

MASTER THE CONTENT



A Journey From Pain to Purpose

Poetry: Failure, Struggles and Combacks

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Introduction

Some victories come dressed in bruises.

This collection is for the weary dreamer, the comeback soul, the one who's hit bottom and found themselves staring up at a silent sky. Every page holds a whispered reminder: failure is not your final name, and struggle is not your prison — it's your proving ground.

In these poems, you'll find honesty, grit, and grace. They don't sugarcoat the fall, but they also don't stop there. Each verse reminds us that setbacks are often setups, that scars are signs of survival, and that even broken crayons still color.

This is a book about bruised faith that kept walking, cracked voices that kept singing, and stories that didn't end at chapter twelve.

If you're standing in a pit... you're not done. You're just being planted.

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NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

THE SETUP

“A setback is a setup for a comeback.” — T.D. Jakes

The mountain moved, the road gave way,
Dreams slipped beneath the weight of day.

But failure isn't final fate—
It's just the pause before the great.

The fall was loud, the wound ran deep,
But purpose doesn't die in sleep.
It waits beneath the ash and ache,
To rise again, for heaven's sake.

So count it joy when doors are slammed,
When plans fall through, when strength is dammed—
For what feels lost is being spun,
Into a greater work begun.

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PART OF THE CLIMB

“Failure is not the opposite of success — it’s part of success.” — Arianna Huffington

They told me falling meant the end,
A broken path you couldn’t mend.
But every crack beneath my feet
Became the rhythm of repeat.

I stumbled forward, bruised but wise,
With fire still burning in my eyes.
Each loss, a lesson—sharp and true,
Each no, a stair I climbed right through.

Success is not a flawless flight,
But failing forward into light.
So if I fall, don’t count me out—
I’m just rerouting through the doubt.

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THE PROOF

“Scars are proof that you survived what was meant to destroy you.” — Anonymous

They look and see a line, a mark—
But I recall the night so dark.
The storm that tried to steal my breath,
The shadow whispering of death.

Yet here I stand, not broken—worn,
A soul reshaped, a warrior born.
Each scar I bear, a silent shout:
I made it through, I made it out.

What tried to end me forged my frame,
And carved resilience through the flame.
So call them scars—I call them grace,
The battles that I chose to face.

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THE HARD CHAPTER

“Every great story includes a hard chapter.” — Anonymous

The hero stumbles, lost and bruised,
The plotline twisted, hope refused.
The page grows dark, the ink runs cold,
And strength gives way to fear untold.

But stories great are never smooth—
They’re shaped by fire, and trials that prove
That even in the midnight ache,
A heart can bend but never break.

So turn the page, don’t close the book,
Though pain may linger, take one look—
This chapter’s hard, but not the end.
It’s where the soul learns how to bend.

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TOMORROW'S STRENGTH

“The struggle you're in today is developing the strength you need for tomorrow.” — Anonymous

Today, the weight feels much too wide,
A mountain rising from inside.
Your hands are tired, your footing thin,
And every step wears down your skin.

But buried deep within this fight
Is muscle growing out of plight—
A quiet forge beneath the pain,
Preparing you for future gain.

So lift your eyes beyond the strain,
There's purpose pulsing in the pain.
What crushes now will soon empower—
Today's the seed of tomorrow's flower.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

THE FOUNDATION

“Rock bottom became the solid foundation on which I rebuilt my life.” — J.K. Rowling

I fell so far, the light grew dim,
The echoes sang a silent hymn.
The walls gave way, the floor was gone—
Just questions asking, *“Can you go on?”*

But in the rubble, still and bare,
I found a kind of strength down there.
Not built on pride or fleeting fame,
But truth refined by loss and flame.

The bottom wasn't where I broke—
It's where my deeper self awoke.
With nothing left to lose or fear,
I laid my first true stone right here.

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GET UP

“Failure is only final if you refuse to get up.” — Anonymous

The ground will greet you now and then,
A cold companion, silent friend.
But staying down is not your fate—
Defeat is never permanent... unless you wait.

The fall may rattle bones and pride,
But strength is measured when you rise.
Each stumble is a whispered dare:
Will you stay down—or rise from there?

It's not the fall that seals the end,
But when you lose the will to mend.
So grit your teeth, ignore the bruise—
Stand up again. You've more to lose.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

STILL COLOR

“Broken crayons still color.” — Anonymous

I may not look the way I did,
With edges smooth or damage hid.
But even cracked and split in two,
There’s still a work I’m made to do.

A broken form does not erase
The beauty I was born to trace.
In every stroke, despite the scar,
I leave my mark for what you are.

