

The Storm's Navigator



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Skippy's Best Movies!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I have an Australian movie, Dad and Dave.
They respected their elders, knowing how to behave.
The lifestyle they chose is what I love,
Blessings from my Saviour, sent by his dove.*

*Ohura could be real good for me,
a Croatian landlord is just what I need.
Couple rare and true, tough times they've had,
Me as their tenant, they will be glad.*

*I know how to survive the country living,
a matter of sharing and lots of giving.
And Jesus becomes the head of the home,
at last being in my comfort zone.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
Poetess.*

Full Steam Ahead!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you been diagnosed with the big C?
Jesus is my Saviour and Comforter you see!
Life has been for me a train wreck,
sometimes I feel running out of line.
Then memory tells me its in Christ's time.*

*Strength you never knew, beckoning please go on,
everything as adult going through it alone,
Not realising Jesus Christ's loving, heavenly throne!*

*Now its radio therapy, which I declined,
but in reality maybe part of his design.
Once again they're looking into this for me,
and no doubt what will be will be.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
Poetess.*

The New Golds!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Original gold is the Creator of our planet,
the new gold is the price of water.
Gold rush agreed, no thanks to some Yanks.
Not willing to share Fort Knox's gold,
or West Point Academy's storage on hold.*

*Sharing is caring and that's a true fact,
why the starving around the globe worldwide.
If you had only trusted in my King,
pray then all could be Lords of Rings.*

*I'll leave it up to you to decide,
pray Jesus will be your true guide,
to stamp out poverty this day and age,
otherwise feel the wrath of Creator's rage.*

*Someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman..*

The Secret Covid!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Covid-19 not secret I hear you say.

*How come at the beaches no masks worn,
or sportsmanship clambering over each other.*

*Back on the farm spinning a different yarn.
Animals don't always live in the back paddock,
if you can catch the drift of meaning.
Wake up, smell the flowers and stop dreaming.*

Mind control is what its all about.

*It worked for Hitler Lest-We-Forget,
Don't get sucked in otherwise you will regret.
This is germ warfare; anyone can see that,
As lies build under their stuffed political mat.*

Heartfelt feelings from Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Addiction-Mind-Control!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

It does not compute, try again, frustration.

Hullo, anybody home! I did that even.

Can you please repeat that again.

I've lost the plot, but not yet insane.

Covid, when will you decide to stop.

Please stop this roundabout, I'm getting off.

They speak of illegal addictions, what the heck.

Its all mind control, keeping us in check.

What of the drones with cameras inside?

Now do you believe Jesus is being our guide.

Technology is money, that's why they invent,

like our Arabian brothers, life is the tent.

From someone who cares.

Poetess for humanity.

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

An Enchanting Dream To Come True!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I guess you watched Petticoat Junction on TV,
Well there is something about Frankton Junction to see!*

*Dearly love to rent a little place there,
as my mind ponders thoughts from rocking chair!*

*A friendly hotel at the end of street.
Our local constable's still walking the beat.
A country atmosphere in this wee town.
Market Days you'll find is still around.*

*Hamilton itself is not for folks like me.
Frankton's about people and unity together as one,
from our Creator, the Father and his Son!
This maybe just a small prayer away,
as I patiently await for the coming day!*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Trouble Bubble!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Here we go again, Mr Terrorist Covid!
The reign of Hitler back once more.
Did his ghost swim off our shores?
White supremacists Nazi style,
black lives mattered for a while.
Economy crushed into little bits,
whilst suicide is on top of list.
One way I guess to kill the population.
The vaccine acting faster than Hitler's Gestapo station.
Protest until blue in the face.
Just be thankful and be led by grace.
History repeats, you may say that again.
Seek out Jesus, staying clear from crimes insane.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman!

