

[Stop. Think. Remember – My reaction to the EU Referendum, via The Huffington Post](#)

“For the dead and the living, we must bear witness. For not only are we responsible for the memories of the dead, we are also responsible for what we are doing with those memories”.

**Elie Wiesel, Holocaust Survivor,
Political Activist.**

I had a bit of a ‘moment’ shall we say on Saturday. It was just over 24 hours after the EU Referendum results had been announced and the country was still confused, shocked, and digesting the news which was unfolding before us.

As you all know, I write (well, I try to write) a humorous, lighthearted blog, full of baking, silly children, family moments and Gin. Not necessarily in that order.

This event which was happening before our eyes however, didn't call for any of those things. Well, maybe the Gin but not the rest. My Facebook feed was full of hate, anger, hostility and resentment. People unhappy with the result, people unhappy with friends and family who had voted differently to themselves, people unhappy with our Politicians and the fact we had been asked to vote on this in the first place.

This life changing decision.

This decision that we had to make, based on misinformed information, banded about by our leaders left, right and centre.

This decision which would have an enormous impact on our children and their lives, to the point that was difficult to comprehend the gravity of what we had been asked to do.

People were hurting, understandably so, but that still does not make any excuse for some of the things I read and saw posted over social media in those 24 hours after the news broke.

Our country was broken, our people were divided, and our once UNITED Kingdom, was now anything but that.

The thing that caused me to snap, was the constant remarks about the elderly being allowed to vote because, "they'll all be dead soon". The 'baby boomers' being allowed to have a say who have apparently, "had it so good" that they don't care if they stuff the country up", because the decision doesn't matter to them either. It made me *mad*. So mad that I sat there in my PJ's, with my family, eating my bacon sandwich Saturday morning and did the only thing I know I can do, which is write.

I didn't write for any reason other than to get a whole lot of things off my chest.

I didn't think for one minute that anyone would read it.

I didn't think for one moment that anyone would agree with me.

I didn't think anyone would care.

...how wrong I was.

Since posting it Saturday morning, it has had approximately 18,000 shares on [Facebook](#). I have had messages from people old and young, thanking me for putting into words exactly how they were feeling. Those that had voted remain, and those who had voted leave, both messaging me and agreeing with what I had said.

Uniting again.

I think in the chaos of it all, and in the midst of the anger, it is easy to forget why we have this freedom, this voice, in the first place. But I didn't forget, and I never will.

To read what I wrote, click the link below.

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If you agree with it, fantastic, if you don't, good for you. That means you have an opinion and kudos to you for sticking to your guns and holding onto the values which are dear to you.

Thank you for reading my ramble, for sticking with me, and for letting me go a little 'off piste' with my post. Normal service shall be resumed once I have had a G&T later ☐

Gems . x