

Shalom Aleichem

Shula Cohen



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Laws of War!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*No such thing as this title implies,
Its all just a smokescreen of lies.
Where was the Geneva Convention in Nazi Germany?
Polish officers shot in the back of neck.*

*Does this sound like Geneva Convention upheld,
When victims of war are going through hell.
Fancy titles given to humanity being very misleading,
As families of tortured victims go through grieving.*

*Pray tell me now about Laws of War,
And tell on God's word, things gone before.
Jesus Christ does not heed to land wars,
When his creation is for all mankind,
Not those walking around stiff-necked and blind.*

*Name this ISIS, Taliban, Hezbollah and Hamas,
Just another's words for so-called Killing Machines.
But my Saviour has us all written down,
Before your deadly rockets even hit the ground.*

*Thank you, my dearest friend Jesus Christ!
From your child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Binding Nations Together!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*When Jesus Christ returns we will be mortified,
He may ask questions for us to be justified.
Its our sins that will catch us out,
You Israel and Hamas think you're powerful now,
My Creator has power to make you bow!*

*Israel, why are you wiping out the Palestinians,
We are all God's creation in this land,
And the Holy Land was his special brand.
Benjamin Netanyahu, I'm honestly disgusted in you.*

*I truly thought you a loving Christian man,
But the war on Gaza beats the band.
You warmonger Israelites have been tortured pain,
Sorting sheep from goats and who's to blame.*

*The Saviour I know is for all mankind,
As you have been misled and spiritually blind.
Your so-called powers need putting to rest,
As Qatar leaders may choose their very best.*

*I pray my writings please you my King of Kings.
Child of Jesus Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Vladimir Versus Zelensky

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Doesn't the Ukraine belong to the Russian state?
These two should really be best of mates.
Lands of old were created for all God's folk,
Yet some leaders have turned this into a joke.*

*Vladimir, why help Israel sort out their mess,
When Zelensky has put you to the test.
I took you to be a man of peace,
As the Israeli wars, and yours, should cease.*

*We have Māoris in New Zealand fighting over land,
They never understood the footprints in the sand.
If only we all listened to our Creator Grand.*

*When you get back to the Russian Empire,
Have talks with Zelensky about your ceasefire.
It was gracious of you, going to Middle East,
But never look to Big Brother or Beast.*

*I am a peaceful activist and humanitarian poetess.
Child of my Lord and Saviour. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Why Elite Forces!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why do we train the cream of crop,
Being sleeper cells, whilst Israel's wars at top.
Green Berets, Red Berets, Navy Seals,
JSOC know who I mean,
As wars are under the satellite beam.*

*Benjamin Netanyahu, you and Joe Biden should step down,
So war-torn countries can get off ground.
You are both fuelling the wars with fire,
Just like Russia and Ukraine doing the same.
Fuels being added to never-ending wars.*

*Did you two Prime Ministers listen to Qatar summit debate?
Arabs should know of Jesus Christ's closing gate.
Will we be left to sink or swim,
Destroying the Creators Holy Land, sins against him.*

*I am deeply sorry for your bleeding Holy Land.
Child of your Cross. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

STAGE! LAKES! SNOW!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What of Swan Lake and Sleeping Beauty show,
I'd dearly love to be able to go.
The sights of Swan Lake and Giselle Ballet,
By being a guest in a lovely chalet.*

*The Hamilton Lake is a sight to see,
I'd love a partner to be with me.
When at home I sit and see snow,
A comfort to see before I go.*

*The champions on ice were Torville and Dean,
They are true marvels to be seen.
Mastering the ice in unison they grow,
Putting on never-ending beauty and grace show.*

*Cirque du Soleil, masters of aerial acrobatic display,
You may see them in Auckland one day.
Ohakune, King Country a mountainous beautiful place,
Pray I leave in a glorious state of grace.*

*Thanking you my dearly beloved Saviour.
Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Wesley's Gracious Church!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*If you're in need of a meal on Wednesday,
Just a few cents is all to pay.
Friendship and fellowship is nice at this place,
Some folk put you in state of grace.*

*I am praying to move back in there,
As some folk really do seem to care.
I like going to Countdown for my shop,
Maybe I'm down for one on the lot.*

*I've made a big mistake on moving out,
But that's what life appears to be about.
Decisions should not be made in a hurry,
As that itself causes a lot of worry.*

*As good advice is given along the way,
My neighbour, she really needed me to stay.
If its to be then I shall know,
About spreading my wings to fly and grow.*

