

# Rizal

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Rizal's Life Noli Me Tangere When the book starts, Ibarra is returning to the Philippines after a 7 year absence, and he is reunited with his lover, Maria Clara. He also learns the details of his father's death, which was caused by one of his father's political opponents in his home town of Binondo, Manila. Father Damaso is one of the religious/political figures in Binondo who dislikes Ibarra's dad. By accusing Ibarra's dad of being a heretic, and by using the death of a local student to make him look bad, Father Damaso turned the community against Ibarra's dad, and had him thrown in jail where he got sick and died. Ibarra's father was disgraced further when his body was thrown into the lake while workers were transporting him between burial sites. After learning about the atrocities committed against his father, Ibarra does not seek revenge, but instead decides to build a school, which was something his father had always planned to do. By building the school, Juan Crisostomo Ibarra shows that he is genuinely concerned about the education and welfare of the Filipino people, because he puts the political squabbling aside in order to help the community. Ibarra is nearly assassinated at the school's opening celebrations, but he is saved by a man named Elias. After the assassination attempt, Ibarra is thrown into jail for a crime that he did not commit. Elias again assists Ibarra by helping him escape from prison. As they are absconding in a boat, Ibarra hides under some leaves. Elias jumps into the water in an attempt to fool the guards, but his plan fails and he is shot by the guards and left for dead. Since the guards think that they shot Ibarra, they cease their pursuit of the boat he is hiding on, and he escapes unharmed. Reflection Base on my reflection the book Noli Me Tangre is about the problems and injustices experienced by the fictional character, Juan

Crisostomo Ibarra. All of the problems he experiences are brought about by corrupt officials in the Spanish government of his home town. And he revenge because for the death of his father. Insights One of José Rizal's goals in writing the story was to bring attention to the corruption present in the Spanish controlled government of the Philippines. *Noli Me Tangre* exposed corruption, created widespread controversy, and gave native Filipinos a sense of unity. Even until now there still a corruption that we experiencing resulting of difficulty and poverty in life and in our country. Hope that there might a solution of this corrupt country. *El Filibusterismo* Simoun, a mysterious and powerful jeweller who is in good graces with the Captain General plots a coup d' etat against the Spanish colonial government. He secretly abets the abuses committed against the natives in the hope of stirring them to rise up in revolt. To weaken the regime, he encourages corruption, using his immense wealth to foment injustice and provoke massive unrest. Unknown to all, Simoun is Juan Crisostomo Ibarra, a man who had been wrongfully accused of rebellion and condemned in a plot instigated by his enemies including a friar who had unchaste feelings for his fiancée, Maria Clara. Everybody thought Ibarra had been killed as a fugitive, but in truth he had escaped, enriched himself abroad and has returned to the Islands to avenge himself. He plans to take Maria Clara who, believing Ibarra is dead, had entered the convent. In the course of his plans, Simoun comes into contact with young idealistic Filipinos whom he wants to enlist to his cause. One of these is Basilio, one of the few who know his secret. He had been adopted by Kapitan Tiyago, a wealthy landowner and father of Maria Clara. Basilio is about to graduate as doctor of medicine and plans to

marry Huli, his childhood sweetheart. Huli is the daughter of Kabesang Tales, a homesteader who had been dispossessed of his lands by the friars. Turned outlaw, Kabesang Tales and other victims of injustice have been enlisted by Simoun in his plan to overthrow the government. Another student, Isagani, dreams of a progressive future for his country but his fiancée, Paulita, who shares his aunt Dona Victorina's prejudices against the natives, is not interested in them. Simoun's plot is aborted when he learns that Maria Clara had died at the convent. Student leaders who have been advocating the opening of an academy for the teaching of the Spanish language hold a party where they lampoon the friars. The next day, posters are found encouraging sedition, and those suspected of involvement are arrested, including Basilio. His foster father having died, nobody intercedes for him, while the rich and influential are released. Meanwhile, Huli is killed in the church after she had sought the help of the parish priest for the release of Basilio. Due to this tragedy, her grandfather, Tandang Selo, joins the outlaws. Embittered by Maria Clara's death, Simoun plans another coup to be staged at the wedding reception for Paulita, who has been engaged to another man: top government officials including the Captain general who are to attend would be blown away, the house being planted with explosives which will be detonated by a device hidden in the lamp given as gift by Simoun to the newlyweds. Basilio, who has been released and now wants to take revenge is ordered by Simoun to lead in the uprising. At the appointed hour, the guests are terrified upon reading a note signed by Juan Crisostomo Ibarra; his signature is recognized by Father Salvi, the friar who lusted after Maria Clara. Before the lamp could explode, Isagani, who has been warned by Basilio

about the plot, barges in and throws the lamp into the river. Isagani escapes. The uprising again fails to take off, and the armed followers of Simoun, deprived of leadership or devoid of vision, resort to banditry. The lawlessness that reigns in the countryside leads to harsh measures by the government in its efforts to show it is in control. The plot at the wedding is finally traced to Simoun who escapes into a house near the ocean. After taking poison, he confesses to father Florentino, a Filipino priest, who tells him: "What is the use of independence if the slaves of today will be the tyrants of tomorrow?" After the death of Simoun, Father Florentino throws his treasure into the sea.