So hold me not in perfect lines—
My art is forged through shattered times.
And if you’re bruised or feel less whole,
You still can color. You still have soul.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

MADE FOR BOTH

“You were made for the valley as much as the mountain.” — Anonymous

The summit sings of skies so wide,
Where dreams take shape and fears subside.

But don't forget the lower land,
Where faith is formed by unseen hand.

The mountain shows you what can be,
The valley shows identity.

For in the hush, the shadowed bend,
You learn to break—and rise—and mend.

You weren't just shaped to stand up high,
But walk through places where hopes cry.
The God who formed both height and low
Made you to thrive wherever you go.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

ETERNAL PURPOSE

“Pain is temporary. Purpose is eternal.” — Anonymous

Pain may knock and steal the day,
A storm that will not go away.
It shouts, it aches, it makes you doubt,
But trust—it’s not what life’s about.

For purpose burns a longer flame,
Unafraid of loss or shame.
It lives beyond the passing night,
A compass through the fiercest fight.

Though pain may echo loud and near,
It cannot drown what brought you here.
So walk through fire, press through the trial—
Eternity outlasts the mile.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

LESSONS IN THE ASHES

“Don't waste your failure — learn from it.” — Anonymous

The fall was hard, the shame was loud,
A dream now buried in the crowd.
But failure isn't just the end—
It's wisdom dressed in truth, my friend.

The ashes whisper what was missed,
A second chance wrapped in a twist.
If you just groan, the pain will stay—
But if you learn, it lights the way.

So gather what the fall has taught,
The insight pain and trial brought.
A wasted loss is twice the cost—
But wisdom gained is never lost.

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THE SEASON OF RETURN

“The best comebacks come from the worst seasons.” — Anonymous

When winter wraps the soul in frost,
And every gain feels crushed or lost,
When silence stretches far and wide,
And hope seems too ashamed to hide—

Remember this: the darkest hour
Is fertile soil for unseen power.
The roots go deep beneath the pain,
Preparing for the bloom again.

The winds may strip, the skies may fall,
But strength is born when you've lost it all.
For those who rise from deepest night
Will shine with an unmatched light.

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PREPARED BY THE FALL

“Your fall doesn’t disqualify you — it prepares you.” — Anonymous

You tripped where others thought you’d soar,

Your crown lay shattered on the floor.

But grace sees more than fault or flaw—

It builds through weakness, not applause.

The fall you feared would close your door

Was training ground for something more.

Each bruise, each tear, each broken part

Was forging strength beneath your heart.

Not cast aside, but carved anew—

Your failure didn’t cancel you.

It shaped your voice, refined your pace—

To run your purpose, marked by grace.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

AFTER THE TEARS

“A strong person is not one who never cries, but one who gets up after the tears.” — Anonymous

Let the tears fall—don’t hold them in,
They’re not a sign you didn’t win.
The strongest souls aren’t made of stone,
They’ve wept in battle, bled alone.

But when the flood of sorrow breaks,
And every hidden fracture aches,
They rise—not flawless, but still true,
With fiercer light and clearer view.

Strength is not the tearless face,
But rising slow with stubborn grace.
So cry if needed, let it flow—
Then stand again. You’re built to grow.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

NOT THE SAME

“Just because you failed doesn't mean you're a failure.” — Anonymous

You missed the mark, the plan fell through,

The voices whispered, “*Shame on you.*”

But failure’s not your final name—

It’s just a chapter, not your flame.

The fall is real, the bruise may stay,

But worth is not thrown out that way.

You are not your worst mistake,

You’re more than what you didn’t make.

So hold your head, rewrite the view—

What broke you down is building you.

A moment’s slip is not your story,

You're still a work in rising glory.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

REVEALED

“Struggles reveal what strength hides.” — Anonymous

Strength wears a smile, a steady tone,
But often walks the road alone.
It hides the cracks, composes grace,
And keeps the pain behind the face.

But struggle tears the curtain down,
Exposes truth beneath the crown.
It shows what muscle can't disguise—
The grit that fights, the soul that tries.

In battles fought without applause,
You find the “why” behind the cause.
So when the weight feels hard to bear,
Know strength was always hiding there.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

NOT THE END

“The pit is not your final destination.” — Anonymous

You're in the depths, the light feels far,
Hope flickers like a dying star.
The walls are steep, the silence loud,
Your dreams are buried in the ground.

But this is not where stories close—
It's where the deeper courage grows.
The pit is not the final page,
But just the start of sacred change.

