

OLD FATHER'S  
LONG JOURNEY



BEULAH KARNEY'S

# OLD FATHER'S LONG JOURNEY

THE STORY OF HOW FATHER SERRA  
SAVED THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS



CALIFORNIA  
1784

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
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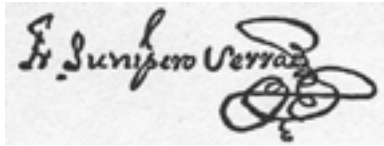
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This book is gratefully dedicated to the late Harry Downie, Curator of Mission San Carlos de Borromeo, Carmel, whose talent and craft reconstructed ten of California's world-famous missions.



THE SERRA STATUE  
SAN FERNANDO MISSION

*“Let me tell you,  
only he who has love in his heart  
can survive.  
It is the only instrument  
sufficiently sturdy.”*

A handwritten signature in black ink on a light background. The signature reads "Fr. Junipero Serra" in a cursive script. The name "Junipero" is written in a larger, more prominent hand, while "Serra" is smaller and more compact. The signature is followed by a decorative flourish consisting of several overlapping loops and curves.





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## I FIRST ARRIVALS

I used to be known as Boy-Who-Talks-With-Animals. This was my nickname, but not my secret name. It was my name before the ship with white wings sailed past our fishing village, Achasta, now called Carmel. The white man gave the name “Carmel” to many places around here—the beautiful valley where we lived, the river winding through it, the bay into which the river flowed, and the mission on the hill that overlooked all.

I am, however, the only one who has the name Old Father gave to me when he baptized me Juan Evangelista José, and wrote this name in the mission’s Book of Records for people ever after to see. Juan means “bearer of good news” and José is one of the names Old Father had when he was a boy—Miguel José.

I should tell you that Old Father also had other names, among them Brother Junípero, Father Serra, and

Father President. Yet to most of my people he was known as Old Father. And as it turned out, he was the oldest priest ever to come to work with us. Yet he was able to do the work of three young men, such a power he had inside. And oh how wise he was, as the old are sometimes wise, and gentle, very gentle . . . unless someone tried to hinder his mission work.

I'm not sure old Father knew that I was the one who carried the news to my people when the Spaniards first entered our tribal lands. It was the most exciting thing ever to have happened to me. Yet at the time my father wouldn't believe me. And afterwards, whenever I had important news to bring, I would worry about who would consider it so—Spaniard or Rumsen?

I am Rumsen. My people are Rumsen.

\* \* \*

It was during the time of the fog moon that the Spaniards first came to Achasta, the time when boys of deer-age—my age—would spend their evenings in the manhouse. The women, then, together with the young girls and small children, would busy themselves in our dome-shaped, one-family *rucs* made of poles and brush. Because I had ropes, nooses, bows and quivers to make, the evenings passed quickly. With these I would be ready to hunt in the forest once the rain moons were over.

In the afternoons of these same wet and cold days I liked to go by myself to the beach. There I would roam among the sea animals we called “sea bears,” but which the Spaniards called “sea lions,” and some called “sea wolves” because of the way they barked.

The one place I loved best was a spot where these animals played on the beach. It was near the creek the Spaniards named San José, and close also to the rocky point that jutted out into the Big-Sea-Water to form a protected cove.

On this day, the fog was so thick I felt I could reach out and take hold of it with my hands. I had good reason to be glad it was not raining that day as I hoped to catch fish. With the cold and the rains settling in, our people had been talking about leaving our village by the river and moving further inland to where food was more plentiful. Even though fish were scarce during the rain moons, I didn't want to move. Nor did my father, whose love of the Big-Sea-Water I shared. I reasoned that if I could catch some fish then maybe my mother would stop trying to talk my father into voting with those who wanted to move inland. In our tribe, on matters of importance all had to agree. This was because ours was a nation of fairness.

Try as I had, neither sardines nor mussels were to be found. So, heavy with disappointment, I had started home. I hadn't gone far when I saw a strange sight. It was so strange I couldn't tell if it was a dream or if the fog was playing tricks with my eyes. What I saw was as colorful as a rainbow, and although I had seen rainbows in the moonlight, never had I seen one in the fog. Nor had I ever seen a rainbow walking, as this one appeared to be. Swinging and swaying, it was making its way down the long hill to where the river ended its journey from the mountains to the Big-Sea-Water.

Hiding in the tules, I tried to figure out what it possibly could be. When it passed near to where I hid, I shook my head and blinked my eyes. What I seemed to be seeing was a band of eight persons sitting upon the backs of beasts. And the beasts were larger than our largest elk! Whether the riders were men or women I couldn't be sure. They wore clothes as do our women but they shouted as loudly as our men. About one thing I was certain—they couldn't be earth people. Perhaps they had come from the moon! Their pale faces made me think so. Wanting to make sure I wasn't dreaming, I tossed my head so that my hair dashed against my cheeks. Then standing still as a rock and hardly daring to breathe, I listened with my inner ears. Something told me not to be afraid. Was I not Boy-Who-Talks-With-Animals? Was I not kin to every living thing? With my courage increased, I decided to follow the band but keep my distance so as not to be seen.

The strange creatures crossed the river and stopped on the shore near the creek where the water was good. This told me they were people who knew how to pick a good spot to camp. Could it also mean that they were going to live here? If so, would I be able to make friends with them and learn their magic with animals?

What surprised me most was when they removed the burdens from the animals' backs and turned them loose, the four-legged beasts didn't run away. Rather they remained close to the moon-skinned strangers, content to nibble away on the thick clumps of grasses.

Of the eight, two puzzled me most. Both wore

cloaks as long as our chiefs wear, but of a color as unbeautiful and gray as rain clouds. One of the pair, whom I later learned was Father Juan Crespí, had such a happy face that I called him Man-With-Good-Face. In his hands he held a cross as shining as the sun. When he raised this above his head, the others dropped to their knees. And when he spoke all bowed their heads and listened, including the one who was dressed the best of them all. This person's clothes were the color of our wild lilacs. On his head was a hat more finely woven than our best-made baskets. And coming out of the hat was a long white feather that must have belonged to a very strange bird. This man, I decided, must be the leader of the group. When he shouted orders, all were quick to obey. All, that is, but Man-With-Good-Face and his companion.

