

P.L.O. - God's Children



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Against All Odds!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Oh! Goldie and Shula, you both died in vain,
Trying to protect Israel from her shame.
This Benjamin dude should go before the chop,
As citizens of Israel are left to rot.*

*This man is another Hitler; stand him down,
He's not a king worthy of a crown.
Throw him in prison where he belongs,
Then God-created Palestine can rule with a song.*

*Murderers go to prison; why not him,
His crimes are nothing short of deadly sin.
United Nations was for humanity I thought,
It really goes against anything that was taught.*

*The Geneva Convention, now that wasn't for real,
And America is not giving a better deal.
Our trained elite Special Forces going nowhere fast,
When Israel's flag is one very unholy farce.*

*I'm deeply ashamed at what's happening to your Holy-Created Land.
Child in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

A Might War Crime!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Israel's war, it might constitute a war crime,
Those at the top won't seal the time.
How come they haven't stopped it by now?
Benjamin and Joe together, making their vow.*

*Bodies of children murdered within ten minutes they say,
Did they know the B.T.K. terrorist someday.
Or maybe the serial killer Zodiac was on their pay,
All I know is murderers go to jail,
Apparently, the war he chose was his bail.*

*Guess its all to do with Illuminati's Brother,
If only they had chosen Jesus Christ and not another.
Israel the land was to be at peace,
People are asking for the war to cease.
But this will not put things at rest,
Why not our trained elite doing their best.*

*They were stiff-necked, Jesus Christ, when you were around,
But now they have soiled your Holy Ground.*

Child of my Creator. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Christ's Tortured Holy Land!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I need to write about anything again,
Israel's war is nothing short of torment and pain.*

*Is there such a word as Justice True,
The white sheet's bodies, lay red, under blue.*

*Why is it the P.L.O. are slaughtered each day,
The Heavenly Creator showed his ever-loving way.
United Nations, Geneva Convention, Red Cross, UNICEF, and all,
Never stepped up to take the ball.*

*So-called leaders like Hitler, Colonel Gaddafi, and Idi Amin,
They had to pay for their sin.
The Palestinians have every right to the land,
As Jesus Christ's Creation is for all Man.*

*We are all created as one, Christ told,
Now that to me his treasure to unfold.
I don't know what's best to write anymore,
All I see is the closing of Green Door.*

*I am deeply sorry my Lord, they are playing with fire,
and leaders don't care.
Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Kingdom's Keys!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Master of our universe holds these keys,
We must do everything in order to please.
Our eyes are the mirrors of our soul,
Therefore, we must try hard to reach our goal.*

*If in my little booklets I please Him,
And that keeps me free from all sin.
To write about Jesus Christ's loved ones,
Makes me at peace under everyday sun.*

*But if it's raining the days I write,
I really look forward for the evening night.
Having been through much terror and pain,
Putting it down on paper keeps me sane.*

*Only my Saviour knows what I've been through,
And that is what I share with you.
To come to know this Son of God,
Who carries our heavy burdens with rod!*

*Dearest Creator, thank you for all you have done in my life,
Taken on board all of my strife.
Your child only. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Star Warrior!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Harley Swiftdeer is this chosen veteran's name,
Yet Agent Orange was the Yanks to blame.
Or 245T seals the claim.*

*Children all deformed from their time of birth,
Now Israel's been awakened with a deadly curse.
But these fighting men are from another time,
War they fought was another denial of crime.*

*Floyd Westerman Crow, Chief Dan George,
Joe Dan Baker, Crazy Horse;
These are true fighting warriors.
And my two friends Amos Kiwi-Kiwi, Robbie Quirk,
From a very elite force named S.A.S.*

*Mr Bill Mischefskie and dear friend Harold Charles Bryant,
From our Jay Force team,
Hiroshima's mop up Force was their dream.
Waka Heperi.*

*A personal dedication to all who served for their country.
Child in the Lord. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Lonely Beautiful Ohakune!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This is a beautiful Ohakune day to write,
And the mountains, oh what a glorious sight.*

*It's a pity I'm so very lonely here,
And need someone to love me and care.*

I'm truly grateful for a loving friend o'er the way,

But she is working very hard each day.

They say Stratford is the lost highway,

Now Ohakune as well is a lonely place,

As I'm thankful for blessings and true grace.

Misery needs company is what they truly say,

And I welcome my bed end of day.

I'm putting in for transfer out of town,

As I'm in full flight off the ground.

Needing my Country and Western days back,

Is where I belong, down the singer's track.

My last little booklet coming to an end,

As I kiss goodbye my little penfriend!

Well its lunchtime now. Thank you, my Heavenly Father.

