

# To Whom It May Concern



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

## To Whom It May Concern

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is there a loving man for me only,  
Then I will not be ever so lonely.  
I'm not ready for an old folk's home,  
And I like my space and comfort zone.*

*But to share what I have in love,  
We will be at peace with a Holy Dove.  
Christian Man will come knocking at my door,  
And then pray God it's him for sure.*

*Well, a Christian Man did come knocking today.  
I'm thinking he may be very well married,  
Now that puts paid to a horse and carriage.*

*Oh well, it's back to my drawing board,  
A lonely soul among a very long horde.  
Is also looking for the nice kindly girl,  
That will set his heart in a twirl.*

*(If it's meant to be then so be it).*

*Thanking you my Saviour and King. Your child only.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## **Actions Not Words!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Words are cheap, but action is needed here,  
Israel, you be playing with fire, I fear.  
His Holy Land is now crime of the horrors,  
And they can't even think about another tomorrow.*

*When all the United Nations do is talk,  
Pray they think of that Holy Feet Walk.  
Adding fuel to this war is not wise,  
You have sinned against the Saviour's tortured demise.*

*Sheikhs and Arabs should all pull together,  
Throwing Netanyahu out in the roughest of weather.  
You must be able to overthrow this creature,  
When you were taught by a Holy Teacher.*

*If none of you do anything about him,  
Then take it upon yourself as treacherous sin!  
Get him out to reap the Holy Land,  
And take back Jesus Christ's treasured Oasis Grand.*

*Dearest Heavenly Father,  
help me to get through to this stiff-necked race,  
through the Power of Your Grace.  
Thanking you. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Desert Sands!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Desert Sands, truly a water well indeed,  
It's taken its toll for those in need.  
These shifting, whispering sands hold a deep secret,  
To unlock this mystery, the Creator holds the key.*

*Camels know these sands by day and night,  
Guided by the star of David in sight.  
They never seem to end up dead anywhere,  
Because this holy camel is the Arab's chair.*

*The Oasis Veil of Shadows will shine through,  
When a miracle takes place out of blue.  
This war can come to a dead-end stop,  
Once again Israel will tend her crop.*

*The powers of prayer are about to begin,  
As this so named leader repents of sin.  
We must never give way to throwing a stone,  
When the victory is my Jesus Christ's alone.*

*Forgive me Lord, I'm guilty of this in my writings.  
Of love for your Holy Land, I've sinned.  
Well, I'm off to bed. Child of my Lord Saviour.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Love is Trust

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You can't fall in love without trust,  
This being an essential in an every day must.  
That's why so many relationships go terribly wrong,  
When they could be singing a much-loved song.*

*If your love is jealous, it's not real,  
Then trade it in for a better deal.  
Arguments can lead to a very deadly door,  
Then get a grip and leave for sure.*

*I've never been loved by a true man,  
Just a toy, to be beaten at hand.  
Honesty plays really at a true loving heart,  
Then and only then you'll never, ever part.*

*I've summed it all up, that's for sure,  
To work at love is to really endure.  
There is no other way for this bliss,  
Than to seal this with an everlasting kiss!*

*How come true love never found me?!  
I was always led up the lying tree.  
Your child only. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Aussie Way!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Film makers take a look at true Aussie style,  
No foul swearing in the reels they spin,  
Or the nudity that leads to everyday sin.*

*Yankies have it tied up in black spades,  
Exposing it all from their very dark shades.  
The Kiwis yes and no as they go,  
Copying the Americans whilst putting on a show.*

*Give me Australian movies any time of year,  
To be merry and laugh with your beer.  
Take Dad and Dave and watch their dream,  
As it's portrayed on your DVD screen.*

*This great story I'll treasure all my life,  
It speaks of hard-working husband and wife.  
This true family affair is for the taking,  
When you speak of films worth the making.*

*A personal dedication to true Australian film making.  
Round of applause ladies and gentlemen.  
From a writer child of Jesus Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# My Cinderella Coach!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Rubies and lace entwined together will last forever,  
Coach will be embedded with stones from afar,  
As my bridesmaids pop out of their Genie jar.*

*It's very dazzling in any shape or form,  
Until you awake at the small, wee dawn.  
As the footmen have taken off with horses,  
Now you have been driven from their courses.*

*Guess it's back to the land of Nod,  
As I seek to please a heavenly God.  
Ohakune is really a no fun town,  
When you're looked upon as the clown of frown.*

*Sometimes my writings evolved with this life,  
Otherwise, full of doom and strife.  
I only have 12 more left to do,  
Before my handsome Prince finds my lost shoe!*

