

Taumarunui Emeraldines



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

The Disabled Backbone!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Another name used for these daring machine folk,
Kiwis with attitude, they treat as a joke.
Its more than meets the eye you see,
And blest they be when talking with thee.*

*Their backbones may be severed and such,
But by his mercy you have been touched.
Some may feel that's not quite right,
But Christ's love flows through the darkest night.*

*Having a few friends disabled one way or another,
I count my blessings and then discover,
The only supernatural person to hold the key,
My Creator who chooses to stay you see.*

*A personal dedication to all physically or mentally disabled.
Someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Forever Wedding Bells

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I've always dreamed of meeting the right man,
And together walking the world hand in hand.
A Cinderella wedding, I do not mind,
Then can welcome true friends of a kind.*

*Be with me as you are, no presents needed,
True love made from heaven will be seeded.
An offspring from Abraham, true to the bone,
Maybe a good King on his earthly throne.*

*Good dreams are not a sin I believe,
My heart can rest, no more to grieve.
I've battled on to find such a dove,
My Saviour may seek this man to love.*

*Then bells will chime on the church hill,
Standing in awe beside the waterwheel mill.
What Jesus needs of me I'm not sure,
As he has always been my sanctuary cure.*

*A personal thoughtful dream.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The 24th Blast Off!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Well, I finally made booklet 24,
And can now close my writing door.
Now my need is another bible to read,
Which is important for sowing one's seed.*

*Then bonds are conceived between you and God,
As you become his special loving rod.
When trials take over you won't get upset,
Because your ever needing means will be met.*

*I set a challenge and I've seen it through,
The Lord's mercy and faith made this true.
Just pace yourself and you will get there,
Without a doubt or things to interfere.*

*The byways of writing haven't always been just,
Yet to the writer it's a real must.
Being honest and true to the point,
Blast off is there for you to anoint!*

*Thanking you my personal Saviour.
Your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Rocking the Boat!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some Captains can't even row their boat,
That alone in charge of a floating liner.
This luxury hotel for the elite winner and diner.
Ships are built to sail the seven seas.*

*If there's a storm, drop anchor there,
Then sail it manually on wind and prayer.
Forget your computers and navigate heavenly stars.*

*After all, this is very well designed,
With you the captain and crew, in mind.
Don't sail it off course down narrow canals,
Your mind should tell you of water levels.*

*So many citizens lost their lives this way,
Not to see and feel the light next day.
If you are in charge at the helm,
Step up and sail within another realm.*

*Thoughts and prayers to all lost lives,
On these so-called Love Boats.
Someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Planks and Specks

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do you have trouble dealing with your plank,
Thinking the speck in brother's eye a crank.
Its easy to scrub another person's doorstep,
Whilst thinking our own is very well kept.*

*We as humans have a lot to learn,
Lest our small minds just crash and burn.
Why insist on being someone's judge,
That alone forever carry a vengeful grudge.*

*Vengeance is mine saith my dear Lord,
But some unforgiving nail it to the horde.
Read the Holy Bible then pray tell,
That you are the fallen down the well.*

*An idea Lest We Forget, its not us to judge.
And if we forget then take into account it's a sin.
Thank you Jesus for today!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Bermuda Triangle!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This is a vortex within the Seven Seas,
That carries I believe an electronic force.
It will take you down beneath its course.*

Water generates this unknown, mystery, mechanical machine.

*These forces too are hidden under deep snow,
Or the desert sands, where the lonely cactus grows.*

*Wells of water are found beneath desert ground,
As an avalanche roars out its watery sound.
They are all connected one way or another.
Please then trust in time, our Heavenly Father!*

*Our Creator's wonderful mysteries.
As only himself knows.
Child of God, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Crab Versus Cancer!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Hebrew for the crab is cancer,
And this is vice a versa you see.
My faith has been its in the ocean,
Now just dissect the crab for the potion.*

*But alas, medical teams won't make it easy.
Let's start off with Dept of Oncology,
Then it will be down to physiology.
The expensive machines won't want to go.*

*As laser puts on quite a show,
There is lots more medical staff can do.
The crabs are jumping out of the blue.*

*A Christian scientist too thought of my theory,
But because of things we must be wary.
Rats are used in all kinds of tests,
Then why can't the crab put cancer to rest!*

*PS. I understand how folk feel as I'm an ex-cancer patient myself.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
The Zodiacal sign for Cancerians is the → CRAB.*

The Royal Murders

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Charles and Princess Diana, they can't get divorced.
But we can arrange her murder of course.
Divorce is against Roman Catholic belief,
But to kill an unwanted Royal a relief.*

*Jesus Christ is our highest monarch in time,
Yet! The Romans invented untruths for their crime.
Now pray tell the Romanovs and their families.
Princess Rainier of Monaco, with her failing brakes.
Now she also lies alone in state.
The Ripper murdered prostitutes of the day,
With orders from Monarchy was his pay.*

*They are humans just like us after all,
And confess their sins to an unholy man,
By putting on his tainted garment stands grand.
My sins are confessed to a higher Monarch,
Through Jesus Christ's powers and Covenant of his Ark!*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Movie Game of Thrones!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Its like a game of chess you know,
Who goes down on the last throw.
They insist their lives are placed with men,
But Daniel's true faith was the Lion's Den.*

*There are two kinds of gladiator rings.
Left to right is how it stings.
Just do your best and you will find,
A dove-like peace by being so kind.*

*These films are based on envy and greed.
My motives are to fulfil one's need.
Then if things don't always fall into place,
Please still give thanks to our Holy Grace!*