Your child only. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Echoing Sands!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Sands echo from depths of the sea,
As bodies sunken low in all the debris.
Spanish Galleons that sailed into the very deep.*

*Treasure chests full of gold to take,
When all salvaged the governments have their claim.*

*But you men should at least get a cut,
When your lives are really put at stake,
They claim the prize, leaving you out Jake.*

*A lot of politicians really need to go,
Folk getting tired of their one-man show.
Small wonder echoing sands give way to tears,
When the government's greed is entwined to fear.*

*National won't do any better, believe me,
They will pocket whatever out of your purse,
Forgetting hospitals and our ever-caring nurse.
Remember now, you know who you voted for,
When promises they make behind their ever-closing door!*

*Thank you, Jesus Christ, in whom we trust!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Love! Live! Pray!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Love as if you have never been hurt,
Live as if Heaven was down on Earth.
And pray like there are no tomorrows,
Even if your life is full of sorrow.*

*Writing is somewhere in my true happy place,
Its sincerity puts me safely in grace.
Strong hearts bleed when loved ones have gone,
Even though it's tough, I must carry on.*

*My eldest son Steve, a blessing you know,
Then the time came for him to go.
He showed kindness to me in many ways,
Now I appear to stumble through my days.*

*His illness at the time, got too much,
He needed the warmth of Jesus Christ's touch.
I tried hard to be pleasing to him,
But found always float, sink or swim.*

*A personal dedication about my prodigal son. Mum truly loves you..
Children of God - Stephen, Mother! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Christmas Angelic Star!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Heavenly star of David, shining very bright,
And its very light in middle of night.
A prophetic promise that needed to be fulfilled,
Gave way to a senseless and brutal kill.*

*Israel, the stiff-necked country since time began,
Approved murder on God's only begotten Man.
But the Three Wise Men from the east,
Came bearing gifts and seeking out perfect peace.*

*God kept his word and promised a King,
Then all mankind can rejoice and sing.
But ever since my Jesus Christ was born,
His Holy Land has been battered and torn.*

*Celebrate Xmas, it's that time of year,
Yet remember the Creator who put you here.
By giving to others less fortunate, we grow,
And seal the seeds of Abraham to sow.*

*My children all need to follow Jesus Christ.
From yours truly, mother, child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Beware – Selfish Drivers Kill!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Move over now, I was here before you,
And look at your bomb, mine's brand new.
Its hard being on the road at holiday time,
Idiots will kill you; now that's a crime.*

*Highways were constructed just for them you know,
That is why I choose not to go.
I was smacked into by a BMW car,
She was doing 60Ks in a 40K zone,
I was shaken up and felt quite alone.*

*This was at Hillcrest on Morrinsville road,
Where she put on quite an innocent show.
The guilty don't appear to be punished enough,
We suffer in silence when crime's penalties are not tough.*

*When you load your vehicle thinking of fun,
Prayerfully everyone arrives safely when day is done.
Then you may all enjoy your families together,
Giving thanks to my Saviour for seasonal weather.*

*Child of my Creator. Jesus Christ.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Ohakune's Blessed Angel!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*There are angels here on earth I say,
She visits when she can on odd days.
The most beautiful sound in this place,
Maree brings peace and state of grace.*

*She has manifested true aroha to me,
And my gratitude to her will always be.
Lessons are to be learnt from this lady,
Especially to those who redeem very shady.*

*This evening, I have another gift for her,
I know she will appreciate it for sure.
Good Samaritans should be wrapped up in gold,
As they really are true treasures to behold.*

*This Wahine from a tribe of good,
Taught her to stay away from the Hood.
To protect Maree shrouded in veils of love,
Our Creator's child on wings of dove.*

*My neighbour and close heavenly friend, Maree Hawira.
Children of God. Love, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Israel's Killing Fields!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Murder of innocence, lifeless bodies
Laying all around,
Even women, children, and elderly brothers
Buried underground.*

*New Zealand has a germ warfare of its own,
The Chinese may have sent it by drone.
Most countries are fighting one way or another,
It's a message sent, guess who, Big Brother.*

*Don't let the Illuminati pull all your strings,
Not when Jesus Christ is King of Kings.
If you are following the Beast in time,
Then be prepared to go walking that line.*

*The power to trust, his name is Emmanuel,
If you don't desire to end in Hell.
Just do your very best as you can,
To help bring about peace with fellow man.*

Jesus Christ's child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Truckie Named Paddy Portland!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A friend of mine is driving for who,
Finding him may come out of the blue.
He lives in Waihi, over by the beach,
This point of time he's hard to reach.*

*Paddy has been a good friend of mine,
His friendship I would truly love to bind.
Now if you drivers have seen him around,
Then a big 10.4 is radio bound.*

