

**An Elegy for Saints Passed**

Here lies Thackeray Morton  
entombed in memorial stone  
a saint whose life was given  
in service of others, not his own  
generous in all his moments  
self-less to the end  
a modern day biblical Tabitha  
whose body decayed  
even as she fed orphans  
and clothed widows  
in his time and in Christ's name  
Thackeray was one of those  
otherworldly souls  
whose happiness it was  
in godless times and  
and from mysterious donation  
walked weary miles  
and yearned for better days  
for wrecked neighbours  
and souls in the balance  
serving the Galilean's teaching

whose own life was bent  
and spent, wrecked and rent.  
Thackeray departed saint who lived  
and died with all the others  
monastery bells now silent  
the last of the breed  
whose sacred scent inspired them  
to erect kingdom graces  
more thru' spirit flesh  
than in stones and towers  
writing love large  
in audacious dreams  
round holy visions  
of better days and awakened love  
longing towards an ageless land  
that will not fade or pass away  
better by far  
than all that is known  
and loved here below.  
We lower our eyes  
but lift our hearts in memory  
of Thackeray and his kind  
who have passed into the West  
neither forlorn nor feint  
feeble hands and weak knees

no more, no more; but  
exchanged for crowns and thrones  
declaring credo songs of  
He Lives! He Lives!  
And so shall we  
with those ageing  
ageless saints, whose time has passed  
and will come again  
to rise with Tabitha  
and all the faithful  
neither discarded nor rejected  
they shall be known and loved  
this dying breed but rising race  
whence they march again  
these persevering saints.

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