

[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 ☐

How do EU feel?

The Day that divided Britain.

24/06/2016

I don't know about you guys, but I didn't get much sleep last night.

The gravity of what began unfolding before our eyes during the night of the 23rd June 2016 was too much to ignore, and I ended up staying up to watch until 5am.

The range of emotions I felt whilst watching the BBC coverage was indescribable. It was almost surreal, and today has felt like the strangest day ever.

I think the emotions I felt can be best described by my toddler, Ben.

I'll stop talking and let the photos do the explaining..



Be kind to one another.
Regardless of how you voted.

X

Keep Calm and Carry On...

“Keep Calm and Carry On”.



Never before has this most British of quotes meant so much.

Today is EU Referendum day here in the UK, as I am sure you'll all know unless you've been sat rocking in the corner of a room swigging neat Gin from a bottle for the last year...crikey, I almost described myself then.

Sobering... ☐

It's been a horrible few months of listening to Politicians on the TV and Radio argue, of seeing brain-frazzling facts and

figures in the newspapers, seeing neighbours and friends turning on each other in heated debate and feeling utterly depressed by it all. It's safe to say this referendum campaign has driven me to Gin. Ok, ok, I was already a Gin drinker before all this, you got me...

We are so lucky to live in a country where democracy is allowed, where our opinions can be heard and where we aren't punished for having an a voice and using it. This is a privilege, and one we shouldn't take for granted.

That said, I am angry beyond words that this decision that has fallen before us here in the UK today. For once, I am not happy that we are allowed a say.

This may seem like a ridiculous point of view to some, and you might think me a complete idiot (not a problem if that's the case, my children reliably tell me all the time that I am really silly and ask Daddy for his opinion instead because of that) but I honestly don't think that this referendum should have been bought before us in the first place.

Politicians work very hard to educate themselves, to make sure they are representative of the people in this country and we vote them in because we believe they have our best interests at heart.

I strongly believe that this EU Referendum should have been decided by the Politicians and not by us, the public. We shouldn't have been given this choice. For me, decisions like this, that are so enormous, are the reason we have a Parliament and MP's. I truly think that they should have voted on our behalf, in our best interests, on this one. The intricacies of all the parts that make up this referendum decision are so complicated, it would appear that even the Politicians themselves are confused on the matter.

I'm not saying we are all morons, I am not saying that we are too silly to make an informed choice, but I do think that the

waters have become so muddy, the facts so hard to come by, that it has been nigh on impossible to make an informed choice on the matter. People are voting with their hearts because that's all we have left after the complete shambles that has been the In/Out campaign. My brain has been bombarded with facts, with information and opinions over the last few months. I have tried my very best to educate myself on it all so that I am certain that when I put my mark in that little box, I am sure of what I am voting for and why.

Sadly, I'm not entirely sure everyone in our country will have done the same. For some, this decision was black and white from the start and no amount of rallying, information giving and arguing was going to change their opinion. This is what I think has been dangerous about giving the vote to us, the public. Not everyone cares. Not everyone fully understands the consequences of their voting and because we have been fed information based on 'what if's' and 'maybe's', it's been pretty difficult to come to a fully informed decision.

I totally need one of those 'Bullshit" buttons that the guys on The Last Leg use. It would have had at least 45 sets of batteries replaced in it by now after all the crap I've heard spouted from both sides over the last few weeks/months.



I'm not going to say how I voted this morning.

That's irrelevant and not what I am here to discuss.

All I will say is that it was an informed choice I made, completely uninfluenced by others, and one that I didn't make lightly. I realised the gravity of the situation as I put my cross in the box. I felt a bizarre feeling of being emotionally overwhelmed as I did it (over dramatic, maybe) and posted my seemingly insignificant, little piece of paper into the Ballot Box. I walked out of our local church, our polling station, wondering what news we are going to wake up to

tomorrow morning. What kind of world we, as a country, are choosing to create with the swish of a pencil, and all the while, the whole time I was doing this, I was thinking of my kids. My family. Our future.

