

Immigrants

The best way to place the problem of Immigration, is to give you an example. And I am the best one I can tell you of. Four years ago, I left my home to come to Denmark. Some of you might ask why. Well, for my family. Then again, you'll ask me "But why would you leave your family behind?" or "Why should we care about you?" So, the problem is, in other words, the integration of immigrants in new societies.

Let me put it this way. I didn't really CHOOSE to be here. I didn't want to leave my family behind, but I needed to. You see, my country, is not the richest, and it is not the poorest either, but, it is developing. That means our economy is somehow confused by itself, which means that neither me nor my wife had enough money to raise our two children. Alongside the small salaries, the taxes were too high, and the prices were too high for the money we had.

A friend of mine suggested I go to Denmark and work for a few months, or years, and send my family money, in the meantime. After talking to them, we all agreed that it was the best choice we had. What I did when leaving Romania, was seek a better place, a better developed country, with higher wages that allowed me to help my family be happy, and with enough money so that they wouldn't worry about tomorrow. In the years I've been here, I got pushed around a lot for not being Danish. Sometimes, people would mock me for being poor, or a gypsy. Stereotyping me. I didn't like it. But there were the others, who were awesome, who I befriended with, who I hung out with, who were my friends, and were there to help me at any time of day and night. Some of them were also immigrants: some from Romania, others from other poor countries in Europe, or even Asia or Africa. I've enjoyed my stay, mostly. But what I want you to understand, is that even if we are immigrants, it's not because we want to. Not in every case. Most of us do it for our families. For our children, our wives or husbands, or our parents. Because there is no other way to do it. I miss my family, I miss my home. I'm really excited whenever we talk on the internet, or when I go home to them.

You might not care about us. You might say your country doesn't need us. But, in the end, we help each other. Your country gives us the money necessary to survive, and help our loved ones, and we help the economy by paying taxes, shopping, buy cars and houses, so, it's not that bad when you think about it.

Lastly, what I want you to know, is that we need you, and you need us. So, accept us. Help us accept you. Show us your country, your traditions, your language, and everything there is to know about being Danish. Maybe I'll never be a Danish person in paper, but I want to learn about you, live like and with you. Be there for us, so that we can be there for you. You never know when you'll need help and the only ones that can help, and are around you, are immigrants.

The Romanian team

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