Zoning For Cloning!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Howz about this my friends.
Robots taking over our jobs.
I guess they don't need any pay.
But Jesus Christ showed us another way.
Yet still stiff-necked like our Israelite brothers.
Technology not happy with what we receive.
They zone and clone to deceive.
Covid vaccine is not what goes in
your DNA and genetics is what comes out.
Cloning you is what its all about.
Unfortunately some victims we become
unless we trust in God and his only Son! AMEN.*

*Not a bad attempt. Good One! (My opinion). Child of God
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Moving Finger!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The moving finger writes and having writ moves on,
Why haven't you wrote? Have you moved on?
(The words of Omar Khayyam)*

*But my fingers move like the quill of a feather,
trying hard to unite the brotherhood of man.
Catching signs of times before its too late,
lest we miss Jesus Christ's precious closing gate!
Read the holy word of God at home.
By protecting our bodies and minds to roam.
Please don't give into a world gone wrong.
Trusting our Saviour will bring joy and song.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Fall of Man!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Don't think 'live up large while we can',
never fearing God and his fall of man.
Luxury liners, boats, yachts, anchored at sea,
ignoring the warnings of Covid, putting money first,
forgetting to seek our Creator, lacking spiritual thirst.
Tourism going down the drain economy-wise.
Never seeking out the truth of human lies.
Playing Russian roulette with some folk's lives.
Bursting their bubbles, now lost at sea.
Pray down on knees asking God for help,
as ships sail again under his safety belt!
No signs of the deadly Covid any more,
with all anchors up, sail safely into shore!*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

This Beautiful Day!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What shall I write on this lovely morn.
The music of birds, this early dawn.
They flit around from tree to tree,
just like their neighbour, the buzzing bee.*

*Nice to remember the beauty of our land,
day at the beach walking in fine sand.
Shells washed up from ocean's floor.
These small treasures we do adore!*

AMEN!

The Tired Poetess!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Where will I be in year 2021?
Up a creek without a paddle,
or on horseback with a fine saddle.
I will try using Covid to bring about change.
Mask up or face up to their demise.*

*Sometimes the things we fear the most,
can end with us going for a fall.
Be on your guard and don't give in,
lest we crash and burn in sin.*

*If you've never believed then think again.
Its going to get worse until God's reign.
Science test faith , check it out and see,
my Jesus who walked the Sea of Galilee.*

*Please don't be stiff-necked like the Jews of old.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

Every Day Life!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The weedeater has been around,
now his mower beats the ground.*

*All in a day's work for some,
whilst a lot of youth sit on B.U.M!*

*Make them work as well for the dole,
giving the incentive toward their chosen goal.
As I suggested, apprenticeships the way to go,
and our country will flourish and grow.*

*Israel battered by wars and such like.
Always manages to get back on its feet,
never giving in to words of defeat.
When the Bad is taken from Creator's land,
it will shine and prosper through his hands.*

*TRUST in Jesus! AMEN!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Why!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why do we feel we must follow the Yanks.
Its like the game of cat and mouse.
Just use your brain in your own house.
This is our inheritance of plentiful stuff.*

*A lot of Kiwis are starting to know,
this is how to prosper and grow.
The farmer's children have got it right;
they smell fresh air on their dark nights.*

*We must all learn to live together,
to weather the storms by coming whatever!
This time and age will fade away.
Jesus and his Promised Land will ever stay.*

*Keeping the faith,
like a mustard seed!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Devil's Covid!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The second wave will tell how we behave,
by keeping the faith, move on with life.
A Chinese terrorist planned this whole thing,
but don't forget his coming, our future King.*

*Survivors of the holocaust know only too well,
this demon is going back to his hell.
A must plea to all Christian believers,
don't fall into the ranks of deceivers.*

*You know of Wall Street and the crash,
the presidential White House with their stash.
Donald Trump and his towers of gold,
stuffed with pride and dishonesty, growing old.*

*A warning to all, take it on board,
Pray don't be lost within the ignorant horde!*

*We truly need God's Word, the Holy Bible!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Queen & Bloody Country!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Rally around guys and sign up for war.
Big thrills, I get me one mean gun.
Won't this be a lot of fun.
I'll be killing heaps of our enemy,
going against being taught to love one another.
Maybe the bullet has wounded a Christian brother.*

*That Uncle Sam needs shot in the head.
White crosses, red poppies lay with each dead!
The military's wounded, don't get a look in.
Some were forced to break the 10 commandment sin.*

*America never learns that war is raw.
Its all about Illuminati and the money game,
then the finger pointing of who's to blame.
Mr Trump talks with North Korea's nuclear leader,
to dispose of weapons that they and other countries have.
Our beloved New Zealand never supported the nuclear stance,
maybe why with Covid we got another chance!*

*Christian Poetess.
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.

