

# The Wounded Dove



A collection of poems by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

# The Wounded Dove!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The bleeding dove is the signs of time,  
As we the sinners vote for the crime.  
There were some that thought this lady great,  
but now being deceived its not too late.*

*To ask forgiveness from our Lord and Saviour,  
as we are tempted by our own behaviour.  
They make the laws we are to keep,  
as lambs to slaughter the fall is deep.*

*Science tests faith and prayerfully they've learnt,  
that this planet shall be destroyed and burnt.  
The Bible is there for all to read,  
and once you've read its planted the seed.*

*There is a Christian friend named Gary Kent,  
as a prophetic preacher he has been sent.  
His incredible journeys on First Light TV,  
are a real must for all to see.*

*But the glory must all go to God,  
as only He alone can carry our rod.  
Don't place trust in governments of the day,  
as our Creator and saviour paved the way.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman - child of God!.*

# Signs of the Times!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Jesus Christ died for all mankind's sin,  
and Kevs fought wars to lose and win.  
'Lest we forget' is all one can say,  
as people survive each and every day.*

*The governments of today make their own rules,  
when my Creator died as life's precious jewel.  
Blackmail and bribery, abortions, crimes of the day,  
when our most beloved Saviour showed the way.*

*Times are leading up to Mark of Beast,  
and this vaccine is a time to cease.  
Pause! and sense the way you are going,  
as what we reap is in the sowing.*

*How can it be to brainwash souls,  
and take the freedoms from their chosen goal.  
Is this what humans pay their taxes for?  
then start knocking on our Heavenly Father's door.*

*Please don't get led up the wrong path;  
the words of our Saviour will forever last.  
Can you not see signs of the time?  
as the beehive lies with deceit and crime!*

*Everybody let's pray for the Govt!.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Five Gold Rings!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Over years of Olympics we have held pace,  
but what about our Olympic Churches holding grace.*

*I mean the ones that walk the talk,  
and do not call a knife a fork.*

*'Actions speak louder than words' I was told,  
then this becomes the Lord's House of Gold.*

*When we obey our Master, serving only him,  
by walking the talk, free from sin.*

*New Zealand will do well as we plan ahead,  
as the dead in Christ bury their dead.*

*Gold Rings challenge, read the Holy Book,  
and win your gold as you prayerfully look.*

*Not a bad attempt.*

*Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

*(Not the one with the same name living in Te Awamutu.)*

## S.A.S. Named Amos!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My friend named after a prophet of God;  
he even served in Syria against Israel's fall.  
Maybe like the prophet he answered this call.  
Yet even today Israel never heeds the Word;  
they're so hell-bent on killing its absurd.*

*Now my good friend is a dying man,  
pray Jesus leads him into the Promised Land.  
Where the word 'shrapnel' can never be found,  
and my Christian mate won't see the ground.  
His fighting days have been among the best,  
and with his Personal Saviour he can rest.*

*A personal tribute to my 'Who Dares Wins' friend  
from Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## My New Abode!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Huntly is just the place for me,  
if I need to write beside the river.  
Some wonders of the world beneath the deep,  
and what we saw we shall all reap.*

*New friends I already found up the hill.  
Cancer's for some made them quite ill.  
the Lodge was very kind to us all,  
and sometimes we all had quite a ball.*

*That's where I met true cancer mates,  
and need to leave Hamilton before too late.  
Pray my Saviour leads me to this place;  
I need to serve with faith and grace.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## John 14!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I am a veteran for Jesus,  
He lives in me night and day.  
I am a child, 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 stiff-necked 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.*

*My favourite scripture from King James Bible.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Nuclear Not Yellow Submarines!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*It started out as a hit song Beatlemania,  
now its Nuclear this and Covid that,  
while Red China rules in their Communist hat.*

*There's coming a Govt Ruler, our only King,  
Only his judgement will reign the Circus Master,  
scooping up his loved ones from Terror's Disaster.*

*We talk of Israel and what they've done,  
yet many have forgot our Father and Son.  
Will you scream for help when nuclear falls,  
or just curl up into a little ball.*

*The Rainbow Warrior did its best at sea.  
Can more be done by you and me.  
I'm on the radio and also I pray,  
and write little booklets thinking they may teach.  
Missionaries so often every day seek and preach.*

*Governments of the day let double standards rule.  
Folk today vote in all this People Power.  
Please give credit only to our Creator's hour.  
They never learnt anything from Hiroshima's Japan.  
Feeling the need to be at the top,  
as their nuclear clouds wipe out our Creator's crop.*

