

Rizal defined essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Racial defined his life and leadership in "Ultimo Adios," his final poem safely tucked inside the alcohol burner that he gave to his sister Trinidad, the day before his execution. In the poem, he remembered the distant past, his childhood, his friends, his family, and everything that motivated his actions and finally brought him to this destiny. He recalled the incident that led him to dedicate his life and work to his country, and to his early dreams of a happy and free Philippines.

His thoughts were drawn to his countrymen who were fighting a losing battle, a revolution he had emended. They, too, were willingly sacrificing their lives for their country and these sacrifice for the country would not be in vain. From his country and people he wanted no monument but only a simple remembrance, a prayer for his repose. Once more Racial recalled how he worked to arouse among his people the desire to improve themselves, how he stirred them into action to unite and to plan among themselves so that they could effectively work for reforms.

He thought of the idea and principles he had written which he was now bequeathing to his people. Faith, he remembered, inspired and impelled him to take on the self-imposed mission of working for his country's redemption, faith in his fellowmen, faith in his country, faith that someday freedom, progress, and prosperity would be theirs to enjoy. He was bequeathing this sense of faith to his people. He wanted them to have faith in themselves, faith in their country, faith in their future.

He wanted this message relayed from generation to generation: Land that I love - farewell O Land the sun loves! Pearl in the sea of the orient: Eden lost

to your brood! Gaily go I to present you this hapless hopeless life; were it more brilliant, had it more freshness, more bloom still for you would I give it – would give it for your good. In barricades embattled, fighting with delirium, other donate you their lives without doubts, without gloom, The site doesn't matter: cypress, laurel or lily; gibbet or open field, combat or cruel martyrdom, are equal if demanded by country and home.

I am to die when I see the heavens go vivid, announcing the day at last behind the dead night. If you need color, color to stain that dawn with, et spill my blood, scatter it in good hour, and drench in its gold one beam of the newborn light. My dreams when a lad, when scarcely adolescent; my dreams when a young man, now with vigor inflamed; were to behold you one day – Jewel of eastern waters! – greenflies the dusky eyes; lofty the upright brow: unclouded, unfrocked, unblemished, and unashamed!

Enchantment of my life, my ardent avid obsession: how lovely; to fall that you may rise! To perish that you may live! To die beneath your skies! And upon your enchanted ground the eternities to sleep! Should you find someday, somewhere on my gravestone, fluttering among tall grasses, a flower of simple frame caress it with your lips and you kiss my soul, I shall feel on my face across the cold tombstone, of your tenderness: the breadth – of your breath: the flame.

Suffer the moon to keep watch, tranquil and suave, over me; suffer the dawn its flying lights to release; suffer the wind to lament in numerous and grave manner and should a bird drift down and alight on my cross, suffer the bird to intone its canticle of peace. Suffer the rains to dissolve in the fiery

sunlight, ND purified rescinding heavenward bear my cause: suffer a friend to grieve I perished so soon: and on fine evenings, when someone prays in my memory, pray also: O my land: that God I repose.

Pray for all those who have fallen befriended by no fate: for all who braved the bearing of torments all bearing past: for our pitiful mothers, piteously breathing forth bitterness: for orphans and widows: for those in tortured captivity and yourself – pray to behold your redemption at last. And when in dark night shrouded the graveyard lies and only, only the dead keep vigil the night through: pep holy the peace: keep holy the mystery. Strains, perhaps, you will hear-of zither, or of Psalter: it is I: O, land I love: it is I who sing to you!

And when my grave stands wholly unremembered and unallocated (no cross upon it, no stone there plain): let the site be wrecked by the plow and cracked by the spade: and let my ashes, before they vanish to nothing, as dust be formed a part of your carpet again. Nothing then will it matter to place me in oblivion- across your air, your space, your valleys shall pass my wrath, A pure chord, strong and resonant, shall I be in your ears: arrogance, light, and color-whisper, lyric and sigh: constantly repeating the essence of my faith.

Land that I idealize: prime sorrow among my sorrows beloved Filipinos: hear me the parting word. I bequeath you everything – my family, my affections: I go where flourish no slaves, no butchers, no oppressors: where faith doesn't kill: where God's the sovereign Lord. Farewell, my parent's, my brothers – fragments of my soul: friends of old and playmates in childhood's Farewell

sweet foreigner, my crony, my delight! Creatures I love-farewell! To die is to repose.