Reflection The novel was the political perception, more particularly suggestive and awakening to the earnest desire to claim the freedom and rights of the people. Insights If there's no greed, stingy and selfishness in world we could achieve wealth, freedom and peace without any doing violence to hurt people just to have our own intensions that makes people selfish and greedy. My Last Farewell Farewell, dear Fatherland, clime of the sun caress'd Pearl of the Orient seas, our Eden lost!, Gladly now I go to give thee this faded life's best, And were it brighter, fresher, or more blest Still would I give it thee, nor count the cost. On the field of battle, 'mid the frenzy of fight, Others have given their lives, without doubt or heed; The place matters not-cypress or laurel or lily white, Scaffold or open plain, combat or martyrdom's plight, T is ever the same, to serve our home and country's need. I die just when I see the dawn break, Through the gloom of night, to herald the day; And if color is lacking my blood thou shalt take, Pour'd out at need for thy dear sake To dye with its crimson the waking ray. My dreams, when life first opened to me, My dreams, when the hopes of youth beat high,

Were to see thy lov'd face, O gem of the Orient sea From gloom and grief,  
from care and sorrow free; No blush on thy brow, no tear in thine eye. Dream  
of my life, my living and burning desire, All hail ! cries the soul that is now to  
take flight; All hail ! And sweet it is for thee to expire ; To die for thy sake,  
that thou mayst aspire; And sleep in thy bosom eternity's long night. If over  
my grave some day thou seest grow, In the grassy sod, a humble flower,  
Draw it to thy lips and kiss my soul so, While I may feel on my brow in the  
cold tomb below The touch of thy tenderness, thy breath's warm power. Let  
the moon beam over me soft and serene, Let the dawn shed over me its  
radiant flashes, Let the wind with sad lament over me keen ; And if on my  
cross a bird should be seen, Let it trill there its hymn of peace to my ashes.  
Let the sun draw the vapors up to the sky, And heavenward in purity bear  
my tardy protest Let some kind soul o 'er my untimely fate sigh, And in the  
still evening a prayer be lifted on high From thee, O my country, that in God I  
may rest. Pray for all those that hapless have died, For all who have suffered  
the unmeasur'd pain; For our mothers that bitterly their woes have cried, For  
widows and orphans, for captives by torture tried And then for thyself that  
redemption thou mayst gain. And when the dark night wraps the graveyard  
around With only the dead in their vigil to see Break not my repose or the  
mystery profound And perchance thou mayst hear a sad hymn resound 'T is  
I, O my country, raising a song unto thee. And even my grave is remembered  
no more Unmark'd by never a cross nor a stone Let the plow sweep through  
it, the spade turn it o'er That my ashes may carpet earthly floor, Before into  
nothingness at last they are blown. Then will oblivion bring to me no care As  
over thy vales and plains I sweep; Throbbing and cleansed in thy space and

air With color and light, with song and lament I fare, Ever repeating the faith that I keep. My Fatherland ador'd, that sadness to my sorrow lends Beloved Filipinas, hear now my last good-by! I give thee all: parents and kindred and friends For I go where no slave before the oppressor bends, Where faith can never kill, and God reigns e'er on high! Farewell to you all, from my soul torn away, Friends of my childhood in the home dispossessed ! Give thanks that I rest from the wearisome day ! Farewell to thee, too, sweet friend that lightened my way; Beloved creatures all, farewell! In death there is rest !

Reflection José Rizal was in prison waiting to be executed when he wrote this poem as a final statement to his fellow Filipino countrymen. He had been involved in activity to secure his native country's independence from Spain.

In the first stanza, the patriot says his final farewell to his native land, describing it as " Pearl of the Orient seas, our Eden lost. " And he says that he is giving his " faded" life for his country, and even if he were younger, " brighter, " and more " blest" he would still be willing to give his life in this cause. Insights I think Jose Rizal expresses his willingness to die for his motherland and bids farewell to his country, family, friends and love ones. He also asks them to pray for all those who died and suffered, and be thankful for he will be in a better place to rest. So I think this is why he wrote this poem. His last farewell. My Retreat Beside a spacious beach of fine and delicate sand and at the foot of a mountain greener than a leaf, I planted my humble hut beneath a pleasant orchard, seeking in the still serenity of the woods repose to my intellect and silence to my grief. Its roof is fragile nipa; its floor is brittle bamboo; its beams and posts are rough as rough-hewn wood can be; of no worth, it is certain, is my rustic cabin; but on the lap of

