

The Last Farewell



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

The Last Farewell!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Needing to say bye-bye to you all,
now as the final leaf had barely fallen;
its time for me to leave and quit stalling.
Where the peaceful waters flow I will go,
as my canoe swings to and fro.
I did enjoy writing about you all,
and at times it was a real ball.
But the glory goes to my Creation Master,
as my verses were about love and disaster.
Which is all part of our everyday life;
maybe its happy or sad in strife.
But spiritual blessings are the way to go,
lest you miss the Glory Bound Rail Show!*

. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Wet Autumn Leaves!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They normally would have blown away by now,
but with them puddled wet, sticking to shoes,
in their loveliness chasing away the blues.
As god's little creatures splash around splash around bird bathing.*

*Colourful leaves: golden yellow, red, brown,
rustling around the potholes and drains,
until the Spring showers come once again.
Not long now and I'm off to bed,
memories of dream's warmth on my Sleepyhead.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Mind Felt Thoughts!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My thoughts are like a game of chess,
praying I've sincerely written nothing but the best.
Writing about our lost brothers in Flanders Field,
when someday they'll receive a much better deal.*

*Or the suicides which are now taking place,
by not putting faith in our Holy Grace.
Or murders killing away time for some folks.
Yes its gone quite beyond a joke.*

*Why? do politicians receive large sums of money;
their weather hardly ever is for folk sunny.
The Right Honourable Winston Peters taking his place,
maybe helping this time round, or saving face.*

*Now my 17th booklet really is my last,
after 10 more poems I shall pen,
then I will seek comfort from the Lion's Den!*

*Someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Our Saviour Survived!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you ever been where you feel unloved?
Yes Jesus felt that when leaving heaven above.
Please don't follow our stiff-necked Israel brothers.*

*This country was always in the red,
after finding out their Saviour hung dead.*

*Yet it has blessings of milk and honey;
Christ never forsook them when evil became money.*

*Just obey by putting your trust in Him,
as he guides us gently from all sin.*

Poems by Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Our God-given Government!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please keep our Saviour's Ten Commandment laws,
and his promise of a new life outdoors.*

*Read Jesus' 4th commandment and know,
how you can forever prosper and grow.,
Off with old and on with your new,
and view the mirrors of your soul.*

*Place the feet safely toward each stepping goal,
just by obeying and serving our precious master,
by feeling the freedoms of triumph and disaster.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Agent Orange Handshake!

That never happened.
by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We are told to increase washing of hands, Covid 19,
yet that oversteps boundaries from Uncle Sam!
The Agent Orange handshake from the top,
as our men were treated as dying crops.
Affecting also wives, children and others,
when fighting shoulder to shoulder as Blood Brothers.
The red, white and blue, what a farce
as the beastly mark will claim its last!*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Radio Waves! The Radio!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some cancer patients are off to Skippy Land.
Doesn't our Labour Govt give a damn.
Covid once again like wildfires spread,
leaving firemen, Covid patients, cancer, among the dead.
Cyber terrorism can be beaten by our army,
instead of leaving New Zealand to go balmy.
Now put your faith in Jesus Christ alone,
forgetting robots, clones and humanoid drones.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Seven Seas Secret!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I say more hidden souls in the deep,
than we dare imagine, the harvest to reap.
Liners, submarines, battleships, planes, helicopters,
piracy naming some.
Not knowing the trillions when day is done.
We talk of war and rumours of war,
Yet! how many boats are sunk offshore.
Greedy owners of passenger liners, filled to brim,
never stopping for counting the wages of sin.
Money, money, money, that's all they care about,
cries from lost humanity, we never hear their shout.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Covid Express Returns

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*All aboard Hitler's train, the fare is free,
picking out the vulnerable and weak in time,
the penalties paid for not committing a crime.
I tried to warn of Jesus Christ's express,
but you never even acknowledged his precious test.

Creator and Saviour's patience must be running out,
while daily governments cannot even get it right.
Christians await his trumpet's calling, maybe at night.
When the Great Shepherd herds his flock in,
prayerfully our sins forgiven,
as his angels have already signed us in.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman!

The Bubbles Family!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are you a rice bubble, or Covid19?
Its germ warfare in the making,
Govt, politics and scare mongering for the taking!
Playing the roulette wheel with our Lord's creation,
At its best sucking up powers of elimination.
Why are abortions so rampant? I ask you,
one way of dealing with our country's population.
Years ago I saw a programme called Logan's Run,
giving the forties renewal after day was done.
I'm spiritually blessed by Jesus Christ's everlasting bubble.
Thief in the night, he will come on his white charger
from Father to Son*

Gloria Bridgeman.

