

Forty Wells of Light is a journey through the deepest valleys and the highest revelations of faith.

In this powerful collection, Christian poet Aundrey pours out raw honesty, spiritual fire, and redemptive hope across forty deeply expanded poems—each one a well where the thirsty can drink and the weary can rest.

From the shadows of brokenness to the brilliance of God's glory, this book guides readers through:

- The Valley — where pain speaks, but God whispers louder
- The Fight — where spiritual battles are won in silence and surrender
- The Revelation — where identity is restored and truth is unveiled
- The Rising — where grace lifts what shame tried to bury
- The Walk — where faith becomes a daily rhythm
- The Promise — where God's covenant steadies the soul
- The Glory — where beauty rises from ashes
- The Testimony — where every scar becomes a story of victory

With cinematic emotion and unwavering faith, Forty Wells of Light invites you to encounter God in every chapter of your own story.

This is more than poetry—  
it is healing, fire, and living water.

FORTY WELLS OF LIGHT  
A Christian Poetry Collection  
by Aundrey

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DEDICATION PAGE

To the God who found me in the dark  
and taught me how to breathe again.

To every soul walking through a valley  
—  
may these words be water to your  
spirit  
and fire to your faith.

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## FOREWORD

There are seasons when the night feels endless.  
When the weight of your past presses like a  
stone on your chest.  
When your prayers feel too small,  
your strength too thin,  
your hope too faint to rise.

But God is not intimidated by darkness.  
He is not startled by brokenness.  
He is not discouraged by the battles we hide.

This book is a journey through the valley,  
through the fight,  
through revelation,  
through rising,  
through promise,  
through glory,  
and into testimony.

Each poem is a well—  
a place where living water waits  
for the thirsty, the weary, the searching.

Drink deeply.  
Walk boldly.  
Rise fully.

Aundrey Richard Hubbard

## When Shadows Kneel

The night towered over me  
like a giant made of fear.  
Its breath was cold,  
its whispers sharp,  
its presence heavy as iron.

I thought the darkness ruled the room.  
I thought the shadows had the final word.  
But then—  
a warmth brushed the air,  
soft as a sigh,  
strong as eternity.

His presence entered quietly,  
yet every shadow trembled.  
They bent low,  
as if bowing to a King  
they could not defy.

And I learned something holy:  
darkness is loud,  
but never strong.  
For even shadows kneel  
when God steps in  
and says,  
“You belong to Me.”

## The Weight I Carried

I carried burdens I never named—  
stones of guilt,  
boulders of shame,  
memories that clung like chains.

I dragged them through seasons  
that should have been joyful.  
I held them close  
as if suffering was my duty.

But God met me in the heaviness.  
Not with anger.  
Not with disappointment.  
But with open hands.

“Give it here,” He whispered.  
And the chains I forged  
with my own regret  
fell like dust at His feet.

I learned that surrender  
is not weakness—  
it is the moment  
your soul finally breathes.

## The Silent Cry

Some prayers never reach the lips.  
Some tears never fall.  
Some wounds hide so deeply  
that even you forget where they live.

But God remembers.  
He hears the cry you never spoke,  
the ache you never named,  
the pain you never shared.

He gathers every unspoken sorrow  
like a Father collecting letters  
His child was too afraid to send.

And He answers them—  
not always with thunder,  
but often with a whisper:  
“I saw you.  
I heard you.  
I’m here.”

## The Valley Speaks

The valley tried to prophesy my end.  
It told me I was too weak,  
too wounded,  
too weary to make it through.

But valleys are liars.  
They only see the ground—  
never the God who walks beside you.

While the valley spoke defeat,  
God spoke destiny.  
While the valley said, “You won’t  
survive,”  
God said, “You will rise.”

The valley didn’t know  
that the Shepherd was with me.  
And where the Shepherd walks,  
no valley can claim victory.

## Bruised but Breathing

I've been bruised by battles  
I never asked to fight.  
Bent by storms  
I didn't see coming.  
Worn by burdens  
I didn't choose to carry.

But I'm still breathing.  
And breath is proof of purpose.

A bruised reed He will not break—  
He said that,  
and He meant it.

So here I stand:  
not perfect,  
not unscarred,  
but held together  
by the hands of a God  
who refuses to let me fall.