*This is the Countdown for booklet 31!
Twelve more left to write. AMEN.
Thanking you my King of Kings. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Jaws of Death!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*God brought me out of Jaws of Death,
This very truthful mother of six, plus spy,
A brave lady doing her best for Israel,
Twelve hard years she was taken to jail.*

*She never once betrayed her loved Holy Land,
And how she suffered whilst being so grand.
They were beating her with ropes around feet,
Never once admitted giving way to defeat.*

*Nails being ripped out of fingers and toes,
Never giving in as the story goes.
At a very old age, meeting her maker,
Welcoming with her aging arms, the undertaker.*

*I would have been honoured to meet Shula Cohen,
Israel really treated her as some strange unknown.
But they are the same this very day,
Claiming their way is the just only way.*

*Shalom Aleichem Shula, you Holy Lady.
Your friend in Jesus Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Against All Odds!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Michael Greenspan met with this truly honourable soul,
Her only mission, to save Israel from war.
The thanks she got was closing their door.*

*I prayerfully know Shula Cohen was resting in peace,
Israel too stubborn for gunfire to cease.
They should have known how she suffered so,
A child of God in a one ringed show.*

*Holy Land needs it's leader, King of Kings,
This other leader is not for the people.
As he sits aside his posh only steeple.*

*Like a caged animal she was treated bad,
And the Lord was forever at her side.
Relying on him only to be her guide,
When I look at it now in vain,
I've come to know her never-ending pain.*

*From her deepest admirer, and friends of Jesus Christ, Shula Cohen.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Thoughtful Prodigal Son!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I have a son, his name is Steve,
He doesn't mean it, but my heart grieves.
I am truly missing him these days,
As we have both been lost along the way.*

*Trying hard to do what is right,
Leaves me wondering in the middle of night.
A child doesn't deserve things to go wrong,
They need happiness to bring a new song.*

*When lovers meet, they trust one another,
Not thinking to ask questions that can bother.
To ruin an innocent child's life is bad,
And its effects on others is truly sad.*

*We both have suffered this terrible fate,
But my Heavenly Father never closed his gate.
His never-ending love has pulled us through,
For a newfound happiness out of blue.*

*I love my son Lord, and miss him so,
This is why I choose to go.
Answer to prayer, to get together to talk!*

*My friend and Saviour, Jesus Christ. AMEN!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Carpenter Jesus Christ!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This man who created body parts to work,
Was treated severely to feel like a jerk.
They never knew who they were dealing with,
When things reversed it had a twist.*

*He also grew beautiful trees as well,
Which made into a cross, deemed his Hell.
God's only begotten Son, who never hurt people,
Can now place judgement from his holy steeple.*

*Only he knew the tree that was to be,
Used for the purpose of Old Rugged Cross.
Jesus Christ was the Saviour of all men,
Not only his Daniel out of Lion's Den.*

*Criminals today seem to get off scot-free,
If they had only chosen, his love to be.
Some woods are deep and darker than others,
The Saviour just needed us all as brothers.*

*I'll try to write one more today.
Thanking you my friend, the only True Carpenter.
Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The True Logger's Nightmare!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I'm not talking of big logs they cut,
Just little pinelings lay dying in a rut.
Cut well down before their lifelong years,
As some loggers think they have no fears.*

*I've been in the bush with Owhango logs,
When other loggers just think of daily grog.
Yes, there are guys treating these with respect,
The connection could be between logs and neck.*

*I desire for you to get my meaning,
Or perhaps they think I'm only just dreaming.
On the Intercity from Hamilton to Ohakune,
I've witnessed the slaughter of little punis.*

*I love natural wood, and that's a fact,
Get real young loggers knowing where it's at.
Would you love being knocked down in prime?
Because what I've witnessed is a real crime.*

*I'm a lover of my Lord and Saviour's creation.
Child of King of Kings. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Lost Highway!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They say Stratford is the road to nowhere,
But that in itself is no big deal.
It's the one that leads to a narrow path,
This highway the truth that will ever last.*

*Stratford is a very cold place to live,
Yet Ohakune has a lot less to give.
My friend over the way has a good heart,
And that is all we need to start.*

*To be good neighbours is where it's at,
Not to hide under your unwelcoming mat.
Please stay put on the lanes of love,
And be Jesus Christ's gentle forever loving dove.*

*Loneliness is not the way to truly go,
Don't choose to be clown of the show.
Depression sets in when alone far too much,
By reaching out in love his gentle touch.*

