

## **“Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me”**

**Essay by Michael Gray  
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Why are human beings obsessed with remembrance? Whether it is through the legacy of our children or by performing the greatest of feats while being watched by many, we seem to have a need to leave our mark on the world, good or bad, large or small. In *Hamlet*, the final wishes of the ghost of the king and those of his son reflect the nature of humanity. Two men, who wish to make known their stories, make the same request all humans make. As somebody who has lost loved ones himself, I find myself able to empathize with Hamlet as he remembers his father when it seems that no one else does.

One of the final lines of Hamlet's father is "adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me." This dying wish penetrates our souls as we are thrown back to times when friends and family long since dead were still sitting across from us at the dinner table or playing with us in the street. Personally, I find myself feeling guilty as I realize that I have not thought of them for far too long, as Hamlet does on several occasions when he chastises himself for having not taken action sooner. But why do I feel this? If there is life after death, I will be with them soon, and therefore have no reason to give them remembrance, since they are not truly gone. On the other hand, if their tale ends with the death of the body, then it should not matter as it is that they are no longer a part of my story. In truth, there is no reason to continue remembering them.

Despite this, rather than move on and make room in our lives for new connections with new people, we instead linger in the deepest recesses of our memories. We desperately try to find some comfort in them as if they could bring our loved ones back to us. This, I believe, shows us human nature when it comes to the dead. Our nature is that we hold on to people and events long past because we believe, or at least want to believe, that if we can remember something, it might be brought back to us.

Growing up, I had dreams. At one point, I wanted to be a policeman, at another, an astronaut. I wished to leave something behind as I do today. My wish, as is that of many people, is to have them "know my story" and have them learn from it. I hope that my life will be a beacon for everyone who knows of it, whether that beacon shine like a lighthouse as a warning, or like a candle, providing warmth and comfort to those who need. Hamlet, as he was dying, told Horatio to "in this harsh world draw thy breath to tell my story." As we look back and see the footprints we have made in the passageways of life's great maze, we each, whether it is spoken or not, cry out the plea of Hamlet's father: "adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me."