the eternal mount it slumbers and night and day is lulled by the crooning of the sea. The overflowing brook, that from the shadowy jungle descends between huge boulders, washes it with its spray, donating a current of water through makeshift bamboo pipes that in the silent night is melody and music and crystalline nectar in the noon heat of the day. If the sky is serene, meekly flows the spring, strumming on its invisible zither unceasingly; but come the time of the rains, and an impetuous torrent spills over rocks and chasms—hoarse, foaming and aboil— to hurl itself with a frenzied roaring toward the sea. The barking of the dog, the twittering of the birds, the hoarse voice of the kalaw are all that I hear; there is no boastful man, no nuisance of a neighbor to impose himself on my mind or to disturb my passage; only the forests and the sea do I have near. The sea, the sea is everything! Its sovereign mass brings to me atoms of a myriad faraway lands; its bright smile animates me in the limpid mornings; and when at the end of day my faith has proven futile, my heart echoes the sound of its sorrow on the sands. At night it is a mystery! ... Its diaphanous element is carpeted with thousands and thousands of lights that climb; the wandering breeze is cool, the firmament is brilliant, the waves narrate with many a sigh to the mild wind histories that were lost in the dark night of time. ' Its said they tell of the first morning on the earth, of the first kiss with which the sun inflamed her breast, when multitudes of beings materialized from nothing to populate the abyss and the overhanging summits and all the places where that quickening kiss was pressed. But when the winds rage in the darkness of the night and the unquiet waves commence their agony, across the air move cries that terrify the spirit, a chorus of voices praying, a lamentation



that seems to come from those who, long ago, drowned in the sea. Then do the mountain ranges on high reverberate; the trees stir far and wide, by a fit of trembling seized; the cattle moan; the dark depths of the forest resound; their spirits say that they are on their way to the plain, summoned by the dead to a mortuary feast. The wild night hisses, hisses, confused and terrifying; one sees the sea afire with flames of green and blue; but calm is re-established with the approach of dawning and forthwith an intrepid little fishing vessel begins to navigate the weary waves anew. So pass the days of my life in my obscure retreat; cast out of the world where once I dwelt: such is my rare good fortune; and Providence be praised for my condition: a disregarded pebble that craves nothing but moss to hide from all the treasure that in myself I bear. I live with the remembrance of those that I have loved and hear their names still spoken, who haunt my memory; some already are dead, others have long forgotten- but what does it matter? I live remembering the past and no one can ever take the past away from me. It is my faithful friend that never turns against me, that cheers my spirit when my spirit's a lonesome wraith, that in my sleepless nights keeps watch with me and prays with me, and shares with me my exile and my cabin, and, when all doubt, alone infuses me with faith. Faith do I have, and I believe the day will shine when the Idea shall defeat brute force as well; and after the struggle and the lingering agony a voice more eloquent and happier than my own will then know how to utter victory's canticle. I see the heavens shining, as flawless and refulgent as in the days that saw my first illusions start; I feel the same breeze kissing my autumnal brow, the same that once enkindled my fervent enthusiasm and turned the blood ebullient within my youthful

heart. Across the fields and rivers of my native town perhaps has traveled the breeze that now I breathe by chance; perhaps it will give back to me what once I gave it: the sighs and kisses of a person idolized and the sweet secrets of a virginal romance. On seeing the same moon, as silvery as before, I feel within me the ancient melancholy revive; a thousand memories of love and vows awaken: a patio, an azotea, a beach, a leafy bower; silences and sighs, and blushes of delight ... A butterfly athirst for radiances and colors, dreaming of other skies and of a larger strife, I left, scarcely a youth, my land and my affections, and vagrant everywhere, with no qualms, with no terrors, squandered in foreign lands the April of my life. And afterwards, when I desired, a weary swallow, to go back to the nest of those for whom I care, suddenly fiercely roared a violent hurricane and I found my wings broken, my dwelling place demolished, faith now sold to others, and ruins everywhere. Hurling upon a rock of the country I adore; the future ruined; no home, no health to bring me cheer; you come to me anew, dreams of rose and gold, of my entire existence the solitary treasure, convictions of a youth that was healthy and sincere. No more are you, like once, full of fire and life, offering a thousand crowns to immortality; somewhat serious I find you; and yet your face beloved, if now no longer as merry, if now no longer as vivid, now bear the superscription of fidelity. You offer me, O illusions, the cup of consolation; you come to reawaken the years of youthful mirth; hurricane, I thank you; winds of heaven, I thank you that in good hour suspended by uncertain flight to bring me down to the bosom of my native earth. Beside a spacious beach of fine and delicate sand and at the foot of a mountain greener than a leaf, I found in my land a refuge under

a pleasant orchard, and in its shadowy forests, serene tranquility, repose to my intellect and silence to my grief. Reflection The key is in the first and last stanza, which he repeats, there is the tension of being away from humanity, rest for his mind, yet being open to all the sensations of nature. Insights The poem shows how great you are even you are a slave, you are optimistic and sees great things ahead even you are in that situation. It inspires people, even children's. May Rizal poems inspire more children in the next generation.