*Pray don't go down the lost highways. AMEN!
Child of God! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Big Brother Churches!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A lot of churches are going A.I.
They are playing into hands of Big Brother.
Will ministers be able to manually assist,
As Jesus Christ's torture bored into his wrists.*

*These things you should be needing to know,
Mark of beast is not how churches grow.
Think when power failures are all shut down,
You need to decide to get off ground.*

*Will you next need robots doing your job?
When thee be surely working for our God.
My friend has my booklets over website,
Now who is the hypocrite in this plight?*

*Do we please my Saviour at end of day,
As he really has shown us true way.
If only we had pleased my Lord all along,
We then would truly be singing another song!*

*Thanking you my King for all your help.
Your loving child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Broken Winged Angels

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We are surely the Broken Winged Angels,
This lovely title was quoted from Al Pacino.
Who maybe! At times plays the local Casino.
But I can't say I truly know.*

*Good souls in this world need to help,
True Samaritans who wear the honesty belt.
Auras of sunlight hangs above them, aglow,
These people are ones you need to know.*

*They've lived through pain and understand your need,
Yet don't be fooled by someone else's greed.
These folk are precious and need your respect,
Not to deceive them from your own neglect.*

*God's trusted angels need to know their worth,
As the role was given to them from birth.
But they too need your support and love,
Our mission is to please our Creator above!*

*Pray I've done justice to this one my Lord.
Your child only. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Worn Out Writer!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This day is nice; I should be inspired,
But I guess my mind is really tired.
For once in years I'm lost for words,
Now that really and truly is most absurd.*

*Please help me Lord where I must live,
There is so much of me to lovingly give.
I feel living here I'm just wasting away,
Where I'll be at service for another day.*

*Needing to stop as I'll be written out,
Wishing to seek out rest of my life,
No more torment and sorrow laced with strife.*

*My personal war you would just not believe,
So much suffering and spiritual blood to shed,
If only chosen to have been nicely wed.
Thank you, my King, for my new homestead.*

*Sorry for this rough poem, but after three more I give up.
Thank you, John, very much.
Friend in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Dedicated to K.E.V.S.

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Especially my darling Dennis John Patrick Albert Fitzgerald.
Wearing his Green Beret officer's hat with pride,
They were the men at the very top,
In fact, they were the cream of crop.*

*It doesn't really matter what unit you're in,
War is a very deadly and dangerous sin.
Though wars in the Bible did take place,
No women or boys under twenty by grace.*

*These men thought they were doing what's right,
As graves echo blood, in the middle of night.
Israel needs a very tremendous wake up call,
As it hits rock bottom and will fall.*

*White crosses, red poppies both dipped in blood,
Babes in arms screaming for mother in mud.
Cowboys and Indians, they think must be alright,
Until real fear tortures them, praying everything's right.*

*Dedication to Mr Dennis John Patrick Albert Fitzgerald,
Love of my life.
Love of a dove! Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Our Creator's Birthplace!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We don't need no ceasefire or war pause,
Doubt we care about the reason for cause.
Palestinians, Lebanese, Israelites created in my King's image.*

*Golda Meir asked the Yanks for help once before,
And they sent her everything except kitchen sink.
The Holy Land is now in the pink.*

*What are the United Nations doing about these killings,
As these poor Palestinians are suffering the grilling.
Don't war crimes face the hotseat any more?
Lest we forget closing of our Maker's door.*

*King's Country has been raped to the bone,
Jesus Christ said let he who is without sin cast stone.
Benjamin and Joe Biden are thick as thieves,
As the whole world is alone in their grieves.
There must be plans in action due now,
As leaders of different countries partake of vows.*

*I am deeply sorry my King, for the wars in your Holy Land.
Child of Christ only. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Razor's Edge!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What do you do when going gets rough,
Then some say we should get tough.
But as a Christian that never solved things,
Be patient and pray to King of Kings.*

*Yet actions speak louder than words to some,
They think answers are the barrel of gun.
You can help those in need in time,
But don't think you must commit crime.*

*I've helped a lot when I am able,
Without robbing some poor little one's cradle.
Today some folk, you give them an inch,
And they will take a mile and pinch.*

*There are lots of ways to help others,
As us God folk should be Christian brothers.
Its really as simple as falling off log,
If you give up smoking and your grog!*

*Thanks be to my Lord and Saviour,
Child Heart Felt, 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.