This cross in a box is going to affect us all, but most of all, our children.

Our children are the ones who will grow up influenced by those marks we made today on those pieces of paper, and I think that is why I have found the whole thing so awful. My 8 year old has been asking lots of questions, been getting very passionate about it all and has an opinion. An opinion which, sadly for him, cannot be heard because of his age. I'm proud that he has paid an interest in it all, that he has wanted to learn, to understand, as many of his friends and peers also have, and although it is sad and worrying that we have had to make this decision on their behalf, on the behalf of the next generation, I am really encouraged by the fact they have wanted to know what is going on and what it all means.

Sadly I didn't have all the answers to his questions (amazingly, for once, neither did Daddy) because it is all hypothetical. This MIGHT happen. This MIGHT NOT happen. You get the jist. The fact is, nobody knows.

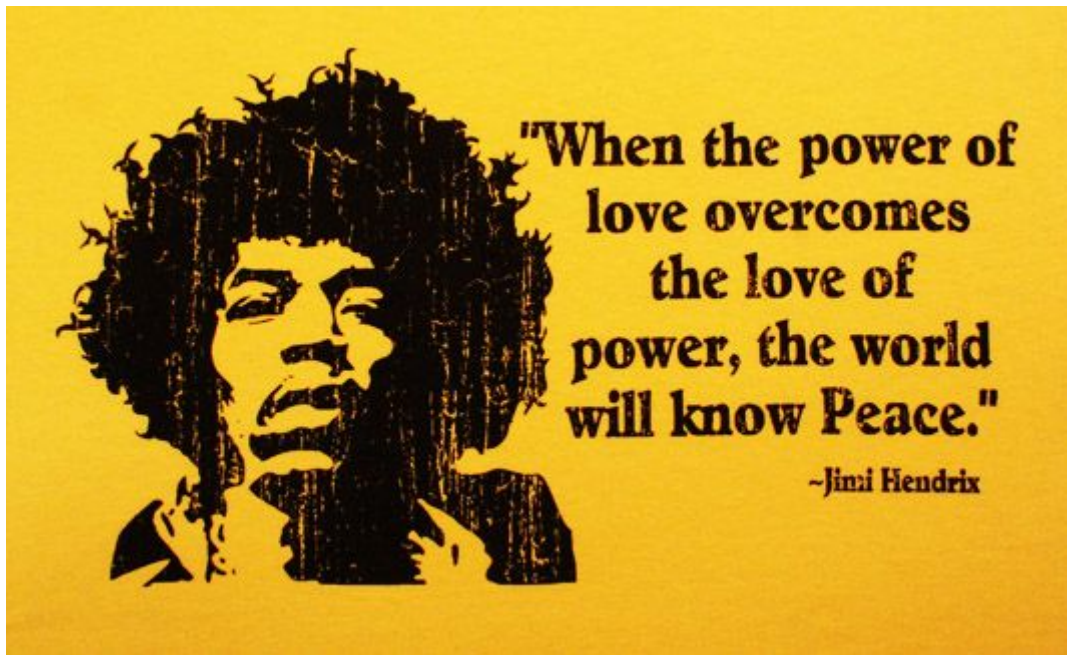
So, all I can say to him is, Keep Calm and Carry On.

Tomorrow, the U.K. May wake up and be a different place, but then again, it might not be. But what I do know is, most of us have made the decisions we have made today with our kids and family's best interests at heart and regardless of the outcome, I know that we as a country will make it work and ensure our children have the best future possible.



Tonight, I will read a story to my kids, tuck them into bed, kiss them goodnight and wake them up in the morning by tickling their feet and singing a silly song I've made up on the spot, the same way I do every day. And I will do the same tomorrow, regardless of what news we wake up to. We will make this work, regardless of the outcome, for their sake.

Here's to being a UNITED Kingdom. Standing together regardless of the decision that awaits us in the morning and ensuring that the future remains as bright as it can, for the sake of the future generations.



Peace and Love Knutters. Peace and Love.x