

Reyna Lidgi And Her Father Buko Lidgi



In the picture you can see my father Buko Lidgi and me - Reyna Lidgi. The photo was taken in 1939 in Sofia. Here we are on a walk in the streets of Sofia. Usually on Sunday we would go out for a walk while mum was doing the housework. I am wearing a hat because my mother insisted on that and my father is smartly dressed, as always, and he is with a walking stick because of the rheumatism he suffered from. My father's tastes and attitude were European. He liked the nice, beautiful things. He was a collector of expensive pens, he was always dressed smartly, and the colors of his clothes were always combined with a lot of taste. He was trying to cultivate this in me as well. He was aware that I had a favorite shirt, a favorite tie, but would always say 'Reny, what should I wear?' And I would say 'The blue shirt and the suit.' He insisted on mum's elegance, too. Mum was always with a hat, with the high-heeled shoes. A seamstress was coming to our place, to sew clothes. My father would choose the fibres, he would choose the designs, and they were joking that she wouldn't go to the toilet without his approval. We always gathered around the table at dinner. I can't say that we were a particularly cheerful family, but we were united. After dinner mum and dad would start dealing with the ledgers. This was my father's additional job - to assist different companies with their bookkeeping and my mother used to help him finish his extra-work faster. My father was a soft and yielding chap. My mother thought he was spoiling me. When Sunday came, he took walks with me. We started from the place we lived in, continued on 'Maria Luiza' until we reached the Palace. [The Palace of the Tzar in Bulgaria is situated in the center of Sofia, on Tzar Osvoboditel Boulevard. The Palace belongs to the state and it was built in the place of the old Turkish konak (police office). The reconstruction of the konak in 1878 was completed by the Austrian architect Rumpelmayer and its expansion and the application of the final touches in 1894 were done by architect Grunanger.] There used to be a Viennese confectionary nearby and I would buy something sweet in that sweet shop and we headed home afterwards. My mother

always made remarks to him that he was indulging me too much and that he shouldn't satisfy my every wish. When I went out with mum she succeeded with her tactfulness, 'Mum, buy me this...' 'There is something better down the street!', 'Mum, buy me that...', 'There is better down the street!' and we reached home on relatively, you know, good terms. Yes, my mother was a strong-willed woman, with a very enduring spirit, with a desire to overcome the obstacles on the road that we had to follow and I am inclined to say that we managed to tackle with the difficult situation during the Holocaust thanks to her and thanks to her we succeeded in moving ahead.