*I cared for brother Mark many years ago,
Now a peace to this jigsaw is a heavenly glow.
He visited me in Hamilton, on Thames Road,
Then he felt it time to go.*

*A lot of drivers are like true brothers,
Really on the lookout for each other.
Thank you for your help in tracking him down,
I'd dearly love for him to be found.*

*Thanking anyone involved in helping me to find Patrick Portland.
Friend in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Seven Years False Peace!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is there going to be a false peace signed,
At the moment it's the blind leading the blind.
This is the way things will go down,
As poor Israel is buried under her ground.*

*They are picking on Donald Trump once again,
By diverting Joe Biden from his hidden shame.
Countries will pull the plug end of day,
Putting Middle East back on its feet to stay.*

*Bring Geneva Convention and United Nations out of the wood pile,
With Israel's flag flying full mast in style.
This war means Hitler's ghost has returned,
As the victims in the Holy Land burn.*

*My Jesus Christ is weeping all over again,
As his land is bleeding from the pain.
This Holy Ground carved on from my Saviour's cross,
Try explaining that you didn't give a toss.*

*The Creator's return may be different from before,
Prayerfully we are not left standing at his door.*

Child of my Saviour. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Bleeding Cross!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*There are things in life I don't understand,
How we torture the heavenly Son of Man.
Again, the dove is bleeding for all humanity,
Making way for humans to survive with prosperity.*

*We don't deserve life each and every day,
Just waiting for our next lolly day pay.
Maybe I'm needing a home in the hills,
In this town one really feels quite ill.*

*A place made only from wood and stone,
From the toils of blood, sweat and bone.
And a nice man chosen from my Maker,
Where he's a giver as well as taker.*

*His wooden cross bleeds as we survive life,
As single straws on the ocean's flowing tide.
Pray Lord, tell me where I should be,
So that I may forever be pleasing thee.*

*Child of our Lord and Saviour.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Nephew Moreki Raki!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This young man kept the odds at bay,
By surviving his cancer each and every day.
If you met him you would know for sure,
And he would tell you about his Holy Cure.*

*His love is Jesus Christ and martial arts too,
By combining things in order pulled him through.
His belts he got, but black left town,
But the things and stars are still around.*

*These truly gentle souls are hard to find,
As they shine like diamonds when being kind.
If needing to talk of your cancer too,
Jesus Christ's love shining through Moreki can come through.*

*I've conquered cancer as well through His love,
As it was carried away on his loving dove.
Your body knows when to let it go,
It won't be there now, festering to grow!*

*Thanking you our Creator for curing Moreki and myself,
Your child only. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Hearts' Flaming Souls!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you been burnt along life's lost highway,
The soul is aflame when going your way.
And hearts are broken because you feel lost,
When my Lord and Saviour was our Boss.*

*I dreamt of tidal waves washing over me,
And wings to fly wherever needs be.
Maybe prophecy is trying to guide me somewhere,
Showing the stubborn how to really care.*

*My soul has been on fire for years,
Sometimes giving way to flood-like tears.
Forgiveness really is the keys to it all,
Lest we crash and burn before the fall.*

*I'm in a town sometimes surrounded by ice,
And my writings have become really quite nice.
Beholding the beauty in God's mountainous place,
Is like pure silk and ever-flowing lace.*

*One more tomorrow! Thanking you my King.
From your loving child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Taumarunui's Railway Carriages

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*It is a terrible waste, line upon line,
This to me is homeless shelter crime.
Give folk work, painting their newfound homes,
Not just sitting around getting drunk and stoned.*

*Mr Weston-Kirton, you have authority over this,
A feather in your cap with a twist.
Transit housing on Taupo Road was our lot,
Then state home became available on plot.*

*Taumarunui has the potential to seal railway homes.
Please talk to the heads at Tranz Rail,
Maybe help can come from those on bail.
Now you pray see where I'm coming from.*

*This project will unfold before your very eyes,
And your re-election will reach o'er the skies.
Just place your faith where it really belongs,
And the King's Country can right another wrong.*

*AMEN! God bless us all.
Child of mine! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Heavenly Teacher!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some humankind feel that fighting is the best way,
It never solved anything to this very day.
Screaming and yelling to get through to each other,
Then next you find a loved, murdered brother.*

*I was frustrated and thought it would work,
But it left me feeling like a jerk.
Then I decided to wear a badge of kindness,
Sometimes it worked and other times blindness.*

*Family have gone and that's a real shame,
Even though I wasn't always one to blame.
Jesus Christ's truth is real, that's for sure,
And lessons from Him is the best cure.*

*I tried an extra short poem to fit in John.
Your pupil only my Saviour. 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.