Two of the other men also wore clothes of beautiful flower colors, while the other four wore coats of leather. Those clad in leather carried shields of hide with one arm and with the other they controlled the animals they rode. I thought it would be easier to put an arrow through the coat of a bear than through these men!

I'd become so interested in these strange people that I'd lost track of the time and forgotten I should be home by now. Instead, I watched with amazement as they cut down trees with a few blows of their shining weapons. How very different this was from our way of burning a ring around the base of a tree and then chopping the trunk away with sharp stones.

Still, it was their way with animals that interested

me most, and even caused a feeling of envy to sweep over me as I realized I had never even thought of riding on the back of an antelope. When the jealousy had passed, I found myself wishing I could learn from them their secret of how to ride on an animal. Yet I couldn't just rush up and ask to be shown. To do so would be to go against an Achastan's training as to the right way to greet strangers. It would be a dishonor to my people and to our nation as a nation of rightness.

Also, my experience with animals had taught me that to rush upon an unknown creature would be to frighten it away. Moreover, even though I was old enough to hunt deer I didn't have the right to welcome strangers to our tribal lands. To do so was the right of Chief Tatlung who ruled over Achasta—the name of our nation as well as our village. Our nation, however, included four other villages, each with a different name. Yet all of us spoke one language—Rumsen.

Realizing that for now there was nothing more I could do, I determined to head for home. I would tell my parents what I had seen and hope to be allowed to join my elders in deciding whether to welcome these pale strangers or not. The decision would be as we would vote as a nation.

Just as I started to leave I saw two men climb on the long-eared animals and trot back towards the pine ridge. Perhaps they were scouts going to get the rest of their party! Maybe they did have women and children! With this my heart filled with hope that there would be young men my own age with whom I could make friends.



Before leaving I noticed that those who had stayed behind were looking out to our little bay. And what they were seeing was causing them to shake their heads and wrinkle their brows. I wondered what it was about our bay that seemed to trouble them.

I also wondered if these unearthly men could be trusted. From seeing how they handled their animals, I thought so. If their animals trusted them, maybe we could too. Among our own tribe I had noted that when persons were afraid or harsh around animals, the animals would shy away from them. But when persons were gentle and without fear they could make friends among birds and beasts. Since the animals these men handled made no attempt to run away, I told myself the men must be trustworthy.

Believing this, I almost stepped out from my hiding place, and would have except something inside warned me not to. So, crawling away on all fours I went a safe distance, and then stood up and ran, ran, ran to carry back the news.

It didn't take me long to reach home. There was not a young man in our village who could outrun me.

When I saw that my family had already eaten the evening meal, I felt sorry I was late and would have to go to bed hungry. Nor had I counted on my mother being angry, especially since I brought such unusual news. What a disappointment that instead of marveling at what I had seen she felt my forehead and ordered me to lie down on the tule mat in front of the fire and wrap myself in my rabbit-skin *lemme*.

Now I wished I had remained at the strangers' camp! If the new men were kind enough to care for their four-legged creatures, surely they would have treated me better than my own mother was now treating me. I told myself I would run back to the strangers at the first opportunity.

"Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl," my mother called to my sister, using her nickname. "Go get Satas," she told her, referring to my father. Of course my sister and I didn't call him this as it was his private name.

My mother, in the meantime, took her wooden tongs and carefully lifted several hot stones from the fire that burned in the center of our ruc. These she dropped into a cooking basket full of water. "Zizz! Zizz!" the water bubbled, and from which she made the bitter herb tea that cures the sickness that gives one bad dreams. I knew I would have to take my medicine.

As soon as Father stepped inside our hut, and even before he had time to sit, my mother blurted out: "Our son returns to say he saw men with faces the color of the moon. They rode upon the backs of beasts."

With this he turned towards me, and looking angry as a bear when attacked, he growled, "If you tell such a lie, no one will ever believe you." He said this because among my people to speak the truth was of utmost importance. I was so ashamed of being accused of telling a lie that my voice shook as I tried to defend myself.

"It is the truth I speak."

"Why make excuses?" he asked. "Everyone knows fish are scarce now." With this he folded his arms tightly

in front of his chest, and I knew he was not likely to change his mind.

I had counted on my father convincing Chief Tatlun, who was his brother, that we should extend friendship to the strangers. But my father wouldn't believe me, not even when I explained the way the men had looked, and how they managed their animals so well that they even persuaded them to carry their burdens.

"Lies! Lies! Lies!" Father shouted, and so loudly I was afraid the men in the meeting house would hear him.

"Shush! Shush!" my mother said, putting a finger to her lips.

"Don't shush me, Otilia." (This was her private name.) Father now was sputtering like the water in the cooking basket.

Suddenly my face felt very warm. As my mother poured some of the bitter tea into an abalone shell and handed it to me to drink, fear was in her eyes.

"Satas, can you not see he is sick?" she asked my father. "He does not lie. He is not in his right mind!"

With this my father wrinkled his brows and let his arms fall to his sides. "Perhaps," he said and turned to go. "I shall vote with the others," he called from the doorway. "You are right. We should go where there is more food. The boy suffers from hunger."

"No, no!" I cried out. But there was no use. He didn't even look back.

I pulled my lemme over my face. I needed to think about how I could return to the strangers' camp.

When dawn broke I saw how difficult it was going to be, for I wasn't even permitted to go to the river and bathe—a morning ritual we seldom escaped. Someone stood over me all morning ready to warn my mother if I wandered out. I could tell from the fear on her face she was afraid I was going to die.

When the sun was directly over the smoke-hole of our ruc, I heard voices coming from the meeting house. I begged Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl to see what was happening. I could tell from the look on her face that she too was curious. When I promised that I wouldn't leave, she agreed to go see what was happening.

When she returned, it was to tell me that a member of the Locuyustans, who lived to the north near Big Bay, had come into camp with a story similar to mine. My father, she said, wished to talk to me.

