



# The Tears of Fura

By Manuel Marcial de Gomar

The sacredness of emeralds was manifested within the memory of the Muzo region inhabitants. The Tears of Fura are two of the largest fine quality matching tear shaped emeralds ever recovered, weighing a combined total of 95.51 carats. It is noteworthy to point out that even an emerald over just one carat is considered large. To have a visually matched pair as large as the Tears of Fura, originating from Muzo mine, was the unfulfilled hope of rulers like Catherine the Great and the Shah Of Iran. Any emerald represents the unusual appearance of one of Nature's geological rarities, occurring few and far between at the mines. Natural rarity, as opposed to commercially manipulated rarity, is the only determinant of value in the field of emeralds, unlike many other so called 'precious stones'. Whosoever should possess this magnificent pair will see within them the fiery lightning and the green jungles where they were born 50 million years ago.

Prologue from the autobiography of Manuel J. Marcial de Gomar titled “The Tears of Fura”

In the Beginning.....

Very little has been written about Fura-Tena, those majestic granitic sentinels that, challenging the passage of time, continue their watchful vigilance over the valleys of the Muzo Indigenes, in the high rain forests of the Colombian Andes. They are two silent guardians of the now dim memory of that fiercely indomitable tribe that, preferring to battle to the death in defense of its culture and freedom, has today ceased to be a part of the history of the country named in memory of a far off Discoverer who never set foot on these lands of eternal spring.

As you lift your eyes to these imposing towers, if you come close, you may hear reverberating echoes of the war cry of Itoco, the Muzo Cacique (War Chief):

“I will go forward and show you the path to glorious victory; if my actions speak not, then do not listen to my words”, an admonishment worthy of being carved in chrysolite tablets as guidance to leaders of posterior generations who have been wont to assure their own safety as they send others out to die. No fiercer enemy did the Spaniards encounter in the New World. The Muzos, unlike the Aztecs facing Cortez, were undefeated by Spanish cannons or musketry. In rainforests where horses were useless, the final weapon of conquest used by the Spaniards was the mastiff battle dog of the Pyrenees.

Fura-Tena....the name alone invites a visit to these energy radiating giants, mute witnesses to the bloodiest battles of the Muzos against the white invaders.



The theogony of the Muzo people relates that Are was the creator of the light, the land, the waters, and life itself. Are was the supreme maker of all things, the knower of all things. That God, all-powerful, omnipresent and ethereal, appeared from the west, manifesting Himself in the form of a bearded white man who, to the Chibcha tribe further east, was named Bochica. As he came eastward, from the edge of that great river that the men of the conquest were to call Magdalena, the majestic mountains and valleys and rivers took form. He said 'Be' and it was. As all things were in harmony, from the banks of the sacred river Carare, (Car, -river) (Are, -God) he formed from its clay two figures that he gave the names Fura (woman) and Tena (man) and put them into the surging current.

Thus, the energy of the swirling water gave them life, and in this manner, according to the traditions of the Muzos, the first two creatures of the human race came into existence.

As they became one with the land, Are showed them the extent of their dominions, taught them to work the earth, the shaping of clay for utensils and ornaments, the smelting of gold and copper, and the use of herbs to heal themselves. He showed them how to build structures to shelter them from the elements, and how to build canoes from the great trees for fishing. He ordered them to procreate and populate the land. They were given standards of behavior, laws to abide by, and told to defend themselves from foreign tribes, that they might, at all costs, preserve their freedom.

Finally, Are bestowed upon them the privilege of perpetual youth, but under one condition: They must maintain throughout the ages, absolute fidelity to each other. Contravention of this divine decree would bring upon them the ravages of old age and death.

Under the tutelary eye of Are, a great succession of moons, lost in the immeasurable mists of time, passed by. Fura and Tena, possessed of radiant youth and perfect beauty, taught their descendants, from generation to generation, the virtues of good conduct as they had learned from that Supreme Being. And so they built strong thatch roof homes, the undergrowth was cut back, streams were diverted for irrigation, the land was divided up and rich crops of yuca, arracacha, batata, plantain, potato and corn were harvested.

