

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)

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