“Now they will have to believe me,” I thought.

The Achastans had often argued with the Locuyustans over fishing rights to Big Bay, which was not far from our fishing village. They had their own river that flowed in the middle of the bay, as we had ours. But since we lived as far south of Big Bay as they lived north of it, we both claimed the right to fish in the deep waters by the Point of the Pines.

At first I thought my village might not listen to the Locuyustan because of past differences. But on second thought I realized that even though we might not get along with the big group that doesn't mean we dislike the individual. Sometimes, for one reason or another, a tribal person will join another clan. What can make this

difficult is the different languages and dialects spoken by different clans.

Fortunately, the Locuyustan made himself understood as he explained that pale-skinned men riding immense beasts were camped near Big Bay. He related how his own tribe's women had been so afraid of the strangers that they had abandoned a village only recently built when fleas had driven them from their former rucs. He explained they now preferred the fleas to living near the men with the frightening white skin.

"Were there this many?" I asked, holding up eight fingers. The Locuyustan nodded. "Equal," he said. "But next day more came, many more. We watched from where we hid!"

"The men wore clothes?" I asked this because our men, even the old ones, usually went naked except in cold weather.

The Locuyustan held up two fingers and pointed to Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl's dress. "Two men were dressed like women," he said.

My feet danced up and down. I was happy because I knew he, too, had seen the same ones I had. When I stopped to catch my breath, he told me something that made me more anxious than ever to revisit the creek campsite. He told me they not only rode the animals with the long ears—the ones I had seen—but some of the men rode beautiful four-legged beasts with hair falling from their necks so long it rippled in the sea breeze, and with tails that trailed the ground. The leader, he said—the man who wore the hat with the white feather—

rode such an animal, and it was the color of the snow that now covered the peaks of the mountains.

All the young men begged me to show them the way to the strangers' camp. But the older men shook their cautious heads.

"Don't be too hasty," my father said. But I could see a twinkle in his eyes. "They could be men from the moon. It is a matter for Chief Tatlung to decide."

How happy my mother was to learn I didn't have the sickness that gives one bad dreams. At first, however, she had been afraid, and my father had tried to convince her not to worry. "Do we have to be afraid because the Locuyustans are? Can you not watch from afar as our wise son did? If these men are from the moon do you want to be so backward that you will not look at such a wonder?"

"Moon men, indeed!" my mother came back. "Ghosts of our departed! They come from the land where the sun dies each night!"

"Perhaps," my father agreed. "All the more reason you should want to see them."

When we arrived at Ichxenta-ruc, we found it in a hustle. Everyone there was burning old tule mats, hanging out baskets to dry, washing out porcupine quill-combs—doing all the things to be done before moving further inland for the cold season.

I took a long breath. I was in luck! There was opposition, of course, among the older men who were always more cautious. But Chief Tatlung feared no man. And, as always, he would be ready for an adventure.

“Yes, we shall go,” he ruled. “If the strangers are hungry we shall share what food we have left. I shall pick twelve men to go with me.” He reached over and tousled my hair. “Boy-Who-Talks-With-Animals can guide us to where he saw them.”

I felt like shooting my sling shot and aimed it high in the air. “But you leave the weapon behind,” he cautioned. “One does not greet strangers with weapons—not if he wants peace.”

What activity there was at the village that afternoon as the women dressed in their best deerskin skirts and grass aprons! Since they were supposed to hide behind the bushes, I couldn’t understand why. My mother wore an apron made of twisted fibers, some orange, some black. The men painted themselves in red, white and blue stripes—the colors of welcome. But Chief Tatlun, in mourning for his father, painted his naked body in shining black. My father wore a headdress of cormorant feathers to show respect, and ankle rattles to speak welcome.

“Good wife Otilia,” he said to my mother while she arranged several strands of clam shell beads about her neck, “someday I shall get you an abalone necklace!”

“So, Satas!” she exclaimed, “and why?”

“Because you knew your son would not lie.”

She tossed her otterskin cape over her shoulders and shook her smiling face so vigorously that her long pendant earrings tinkled. “I rather think it will be fun to watch the strangers from a distance,” she said.

The sun was still shining when we left. However, by the time we reached the hill that overlooked the can-

yon a fog had rolled in and covered the campsite. This made it possible to move in close to the strangers without being seen.

“Let Boy-Who-Talks-With-Animals lead the way,” Chief Tatlun commanded.

Behind the Chief and myself came the eleven others chosen for the welcoming. There was nothing to be afraid of, I told myself. There were so many more of us than them. Later I would learn there were only seventy in their entire party.

When we approached them, the leader in the purple cloak walked out first. Behind him came Man-With-Good-Face holding his cross high in the air. Chief Tatlun signaled for the strangers to stop. Man-With-Good-Face walked out alone, beckoning for our chief to join him. Then Chief Tatlun made a speech. When this was done, Man-With-Good-Face gave each one of us some colorful beads. He then turned to a young boy of about my age and motioned for him to come forward and talk to our group.

I could see that the boy had hair, eyes, and skin like mine, but he could not make us understand him. Then, to my surprise, Chief Tatlun told me to see if I could talk with this blood brother who evidently was traveling with the strangers. I walked up and stood beside him. He ran his fingers quickly up his outstretched arm. I interpreted this to mean that they had walked here from the south. I couldn't be sure I understood him correctly, however, since I'd seen them approach our river from the north. He insisted, however, that they



had traveled from the south.

Putting his fingers in his mouth, he indicated they were hungry! He pointed to the brown pelicans skimming between the mounting waves. I understood that this was what they had been eating. When I told Chief Tatlun that I thought he referred to the *as*, (our word for these birds,) he told me to tell them we would return at the next sun with deer meat.

“We go,” Chief Tatlun said.

I wanted to remain with my new-found friend and ask him why he and the four other young men who looked like us did not ride on the backs of animals. I had noticed only the white men rode. But there was not time for him to answer me.

The following sun-up we bathed in the lagoon, had our morning meal, and returned to the campsite near the creek. We gave Man-With-Good-Face a good supply of pine nuts and deer meat. We had held back only enough food to last us for the journey we would soon take into the sierra. There we would have food enough to last until the new clover would grow in our warm-weather valley, and the salmon would swim up our river from the sea.

