

# Sweet Peas and Roses



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

# The Ninth Booklet!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*John the Baptist was Jesus Christ's friend.  
The Spenser Road fellow has been a loyal chosen mate,  
as others to me closed their earthly gate.*

*Some are well meaning but lack saviour's touch,  
running me down when the going gets rough.  
Been more than fair, to all I know,  
and that is why I'll prosper and grow.*

*True friends are like pearls in oyster clam  
But falsehood flows as the rivers dare.  
Taking everything you have to offer  
Making them instantly the eternal Joke-Scoffer.*

*Dedicated to all back-stabbers  
pretending they are true friends!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

# Broken In Innocence!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Their just dues they will get,  
if not in this world, then the next.  
For relentless shame, torture and strife,  
trying to justify their sadistic nature through life.*

*Money they think for lost souls will compensate,  
let them in prison to repent or deteriorate.  
But two wrongs do not a right make,  
vengeance be the Lord's upon the closing of his gate!*

*Christian Poetic Writer of verse!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# An After Thought!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The elderly of our country, now who are they?  
Their blessings are to live, just another day.  
The unsung heroes of this land,  
a divided race, new let's take a stand.*

*We are all inter-related one way or another,  
there was no colour bar when it came to fight,  
Brothers in Blood fought all through the night.*

*Now c'mon Kiwis be proud and take a stand,  
as unknown soldiers lent you a helping hand.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Someone who gives a darn!*

# Raw War

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some Yankees love war games,  
not, oh no, the Play-station type.  
The hype that compels them into flight.*

*Wings on my chest, fruit salad at the top,  
destroying a humble peasant farmer's crop.  
Trading arms with the Middle East.  
Having the cheek to ask wars to cease.*

*War is money and that's a fact,  
and while the Illuminati is in current supply,  
dare need we ask who rules and reigns,  
like the ghost of Hitler's screaming trains.*

*Taking my comfort from Jesus Christ who will end it all,  
from his judgement seat when trumpet's call.*

*The caring humanitarian.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Mind Control Freaks!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*These savage controllers are manipulative, terrorist geeks,  
as we try hard turning the other cheek.*

*Do you give in, just like myself.*

*Become like a rag doll on your shelf.*

*Trust Jesus, he never leads you astray,*

*by opening hearts to him we say.*

*Serve our King Jesus, justice when we pray.*

*As he brings forth the light of tomorrow,*

*with freedoms where there is no sorrow.*

*You say too good to be true,*

*and this does no apply to you.*

*Take on board the warnings in words of gold,*

*and see spiritual blessings about to unfold.*

*Someone who cares, from the heart.*

*Humanitarian Poetess Gloria Bridgeman*

# Jesus and Friendship

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I am a vet for Jesus.  
He lives in me night and day.  
I am a child of God,  
only he can show the way.*

*Putting on my armour  
I speak out for the unspoken voice.  
Silence is golden, so they say,  
but John 14 taught me how to pray.*

*The never ending trail of love,  
is as transcending like the dove.  
Go ahead, be stiffnecked like some Jews of old,  
searching for pots of mankind's gold.  
When spiritually its all at hand,  
within the grasp of a heavenly band!*

*A personal dedication to my Lord  
and Saviour Jesus Christ.  
From your child in Christ,  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Red Checkers and Crustys

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Wow, do you now believe in professionals,  
The Red's are rulers of turbulent skies,  
Crusty Demons with their flying high.  
Trail blazers, riding the air with ease,  
as the checker's aerial flights aim to please.*

*Danger is the name of the game.  
These men are of a dying breed.  
To entertain the public they feel the need.  
Super heroes endangering their lives for the thrill.  
Mates dying in crashes by knowing the drill.*

*Pray appreciate the work involved to entertain,  
mourning the loss of mates gone by,  
Evel Knievel, Ivan Mauger, R.I.P.  
in a blissful, peaceful sky*

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



# Israel's False Peace!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*So called Knights of the Round Table,  
with their broken promises and lies to deceive,  
and the Holy Blue Beret of the U.N. force,  
only God knows their chosen course.*

*Will they be turncoats in the end?  
In past days I taught my pen  
to write only good about this beret,  
but put your trust in Jesus, as he truly is the only way.*

*Character assassination is the game they play,  
in some military personnel of the day!  
But thank God for our local R.S.A.s  
trying hard to help members in need,  
holding steadfast to a sworn creed.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Humanitarian Poetess.*