*(A little fantasy is good once in a while)  
Thanking you my heavenly friend.  
Your friend. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

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# New Zealand's State Wards

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why take them from a very good home,  
To let them roam the city streets alone.  
Then when they fight back, they're in trouble,  
And the Police are there on the double.*

*Half these children have done nothing really wrong,  
Ending in prison for want of a song.  
This has happened to my children and me,  
When we became victims of a faultless society.*

*The governments should take a long hard look,  
Before they write your name in their book.  
All state wards are not bad to the bone,  
They can be very thoughtful if left alone.*

*You fill the prison with these poor souls,  
Never venturing to find their true goal.  
Some are very good inventors and artists as well,  
As you put them through this Judgemental Hell.*

*This is written from true experience, God knows.  
My Lord of lords and King of kings. Your child.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# To Protect and Serve!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Protect and serve, we all really understood,  
Then why all the gangs in the Hood.  
It's not only them to be concerned about,  
White collar crooks get away with their crime,  
As the gangs, we know, do the time.*

*Is justice just a word of the day?  
It's easy if related to a Freemason judge.  
You go before them and get the nudge.*

*Idea as a career was join the Force,  
Was told to me you're too short of course.  
Your size is not really using one's mind,  
Skills you need: being patient and kind.*

*Not all that break the law are right,  
As they lurk in the dense of night.  
Courts should have an explanation – yes or no,  
If the case means reap what we sow.*

*Thank God I haven't broken the law.  
Jesus Christ, my trustworthy friend.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Shady Sunglasses!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why do some folk hide behind these shades?  
Only sunglasses after all said and done,  
To block out UV rays of sun.*

*Sometimes it's because they have something to hide,  
If a person is of a shady character,  
Then the sunglasses may be their disguise.*

*Folk wear them, even on a rainy day,  
Now that is very hard to figure out,  
If it's a test for sun or shady,  
Or just to impress a very fine lady.*

*The Specsavers ad, "buy one, get one free",  
That seemed like a good deal to me.  
I'm blest with very nice eyesight at best,  
Guess then it means I've passed the test.*

*Why? It's beyond me; the eyes are the mirrors of the soul.  
My true friend, Jesus Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Thoughts on High!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Thoughts I write appear to come and go,  
As I love to put on a majestic show.  
Around the globe I'm circling there every night,  
As you read of my writings in twilight.*

*I've written of everything that's on life's highway,  
I have to pen these verses my way,  
It's something kind of special, controlling my pen,  
Gives me the pleasure of how and when.*

*Like a feathered quill it inspires me so,  
When sometimes I don't know ways to go.  
Then like a little child on a bike,  
Thoughts take off like an eagle's wings flight.*

*I need a miracle to finish the eight,  
Only then can I close my writer's gate.  
After thirty-three booklets it becomes a trial,  
Now it's time to rest up in style.*

*Another one done, oh the fun!  
Thank you, my Lord of lords.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Scotland's Lonely Piper!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is he piping in a brand new day?  
Or does it mean you're on the way?  
Like when eight bells toll for you,  
Then the spirit will fly into the blue.*

*It may very well have a different meaning altogether,  
The sounds could be piping out the weather.  
One can only guess this lonely man's plight.  
When he's on the moors in dim daylight.*

*A true Scotsman doing his job of loyalty,  
Who knows this monarch could come from royalty.  
The Scots are a clan to be admired,  
They were true fighting warriors if then denied.*

*I would dearly love to meet a highlander man,  
Asking of him is he's played in a pipe band.  
My sentiments were always marching to the pipes,  
Our coach always made us get it right.*

*My thanks be to my God! I'm trying hard.  
Seven more left to write.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Black or White?

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What's with the big deal in your colour?  
We are still in Christ, sister and brother.  
Did the mongrel KKKs go off to war?  
Too busy lighting their racial crosses for sure.*

*Even the dull and ignorant have a story,  
But their want led them to his glory.  
They never walked in a black person's shoes,  
Yet I know they'll get their just dues.*

*Because like cowards they never show face,  
And in their darkest hours shall be disgraced.  
Walk a while in these folk's shoes,  
Then see who's going to cry the blues.*

*These so-named men, covering faces with masks,  
A hard day's work is not their task.  
Before casting stones at these trodden down folk,  
Then you become the target of sickly jokes.*

*Thinking you my Friend and Saviour. Your child!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# God's Coloured Rainbow!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*True mothers and fathers; oh, what a farce,  
I knew it was not going to last.  
If you desire living this kind of life,  
Don't bring innocent children into this wicked strife.*