The servant, Shula Cohen!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This lady Israel never forgot in the end,
nearly sending this poor woman around the bend.
Working for stiff-necked people around this land,
she pulled through with God's grace and helping hand.*

*I was never honoured meeting this angelic being,
she suffered torture in what I was seeing.
Against all odds was her motto each day;
the fight for God and Israel was her pay!*

*Her role also was mother, wife and friend,
which she endured truthfully until the end!
This story of a trooper I'll never forget,
when one day prayerfully we will be met!*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Healthy Homes Habitat!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I would truly love a healthy home,
understanding its Govt policy you see,
for the likes of commoners like you and me.*

*My rent is always paid on time,
and I've never been in trouble with crime.*

*Someone, somewhere must have a home for me,
where I can rest and write quite peacefully.*

*It doesn't have to be in this city;
Hamilton has become a place of pity.*

*I say this meaning you have to be rich,
otherwise you may end up in a ditch.
Homes being built left right and more,
as we will be paddling our canoes offshore.*

*So there, my writings are in a nutshell,
until we hear my Saviour's final chiming bell.
Keep our chins up and heads held high.
By seeking the King and his Holy Book,
we his creation take a Spirit-filled look.*

*Please read our Creator's holy truth.
For the likes of commoners, you and me.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

The Season Spring!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Daffodils now are the mascots of cancer,
Many thanks to ANZ and Lion's Lodge support.
And thank you to Starship for our brave bunnies,
the weather to them is bright and sunny.
As adults with cancer we muddle through,
please Jesus let them be among your few. AMEN. AMEN!*

*No words can express how I felt,
in deep appreciation as when I knelt.
So much is taken for granted these days.
When seeking some human's love and support,
its all about what our Jesus Christ taught!*

*So when you feel you and your spouse,
have to leave the comfort of house,
to check into the Cancer Society's place,
then feel free to go with God's grace.*

*Humanity's Poetess.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Genocidal Adults!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is there some young boys in the house?
Searching for toys, yet they have real guns.
They've been brainwashed to believe its real fun.
Shooting to kill with weapons of war,
as bullets fly when you open the door.
Adults using children's minds to do their task,
by ripping out their hearts in fiery blasts.
Mothers in war are victims as well,
when they are put through torments from hell.
Yet somehow these mums survive the tragic ordeal,
but some are shot from the birthed child unreal.*

Poetess! Gloria Jean Bridgeman!

My Friend John

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I've got pens with wills of their own,
laying them at rest they need to roam.
Poor John, will he ever believe me again,
as there's always a calamity regarding people's pain.*

*I love to watch Gino D'Campo Relli riding the express.
The lovely Susan Coleman driving around Scotland's best.
Or The Chase after five with Bradley Walsh,
and The Tipping Point with young Ben,
in my winter always bed before ten.*

*Please read your Holy Book every day,
and learn by reading how you should pray.
Its a feeling unknown unless walking with Him,
You're on the right path, free from sin.*

Thank you John once again for the very last time.

*Steve requested this book.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Taronga Zoo Luxuries!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*These animals are treated with love and care,
but no facilities like this can compare.*

It really is wonderful what they do.

*The United Nations needs these instruments as well,
when little human beings are going through hell.*

Doctors all over the world are joining together.

*If Australia can afford these kind of conditions,
please put these medical saints in a different position.*

*They too are weary from battles uphill,
trying to fight for lives of the dying ill.*

*I cherish animals too, don't get me wrong.
But with these medical supplies a different song!*

*I really do care!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Weepiest Willow!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*God created the heavens and all the Earth,
all his beauty within the trees to rebirth.
Yet I truly believe when Jesus Christ wept,
the weepiest willow sprung from its depth.*

*Now whence I came upon this tree again,
my Creator must be amongst those crying leaves,
as they hang low, like the drooping eves.*

*Jesus Christ came to fulfil his broken law,
yet the loveliest of Christians choose to ignore.
In righteous anger Moses broke tablets of stone.
The Israelites are stiff-necked regards Jesus' throne,
as we became victims and are walking alone.*

*The Catholics don't want any part of this,
as they like Judas betrayed with a kiss.
I feel the need to let you know,
if we desire to be enlightened and grow!*

*Thanking you my Jesus Christ and Holy King. AMEN!
Heart felt Sympathies.
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.