## Armor Up

The war wasn't outside—  
it was inside my chest.

Thoughts clashed like swords,  
fears marched like armies,  
doubts roared like lions.

But God dressed me for battle.  
Not in steel,  
but in truth.  
Not in iron,  
but in faith.

The shield I lifted  
wasn't mine—  
it bore the fingerprints  
of the Divine.

And every fiery dart  
that sought my heart  
met the armor  
of the Almighty.

## Holy Fire

Darkness tried to claim my soul.  
It whispered lies,  
offered shortcuts,  
promised comfort  
that only led to chains.

But God lit embers in the cold.  
A spark became a flame,  
a flame became a fire,  
and the fire became a roar.

Hell retreated.  
Fear dissolved.  
Shame burned away  
in the blaze of His holiness.

I learned that God's fire  
doesn't destroy you—  
it destroys what tried to destroy you.

# The Enemy Knows My Name

He whispered lies  
designed to break me.

He twisted truth  
to make me doubt.

He used my past  
as a weapon.

But Christ spoke louder:  
“Peace, be still.”

The enemy trembles  
when I pray.

He flees  
when I worship.

He collapses  
when I speak the name  
above every name.

He knows my name—  
but he fears  
the One who wrote it.

# Warfare in the Quiet

Not every battle is loud.  
Some wars happen  
in the silence of your thoughts,  
the stillness of your room,  
the quiet of your heart.

But even whispers of His grace  
can drive darkness away.  
Even a trembling prayer  
can shake the gates of hell.

Victory doesn't always shout.  
Sometimes it sighs.  
Sometimes it breathes.  
Sometimes it simply says,  
"I'm still here."

## Stand Firm

The storm rose high,  
winds howled,  
waves crashed,  
fear screamed.

But God didn't tell me to run.  
He didn't tell me to fight.  
He told me to stand.

Stand in faith.  
Stand in truth.  
Stand in peace.  
Stand in Him.

And when the storm passed,  
I realized—  
I hadn't survived  
because I was strong.  
I survived  
because He stood with me.

## Unveiled

He peeled back the layers  
of my fear,  
my pride,  
my pain.

He revealed the truth  
I longed to hear:  
“You’re not the mess  
you think you are.  
You’re shaped by wounds,  
not ruined by them.”

And in that unveiling,  
I saw myself  
through His eyes—  
and everything changed.

# The Shepherd's Call

I wandered far,  
lost in my own decisions,  
my own desires,  
my own detours.

But still He came.  
Still He called.  
Still He searched.

No distance  
could silence His voice.  
No mistake  
could turn Him away.

He walked the miles  
I could not pray.  
And when He found me,  
He carried me home.

## Grace in the Ruins

I sat among the ruins  
of my own choices.  
Broken promises,  
shattered dreams,  
cracked identity.

But grace sat beside me.  
Not to judge.  
Not to shame.  
But to rebuild.

He didn't ask me to pretend.  
He didn't ask me to hide.  
He simply said,  
"Begin again."

And in the ruins,  
I found redemption.

## The Light Behind Me

I feared the shadows  
at my back.  
I thought they chased me,  
haunted me,  
waited to swallow me.

But God was behind me—  
not darkness.  
His light followed,  
covered,  
protected.

The shadows weren't threats—  
they were proof  
that His light  
was shining.

## The Voice That Breaks the Chains

It wasn't thunder.

It wasn't fire.

It wasn't a mighty roar.

It was a whisper.

A gentle, holy whisper  
that broke every chain

I thought I'd wear forever.

His voice doesn't need volume—  
it carries authority.

And when He speaks,  
bondage ends.

Rise, Beloved

He called me “Beloved”  
when I felt broken.

He called me “Chosen”  
when I felt forgotten.

He called me “Mine”  
when I felt lost.

And something in me rose.

Not perfectly.

Not instantly.

But steadily.

Love lifts

what shame tries to bury.

## Morning After Midnight

Midnight felt endless.  
The night stretched long,  
heavy,  
silent.

But morning came—  
slow,  
soft,  
faithful.

Even faint hope  
is still a flame.  
And morning always knows  
His name.

## The Turning Point

I turned from sorrow,  
from shame,  
from self-destruction.

