



TÜRKİYE CUMHURİYETİ  
**GÜMÜŞHANE**  
VALİLİĞİ

# SANTA RUINS

*The Necklace of  
Proud Mountains*



Gümüşhane Valiliği  
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# Santa Ruins

Santa ruins is located within the boundaries of Dumanlı Village of Yağmurdere Township, 80 km away from Gümüşhane city center. Santa is founded over two different slopes separated from each other with the vales from which Yanbolu Brook was born. Having a religious, commercial and cultural importance, Santa was a shelter of Greek gangs once. It is told that the region, which is declared to be 'Archaeological and Natural Site' today, used to consist of 9 different districts. Today, there are 7 districts in Santa; being Piştöflu, Binatlı, İşhanlı, Terzili, Çakallı, Zurnacılı and Sincanlı-Kozlu and more than 300 houses.

Santa Region was conquered during the reign of Mehmet the Conqueror (between 1461-1476) with the entirety of Trabzon and Eastern Black Sea Region and taken into the lands of the Ottoman Empire. Santa developed significantly between the 16th and 18th centuries in line with the minerals such as iron, lead and silver in the basin having been productively processed and had economical welfare. With the effect of the minerals in the country, blacksmithing and silversmithing became an important field of art here.

At dawn, misty morning songs are sung in Santa. A well-brewed tea accompanies the journey of the mist starting to ascend from the mountain skirts. It makes you want to become a trail of smoke in the highlands and embrace the mountains. Sometimes you want to soar in the skies like an eagle and leave shadows with your wings. Sometimes you want to be lost within the smoke like the sun, the mountain. You hear the stones in the walls in this place, with lights gliding from their stars, beating like a heart and feel that dews drop on your soul in the pines in the forests.

The curtain rises slowly and the year-long love of gray and green caters to our eyes. It is like a bride with green dress, white shawl and gray scarf. The houses built stone by stone are like the embroideries of her skirts. Who knows how many love songs were written on those curved roads, which girls were waited for? How much smoke went through the chimneys smelling of peace?

And the gray ruins; the most beautiful pages of poems written by the rain. Maybe we deem the ruins as desolated, colorless, cold... However, it is like the most special work of the artists within an array of colors. The most perfect stones adorned on a necklace. The chest of those ruins, washed by the rain every day, sealed with history; the cradle of different cultures...

There are many ruins here whose hair was combed to give comfort at the end of every tough road and which was a palace for many homes. The most beautiful jewelries are made of the toughest rocks. These tough roads have the jewelries and breathtaking, unique beauty of a bride from Black Sea whose roads interject with rains and who finds her roads with a bridge made of stone.

Whose is those marks on her callous hands and feet on the stones?

Let's brew you some good tea, shall we?