*The rainbow is a God-given spiritual treasure,  
Not to be used at the Devil's pleasure.  
You people have tainted all that's God-given,  
When he ascended to his Father in Heaven.*

*The saying 'play with fire, you'll get burnt',  
I thought by going to school we've learnt.  
That mother is mum, and father is dad,  
Now it's anything goes and that be sad.*

*Be baptised and repent in forgiveness and love,  
The Maker will wash you white like dove.  
It's never too late to speak with God,  
And then he will carry your sinful rod.*

*I'm not trying to judge dear God,  
Just trying to help those see your light.  
Forever yours, Lord and Saviour. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# **Intercity I Site Travel!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Ohakune to Rotorua, and then to get back,  
Bus to Hamilton then I hit the sack.  
My late mum and myself must have shares,  
As the bus drivers we know really do care.*

*Ask the man or lady before you board,  
If your head count is among the horde.  
The coach can be filled to the brim,  
Then if being left behind, it's not him.*

*Label all luggage to know where you're going,  
When your next means of travel is Boeing.  
These Intercity drivers are really good, cool folk,  
They've even let me have a wee joke.*

*Now sit back in comfort, enjoy your ride,  
Rely on our Saviour to be your guide.  
I'm on the road again this Monday morn,  
To wake up in Hamilton at the dawn.*

*An inspirational thought of travel.  
Dedicated to Intercity drivers around New Zealand.  
Thanking you, Lord. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Jesus Christ's Holy Fourth!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You may think God's Holy Day is Sunday,  
Where on earth did you get that idea.  
From that so-called Holiness they cheer.*

*He's deceived the people into thinking he's God,  
Does he help you in carrying your rod.  
And if it gets too heavy to bear,  
Does he pray for help getting you there.*

*'Shoes of the Fisherman' is not the Pope,  
Pope has gone beyond and over a joke.  
I've changed the Sabbath law, gloats out loud,  
As he lies and deceives the Sunday crowd.*

*The Ten Commandments were to fulfil the law,  
He portrays the role for rich and poor.  
Have you seen the wealth behind Vatican door?  
He lives like King Charles and his motley crew,  
When my Lord and Saviour is a Jew.*

*Thank you, King of kings and Lord of all.  
By your servant and child, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# Manifest the Saviour's Word!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Men and women, preachers keep Sunday as well,  
Does that mean for them Heaven or Hell.  
God, I know is a just, fair Man,  
But isn't his fourth a holy statement grand.*

*Written word makes it quite clear to see,  
That we must all obey his commandments, free.  
It can't be made more clearer than that,  
As the Beast and Mark wear the Vatican hat.*

*I'd dearly love to sow seeds of love,  
As Abraham was sent to us from above.  
We really have been given chances to repent,  
God sacrificed his chosen one to be sent.*

*The word states females must not wear men's clothes,  
And vice versa, that's how it really goes.  
Whilst lady preachers still dress in men's attire,  
This was planned from authority on higher.*

*I pray Lord, I'm doing you justice, in my writings,  
Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Friends in Christ!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Pray you find places for us three,  
David, Maree, and little ole me.  
This Ohakune is getting too much to bear,  
When we love to share and be fair.*

*Please place us where we work for you,  
Doing the things you need us to do.  
Maybe a Warehouse in a lovely little town,  
We will be useful and not put down.*

*Taihape has come to my mind I see,  
If this be all very pleasing to thee.  
It's been suggested to me at least twice,  
And the feelings I get are very nice.*

*Trust Jesus Christ and look on net Maree,  
He will help if it's meant to be.  
We are all brothers and sisters in him,  
And by his blood, we always can win.*

*Thanking you my Heavenly Father.  
For your trust in me!  
Your daughter, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Broken Through

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Now John you have two booklets to do,  
Then I'm over and done and broken through.*

*My weary mind has worn out the pen,  
When I also felt escaping the lion's den.*

*If I've pleased God then I'm at peace,  
And my love for the Saviour shall increase.*

*Pray other jobs he will find me to do,  
As time is left, I'll pull through.*

*This time to Hamilton, be of good cheer,  
As he knows our needs and he's there.  
John must be worn out and weary,  
As he's always pleasing and warm and cheery.*

*Giving him credit, he keeps the faith,  
Then I go to visit, face to face.  
Back to the drawing board he can go,  
As friend writes a hit for X Factor show. AMEN!*

*To my dearest friend in the Saviour's love,  
From your true mate, 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.