*Thanking you my heavenly Saviour,
Your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Dedicated to Mr Laurie Jefferys

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*When us marching girls went on tour,
Our coach was with us, that's for sure.
And this song we always sang to him,
Leaving him with a burly ole grin.*

*The Yellow Rose of Texas and the Man from Laramie,
Invited our Mr Jeffreys to have a cup of tea.
The drink was so delicious, Laurie had another cup,
And they left guess who to do the washing up.*

*The old Bedford and Commer buses of our day,
Were built strong and sturdy for the test of time.
As wind blown green and gold ribbons,
Spurred us on to win another day.*

*A Personal Dedication to our Coach,
the late Mr Laurie Jeffreys of the Emeraldines Marching Team.
Us girls from Taumarunui and surrounding areas.
Thanking you, Jesus Christ.*

Jesus Christ's Hot Line!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Prayers are answered if only you believe,
But so many good people are truly deceived.
The writing's on the wall, read between lines,
Creator is just a prayer away leading to divine.*

*Eternal blessings you will receive from above,
On the wings of his pure white dove.
When they arrive its time you will know,
My Lord has answered prayers to grow.*

*A man came today, right house, wrong place,
But feel blest now by his saving grace.
The God I know works in mysterious ways,
Helping us through each and every day.*

*I've prayed and asked for help for myself and son,
That on leaving Hamilton things will get done.
I'd love a hand building my own home,
Off the grid with blood, sweat and bone!*

*I truly believe this is going to take place! AMEN.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Thanking My King!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The only King that will truly be,
Is God's only begotten Son you'll see.
His Revelation days are upon us now;
We can trust in him keeping his vow!*

*Kings come and go putting on a show,
Yet my King is for real you know.
Christ's promises he keeps as you'll find out.
Only you will believe in him without doubt.*

*The cashless society is upon us soon,
And you could be dancing to another tune.
Now think seriously which side you're on,
Before its too late and you are gone.*

*This is a warning, you can be sure,
And for myself there is no better cure.
Now step forward and please your maker,
Before you meet with the local undertaker.*

*Thank you my King. Your loving child.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Countdown!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*After this poem, three more left to write,
Maybe an inspiration will reveal itself tonight.*

*A writer gets a block now and then,
But finally gives way to her penfriend.*

*The praying hands can help you through,
And help will come out of the blue.
Then when it arrives don't bite the hand,
It may have been placed by Saviour's plan.*

*If a place is available that suits me,
Then I shall jump at the opportunity.
I'm not fussy, a small shack will do,
With a country setting for the view.*

*Thanking you kindly my Jesus Christ friend.
Your loving child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Angel of Light!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Angels of light, in deep darkest night,
Leading the spiritually blind into glorious light.
Its now or never so the song says,
Alas we must never forget to say prayers.*

*I've tried to help the best I can,
But find I'm now running out of sand.
Friendly angel I dearly need to call on,
To help me out of this situation I'm in,
Where my love can go all to him.*

*Sometimes the best you do is not enough,
Then you end up in the rough.
Peace I need right now at this time,
As my angel of light, together we shine.*

*Thank you my Lord for your help!
Child in Christ, Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Can do – will Do!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Only two more poems left to do,
Then I can put on my walking shoe.
And can walk and talk into the blue.
The moment of truth is finally here,
My booklets will be read with special care.*

*I'm having a very slight problem today,
My other pen lasted many a written page.
It helped me through a very difficult stay.
The Heavenly Father has done so much for me,
In these writings I choose to please thee!*

*I pray these writings have made the grade,
Where a shovel is that and not a spade.
And if you find a problem with this,
Then give it a big Giant Miss.*

*Thank you once again, Jesus Christ.
From your loving child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Charming Cancer Carers!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*These volunteers are like doves with wings,
They knit and serve with all kinds of things.
The Lodge was very pleasant to me,
And my stay a pleasure for self,
At times feeling like a rag doll on shelf.*

*As they became true friends to us,
And never once caused us a fuss.
The patients there were equally as nice,
But for me it truly was my Christ.*

*Covid was very rampant at the time,
Could have put paid to a reason sublime.
Yet my Saviour was always there on high,
As I searched for my heavenly sky.
My carers must know my Creator as well,
They too will have tender stories to tell.*

*Thanking you all for your support.
Pray for ex cancer patients.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Two More Gloria!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My pen just won't let me rest,
Its like the writer's hidden treasure chest.
I have been lacking because of writer's block,
But now I've landed back on the dock.*

*The wind in my sails free to go,
And for the reader a truly blissful show!
I've tried to write the best I can,
About all things and the fall of man!*

*We all need to face the race,
With help from above and his saving grace!
Just hang in there and time will tell,
As I've tried to do justice well.*

*Thanking you Jesus for all your help!
Child of our heavenly Saviour. Gloria!*

The Last Post!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My God-sealed little booklets for all to read,
Has been a pleasure if they can conceive.
To take it in as heart felt truth,
Otherwise may have cooked their goose.*

*Lest we forget we all can say,
But that won't save the light of day.
Lest we forget the Father and Son,
Then your days haven't truly begun.*

*I came to trust Jesus Christ back then,
With faith pray tell survived the Lion's Den.
We can reap just rewards every day,
Just then be taught to love and pray.*

*Some of our veterans knew the score,
Before the closing of Christ's loving door!
By the Creator's stripes we are all healed,
Now don't say that's not a good deal.*

*Thank you, my Creator and Saviour.
Child of Christ. 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.