So lift your eyes, though skies are dim,
God writes redemption from the rim.
The climb begins when truth is known:
This low is not your lasting home.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

STILL BEING WRITTEN

“Your story isn't over because of a stumble.” — Anonymous

You tripped, the pen slipped from your hand,
The plot no longer matched your plan.
But pages turn with grace, not shame—
A stumble doesn't end the game.

One moment's fall won't steal your spark,
The light still shines beyond the dark.
A pause is not a closing scene,
It's just the space where strength is seen.

So pick the pen back up and write—
With every bruise, with newfound might.
Your story's long, and full of grace—
And one misstep won't take your place.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

THE TURN

“What looks like failure may be redirection.” — Anonymous

The door slammed shut, the dream fell through,
And nothing worked the way it *should* do.
You called it loss, you named it wrong,
But maybe that’s where you belong.

For what felt like a crashing end
Was mercy dressed to not pretend.
A guiding hand beneath the fall,
A wiser path behind it all.

Sometimes the "no" is grace disguised,
A detour sent to make you wise.
So don’t curse what you couldn’t see—
It may have set your spirit free.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

BORN IN THE DEPTHS

“The most powerful testimonies come from the deepest pain.” — Anonymous

The loudest praise was once a cry,
A soul that bled and asked God *why*.
The light you see upon their face
Was kindled deep in darkest place.

Their strength was not a gift from ease,
But carved through storms and bended knees.
Each word they speak, a scarred amen,
A story rising up again.

For pain, though cruel, refines the gold,
And shapes the truth that must be told.
So when you weep, don't waste the flame—
Your story's power will bear His name.

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WHAT REMAINS

“Sometimes losing everything helps you find what really matters.” — Anonymous

The walls fell in, the shelf was bare,
The dreams you built dissolved in air.
You stood alone, with hands unclenched,
The noise now gone, the striving quenched.

And in the silence, something stirred—
Not riches, fame, or spoken word,
But love that stayed, and peace that grew,
And purpose shaped by what is true.

The loss revealed what you had missed:
The sacred things the world dismissed.
For sometimes all must fall apart,
To find the treasure of the heart.

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THE OTHER SIDE OF STRUGGLE

“Struggle is a classroom, not a prison.” — Anonymous

The walls are tight, the night feels long,
You wonder where you might belong.
But this is not a life-sentenced chain—
It’s where you learn through honest pain.

Each tear a teacher, each doubt a test,
Each trial shaping you for best.
You’re not confined—you’re being taught,
In lessons hardship dearly bought.

This isn’t where your freedom ends,
It’s where your future first begins.
So don’t despise the aching room—
This struggle births tomorrow’s bloom.

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BUILT FROM PAIN

“Don't curse the pain that's building your platform.” — Anonymous

You cry out, *“Why this path, this weight?”*

As dreams delay and hopes run late.

But pain is not just senseless fire—

It shapes the voice, it lifts you higher.

Each wound you bear becomes the stage

Where purpose speaks through healed-up rage.

Each lonely night, each unseen tear

Prepares the truth the world must hear.

So don't despise the heavy load—

It paves the way, it carves the road.

What breaks you now, will one day raise

A platform built for truth and praise.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

WHERE ROOTS GROW

“The valley is where roots grow deep.” — Anonymous

The mountaintop may catch the light,
But roots are forged beyond the sight.
In valley’s hush, where shadows lie,
The soul learns how to live, not *try*.

The rain falls slow, the ground feels cold,
Yet here, your faith takes proper hold.
Not in applause or skyward view,
But in the soil that shapes what’s true.

So don’t despise the low and still—
It’s where you grow the strength and will.
For fruit above is only sweet
Because your roots dug deep in heat.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

SURVIVING FAITH

“A strong faith isn’t one that avoids struggle — it survives it.” — Anonymous

Faith isn’t forged in skies of blue,
But in the storms you’re walking through.
Not in the ease of answered prayer,
But when you trust while unaware.

It doesn’t mean you never cry,
Or question how, or wonder why.
It means you stand when knees would break,
And hold to hope for heaven’s sake.

The proof of faith is not escape,
But scars endured with holy shape.
True faith walks on through fire and flood—
Still clothed in grace, still sealed in blood.

NOT THE END: A JOURNEY THROUGH PAIN TO PURPOSE

MINISTRY IN DISGUISE

“Your struggle may be your ministry in disguise.” — Anonymous

You wonder why the path is steep,
Why nights are long and wounds run deep.
But what you bear, and how you cope,
May be the spark for someone’s hope.

The tears you cried behind closed doors
May open healing in others’ wars.
Your silent fight, your hidden ache,
May be the gift that helps hearts wake.

For God will use what broke you down
To lift another from the ground.
So don’t despise the pain you know—
It may be grace in gospel clothes.