*Thank you Jesus for my shield of armour.  
Hiroshima's Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## From My Sincerest Thoughts!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Birds of a feather don't always flock together;  
why the rich and poor don't share a nest.  
And all God's children should band together,  
to wear his armour against the stormy weather.*

*Thinking we get there on our own steam;  
its like his birds won't fly without wings.  
The steam train has water among other things.  
Why not trust Jesus the only true King.*

*This 2021 goes deeper than we know;  
a child in Christ needs always to grow.  
Please don't put your life in governmental hands.*

*I was only going to write twelve booklets,  
and seventeen was going to be my last.  
Now its eighteen, there must be no more,  
as I dream of life on another shore.*

*I'm truly thankful for my train-wrecked life,  
to bring me safely through all my strife.  
Testimonies I'd share but you would not believe,  
thinking I'm leading you up the garden path,  
but with Jesus a relationship to truly last.*

*Please don't feel the need to kill yourself,  
or curl up on your lonely top shelf.  
Your body is the temple of my God,  
giving it all to Jesus your heavy Rod.*

*Thanking you kindly my friend John.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



## Truth About Christianity

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We are in this world, not of it,  
needing to abide in God's law, not man's.  
Therefore as Christians we should all pull together,  
wearing his shield of armour against all weather.*

*God is for you, who can be against; No one!  
No person on earth can defeat this Power,  
lest we forget his sacrifice, the golden hour.  
As true Christians we shouldn't be lead astray.*

*Don't be like the Vatican, knowing it all;  
pray for their congregation lest they all fall.  
True believers in this state type house;  
if only Pope gave permission to spouse.*

*From someone who cares. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## My Sailor's Trophy!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are you drowning through the storms of life?  
I know a sailor who turns the tide.  
He lives within and is my tour guide,  
and my Saviour lives just a prayer away.*

*When oceans roar and the earthquake's loud,  
then we the people will be one crowd.  
The Storm's Navigator shall divide sheep from goats.  
Those formed from Noah's Ark he keeps afloat.*

*We talk of sailors winning their American dream,  
yet things are not always as they seem.  
We pray for this one and for that,  
but politics and religion filled that gap.*

*A personal tribute to my friend Jesus Christ.  
From your child Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## From Someone Who Cares

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They say Hamilton is a lovely place;  
its not unless you have a state of Grace.  
The money city for the likes of rich;  
if you don't watch you're in the ditch.*

*Big thanks to Vinnies and the Wesley meals,  
I'm taken Wednesdays for a good deal.  
Please don't abuse hospitality God given.  
Now its us who must believe he's risen.*

*You eat the food but don't even believe.  
In my opinion you're the ones being deceived.  
But prayerfully you may come to know him;  
the Creator who leads us out of sin.*

*You know the Covid and what its done,  
and still you don't follow Father and Son.  
Then if thee do then don't be afraid,  
because beside him you've got it made.*

*Just one more thing before leaving this room,  
pray think of those who faced the gloom.  
When we all dine together in one accord,  
be blissfully thankful for our room and board!*

*Pray think before you eat!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# The Blackmailer Covid19!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*While I was growing blackmail was a crime,  
and the murder of babies was prison time.  
If we break the law expect to pay dearly,  
but their government rules appear to adjust yearly.  
Martial law is what this is all about;  
I'm fed up with double standard rules.*

*They must know why our prisons are full;  
folk with a brain know all the bull.  
Suicide is the new form of art today.  
Our Creator has more than shown the way.  
I've highlighted in most of my books written,  
but I'm not responsible if you get bitten.*

*Name it as you will? My opinion.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# To and Fro!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Let them have mind games while it lasts,  
they never learnt any wisdom from the past  
Jesus giving his life to lead the way,  
His bleeding sacrifice they didn't want to know,  
and now its everyone swinging to and fro.*

*Communism, terrorism, its all the same in the end,  
as they secretly drive you around the bend.  
Please put your faith and trust in God,  
as he only can take your heavy Rod.*

*You may be thinking where is Christ now?  
Then open your hearts to receive his vow.  
As our King made a never ending promise,  
even to his beloved prophet the doubting Thomas.*

*Pray why don't we learn from history past,  
by making a commitment to Lord and Saviour.  
And for eternity it shall never fail,  
lest with mankind you'll end up in jail.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# The New Leprosy - Covid, 2021, 2022!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Everybody beware of false teachings about this;  
after all Jesus was betrayed with a kiss.  
Have you stopped to think of your DNA,  
by asking permission to go buy your food,  
or the government putting you into a lethargic mood.*

