

# Pushing the Boat Out



A collection of poems by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

## Creator's Sea Creatures

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Mermaids gently gliding  
alongside our friendly dolphin.  
Or the beauty of the sea horse  
coming to join his mystical lady and friends.*

*These are the Creator's treasures  
of his majestic deep.  
If you are sailing in glass bottom boat,  
whilst anchored you may snorkel to float.*

*Fishes of every imaginable colours of hue,  
being there on display for me and you.  
Thank you Jesus for these Tropics of Blue.*

## Why Tell Lies

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Children taught to lie on the TV set,  
just so some parents can accept a bet.  
Well I guess its lying ads that sell,  
but its not what chimes my heavenly bell.*

*Now another Maori man murders his child,  
and tries the insanity plea because of drug.  
Thank goodness the judge never fell for that,  
or it was swept under a lying mat.*

*What is wrong with some of Maori race.  
We have had these murders in the past,  
and need strength and wisdom at each mast.  
I'm not being racist about what I write,  
its a fact needing to get it right. AMEN!*

*Someone who cares. Gloria Jean Bridgeman..*

# The Joker Lockdown

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Lockdown, lockdown, 1 2 3.*

*Ghost town, ghost town, how it will be.  
Terror, terror will reign and rule for now,  
but hold true to our Saviour's loving vow.*

*This is truly our Revelation testing time,  
germ warfare is the theme of the day.  
Read your Bible lest you go astray.  
Don't put it off until it suits you;  
Christ can come like a thief at night,  
pray we are awake to receive his light.*

*Let this be a warning to us all,  
as even the greatest of them can fall.  
Towers of gold will no more be  
as the wrath of God we will see.*

*Truthful thoughts.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Off the Grid!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Congratulations Mr Johnny Currie of the Bush,  
I lived in the outbacks of Owhango years ago.  
Enjoyed each moment until my partner stuffed around.  
Now I'm longing to walk bush type ground.  
Do you need some company over there?  
For one year I washed everything by hand,  
but man has treated me ever so wrong,  
and the bush life sings a different song.  
Some country soul, please help me out,  
where I can feel free to roam about.  
Survival of the strong we well know,  
in God given spiritual strength we shall grow.*

*City life is the pits.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## I Bless All Marching Girls

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some sports today rely on one man team;  
In my days of marching years ago,  
We really put on a colourful show.  
The Emeraldines of Taumarunui was our name.  
Then we became the Troubadours as in Spain.  
The Lochiel of Wellington was out and about,  
then the Vanguard's of Inglewood made Taranaki proud.  
And the Canadian guards of Auckland also were good,  
but the military style of Wellington's Lochiel stood!  
Hats off to our Midgets each day,  
as they only can pave the way  
for marching of the future!*

*I miss those days with competitors strong.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Luna Rossa Prada Pirelli!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*TV in lounge; I can only get One.  
Therefore it meant cricket and sailing.  
I was with the Italians all the way.  
The professionals of sailing came across each day.*

*Mr Bruni and Mr Spithill have a great team,  
and you need this crew aboard your dream.  
I personally felt the Lord at the helm  
La-Bella, La-Bella Journo is all I could say,  
as they challenge their opponents for another day*

*In crazy we believe,  
Well it worked for our Italian brothers.  
Eh what!, TOYOTA.  
My tribute to the champion teamwork!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Are You Ready!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Everywhere we see crisis,  
history will be repeated,  
Time to act. Thank you. Now!*

*These lockdowns will go on and on;  
don't be deluded when all goes wrong.  
Politicians will never tell you the truth,  
yet someone needs to raise the roof.*

*Move over Aotearoa. China is moving in.  
The signing of the TPP was the sin.*

*Prime Minister choosing to think she knows best,  
and that's put our country to the test!  
Thank my God for us true believers,  
maybe throwing light on the deceivers.*

*Gloria Bridgeman.*

## Whatever Floats your Boat!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*But don't push it out too far,  
and its not a good idea by car.  
Maybe folk need pram, scooter or bike,  
or thumbs out for a kind hitchhike.*

*The dark force of robots and clones,  
and the mechanical minds of humanoids and drones.  
These people who are too thick to see,  
won't know the Bible truth in reality.*

*My 15th booklet is for all to read,  
if old enough to understand words of gold,  
then treasures are there for them to behold!*

*The final booklet. Take heed.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## My Saviour's Transport!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Mum said God would have given us wings,  
if he had in design for us to fly.  
Now because of Saudi dealings, Air New Zealand,  
is up the pole without the net,  
whilst my Lord's teachings some choose to forget!*

*Our Saviour travelled land with sandals of leather,  
or sailed by sea in weathers of storm,  
navigating thoughts maybe toward a bright summer dawn.  
Sometimes a mule gave transport each day,  
and by night his illuminating stars gave way.*

*I tried on this one!  
Poetess Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

