pray I've written the right words.
Child in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Humanity's Controlled Machines

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You would be quite naïve to believe this,
All of us must give this a miss.
When they are designed to kill at ease,
Nothing of you will be left to please.*

*I was writing about the years gone by,
As people thought it was pie in the sky.
I shudder to think why we are stiff-necked,
As A.I. has turned out a real shipwreck.*

*Storms were always considered to be God-created,
The military have control it's been stated.
But even they won't be able to cope,
Humanity will swing from their killing rope.*

*It won't be mankind versus the big machines,
It's the other way around your lost dream.
But you can blame the so-called brains,
And this will take off like Bullet Train.*

Humanity's gone senile, sorry to say.

*God forbid. Child in Jesus Christ.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Lion's Den

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Three more days, pray then I will know,
Should I stay or should I go.
A divine answer may tell me then,
By the inspired word of my pen.*

*Will you answer prayers for my son,
Blessing it will be when day is done.
He needs you please to guide his way,
To find your love each and every day.*

*His heart is kind as well you know,
And in your Holy Word he will grow.
Things you choose to do will show when,
The time will be to leave Lion's Den.*

*Thanking you our Saviour.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Royal Monarch. Te!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Dame Te Ariki nui kahu – our Maori Queen.

Princess Te Puhia.

Or Te Kuiti or Te Kauwhata or Te Awamutu.

Te Poi, Te Huia or Te Tainui, Te Puke.

Or the Māori King, Te Haita.

Maybe Hamilton can be named Te Kirikiriroa,

But please give us Europeans rights as well.

Captain Cook and Lord Nelson rang their bell.

This universe was created by my God alone,

As blood brothers, we need bone on bone.

The Sovereign of our lands is Jesus Christ!

But don't choose to forget you're rolling dice.

My God alone is Sovereign over all,

Choose to forget that and you will fall.

This is my last little booklet I'll write,

Therefore please take note to be all right.

Be together please one and all,

As my Jesus has his final call.

Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Tests Their Fruits

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Twenty-seventh booklet needed another one says John,
Then that will be another one done.
As pensively I write under the sun.
Thank you, my friend, for letting me know,
My pen likened to a feathered quill will sow.*

*A window is a mirror of the soul,
Beware of folk leading us up the pole.
People claiming to be real God-like,
As you have now fallen off your bike.*

*Tests their fruits and you will find,
If they are for real or spiritually blind.
Because your own wellbeing with God,
Depends on him carrying our very special rod.*

*Thanking you my heavenly Father.
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.

