



Ymama Rymans tale om at søge asyl i Danmark

Taler

Ymama Ryman
Deltager i talerskriverforløb og
asylansøger

Dato

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Sted

Frivillighuset på Blegdamsvej 27
2100 København Ø

Omstændigheder

Talerne holdt efter et taleskriverforløb med talerskolen Røst deres taler på Røde Kors' hovedkontor.

- 1 Hello everyone,
I'm happy to see you all, I wish you a beautiful day filled with hope and
beautiful moments.
- 5 I always imagined that one day, when I told my story, I would be standing in
the place I dreamed of, living the life I worked so hard for. I wanted my story to
carry one message:

- 10 No matter how many challenges, struggles, or hardships a person faces, they
should never stop believing in their dreams. One day, everything can become
better. One day, dreams can come true.

Unfortunately, that day has not come for me yet. But I still believe it will.
Let me tell you a little about myself.

- 15 My name is Yamama. I am from Syria, from the city of Homs — a simple city,
yet to me it was the most beautiful city in the world. It was where I spent my
childhood, where my dreams grew up with me, dreams that could have become
reality if war had not begun in my country.

- 20 My dreams were simple — the kind of dreams every human being has the right
to dream. But because of war, those simple dreams became almost impossible.

- 25 Before the war, I lived a beautiful childhood in a warm home full of life and
love. Sometimes I wish those days could return. I was the youngest in my
family, spoiled with love, and I never imagined life could become this difficult.

When I reached high school, I dreamed of becoming a designer or an engineer. I
30 dreamed of building a stable and beautiful life in a warm home like my father's
home. I also dreamed of living the exciting years of youth and university life —
making new friends, maybe meeting the person I would spend my life with,
traveling together, going on adventures, enjoying life while studying and
chasing our ambitions.

35 But then the war began.

Suddenly, all I could do was wait for it to end so I could finally start living.
After two years, I lost hope that the war would ever stop. I continued going to
40 university only to take exams, always surrounded by fear. I could not study the
field I truly loved, and I could not live that stage of my life the way I had
imagined.

After years of waiting and hoping for change, I finally realized that nothing
45 would change if I stayed. So I made the decision to leave my country in search
of a safe and stable life — a life where I could still build something meaningful
and save what remained of my future.

I knew the journey was dangerous. I knew I could lose my life before reaching
50 safety. But I reached a point where I felt there were only two choices: either live
with dignity and safety, or not truly live at all.

And finally, after facing countless hardships and dangers, I arrived.

55 Reaching Denmark felt like a dream. I remember telling myself: "I did it. I
survived it."

I believed that after all that suffering, I would finally live the life I deserved —
the life every human being deserves.

60 For the first time I felt something beautiful: freedom and safety.

Later, I stayed in the camp, waiting for the moment I would receive residency
and finally begin my real life — studying, working, becoming independent, and
building a peaceful future.

65 Even there, life was difficult. Living with strangers was not something I was

used to. But I kept telling myself: "This phase will end. One day I will have residency, stability, and a normal life."

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But then everything stopped.

Because the government in Syria changed, many European countries assumed Syria had become safe again. But the reality is very different. Fear and instability still exist. And now, my life feels frozen.

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I cannot return to my country because it is still unsafe.
And I cannot truly live here without residency.

So I wait.

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Sometimes I lose hope and tell myself I no longer want anything. I let the days pass however they want. And sometimes, I tell myself I will never give up. That one day I will live the life I dream about and stand in the place I deserve to be.

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Today, I am not really living.
I am waiting.

Waiting for safety.

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Waiting for peace.

Waiting to live without fear.

Waiting for residency instead of deportation threats.

Waiting for stability.

Waiting for the chance to study, to work, to build a future.

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Waiting for a normal life, like any other human being deserves.

But despite everything, I still believe in a better tomorrow.

I still dream of a life where I am no longer a refugee, no longer someone waiting, but someone who finally succeeded.

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And until that day comes, I will not lose hope.

I will keep trying. I will keep holding on to my dreams.

No matter how difficult they seem, even if they are still far away, I will continue walking toward them, step by step.

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Kilde

Manuskript modtaget fra taler og udgivet af Danske Taler med tilladelse fra taler

Kildetype

Digitalt manuskript

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Tags

Agitationstale, Debattale

URI

<https://www.dansketaler.dk/tale/ymama-rymans-tale-om-at-soge-asyl-i-danmark>

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