## Normal but Different!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Poet I know that I want to be,  
power of the inspired pen awakes within me.  
The pearls of knowledge a great gift to have,  
not when destructive people use for bad.*

*We are united nations in one little nest,  
helping others will put us to the test.  
Average New Zealanders will give their all.  
Others wait for the demise of the fall.  
Trying to sift the good from the bad,  
Source of unknown whispers you have not been had.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman!  
A faith and hope Christian!*

## Wisdom is Jesus!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Wheels upon wheels, the Bible says will be,  
U.F.O.s cars, bikes, trains you see.  
Strange lights in the sky in the Last Days.  
But don't dwell Paul states we have been shown the way.*

*An open mind, is the Book of Time,  
The key to the door of reason and rhyme.  
Now please don't be ignorant and switch off to things,  
when the Lord of Wisdom is the King of Kings.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Bridgeman.*

# Boys will be Boys!

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A doll's house full of stuffed little toys,  
fighting and shoving like spoilt boys.  
Throwing millions around as men with no arms,  
trying to impress others with their charms.*

*But charity began at home I thought,  
going against all principles taught.  
Now a larger doll's house is in the making,  
something else under the hammer for the taking.*

*Why try hard to be a girl,  
when roses aren't always in the twirl!*

*Meaning life isn't always a bed of roses,  
no matter Boy or Girl.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Someone who cares!*

# The Lucky Last!

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Writing a poem to beat all the rest,  
challenging my brain to fulfil the test.  
Our sea friends don't know where its at  
with governmental heads stuck in the sand,  
paid megabucks to beat the band.*

*Now Pike River miner's grieving souls,  
needing to retrieve loved ones is their goal.  
But prophetically I say please don't go  
into the depths of down below zero.  
As husbands and sons, already your heroes,  
treasure the beautiful memories that you had,  
by sifting good seeds from the bad.*

*Someone who truly cares.  
Humanitarian Poetess.  
, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Who Dares Wins!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Pray what do war heroes mean to you,  
freedom's for all mankind we thought.  
SAS, who dares wins, or semper fidelis ever faithful.  
Or a daring young private, going it alone,  
echoing from the deep, his crying bones.*

*Geneva Convention, well forget about that!  
Whilst our votes get swept under Political Mat.  
Journalist job to share behind enemy lines,  
reporters of truth, treated as lambs for chop,  
excuse for another war, but it won't stop.*

*Power to the people washed down the drain,  
men and women to fight, children fearing the night.  
Now New Zealand style community urban warfare.  
Our beautiful land of milk and honey,  
as lovely Cambridge has an Easter Dummy.  
Brothers in arms, paddle your waka into light,  
Then Jesus Christ can turn the tide,  
if we let him be our spiritual guide! Amen!*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Humanitarian Poetess.*

# Systematic Christian Zombies!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Lock-down worshippers in a trapped society,  
trying hard to please, very fractured system.  
Forgetting in remembrance our Saviour who waits,  
his patience could be growing weary each day.  
As his chosen flock will follow his way.  
approving same sex marriages, by condoning their laws.  
We are not to judge, I realise this,  
but even Judas betrayed with his lying kiss!  
C'mon Christian followers, there are flowers to smell,  
if we miss our calling and ferryyed to HELL.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Brain Versus Pen

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The lyrical pen is moved from censored brain,  
to control the written thoughts from one's pain.  
Grieving for instant, needing love and peace,  
then Jesus comes to mind and troubles cease.  
Call upon my Saviour's name to help out,  
Then dress nice and go walkabout.  
Someone out there may be more needing than you.  
Could you have walked in their worn shoe?  
Happiness we must seek out and then,  
you have conquered trials from Daniel's Den.*

*From someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Beware Fake Friends!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Friends can be nice to your face,  
but behind your back 'tis not well.  
Small wonder Geneva Convention went through hell.  
Your kind and true, not selfish at all.  
in the end, one day, they may fall.  
Playing their mind games, getting a thrill.  
Small wonder they take a Devil's Pill.  
I don't altogether mean the mentally sick,  
but fraudsters taking the system for a ride,  
using Jesus Christ as a touring guide.  
They know who they are, don't mention names.  
Their actions seal them in a mind frame.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Season's Carousel

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Autumn leaves shroud the lost soul  
in fairy like colours, falling to earth  
bringing to Nature the call to rebirth.  
Telling of winter frosts and morning mists,  
and maybe odd snowflakes come adrift.  
Mountains of white, glowing gold in horizon's dawn,  
waiting heats of summer to be reborn*

*From someone who cares.  
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.