## The Deadly Nightshade!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We see it as a plant gone wrong;  
beware of Jesus Christ's veil of tears,  
ignoring his warnings is the death of song.  
Time to act is right on cue,  
as God's deadly nightshade will impact on you.*

*Jesus doesn't desire doom and gloom on us,  
just be in line for his spiritual bus.  
Or maybe its the glory bound train;  
the case remains our Creator rules and reigns.*

*Our Holy Bible we must all read,  
if we become warriors of his written word,  
by telling to others who have never heard.  
This Shepherd Boy chosen to lead his herd.*

*Thank you Jesus,  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# The Shepherd Boy!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This wee lad didn't have time for toys,  
or playing childlike games with other boys.*

*He was on a mission, sent by Father,  
rounding up sheep like shepherd boys do,  
saving lives as he journeys on through!*

*Joseph and Mary, distraught foster mum and dad,  
blest with Godly Child this chosen woman had.*

*Miracles he did with families in need;  
others not bowing because of their greed.*

*In a manger as he did lay,  
came three wise men on camels swayed.  
Bringing treasures of gold from Orient lands.  
Three kings riding the depths of desert sands.*

*Good poem I feel. Thank you my King.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# King Jesus Palace!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A golden tower owned by Mr Trump,  
or expensive planes owned by Sir Richard Branson,  
and the likes of wealthy Mr Bill Gates;  
also the mega bosses of computer games.*

*Well this means nothing compared to my King.  
His vast empire is the kingdom by far,  
like threading a needle through a camel's eye,  
all is lost in the blink of an eye.*

*Pearly gates from his created oyster shell.  
Angels blowing golden trumpets to sounds of chiming bell.  
Chandelier's many colours of dazzling crystal hue,  
seen by only his selected, chosen few!*

*A thoughtful tapestry about my King's wealth!  
by Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## A Thoughtful Tapestry!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Maori maiden on front page of Hamilton Press;  
thoughts of grandeur on such beauty dressed.  
The Mona Lisa or Lady With Pearl Earring;  
a last supper table prepared for our King.*

*Look, a Victorian couple having tea and cake,  
as swans glide graciously upon foreign lake.  
Beauty in the eyes of each to behold.  
See! our Creator's universe is paved with gold.*

*Cricket, I love to watch but don't understand;  
the America's Cup will in Italy stay,  
as prayers are answered on their winning day.  
Prada Pirelli, the finest sailing I've ever seen.  
Now these men are fulfilling their chosen dream.*

*This Kiwi is for Italy! La Bella Journo.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Go Italia.*

## Type of Excellence!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You don't have to be a rocket scientist,  
or leap out of a moving plane,  
proving to others you're part of their game.  
Just be yourself in this world gone mad,  
or else be left with feeling sad!*

*My brother was shot out of a cannon,  
or under the circus elephant Jumbo's foot.  
Hitching up tents in all kinds of weather,  
from dawn until dusk, was his job;  
his labours of work not worth a bob.*

*Others gain from some people's misfortune and woe,  
but together we pick up shovel and go.  
Who dares wins in game's cat and mouse,  
therefore stand tall, and humble, about your house!*

*Humility goes with caring. AMEN.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Biggest C!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*C is for Christian, C is for children,  
and C, unfortunately, is for sufferers of cancer.  
Yellow machine is where its at for me,  
then maybe a holiday by the sea.*

*15 days is where treatment starts for me,  
and I'm writing my 15th book you see.  
I'm on the prayer chain of incredible journeys;  
prayerfully I'll come through this final health test,  
and can sing and write among the best.*

*Its just amazing what the body can withstand,  
when Jesus Christ is close at hand.  
I pledge to all who have the Big C,  
by bowing down with thanks on bended knee.*

*Heartfelt to all Big C Folk.  
Someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# Amazing Rhythm Aces!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some radio stations never heard of them,  
'Too Stuffed to Jump' or 'Burning Ballroom Down',  
or 'How the Hell Do You Spell Rhythm'  
as we launched it off the ground. (Their titles)*

*In this world is where we need flowers,  
a kind word to help us get along.  
If you can't give me flowers while living,  
please don't send them when dead and gone. (Their lyrics)*

*Won't you give me my flowers while living,  
and let me enjoy them while I can.  
Don't wait until I'm ready to be buried,  
and then slip some lilies in my hand. (Their lyrics)*

*A personal tribute to the above-named band!  
From writer of poetry Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# Community Radio 89 Free FM

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We have a great manager on these airwaves,  
taking the flak from our Fringes Opinions Programme.*

*And the rest of our staff are great;  
its a matter of looking out for mates.*

*We have views on politics and other stuff,  
lots of times digging into the rough.  
Seeking the truth for our listeners each day;  
as volunteers its a pleasure to serve this way.*

*Its hard not dealing in camouflaged lies,  
by not putting our foot in the mouth,  
as we work the Radio, north and south.  
I guess I'll sign off for now,  
and search out the power of our half hour.*

*A tribute to our radio station!  
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.

