

SIXTY WELLS OF LIGHT

Foreword

There are books that speak, and there are books that shine. *Sixty Wells of Light* does both. It is not merely a collection of poems—it is a map of a soul that has walked through shadow, wrestled with truth, and emerged carrying fire. These pages are not crafted from imagination alone; they are drawn from lived nights, real battles, and the unmistakable fingerprints of God’s grace.

What you hold in your hands is a journey through sixty moments where heaven touched earth—sixty places where darkness broke open and light poured through. Each poem is a well dug in the wilderness, a place where thirst meets mercy, where brokenness meets restoration, where the human cry meets the divine answer. These wells were not formed quickly. They were carved through prayer, through surrender, through the slow and sacred work of healing.

Aundrey writes with a rare honesty—raw enough to feel, bold enough to confront, and tender enough to heal. Their voice carries the weight of testimony and the clarity of revelation. These poems do not simply describe faith; they embody it. They rise like prayers, fall like tears, and stand like altars.

In a world drowning in noise, *Sixty Wells of Light* invites you to listen. To breathe. To remember that God still speaks in whispers and thunder. That hope is not fragile. That redemption is not theoretical. That light is not symbolic—it is alive, active, and fiercely pursuing us.

As you turn these pages, may you find your own wells. May you discover the places where God has been digging in your story, even when you didn’t see His hands. May these poems guide you back to the truth that has always been waiting for you: you are seen, you are loved, and you are never beyond the reach of His light.

Drink deeply. The journey begins here.

—Aundrey Richard Hubbard

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CHAPTER I — THE RESCUE

Introduction: “The God Who Stepped Into My Grave”

Before I ever knew I was dying,
Jesus was already fighting for my life.
I thought I was just tired, broken, wandering —
but Heaven saw a soul slipping toward eternal
death.

And instead of letting me fall,
He stepped into the grave I had dug with my own
hands
and called me out of it.

This chapter is the story of that rescue —
the moment mercy outran my destruction,
the moment light pierced a darkness I had
learned to call home,
the moment Jesus refused to let me die.

These poems are the sound of chains breaking,
the echo of His footsteps running toward me,
the breath I didn't know I had lost
returning to my lungs.

This is where resurrection began.

The Voice That Found Me

I wasn't searching for You.
I wasn't praying,
wasn't reaching,
wasn't even aware
that my soul was slipping beneath the
surface.

But Your voice —
soft as a whisper,
strong as a storm —
found me in the place
I thought no one could see.

It didn't accuse me.
It didn't shame me.
It simply said,
“Live.”

And something in me obeyed
before I even understood
what dying meant.

When Grace Interrupted

I was running toward destruction
with confidence,
with pride,
with the illusion of control.

But grace —
uninvited,
unearned,
unexplained —
stepped in front of me
like a wall of light.

I didn't crash into judgment.
I collided with mercy.
And the impact
saved my life.

The Grave I Didn't See

I thought I was fine.
I thought I was strong.
I thought I was alive.

But sin digs quietly,
carving tombs beneath the feet
of those who think they're standing.

I didn't see the grave forming
until You shattered it
with resurrection power
I didn't even ask for.

Mercy's Footsteps

I heard them
before I understood them —
footsteps in the dark,
steady,
certain,
coming closer.

Not the footsteps of judgment,
but of a Savior
who refuses to lose
what He loves.

You didn't wait for me to crawl out.
You came in after me.

The Day Heaven Spoke My Name

It wasn't thunder.
It wasn't fire.
It wasn't a miracle
that split the sky.

It was a name —
my name —
spoken by the One
who crafted galaxies.

And suddenly
the darkness that owned me
lost its grip.

Pulled From the Edge

I didn't know
how close I was
to eternal death.

But You did.

And with a strength
that felt like gentleness,
You pulled me back
from the cliff
I had been dancing on
for years.

The Moment My Chains Shook

I didn't even know
I was bound
until Your presence
walked into the room.