*Back at school 2 plus 2 were four,  
and that my friend's Jesus Christ's eternal door.  
Labour's govt for the people never the same.  
They mudsling each other and who's to blame.*

*Covid's outward appearance is soon to be seen,  
as inwardly your life was but a dream.  
The dictators of history once ruled the nest,  
but this government passes the Red Chinese test.*

*My thought inspired writings.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Please Remember Me!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*'Please remember me' the cry of our Saviour,  
even though he knew of our ongoing behaviour.  
He never distanced himself from any of us,  
and in prolonged agony never ever caused fuss.*

*He grew the tree, only he knew would be,  
used to make the old rugged cross.  
As he prayed that day would come soon;  
bleeding body hanging there from dawn until noon.  
But as promised three days later he arose,  
and created his beauty with words of prose.*

*And all he asks in each soul's day,  
remembering the love that he had to pay.  
To be obedient and serve only him;  
these commandments will keep us free from sin.  
If this is all that's asked of us,  
then lets join together and do his task.*

*From your loving child.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Jesus Christ's Gladiators!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I need to be a gladiator for Jesus,  
by wearing a shield of peace and truth,  
unlike the boy in his bubble booth.*

*My son also desires to be with him,  
and longs to have chains broken from sin.  
Drinking will mask you and camouflage all wrong;  
Blue Knight Crusaders kneel to a different song.*

*Pray I'm going to live by the sea,  
(rivers run into the sea)  
and my Creator will be happy with me.  
This be my last book I am sure,  
as my Christian friend unlocks this new door.*

*Please be a gladiator for my Jesus Christ.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Israel Denies Its True King!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They have lost the true faith of Abraham;  
Israelites should know the powers of the Conqueror.  
Through him who loves us with everlasting love.  
But Israel has always been a stiff-necked nation,  
since the divine birth of their true King.*

*This poem to you doesn't appear to rhyme,  
but Christ's holy city is desolate with crime.  
Isaac, Jacob, Daniel, they knew the score,  
but the devilment of Taliban think they know,  
that is why they won't prosper and grow.*

*But the King is very patient with us all.  
Pray they know the truth before the Fall.  
ISIS too can also be among the saved,  
lest they fall into an unforgiving, fiery grave!*

*Never deny our true King Jesus Christ!  
Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



## Prime Minister - Jacinda Ardern!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Jacinda, America's problems are for them to sort,  
and New Zealand is for us helping you through.  
As America states trust in God, but don't,  
and when ideas are put forward you won't.*

*Talking with the greenies then doing your thing.  
Forgetting our King of Kings and Lord of Lords.  
Whilst you're feathering the nest of the richly hordes.*

*Climate change is not about playing with rockets,  
as new greenies' cars are placed in sockets.  
You appear to nail it to the wall,  
but without following my Saviour you will fall.  
Jesus Christ is church, pray seek him out.*

*Pleasing some people is one thing you know,  
but please our Creator to prosper and grow.*

*From your ever-loving child!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Please Huntly Welcome Me!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I guess its time to say goodbye;  
I'm riding a white cloud o'er the sky.  
A new life in Huntly I must find,  
along with my Christian friend who is kind.*

*Julie is her name and Haidee her daughter,  
the radio led me like lamb to slaughter.  
Don't get me wrong, they were very kind,  
but telling the truth, some folk are blind.*

*Driven through Huntly on an Inter-City Bus,  
as city life in Hamilton is all fuss.  
The country lass within me, pray tell,  
shall guide me to that chiming church bell.*

*Glory be to God. From your child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Teardrops!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Teardrops softly falling against my window pane,  
Expressing feelings of increasing hurt and sorrow.  
But don't be mislaid or misled for teardrops  
not only bring about pain, thus the naked eye  
cannot see wings of invisible dew,  
being creatively sprinkled among we few.*

*So when next you listen to the rain,  
pray your search for happiness will not be in vain.*

*This was the very first poem I ever wrote! Hence the mistake!  
Thanking you Jesus for your help I feel you gave me  
in all my 18 little booklets.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Blissful Eighteenth!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Thank you John is all I can say,  
and was truly blessed upon our meeting day.  
The seventeenth book I said was the last,  
but from my heart things needed to pass.*

*You can relate to this my dear friend,  
until our shattered lives took aboard another friend.  
Jack has decided to train up someone else;  
my mind for radio now put on shelf.*

*Off with the old, on with the new.  
Maybe we will be among the chosen few.  
If this be the case nothing can compare,  
as long as us Christians prepare to share.*

*Thanking you once again John.  
From your true friend.  
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.

