

Stop 2 – A Day in 1765

As you stroll through the quiet ruins of Mission San Juan Capistrano imagine the year is 1765. The community begins to come alive for the day. Men and women emerge from their *jacales*, or homes, as the bell beckons them to morning prayer. Breakfast brings warm *atole*, a drink made with corn meal, water, cinnamon, vanilla, and perhaps some chocolate or fruit. By mid morning, San Juan's 200 inhabitants are immersed in activity.

From inside the *obraje* or workshop, now the museum, comes a steady humming and clacking. Men turn yarn into cloth and blankets on the three large looms. Boys spin cotton and wool and apprentice as carpenters, blacksmiths, and masons. The tasks are many. Some men stack stones and mix mortar for the new church. The blacksmith forges new shoes for the horses that will arrive from the ranch 25 miles away. Older men make arrows. Beyond the walls natives use oxen to plow the fields.

Older women fish from the Acequia and forage for nuts, berries, and roots. Women grind corn, make soap, candles, pottery, and jerky. They prepare the mid-day meal of goat stew and field fresh squash. Then an afternoon *siesta* or break is earned. Trained native sentries maintain the watch along the walls. The Lipan Apache have been spotted in the area. The aroma from an outdoor *horno*, or oven, brings neighbors together for the evening meal. Prayer and worship follow. As the sun sets, children play tag or marbles. Mission families sing and dance to Spanish music. Night deepens and silence comes again to the thriving mission community.