

# FRENCH

DESIGNER JEWELER

## MINERVA'S HEART

In this treasure-chest of a shop, with its connoisseur's collection of jewelry, I often dream of beauty. Today, my heart pounds at recognizing a rare, ruby-red gem. ☞ 1941: the year I came to America; the year Minerva, the glamorous heiress, wore this fiery tourmaline, called rubellite. "That ring's not for the faint of heart," her third husband observed. Indeed, Minerva was a bold-hearted goddess. ☞ How did I, Sófi—a penniless Hungarian girl—escape Europe's nightmare, slip through Ellis Island disguised as a French ingénue, and become a New York socialite's adoptee? Too many details, too long ago—but this gem saved me from despair. ☞

One December night, in a borrowed ball gown, with

Minerva's loaned ring throbbing upon my finger,

I charmed a young man. Darling Richard, my

almost husband. A few months of dancing

before I lost him on a Pacific atoll.

*Minerva's rubellite jewel—all 28 carats—newly,  
un-faint-heartedly set by Australian goldsmith Michael  
Lane. What mysterious force anchors the stone? Intrepid hearts  
like Minerva's and mine. Like the next daring wearer's.*



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