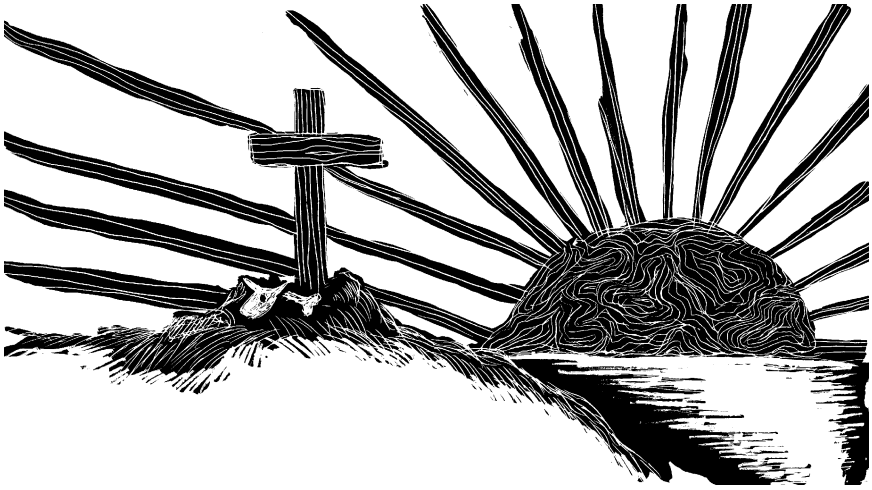
“The Giver-of-Life,” Chief Tatlun reminded us, “has always been good to the Achastans.”

The white men were grateful for our gifts of food. In return Man-With-Good-Face rewarded us with more beads and with beautiful cloth, and with which we were pleased. I was sorry Chief Tatlun didn't remain to talk with them, but I understood he was embarrassed he

couldn't speak the white man's language.

Now that we had given away most of our food supply, there was nothing we could do but move on to our cold-weather campground. And so, at sunrise, we abandoned our village.

In leaving I couldn't help worrying about the newcomers, especially my five young blood brothers. I hoped they would survive the rain moons when food was always scarce at Achasta by the sea.



## II THE SACRED SIGN

**O**ur inland campsite was a treeless, stoneless meadow deep in the sierras, but surrounded with many oaks and an abundance of seeds.

The Locuyustan who had deserted his tribe remained with us. My parents grew to love him as though he were my elder brother, the one who had departed for that land where the sun dies at night, (which is how Rumsen speak of their dead.)

Since the Locuyustan had not yet taken a wife, Grandmother offered to cook his meals. It was little enough to do, she said, since he had saved her grandson from the shame of being accused of telling lies. In return he gathered and split wood for Grandmother and tended her fires.

Although it rained much of the time during the next two moons, the older boys kept happy by the fire

with tasks of drying deer meat, making bows and arrows, nets and salmon harpoons. Equally busy were the women and older girls who wove baskets, made otterskin capes and robes of twisted rabbit strands. Everyone waited for the day when we would return to our river and the Big-Sea-Water into which it flowed.

I'd been working on a bow that I hoped would be equal to the power of the strangers' weapons. But the day before we were to leave it still wasn't finished. Naturally, I didn't tell Mother why I wanted it ready for the homeward journey, as she still worried about the strangers' coming back. But sensing my disappointment, she had invited my grandparents and the Locuyustan to spend the day with us so they could help me finish it.

The Locuyustan and I had brought home a deer and cut it into pieces with sharp flint knives rubbed with herbs for good luck. We roasted some of the parts and others Mother used for broth on top of which she floated the new greens my grandmother and sister had gathered that morning. When the meal was over, I scraped the hard wood of my bow with flint to make the stave as thin and flexible as possible.

"Keep the sapwood on the outside," the Locuyustan cautioned, "so the bow won't be crooked."

Father examined it several times, always remarking that it would be a fine tool.

"Nei! Now we are ready for the sinew," I said.

Mother put down her weaving and went to the supply basket she kept against the wall. Pulling out several sinews, she divided them between Grandmother and

Sister, saying, "Shred these for Son."

"I'll prepare the glue," Grandfather offered, and immediately began to grind together in our stone mortar deer hoofs, fish bones and pieces of pine gum.

Mother was busy dropping hot rocks into the water basket. When the water was boiling, Father added the ground hoofs, bones and gum. We then all took turns stirring the glue. The Locuyustan told us that it would be a holy bow if we stirred the glue in the same direction and not whirly-whirly as careless people do. By this time Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl and Grandmother had the sinews shredded. These now had to be chewed until they were soft. When they were ready I put a thin layer of glue on the bow, and the sinews over the glue. This would cause the bow to bend as it dried. Once finished, I placed the bow on a rock to dry.

"Some day you will be coming home with a deer on your shoulders," my father said proudly, "a deer with five horns."

"But will the bow be strong enough to fell a bear?" I wanted to know.

"You're only deer age!" my mother exclaimed, "and already talking about killing bears?"

Before I knew it, the words had fallen from my mouth: "I want a bow equal to the weapons of the pale strangers."

My mother, who had been busy cleaning up the hut, was so surprised by my words that her jaw fell open. But before she could speak, Grandfather shook his finger, "Tch! Tch! Tch! The boy is no longer your worry. He

answers now to tribal law.”

Even though I had passed my coming-of-age tests and now could join the men in fishing and hunting, my mother had not accepted this. It was annoying that she still treated me as though I were a child.

“I don’t trust the palefaces,” she said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because,” and for her that was reason enough.

“Now, now, Otilia,” Father warned, “you will die before your time, the way you worry!”

“The white man will be gone,” Grandfather said, raising an eyebrow. “They were eating sea gulls before we left.”

“They could have killed their beasts,” Grandmother said, siding with Mother.

“Ugh!” Grandfather muttered. “Their *parents*?”

“Parents? You are joking!” I said.

“They have no women, no children. How else could they come into the world?” Grandfather wanted to know.

