

## Stop 24 – A Child’s Day in 1765

Do I have to wake up mama?

*Hola.* My name is Lupita. I live at Mission San Jose. That bell means it is time for morning prayers at the church. After church I study Spanish, Latin, and learn more about Christianity. Back in my *jacal*, my home, mama fixes warm *atole*. I like this corn meal drink because it has cinnamon, vanilla, and sometimes chocolate or fruit. During the day, my job is to care for my baby brother, Miguel.

Around my village I see all kinds of things going on. My uncle and his big ox are plowing the fields outside the walls. When the melons and corn and beans are ready, I will help pick them.

I don’t see mama or big sister, Maria Marcella. They are usually grinding corn into *masa* or making something good to eat. I hear humming and clacking coming from the *obraje*. Come on Miguel, maybe mama is there. I peek in the noisy weaving workshop but see only men. They make cloth and blankets on three very big looms. There is so much to do in my village.

*Hola* papa! My papa and some other men stack stones and mix mortar for the new church. I love to watch the blacksmith. Yesterday he made two beautiful hinges for the church door. Today he’s making new shoes for horses. Maria Marcella’s new husband, Carlos, gets to help him. Grandpapa and other men make arrows and tell stories of long ago. *Hola* grandmother! Can we help you catch fish from the *acequia* today? No?

There’s mama, making candles. Other women make soap, pottery, jerky, and lunch. And I smell my favorite—goat stew and fresh squash.

After lunch we all take a *siesta*. Even though *Apaches* are sometimes outside the walls, I am safe. My godfather is trained to use a gun and guards us from the top of the walls. It is a sad time for my friend, Maria Elena; her mama died yesterday from the sickness. Today we bury her in the cemetery near the church. I remember when my baby sister died.

Everyone goes back to work after siesta, I help with dinner. We cook outside on *hornos*, or ovens, or over fires. It’s like a *fiesta* because all the neighbors eat together. After dinner we pray and play and sing and dance. Then it’s quiet again in my mission home.