

THIRTY WELLS OF LIGHT

Foreword

THIRTY WELLS OF LIGHT

There are moments in life when the ground beneath us gives way—quietly at first, then all at once. We wake up one day realizing we are not who we used to be, yet not fully who we are becoming.

Somewhere between the breaking and the rebuilding, between the silence and the cry for help, a river begins to rise. Not the kind that destroys, but the kind that finds you.

This book was born in that in-between place.

Thirty wells of light is not simply a collection of poems; it is a map of a soul learning to breathe again. These pages carry the weight of nights spent wrestling with God, the ache of old wounds reopening, and the quiet miracle of grace arriving anyway. They testify to a love that does not wait for us to be whole, polished, or perfect. A love that steps into the wreckage, rolls up its sleeves, and begins the slow work of resurrection.

As you read, you will hear the voice of someone who has walked through fire and lived to tell the story—not because they were strong, but because God refused to let go. You will feel the pull of a river that knows your name, that runs deeper than shame, fear, or failure. A river that does not ask you to swim; it simply asks you to surrender.

My hope is that as you journey through these poems, you will recognize pieces of your own story. That you will see the fingerprints of a God who specializes in finding people in forgotten places. And that somewhere between the lines, you will sense the current shifting beneath your feet—the gentle, relentless reminder that you are not lost, not abandoned, not beyond redemption.

May this river meet you the way it met the author: unexpectedly, powerfully, and with a grace that refuses to leave you where it found you.

Welcome to the water.

Welcome to the healing.

Welcome to the story of a life reclaimed.

- Aundrey Richard Hubbard

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CHAPTER I — FALLING

INTRODUCTION — “The Day My Strength Failed”

Every journey toward God begins with the moment you realize you can't save yourself.

The Day My Strength Failed

I carried myself
like a man who didn't need saving,
shoulders tight,
heart locked,
breath shallow.

But strength is a fragile thing—
it snaps quietly,
like a rope worn thin
from pretending.

The day my strength failed,
I didn't collapse in glory—
I folded inward,
a tired soul
finally admitting
it was time to be held.

INTRODUCTION — “The Weight of My Own Hands”

Sometimes the heaviest burdens are the ones we created.

The Weight of My Own Hands

My hands built walls
I later begged God to tear down.

They held mistakes
like precious stones,
turning them over,
memorizing their edges.

I didn't know
I could let go.

But God whispered,
“Your hands were never meant
to carry this much.”

And slowly,
I opened them.

INTRODUCTION — “When Darkness Learned My Name”

Darkness doesn't always come suddenly—
sometimes it grows familiar.

When Darkness Learned My Name

It crept in quietly,
sitting beside me
like an old friend
with bad intentions.

It knew my fears,
my failures,
my fragile places.

But even in the dark,
a spark remained—
a stubborn ember
that refused
to stop glowing.

INTRODUCTION — “The Silence That Broke Me”

Silence can be a teacher—
and a mirror.

The Silence That Broke Me

In the quiet,
I heard everything
I tried to outrun.

Regret spoke first,
then shame,
then the echo
of choices I wish
I could rewrite.

But beneath it all,
a softer sound—
a heartbeat
that refused
to give up.

INTRODUCTION — “The Road That Led Nowhere”

Some roads must fail us
so God can redirect us.

The Road That Led Nowhere

I walked a path
paved with my own desires,
thinking I knew
where life was going.

But every turn
led to emptiness,
every mile
to another dead end.

Only when I stopped
did I realize
God had been waiting
at the crossroads
the whole time.

CHAPTER II — CRYING OUT

INTRODUCTION — “The Prayer I Didn’t Mean to Pray”

Sometimes the most honest prayers
are the ones we never planned.

The Prayer I Didn’t Mean to Pray

It slipped out—
a trembling whisper
from a tired soul.

Not polished,
not poetic,
just real.

“God... help me.”

And Heaven heard it
like a shout.

INTRODUCTION — “When My Knees Hit the Floor”

Surrender is not weakness—
it’s the doorway to strength.

When My Knees Hit the Floor

I didn’t fall—
I was placed.

My knees met the ground
like they had been waiting
their whole life
to remember
where strength begins.

And in that posture,
I found power.

INTRODUCTION — “The Tear That Started It All”

Healing often begins
with a single tear.

The Tear That Started It All

It wasn't dramatic—
just one tear,
quiet,
honest,
true.

But that tear
watered the soil
where hope
would grow again.

INTRODUCTION — “The Cry Heaven Heard”

God hears what we cannot speak.

The Cry Heaven Heard

My voice failed,
but my spirit screamed.

And Heaven—
merciful,
attentive,
near—
heard every word
I couldn't say.

INTRODUCTION — “The Moment I Let Go”

Letting go is an act of trust.

The Moment I Let Go

I released the past
like a bird
I'd kept caged
for far too long.

It flew,
and so did I.

CHAPTER III — THE GOD WHO CAME CLOSE

INTRODUCTION — “When Mercy Found Me”

Mercy doesn't wait for perfection.

When Mercy Found Me

Mercy found me
in the dirt,
in the doubt,
in the dark.

It didn't ask questions—
it simply lifted me.

INTRODUCTION — “The Hand That Reached Into My Night”

God reaches deeper than our deepest pit.

The Hand That Reached Into My Night

A hand reached down,
steady,
sure,
strong.

Not to judge—
to rescue.