“No,” Mother disagreed, shuddering. “They are the ghosts of our departed. They come from the land where the sun dies each night.”

Now we all began to argue, all but the Locuyustan who hadn’t caught the quarreling sickness.

“Save your strength,” Father shouted. “You will need it tomorrow.”

Mother took hold of my arm so I would have to look into her face. “Promise me,” she said, “if the strangers are there you will not show yourself.”

When I hesitated, Father said softly, “When you

were a little boy your mother gave in to you. Now that you are grown you should give in to her.”

“Besides, they will be gone,” Grandfather added.

“I promise,” I said, the words hardly spoken before I regretted them.

As the Locuyustan and I were getting ready to sleep in the house where all the men slept, he asked: “Do you sorrow for our blood relatives who traveled with the strangers?”

“Yes,” I answered, “and for the animals I never learned to ride.”

“If you want to be their friend, why did you make the new bow?”

“I didn’t make it to kill,” I explained. “I thought if I made a good one they would want me for their friend.”

“Don’t lose hope,” he said, and rolled over on his reed mat to sleep.

The next day we found our old ruc exactly as we had left it. Father had put straw in the doorway to keep out the rain. The white men had not passed our way, or if they had they had proven themselves men of rightness by not disturbing our village.

Salmon leaped in the river as thick as rabbits driven from hiding. The men of the village could think of nothing but spearing the shining fish with their two-pronged harpoons. Not so for me or my young friends. We were curious to explore the white men’s camp and see what had become of them. Before we were close enough to hear the waves dashing upon the flat rocks along the cove, we saw something on the hill facing the

bay. It was a tall, brown cross. Its arms were outstretched as though talking to the Big-Sea-Water.

“With our nation,” the Locuyustan said, “it is a sacred sign.”

I could see fear on my companions' faces, but the only thought I had was that the strangers would return. Why else would they leave their holy sign? “Let's race to it,” I said.

“No, no!” everyone protested. “Such a thing is only for the chief.”

“Then let's go to the creek,” I suggested, knowing they were right. A young man is not an elder just because he has celebrated his coming-of-age rites.

What I discovered, however, was more frightening than the immense cross. Strewn about on the sand near long-extinguished fires were charred animal bones! They had killed the beasts who bore them on their backs! I would have given ten times ten deer for every animal they had killed.

Father sent a runner with the news to nearby Ichxenta-ruc where Chief Tatlung lived. By late afternoon, Chief Tatlung, accompanied by twelve picked elders, approached the cross. Anyone else who wished was permitted to follow behind.

After examining the cross, Chief Tatlung said, “They have planted their god among us. We shall leave it food.”

We hung sardines on poles stuck in the sand near the cross and heaped clams around it.

“We return tomorrow,” Chief Tatlung announced. “We go now.”



Mother wept when she heard what had happened. "They come to take away our homes."

"Why?" Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl wanted to know. "When they could only find sea gulls to eat, why would they want to live here?"

"You'll find out!" Grandfather said, and nodded at Father.

We returned to the cross next morning and saw our gifts had not been touched. Chief Tatlung put a feathered prayer stick in the ground. The other men did likewise. The women, however, didn't go near the holy sign. Again on the following day nothing was changed. The white man's god continued to ignore our gifts.

"Perhaps they don't like fish," my father told his brother.

"We will hunt deer and leave meat," Chief Tatlung said.

But the meat was not accepted either. A few suns later we planned a fishing party at the lagoon. For such times, all of Achasta would gather together to smoke down the fish we caught and dance until morning.

When the moon rose over the eastern ridge, it shone down on the black cross. Then before our eyes bright rays began to radiate out from the cross, and grow taller and taller, so tall they reached the sky! Awe struck, we all fell to our knees. Women moaned. Children wept. Men remained silent.

When the sight had faded away, in silence we put out our fires, packed up our fish, and made our way home.

"The white man left his sign to show us the power of his shaman," Grandmother warned.

"I fear his power," Mother said.

"I wish I had it," I groaned.

"Put such nonsense out of your head," Grandfather warned me.

In spite of my elders' advice, I went to the beach next day. I vowed I would learn all I could about the white man. Although I would have to go to the ends of the earth to learn what his tribal lands were like, I would.

The Locuyustan was curious, too. "Let's explore the campsite of my nation," he suggested, "to see if they also left their sign there."

When I agreed to accompany him, he warned me we would have to keep hidden in the underbrush. Since he had deserted, his nation would not receive him.

"Why did you?" I asked.

"I wouldn't agree to go to war," he answered, "not even with hostile Zanjones."

"We are people of peace," I told him. "You did well to come live with us."

It was as he suspected. The white man had left his cross on the Point by the Pines as well, and again overlooking the bay. All around it were peace offerings of meat, fish and mussels the Locuyustans had left. Nor had these been touched. But there was no one living at the seashore. Evidently the Locuyustan women had not agreed to return.

With the flowering of the primrose and mustard the mountains that rise from the sea had changed from

green to gold. And all along the cliffs tree lupine rained down blue and white. Still the white man did not return. Once again the yellow and black butterflies returned to their tree tops, but not the white stranger to the sacred signs he had planted overlooking the Big Sea

Then one morning I woke to a day so beautiful I was certain it held magic. The overlapping ridges within view of our village were a vivid blue. A low bank of white clouds hid the valley and river below. I knew when the clouds disappeared the day would be clear, perhaps clear enough to see the northern point of the bay that was shaped exactly like a shell fish-hook. I was curious to know if the Locuyustans continued to leave peace offerings at the strangers' cross. I thought I would see for myself.

Something inside me urged me to follow the trail that winds in and out through the trees that grow crooked and twisted. The only noise of the forest was the dashing of the waves upon the beach below, a noise that told me to walk carefully.

As I neared the Locuyustan territory I smelled ripening strawberries, but saw no one. And then I heard sounds—faint and far-off. I strained my eyes. All I could see were the sea bears playing in the bay, the parents swimming under their babies as they learned to swim alone. There were so many of them the water looked like the earth. It was such a calm day two whale cubs were swimming close to the shore. But the noise was not the harsh barking of these playful animals. It grew louder, so loud I wondered why it didn't frighten them away. I

decided it came from the hills. Perhaps it could be animal hoofs pounding the earth.

