

LV= Member Community



To mark the 80th anniversary of the Normandy landings, we ran a D-Day discussion room with our [LV= Member Community](#). Members reflected on what D-Day means to them, how they were commemorating the day and shared personal and touching memories.

D-Day (and its ensuing months) marked a momentous period in the history of Europe, undertaken by those whose quiet bravery and determination meant that few shared memories of it or spoke of the huge loss of cherished colleagues. We gained from their efforts but seem to have lost that sense of sacrifice and the ability to soldier on with fortitude, grace and humility. I know no active participants of that event, although my late father was a decorated WW2 soldier. He never spoke of his experiences – just got on with life. I will watch some of the commemorations on TV.

My dad was a bomber pilot in WW2 so D-Day elicits an emotional response for me. The freedoms we enjoy today were made possible by the bravery, fortitude and sacrifice by so many people, men and women, in innumerable ways from the front line to the met forecasters, Bletchley House codebreakers, ammunition factory workers, air raid wardens and so on. I will be attending the memorial parade being held at my local War Memorial wearing my own medals on my left breast and those of my Dad (with enormous pride) on my right breast.

I have visited the beaches, museums, Pegasus Bridge and Café Gondrée. I've seen where my father-in-law went ashore on D-Day. It's all a very moving experience and just brings it home how much we owe to those brave people. If that's not enough then visiting the war cemeteries brings it home.

My family and I have all watched the programmes commemorating D-Day and I think it is vitally important that young people are taught about the events of both World Wars. We all enjoy the freedoms we have today because of the sacrifices of these men and women. My own grandad was a fireman in the East End of London throughout WW2 and had to work on preparing some of the ships that sailed over to Normandy on D-Day. Typically, he never mentioned this until many years later.

As a veteran of 23 years' service in the Royal Engineers (70s to 00s) I always reflect on my memories of service, knowing all too well that the Servicemen hitting the D-Day beaches were braver men than me. I do not know personally anyone involved in the landings but always remember my friend lost or injured in following conflicts.

A day of quiet reflection remembering the sacrifices of so few for so many. A timely reminder of what they were fighting for... our freedom which we take for granted everyday and to say thank you.

6th June would have been my mother's 100th birthday. Unfortunately she passed away aged 80. Growing up she would always say her birthday was on D-Day. Also on that day my father was dropping silver paper from a Lancaster bomber to confuse the German side about the landings.



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