

Sonya Lazarova And Yoncho Lazarov With Friends



In this photo from left to right are: my husband Yoncho Lazarov as a political officer, me, pregnant with my first child, Orlin, Nadka - a colleague of mine, who introduced me to Yoncho, and Dinko Dobrev - an army officer, a colleague of my husband at that time and Nadka's husband. This studio photo was taken in 1948 in Sofia. Nadka was strikingly beautiful, she drew attention to herself immediately. Dinko and her met in the train on their way from Bazovets, her home village, to Sofia. None of their parents were present at their wedding. At the end of the wedding day we celebrated in Nadia's lodging. Later Nadka became a midwife and a model housewife, while Dinko remained a regular officer. They had two children. We keep close relations with them. Nadka was the reason for Yoncho and I getting married. She introduced me to my future husband, who was born in the same village as she was. She decided to take me for a holiday there. For the first time in my life I not only visited a village but traveled in a certain direction. In order to reach the place I had to change trains. When I entered the railway station I didn't know how to ask for the tickets. Otherwise the holiday in the village was a very merry one. We danced various dances and horo, we sang, we ate and we laughed. My future husband Yoncho Lazarov was also present there. This experience made our relationship even closer and more spontaneous. My husband was born on 1st November 1920. His father was a disabled soldier, but his entire family: father, mother, brother and sister used to work in the TKZS. His family is of Bulgarian origin and with leftist convictions. During the anti-fascist struggle Yoncho was in prison in Sliven. After 9th September 1944 he was already a Communist Party member. He had already finished his studies in veterinary medicine; nevertheless he received an order by the Bulgarian Communist Party to make a military career, because of the insufficient military personnel in the army. We got married in April 1948. My parents, i.e. my mother and my sisters were a little prejudiced against my marriage, because Yoncho was of Bulgarian origin and was a military man, which meant a lot of traveling. None of my or his relatives was present at our wedding, which took place in the Civic Council. We only took our passports and we went there. Some military men, colleagues of my husband, were witnesses to our wedding. After the ceremony they invited us to lunch.