It had to be the strangers! I jumped behind a clump of live oak to listen and wait. I would have to depend upon my ears as I could not risk being seen from where I was on the high hill overlooking the bay. I heard them coming around the land between the river and the sea, probably headed for their old campground. Pulling back the branches of scrub oak, I looked through the leaves. I could see the leader was with them—the one in the lilac-colored coat. He came riding up the hill where I hid, followed by Man-With-Good-Face, and by another dressed like a chief, and still another in leather clothes. They jumped off their animals' backs and explored the ground around them. The water was muddy there. I knew they wouldn't stay. I wished I could tell them there were four shallow pools of fresh water at the ravine just below me. Why had I made such a promise to my mother?

Through the branches, I could see that half the men were missing. I shuddered, wondering if these men had met the same fate of their animals.

When the four riders had climbed the hill they went to the cross. Leaping down from their animals they fell to their knees. They then examined the offerings the Locuyustans had left. Their faces showed they liked the gifts, especially the feather-tipped arrows that were stuck point downward in the ground. And why not? Everyone knows this means friendship.

Next they walked to the edge of the cliffs and looked out upon the sea. A white cloud covered the pines on the

northern point, emphasizing the circle shape of the bay. It was blue, very blue. They joined hands and whirled around and around. They raised their arms to the mountains, the hills, the Big-Sea-Water.

“Oh-o-o-o-oh, Mon-te-rey,” all four cried out as if they had but one voice. “Monterey! Monterey! Monterey! Monterey!” They shouted it so many times I found myself repeating it with them.

“Monterey! Monterey! Monterey! Monterey! Monterey! Monterey!”

The hills echoed back: “Monterey! Monterey! Monterey!”

At the bottom of the hill the men joyously called back the same word. The camp went wild shouting. Men held their weapons in the air and their weapons barked out so I thought I would never be able to hear again. I was so frightened I wanted to run home, but I knew I couldn't come out of hiding. As I think back, however, I don't believe the strangers would have noticed me since their eyes were all turned towards the bay.

I scanned the faces for my blood-brother friend. He was there, putting packs on the backs of the animals.

Then, as abruptly as they came, they were off on the path that winds in and out through the hills until it arrives at our smaller bay. No doubt they planned to camp as before at Achasta. The four men who had examined the cross, however, did not go with them. They strolled along the beach path that I had taken, along the cliff's edge and through the tangle of tall pine. It would

take them quite a while to reach the creek campsite by this route. I could be home with the news and still have time to get there before they did. Their animals carried heavy burdens, while my feet were swift when my heart was excited.

Even when I told my people about the barking weapons they believed me. I could scarcely believe it myself! But when I heard how they argued against our welcoming the palefaced strangers because of their weapons, I wished I hadn't mentioned them. They argued for four suns about whether to visit the strangers' camp, and finally decided not to. Nor would they permit me to go near it.

Chief Tatlun was in favor of welcoming the white men. Yet he loved peace among our nation so much he would not force his people to do anything they did not wish to do.

"If the white man desired war," he reasoned, "he would have fought us when he came the first time."

Nevertheless, the elders preferred more time to study the newcomers from behind scrub oak and tules. By watching the strangers I learned many things about them. They called their leader Portolá. It was an easy name to remember—Portolá. It was fun to see him make his animal speed ahead, slow down, turn, whirl around, stand on his hind legs, or dance up and down better than any of us ever danced!

Portolá was gruff as a bear, but his men didn't seem to mind this and looked at him with admiring eyes. Yet they sneered when the second leader, a little man

with two voices, turned his back. One of his voices spoke softly to Portolá and Man-With-Good-Face, while his other voice snarled at his soldiers when he set them to work clearing the trail. Behind his back the men would imitate his quick little steps and the way he shook his finger in the face of the person he addressed. Even his animal seemed to object to carrying him on its back and would show dislike by frequently tossing its mane and tail. The man's name was Fages. It was necessary to spit the word out to say it the way his men did. Nevertheless, the men of our village in time grew to admire him because of the way he could aim at a bear that suddenly appeared and bring it down with one shot. His men then would carry the dead bear away on their shoulders. Once when we secretly followed them, we saw them bring a bear into camp, skin it, cut it and roast it. That was when we decided it would be foolish to withhold friendship from people who could destroy the bears who were always destroying us.

“We go,” Chief Tatlung announced, “carrying skin bags of pine nuts and without bows and quivers of arrows.”

When a few protested, Father supported his brother's decision: “To carry bows against such men is to ask for death.”

“But if they fire at us?” an elder asked.

“The face reveals the heart,” Chief Tatlung said. “They will see we come in peace. But if we carry weapons, they will know our hearts desire to fight.”

Chief Tatlung asked for volunteers to form a wel-

coming body. Forty men agreed to go. I raised my hand with the others, but the Chief shook his head, refusing me and explained: "This is a task for an elder."

His voice sounded so sympathetic. I would have pleaded had he not been my uncle.

He said that those who wanted to could lag behind, as long as they kept out of sight.

Not a young man stayed in camp, although some of the very old did, and all of the women who were not able to put away their fears of the weapons that roared like thunder and killed bears with one crack. Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl wanted to go but Mother forbid it.

It took a while to prepare for the meeting because we wanted to show ourselves as best we could, and it took time to paint our bodies in the friendship colors of red, white and blue.

We forded the river close to the village in order to approach the beach camp from the high hill, thus making ourselves seen a good distance away.

"You become an easy target," one man warned Chief Tatlun.

"I show the pale men my trust," he replied. "Also I will know before I get there how the paleface will receive me."

He proved himself right. As soon as the white men saw us they shouted "Hola! Hola!" Their voices seemed friendly. Breathlessly we watched them lay down their weapons and motion Chief Tatlun onward.

But not one of our forty men moved. The white men's animals had been turned loose and were grazing



on the grassy plain at the foot of the hill. Several riders sat on the backs of other beasts watching without much concern.

