A Case for Accepting Refugees

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It is very easy to say no to refugees or immigrants when they need a place to stay. We judge them by what they could do to us or to our country. Most of the time, we are worried about our own government, society and citizens. We don’t accept refugees because we are fearful and we lack empathy.

Many people want to help, but are afraid of the people they could be helping. We claim the country would run out of commodities, money and jobs. We are afraid that refugees present a threat to everything we hold dear.

We say these things while those in need of our help are starving, thirsty and in immense pain.

It all comes down to a lack of empathy. People who have never experienced the depths of poverty don’t understand what it’s like.

As a refugee, my heart yearns for harmony, opportunity and unity. Refugees are coming from war torn countries with their hands in the air, seeking someone to lift them up. Refugees cry for help because most of them are innocent people who are tired of the vicious cycle.

As humans, we worry so much about those who belong to us. That is great, but we fail to realize that those who do not belong to us, the outsiders, the refugees, can indeed become our brothers and sisters as well.

In our lives, we have been taught to protect our land, family, government, fellow citizens and so forth. While such education is great for the mind, we are still in need of education for the heart. We cannot afford to continue a legacy in which we neglect the needs of our fellow humans because of fear and selfishness.

Today, I am able to help others because people just like you extended their hands to my family when we needed it the most.

When my family was going through adversity, sleeping on the ground on a single sheet, sweating the whole night, constantly feeling thirsty, eating one meal a day after standing in a food line for hours, and getting sick where there were no hospitals, we wished for remedy and longed for serenity.

I write this because I know the reality of those in poverty, especially refugees and immigrants all around the world. Over and over, I am exposed to such negativity, and I cannot stop asking myself one question:

When shall we overcome?