

## The Revelation

How was I to know,  
Lying semicomatose  
There upon the table,  
Realizing now the worst  
Had come to pass,  
Yearning for a blessing  
Before the brooding darkness  
Snuffed out the fading light;

How was I to know  
Beyond those sterile walls  
Where skillful hands  
Worked their healing ways,  
Beyond the kaleidoscopic  
Melange of anxious faces,  
Beyond the surging panic  
And the pain would  
Come the revelation?

How was I to know  
It would come not through  
A piercing of the veil,  
A comforting confirmation  
Of my highest hopes,

Imprinting on my soul  
A transforming vision  
Of that hidden sacred realm  
Beyond this fragile flesh?

How was I to know  
God would reveal Himself  
To me in none of these?  
But in a pilgrimage deep  
Into the inward essence  
Of familiar scenes,  
Where my JoAnn, weaving  
Her protecting web,  
Swept away my longing  
To see beyond the veil,  
For in her tenderness and love  
The divine disclosure came.

—Martin B. Hickman  
(deceased)

by permission of  
Mrs. Martin B. Hickman