When the young men reached the age of maturity, they chose a parcel of land and a woman. The Indian maidens, sensual and affectionate, conquered the youth's heart and they wedded their bodies under the shading palms by the bank of the river, to await sons and daughters. Their spirits were in harmony with the will of Are.

They gave names full of meaning to the land under their care: Tanunguá, Canipe, Cubache, Toacapí, Macaguay, Coquima, Maripí, Guaquinay, Coper, Itoco, Yacopí.

And the tribe venerated and revered their first parents Fura and Tena, whom they considered to be sacred beings.

One day, Are disappeared. Submerging in the crystalline waters of the sacred river Carare, His Spirit ascended to the Sun of Reality.

Days followed nights and nights followed days and the passing of time was sweet and gentle.

Then, Zarbi, a stranger, came, like Are, from out of the west, to the native land of the Muzos.

Zarbi was a young man of mysterious origin, possessed of blue eyes, blond hair and a comely countenance. He was a master of juggling and tricks of magic. Soon he became very popular among the people of the tribe. In this manner he was able to gain the confidence of all.

From morning until night Zarbi was searching, through hills and valleys, for a mysterious flower said to renew life and stay the hand of death, the flower of perpetual youth. One day, tired from his search, he betook himself to the palace of Fura-Tena. In the presence of the progenitors of the Muzo people, he expressed powerful and convincing reasons to seek their help.

Fura herself, compassionate and docile, attracted to his beauty went with him to the mountains to seek out the precious flower. One fragrant night, under a full moon, her heart and body yielded to the insistent demands of Zarbi: Love had burned to ashes the harvest of reason. Fura, unable to resist the flood of passion for this man from beyond her world, had broken the commandment of Are!

That adulterous indiscretion, she knew, would wither the flower of her eternal youth and would precipitate her death. Fura became deeply saddened and cried bitterly.

When she returned, she strove to hide her face, but when Tena gazed into her eyes, he discovered the terrible truth! As was established in the sacred laws, Tena, the deceived husband, must of his own volition, resort to suicide. Fura must bear her husband's agonizing body on her knees until the waning of the moon. The sacrifice would take place the next day after rituals of purification. When the sun rose over the ceremonial enclosure, the smoke from the incense burners filled the air. Tena, in the presence of the throng, finished sharpening his macana. In the center, Fura, seated, waited. When the signal was given that all was ready, the beat of the drums rose, deafening in the anguish of their voice, while the people looked on. Tena, with arms pointing at Zarbi,

cursed him. Then, he laid himself down, face up, on Fura's knees, steadied the sharp macana against his heart and without even a single scream, drove it into his body. The snap of parting flesh was followed by an instant of terrible silence, a moment before the screams of the perfidious Fura filled the sky as the dark blood of Tena stained her robe and pooled itself around her feet. So it was that Tena's soul winged its flight to that paradise beyond the Sun.

The curse that Tena had proffered against Zarbi had been heard by the Ascended Souls abiding in the Paradise of the Placeless. They turned him into a rocky escarpment fit for the flagellations of sun and wind.

Then they caused the pained cries of Fura to explode into magnificently colored butterflies and her tears to become the most precious and beautiful emeralds on earth. The green fire of her tears would contain the fire of the lightning bolt, the green of the rain forest and the minerals of the same earth from which Fura and Tena had been formed by Are.

In the final instant before his flesh became stone, under the spell of eternal love for Fura, Zarbi converted his blood into an uncontrollable torrent that ripped out of his body, raging through the hills and valleys until it erupted onto the place of sacrifice, and gaining even more strength, carried Fura, still sustaining the body of her husband, into the frothing turbulence, until the current separated Fura and Tena, turning them into two enormous crags separated forever by the Zarbi or 'Minero' River, as it is known today. Today the veins that were once in Zarbi's body now are seen coursing through the dark shales of the Muzo region as white calcite, jealously guarding within their embrace the emerald Tears of Fura.



From the mansions of paradise, the heaven of the Muzo people, Fura was granted the forgiveness of Are, -both a benevolent and a terrible God. He sent the most poisonous snakes and the most powerful lightning bolts to protect the twin peaks of Fura and Tena.

Nowhere else would the emeralds be found as fiery green as in the Land of the Muzos. The tears of Fura would become renowned throughout the world as the most desirable of emeralds.

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