And I grabbed hold
like my life
depended on it.

Because it did.

INTRODUCTION — “The Voice That Called Me Home”

God calls us by name,
not by our failures.

The Voice That Called Me Home

He didn't shout—
He whispered.

And somehow
that whisper
was louder
than all my shame.

INTRODUCTION — “The Light That Didn’t Blind”

God’s light reveals
without destroying.

The Light That Didn’t Blind

His light touched me
gently,
like dawn
on tired skin.

It didn’t expose—
it healed.

INTRODUCTION — “The Grace That Wouldn’t Leave”

Grace is relentless.

The Grace That Wouldn’t Leave

I tried to outrun grace,
but it followed me
into every shadow.

It stayed
until I believed
I was worth saving.

CHAPTER IV — RISING AGAIN

INTRODUCTION — “The First Step Out of the Grave”

Resurrection begins
with one trembling step.

The First Step Out of the Grave

I stepped forward,
unsure,
unsteady,
but alive.

And the grave behind me
lost its claim.

INTRODUCTION — “The Breath I Didn’t Know I Needed”

God gives breath
to places we thought were dead.

The Breath I Didn’t Know I Needed

Hope filled my lungs
like fresh air
after years
of suffocating.

I breathed—
really breathed—
for the first time.

INTRODUCTION — “The Chains That Fell Quietly”

Not all freedom is loud.

The Chains That Fell Quietly

My chains didn't shatter—
they slipped off,
quietly,
like they knew
their time was up.

INTRODUCTION — “The Strength That Grew in Secret”

God grows strength
in hidden places.

The Strength That Grew in Secret

I didn't notice it at first—
the way courage
returned to my bones,
the way peace
settled in my chest.

Strength grew
like roots—
silent,
steady,
sure.

INTRODUCTION — “The Day I Chose to Live”

Life is a choice—
and a gift.

The Day I Chose to Live

I chose life
not because it was easy,
but because God
made it possible.

And that choice
changed everything.

CHAPTER V — WALKING WITH GOD

INTRODUCTION — “The Path I Never Saw Coming”

God’s plans are better
than our predictions.

The Path I Never Saw Coming

I walked a road
I never expected,
guided by a God
who saw farther
than my fear.

Every step
was grace.

INTRODUCTION — “The Shepherd Who Stayed”

God doesn't abandon
His own.

The Shepherd Who Stayed

When I wandered,
He followed.

When I hid,
He waited.

When I returned,
He rejoiced.

INTRODUCTION — “The Peace That Walked Beside Me”

Peace is a companion,
not a moment.

The Peace That Walked Beside Me

Peace walked with me,
matching my pace,
never rushing,
never leaving.

It stayed
even when I stumbled.

INTRODUCTION — “The Promise That Pulled Me Forward”

God’s promises
are anchors and compasses.

The Promise That Pulled Me Forward

A promise glimmered
in the distance—
not loud,
but steady.

And it pulled me
toward a future
I never thought
I’d see.

INTRODUCTION — “The Joy That Returned Slowly”

Joy doesn't always rush—
sometimes it rebuilds.

The Joy That Returned Slowly

Joy returned
like sunrise—
slow,
soft,
certain.

And when it came,
it stayed.

CHAPTER VI — BECOMING NEW

INTRODUCTION — “The Man I’m Learning to Be”

Becoming is a process,
not a moment.

The Man I’m Learning to Be

I’m learning to be
a man of grace,
of courage,
of faith.

Not perfect—
but growing.

INTRODUCTION — “The Love That Rebuilt Me”

God’s love restores
what life tried to ruin.

The Love That Rebuilt Me

His love rebuilt me
brick by brick,
breath by breath,
day by day.

I stand now
because He stayed.

INTRODUCTION — “The Calling I Can’t Ignore”

Every healed wound
becomes a testimony.

The Calling I Can’t Ignore

I feel it—
a pull,
a purpose,
a holy assignment.

God didn’t save me
for silence.

INTRODUCTION — “The Future God Placed in My Hands”

God gives futures
to those who thought
they lost theirs.

The Future God Placed in My Hands

My future isn't borrowed—
it's given.

A gift
wrapped in mercy,
tied with grace.

INTRODUCTION — “The Ending That Became My Beginning”

Redemption rewrites endings.

The Ending That Became My Beginning

This is not the end.
This is the doorway
to everything God promised.

I step through it
with hope,
with courage,
with Him.

Dedication

To the One who stepped into my ruins
before I even knew I was drowning.

To the God who found me in the dark,
carried me through the fire,
and taught me how to breathe again.

And to every soul who has ever felt forgotten,
forsaken, or too broken to be loved—
this river is for you.
May you discover the grace
that came searching for me.

Author's Notes

I did not write this book from a place of strength. I wrote it from the floor—
from the nights when my prayers were whispers,
from the days when my faith felt thin,
from the moments when God's silence
felt louder than my hope.

Thirty wells of light is the story of what happened next.

These poems were born in the tension between despair and deliverance. They are fragments of a journey I never expected to survive, yet somehow did—not because I held on to God, but because He held on to me.

If you find yourself somewhere between the breaking and the healing, I pray these words meet you gently. I pray they remind you that God does His best work in the places we try hardest to hide. And I pray you feel the current of His love pulling you toward restoration, one breath at a time.

Thank you for opening these pages.
Thank you for drinking from this well with me.

THIRTY WELLS OF LIGHT

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