The chains didn't fall immediately —
but they trembled.
And that trembling
was the first sign
that freedom
was coming for me.

When Darkness Lost Its Claim

Darkness argued
that I belonged to it.
It had evidence,
history,
memories,
mistakes.

But You stepped forward
and said,
“He’s Mine.”

And darkness
had no choice
but to let go.

The Hand That Reached Into My Night

I didn't climb out.
I didn't rise on my own.
I didn't find the light
by searching for it.

Your hand
reached into the night
I had accepted as normal
and pulled me
into a dawn
I didn't believe
was possible.

The First Tear That Saved Me

I hadn't cried in years.
Numbness had become
my survival.

But when Your presence
touched the deepest part of me,
a single tear fell —
and it felt like
the first heartbeat
of a resurrected soul.

When Heaven Broke Through

It wasn't dramatic.
It wasn't loud.
It wasn't cinematic.

It was simple —
a moment where
Your love
became undeniable.

Heaven didn't knock.
It entered.
And everything in me
shifted.

The Rescue I Didn't Deserve

I had nothing to offer.
No righteousness.
No purity.
No strength.

But You weren't looking
for qualifications.

You were looking
for me.

And You saved me
before I even knew
I needed saving.

The Breath That Returned

I didn't realize
how long I had been suffocating
until You breathed life
back into me.

Not air —
but purpose.
Not oxygen —
but identity.
Not breath —
but resurrection.

The Savior Who Ran Toward Me

I always imagined
You waited for me
to come crawling back.

But You ran —
ran toward my ruin,
ran toward my darkness,
ran toward my brokenness
with a love
that refused
to stand still.

My First Sunrise After Death

The morning after You saved me
felt different.

The sky looked wider.
The air felt lighter.
My heart beat
like it remembered something
it had forgotten.

It was the first sunrise
I had ever seen
as someone
truly alive

CHAPTER II — THE TURNING

Introduction: “The Moment My Heart Pivoted
Toward Life”

Rescue is a miracle —
but turning is a choice.

After Jesus pulled me from the grave,
I still had to decide
whether I would walk toward the light
or drift back into the shadows
that once felt like home.

This chapter is the story of that holy tension —
the wrestling,
the surrender,
the moment I realized
that salvation wasn't just an event
but a direction.

These poems capture the shift inside me
when I finally stopped running from God
and started running toward Him.
The turning wasn't instant.
It wasn't easy.
But it was the beginning
of becoming someone new.

When Light Touched My Wounds

I hid them for years —
the bruises on my soul,
the fractures in my faith,
the scars I pretended
didn't hurt anymore.

But Your light
didn't expose me to shame.
It exposed me to healing.

Every wound You touched
stopped bleeding.
Every scar You saw
lost its power.
And the places I feared
became the places
You restored.

The Battle I Didn't Know I Was In

I thought my struggle
was emotional,
mental,
human.

But when You opened my eyes,
I saw the war —
the spiritual one
that had been raging
around me
and inside me.

And You didn't just show me the battle.
You armed me
with truth.

The Surrender That Set Me Free

I thought surrender
meant losing.

I thought it meant weakness.

I thought it meant defeat.

But when I finally let go,

I realized

I wasn't giving up —

I was being lifted.

Freedom didn't come
from fighting harder.

It came

from handing everything

to You.

The Chains I Mistook for Comfort

Some chains
don't feel like chains.
They feel familiar.
Predictable.
Safe.

But You showed me
that comfort
is not the same
as freedom.

And when You broke the chains
I had learned to love,
I finally understood
what living meant.

The Day I Chose Life

You offered me life
long before I accepted it.

But one day,
standing between who I was
and who I could become,
I chose You.

And in choosing You,
I chose life —
real life,
eternal life,
life that breathes
even in the dark.

When Shame Lost Its Throne

Shame ruled me
like a king.
It dictated my choices,
my silence,
my self-worth.

But when Your love
entered the room,
shame fell
like a dethroned tyrant.

It still whispers sometimes,
but it no longer reigns.