I turned toward the One  
who bore my blame.

And in that turning,  
I found peace—  
a quiet, steady,  
holy release.

## Wings of Prayer

My prayers were weak,  
trembling,  
uncertain.

But still they flew.  
Carried by the God  
who knows the heart  
behind every word.

Even broken prayers  
reach heaven.

## Enter The Breakthrough

Walls built by fear  
and doubt  
and disappointment  
crumbled  
when His love broke through.

And in the rubble,  
I found freedom.

## Step by Step

I wanted leaps.  
He gave me steps.  
I wanted speed.  
He whispered, "Rest."

But every step with Him  
was steady,  
sure,  
holy.

Faith grows  
one step at a time.

## The Narrow Road

The narrow road is hard.  
It costs comfort,  
convenience,  
crowds.

But it gives  
presence,  
purpose,  
peace.

And on this road,  
He walks with me.

## Mercy Follows Me

I thought my past  
would chase me forever.

But mercy followed instead.

Mercy caught me.

Mercy covered me.

Mercy claimed me.

Goodness and mercy  
aren't just promises—  
they're companions.

## The Potter's Hands

He shaped me  
with tenderness.

He molded me  
with intention.

He refined me  
with love.

And though the process hurt,  
I became a vessel  
of His glory.

## Still Waters

He led me  
to quiet places.  
Places where my soul  
could breathe again.

Still waters  
don't just calm—  
they restore.

He Said I'm His

Not by merit.

Not by might.

Not by perfection.

But by love.

Fierce,

unshakable,

eternal love.

He said I'm His—

and that settled everything.

# The Covenant

His promise stands  
through storms,  
through seasons,  
through silence.

A covenant sealed  
in blood,  
in mercy,  
in eternity.

## Never Forsaken

When all felt lost,  
He stayed.

When I felt unworthy,  
He stayed.

When I ran,  
He stayed.

He never left—  
not once,  
not ever.

## The Anchor

Hope anchored deep  
within my soul  
held firm  
when waves rose high.

I wasn't steady—  
He was.

# The Promise Keeper

Every word He speaks  
is truth.

Every vow He makes  
is kept.

He is faithful  
in ways  
I'm still learning  
to understand.

## Glory in the Ashes

He took my ashes  
and gave me beauty.  
He took my mourning  
and gave me joy.  
He took my ruins  
and built redemption.

Glory rises  
where surrender lives.

# The King Who Knows My Name

He commands the stars.

He rules the heavens.

He holds the universe.

Yet He knows my name.

And loves me still.

## Hallelujah in the Storm

I learned to praise  
in the rain.

To worship  
in the wind.

To lift my hands  
in the thunder.

Hallelujahs born in storms  
carry heaven's weight.

## The Throne of Grace

I came trembling.

I came broken.

I came undone.

But grace embraced me.

Grace restored me.

Grace welcomed me home.

## The Kingdom Within

His kingdom isn't distant.  
It lives within me—  
a quiet reign,  
a gentle rule,  
a holy fire  
that never dies.

# Look What God Has Done

I look back  
at where I've been—  
the battles,  
the valleys,  
the storms.

And all I see  
is faithfulness.

All I see  
is mercy.

All I see  
is God.

## My Story Isn't Over

The dark chapters  
didn't end the book.

The torn pages  
didn't stop the story.

God is still writing—  
and His pen  
never runs out of grace.

Redeemed

I once was lost  
in guilt and shame.  
But now I stand  
in Jesus' name.

Redeemed.

Restored.

Renewed.

Revived.

## Testify

I speak of mercy.  
I speak of grace.  
I speak of the God  
who saved me.

My voice  
is a flame  
hell cannot extinguish.

Amen

When all is said  
and all is done,  
my heart returns  
to only One.

A whispered prayer,  
a final hymn—  
my life,  
my breath,  
my “Yes”  
to Him.

Amen.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To God—  
for every breath, every word, every  
breakthrough.

To those who prayed for me,  
believed in me,  
and walked with me—  
your love is woven into these pages.

## FINAL BLESSING

May these poems be wells of living water  
in every season of your life.

May they remind you  
that God is near,  
God is faithful,  
and God is not finished with you.

Amen.