I couldn't blame our men for refusing to pass such strange beasts. It was one thing to see them from a distance, but quite another to walk past them. I told myself that if we showed our fear ever afterwards we would be known as cowards. I also thought I wouldn't have another opportunity to study these animals at such close range. So I came out from behind a clump of underbrush and walked boldly up to the Chief, "I'll cross the grass where the animals are feeding!"

More in surprise than anger, Chief Tatlun asked, "How so?"

I was hoping he wouldn't notice that I trembled. "The face reveals the heart," I said. I had learned that animals know a tense body is the kind that attacks. But when persons are not afraid, then animals will ignore them unless they're hungry. That was why I told Chief Tatlun, "I can promise the beasts will not pay any attention to me."

My uncle looked at me, his eyes shining like the black paint on his body. "It is with good reason we have called you Boy-Who-Talks-With-Animals." he said. "Go!"

Our welcomers gasped as I walked past the four-legged beasts which now looked larger than when I had viewed them from a distance. Telling myself it was nothing, I kept smiling and trying to prevent my muscles from becoming tight like bow strings. Some of the animals stopped eating to look at me, their ears moving

backwards and forwards as if they were curious. But not one advanced towards me.

Then an animal the color of acorns did take a few steps toward me. It stopped to gaze at me and flap its pointed ears back and forth in a comical way. Slowly, I held out my hand as I sometimes did when inviting birds to alight upon my shoulders. I was careful to stand very still. Little by little, the beast came toward me. When it sniffed my hand it sent shivers through my body, and I knew it wanted to be my friend. The animal smelled me all over—my reed moccasins, my naked body, my painted face, my long, flowing hair. Satisfied I intended no harm, the beast whistled gleefully to the other animals. Then, turning around on hind legs, ran away. The mounted men who had been watching waved to me good-naturedly and motioned for me to pass. I could see they approved of my behavior.

I went directly toward Man-With-Good-Face because he was beckoning for me to join him. He put his arms around me. This frightened me a little. I think he must have felt my muscles grow tense because he dropped down his arms and called over the young man who had talked for the strangers before. "Timoteo," he said, wanting me to know that was his name.

"Timoteo," the youth repeated, looking at me with friendly eyes.

I tried to tell him I was called Boy-Who-Talks-With-Animals, but it was so long he couldn't pronounce it. Then Timoteo told me that the man in the long robe, whom I called Man-With-Good-Face, was Father Juan

Crespí. This was easy enough for me to say, and I repeated it back. This so delighted Father Juan that he gave me beads and ribbons—enough for both my mother and my sister.

Next, using sign language, I made Timoteo understand that we came with gifts of food, but that our men were afraid of their beasts. They were hoping the animals would move to another place to eat grass so they could cross the meadow.

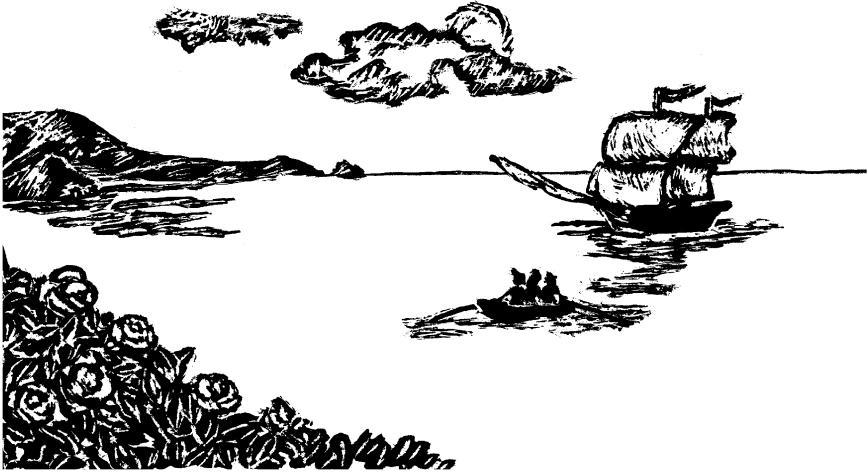
Timoteo spoke to the leader—the one they called Portolá—who called out orders to the men to move the herd. Soon the huge beasts were romping across the meadow and into a farther field.

My heart thumped wildly. Certainly, I thought, this would convince everyone that we could become friends with the strangers. And that in spite of their noisy weapons that could kill bears, we could visit with one another, especially when Father Juan was there to direct his men to put the weapons down.

Chief Tatlun now made another of his long speeches to which the strangers listened politely, although I'm certain they could not have understood much of what he said. He then passed around our food gifts and, after asking me to tell the white men that we would be back in four suns with deer meat, we left.

True to our promise, we brought them enough deer meat to feed all of the camp. For the next two suns we continued to be so busy drying our kill that we didn't visit the white men. I was still not permitted to go into the strangers' camp alone. But from our lookout hill I

could kept a close watch, as did all the other young men. We noticed they had men posted on the Point of the Sea Wolves at all times. Were they expecting others? Since we only crossed the river in tule rafts, it never would have occurred to us to go into the waters outside our bay. I wondered, did the white man also have power over the Big-Sea-Water?



### III THE WHITE WINGED SHIP

The white men had learned that Achasta could not be approached from the south as it was impossible to cross the big coast range. Instead they had to turn inland below the white rock peak and travel east from the coast to the Valley of the Oaks. In this way they could reach Monterey along the path that followed the long river. Since their eyes now constantly watched the south, we decided the remainder of their party had to be coming by water. That was why my companions and I hid ourselves among the rocks at the point to see what might happen.

One warm day, after I had been on lookout until I was weary, an idea came to me. I blurted out: "Do you think more white men might ride in from the south on the backs of whales?"

When my companions stopped laughing, they

agreed. If these men were clever enough to persuade their animals to carry them and their burdens and then lie down beside them at night to rest, they might be clever enough to get whales to do whatever they wanted.

"Wouldn't it be better," one of my friends asked, "to ride inside a whale's belly? That way they wouldn't get their fine clothes wet."

While we were joking, one of our group suddenly interrupted, "I see something!"