The Voice That Rewrote My Story

I had written myself
as broken,
as hopeless,
as too far gone.

But Your voice
rewrote every chapter.

You didn't edit my past —
You redeemed it.
You didn't erase my scars —
You gave them purpose.
You didn't change my story —
You changed me.

The Moment I Let Go

Letting go
felt like stepping off a cliff.

But when I released
what was killing me,
I didn't fall —
I flew.

Your hands
were already beneath me.

The Truth That Undid My Lies

I believed lies
for so long
they felt like truth.

But Your Word
cut through them
like a sword
made of light.

Every lie that held me
lost its grip
when truth
spoke louder.

The Step That Changed Everything

It wasn't dramatic.

It wasn't loud.

It wasn't heroic.

It was one step —
one small, trembling step
toward You.

But that step
shifted my eternity.

When Fear Finally Broke

Fear had built a fortress
around my heart.

But Your love
didn't knock.
It walked straight through the walls
and shattered them
from the inside out.

Fear broke.
Love stayed.

The Call to Come Home

You didn't call me
to perfection.

You didn't call me
to performance.

You called me
to come home.

And when I did,
I realized
home wasn't a place —
it was You.

The Day I Stopped Running

I ran from You
for years —
not because I hated You,
but because I didn't believe
You could love
someone like me.

But when I finally stopped running,
I found You
standing right behind me
the whole time.

The Light That Wouldn't Leave

Even when I tried
to return to the dark,
Your light
followed me.

It wasn't forceful.
It wasn't demanding.
It was faithful.

A love
that refused
to let me go.

My Heart's Turning Point

There wasn't a choir.
There wasn't a vision.
There wasn't a miracle
that split the sky.

Just a quiet moment
where my heart whispered,
"Yes."

And everything
changed.

CHAPTER III — THE REBUILDING

Introduction: “The God Who Builds From Ruins”

After the turning came the rebuilding —
the slow, holy work
of becoming whole.

Jesus didn't just save me.
He began to rebuild me
from the inside out.

This chapter is the sound
of foundations being laid,
walls being restored,
identity being rewritten,
and hope taking root
in places that once held
only ashes.

Rebuilding wasn't quick.
It wasn't painless.
But it was sacred.
And every moment
was shaped by His hands.

Stones Into Altars

The things that broke me
became the stones
You used
to build altars.

My pain
became a place
where Your presence
rested.

The Healing I Didn't Expect

I expected punishment.

I expected distance.

I expected silence.

But You gave me healing —
gentle,
patient,
complete.

You touched places
I thought were beyond repair
and made them whole.

When Forgiveness Found Me

I didn't go looking for it.
Forgiveness found me
like a river
breaking through dry ground.

It washed away
what I couldn't fix
and left me
clean.

The Slow Miracle

Some miracles
happen instantly.
Mine happened
slowly —
one breath,
one step,
one surrender
at a time.

But slow miracles
are still miracles.

The Day I Saw Myself Through Him

Not broken.
Not worthless.
Not too far gone.

But chosen.
Loved.
Redeemed.

I finally saw myself
through the eyes
of the One
who made me.

The Walls He Tore Down

I built walls
to protect myself.
You tore them down
to free me.

Every brick that fell
made room
for Your love.

The Strength I Never Had

I always thought
strength meant
holding everything together.

But You showed me
true strength
is letting You
hold me.

When Hope Became Real

Hope used to feel
like a fantasy —
a word people used
to sound brave.

But when You breathed on me,
hope became
a living thing
growing in my chest.

The Wounds That Became Testimony

My wounds
didn't disappear.
They transformed.

They became stories
of Your faithfulness,
proof
that You heal
what others
cannot touch.

The Potter's Hands

You didn't patch me.
You remade me.

Every crack
became a place
for Your glory
to shine through.

The Garden Growing in My Ruins

Where I saw ruins,
You saw soil.

And in the places
I thought were dead,
You planted
life.

The Joy That Returned Quietly

Joy didn't come back
with fireworks.
It came quietly —
a soft warmth
in the places
that once felt cold.

A reminder
that healing
doesn't always shout.

The Lessons in the Wilderness

The wilderness
wasn't punishment.
It was preparation.

A place where You taught me
to trust Your voice
more than my fear.

The Restoration of My Name

The world called me
broken.

Lost.

Hopeless.

But You restored my name —
Beloved.

Redeemed.

Yours.

The Life Being Built in Me

I'm not who I was.
I'm not yet who I will be.

But I am becoming —
brick by brick,
breath by breath,
grace by grace —
the person
You always saw.

CHAPTER IV — THE RISING

Introduction: “The Dawn After the Longest Night”

This final chapter
is the sound of resurrection
fully alive.

Not just being saved.
Not just being rebuilt.
But rising —
walking in purpose,
carrying light,
living the life
Jesus died to give me.

These poems are declarations
of victory,
identity,
calling,
and unshakeable hope.

This is the dawn
after the longest night.
This is the life
after the grave.

Born Again in the Fire

You didn't pull me
out of the flames.
You stood with me
in them.

And when I walked out,
I wasn't burned —
I was reborn.

The Joy That Survived the Night

Night tried
to swallow me.
But joy
survived.

Not because I held onto it,
but because
You held onto me.

The Freedom I Thought Impossible

I never imagined
I could be free.

But You broke chains
I thought were permanent
and opened doors
I thought were walls.

When Heaven Became Home

Heaven stopped feeling
like a distant place
and started feeling
like the presence
I carried
everywhere I went.

The Song in My Bones

You put a song
deep in my bones —
not a melody,
but a truth:
I am alive
because You live.

The Strength to Stand

I used to fall
at every storm.

Now I stand —
not because I'm strong,
but because
You are.

The Light I Carry Now

I don't shine
because I'm bright.
I shine
because Your light
lives in me.

The Path I Never Expected

I thought I knew
where my life was going.

But You led me
down a path
I never expected —
one filled with purpose
I never imagined.

The Victory Already Won

I don't fight
for victory.
I fight
from victory —
the one
You already won
on the cross.

The Peace That Guards Me

Your peace
isn't fragile.
It's a fortress —
one that guards my heart
from every storm.

The Calling on My Life

You didn't just save me.
You called me —
to shine,
to speak,
to live
as someone
who has been resurrected.

The Glory in My Scars

My scars
don't shame me.
They glorify You —
the God who heals,
restores,
and resurrects.

The Hope That Won't Die

Hope used to flicker.
Now it burns —
steady,
unshakeable,
alive.

Because You
are alive in me.

The Life After the Grave

I don't just live.
I live
after death —
with gratitude,
with purpose,
with fire
in my bones.

I Will Never Be Silent Again

I was dead.
Now I live.

And I will tell the world
what You did —
how You saved me,
raised me,
and filled me
with light.

My silence died
the day I rose.

Author's Note

Sixty Wells of Light was born in the quiet places—those hidden stretches of life where God does His deepest work. These poems were not written from a distance; they were lived first. They rose from nights of wrestling, mornings of mercy, and seasons where the only thing I could hold onto was the promise that light always finds a way through.

Every well in this book represents a moment where God met me with truth, healing, or revelation. Some were dug through tears, others through surrender, and many through the slow, steady rebuilding of a heart learning to trust again. My hope is that as you read, you will not simply observe my journey—you will recognize your own. You will find the wells God has been digging in your story, even in the places that once felt barren.

This book is a testimony, a map, and a reminder: no matter how deep the darkness, the Light is deeper still. Thank you for opening these pages. Thank you for drawing near to the wells. May you drink and be restored.

—Aundrey Richard Hubbard

Dedication

To the One Who met me in the valley,
who carried me through the fire,
and who turned every broken place
into a well overflowing with light—
this book belongs to You.

And to every soul who has ever felt unseen,
unheard, or undone—
may these poems remind you that God is
still writing your story,
and His light is still pursuing you.

Sixty Wells of Light

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