"A bird!" I exclaimed, thinking how much it resembled a white pelican. But I couldn't be sure as it was too far away. Then, as it came in closer, it looked so big I couldn't help but think that my little joke might prove real. "A whale!" I gasped.

"With wings!" another joked.

"It must be the white man's bark," I finally concluded. "But it does glide like a gull!"

Then all along the beach, from every inlet and cave, and all along the valley, from every glen and gully, there echoed and re-echoed excited voices. One didn't have to understand the white man's language to know he was welcoming the arrival of his friends.

Without warning, the bark thundered and belched forth such thick smoke it hid the ship's wide-spread wings. When the noise stopped, smoke signals rose from the beach, and also from the north beyond our bay. As the bark passed the cave where we were hiding, we could see it didn't intend to stop at Achasta. Perhaps it would go to Big Bay!

I suggested, "If we took the short cut through the

“ pines we could get there in time to see it enter the bay.” But my companions were already leaping from rock to rock, trying to escape back to the ruc without being noticed. Although I was trembling like a rattle-weed, my curiosity overcame my fear and I determined to follow the bark alone. I worried some about getting home late as I knew this would displease my mother. Even so, I would follow the bark.

When I cut through the forest I lost sight of the boat, and by the time I reached the headland it had rounded the bend and a small boat was being lowered into the water. The little boat carried several persons and was headed for the beach. Behind it the larger bark followed slowly. The white men shouted wildly—those on the water and those tending fires along the beach.

What a sight it was! What a pity I was the only one from Achasta to enjoy it! Even though I knew I would have to answer to the chief for following the strange ship, I told myself I had followed orders to remain hidden. I would, of course, have to answer to my mother if I was late for mealtime.

As the small boat came into shallow waters the white men on the beach ran out to meet it. Never before had I seen men embrace one another with such affection, such hugging, such cheek touching!

They talked briefly. Then the men in the small boat returned to the bark. With their welcomers watching, they dropped a heavy object from the ship into the sea. This done, the men who had waited on the shore mounted their beasts and rode off toward Achasta. Evidently, those

who had come by sea were going to sleep on the boat at Big Bay.

The sun was almost ready to drop down into that island in the sea where it dies each night. If I hurried I might get home before all the food was eaten.

Cutting through the forest once more, I ran up to the high point of the hill. There I stopped to look back on a view so beautiful I gasped. In the evening light the world was all blue—all except for the now flame-colored winged ship floating on the deep blue waters. Vivid blue hills in the north outlined the circular shape of the bay and merged with gray-blue mountains to the east and the lavender-tinged blue sierras of the south, all meeting a sky so light a blue it was almost white. How I would have liked to have shared this beauty with my mother so that her hands could have woven its color and design into a basket.

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Living in our valley of the oaks through which the long river flowed were about five hundred members of our Rumsen tribe. Achasta-ruc was only one of five villages. The others were Tucutmut-ruc, Ichxenta-ruc, Socorronda-ruc, and Echilat-ruc. Normally, each ruc was free to decide what it wanted to do. Before the coming of the white man there was little about which we disagreed. Nor would we have settled matters as the Locuyustans had—by abandoning our territory.

Now, however, we were divided, but not about whether to permit the strangers to live on our tribal land. Rather the disagreement was about whether or not we



should become their friends. Our elders grunted so much disapproval that Chief Tatlun could not make up his mind what was best for us. In our nation, when a man makes a proposal those who disagree grunt. The chief's ear then tells him when there is agreement among us. It didn't come this time until we had argued most of the night. It was one thing to have welcomed the few white men who came at first. But now that so many had come in the big bark, we couldn't be certain it was wise to give them our friendship. We still didn't know why they had come.

Then one of our best hunters pointed out that the white man's weapons could not penetrate the trunks of the trees. Would it not be an easy matter to hide behind the large oaks and watch? This decided, we retired for a brief sleep until dawn.

All next day we hid as close to the cliffs as our bravery permitted, but saw nothing more than the three leaders—Portolá, Fages, and Father Juan Crespí—enter the small boat and ride out to the ship where they remained for a short while. Three men stayed ashore to watch the animals.

That night at our meeting Chief Tatlun announced any who wished to accompany him in the morning to the white man's camp could do so. We would bring food, he said—deer and pine nuts. Since others had joined the first group, additional food would certainly be needed. To the opposing grunts, he replied: "Anyone would know these white men come in peace. A man does not prepare to fight floating like a water-bird asleep in a lagoon."

The next day we went to the strangers' camp close

to our Achasta. Father Juan walked out alone to greet us with his hand extended. He invited us to come into his camp and to sit down and talk with his people. After we had exchanged presents, he invited us to a feast to be held the day of the second sun on the shore close to where the big ship was anchored. "Your women and children must come, too," Father Juan said.

Chief Tatlung was pleased but said that the white man would have to promise to leave his weapons behind, either at their Achasta camp or on the ship. Timoteo interpreted for the Spaniards and I for the Rumsens.

Portolá, Fages and Father Juan put their heads together. Portolá's voice was gruff. Fages' eyes snapped fire. And Father Juan talked rapidly to both. But in the end he couldn't convince the two leaders to once again agree to lay down their weapons.

Chief Tatlung's eyes, quick to catch their disagreeable expressions, abruptly announced, "We go!"

That night we argued more than ever. Although it wasn't customary for our women to attend such meetings, they did have a say in matters of importance to all. My mother, for one, didn't want to accept the white man's invitation. This was because Grandfather said it was a trick to get us all together, and then their thunder would strike us down as it did the bears. Grandfather was also afraid they would want to steal our women. Because they had none of their own he was sure they would want ours to do their work for them. Moreover, Grandfather had reason for his suspicions. In the past there had been times when other tribal nations had entered our land

and carried away our women for wives.

“Maybe they hide their women on their ship,” I offered.

To settle the argument Chief Tatlun suggested that we go to the bay through the forest and hide behind the trees. That way we could watch the white men come off the ship. If they came with weapons, or if their ship rattled thunder again, we could remain behind the trees. If it appeared they came to fight, we would return home immediately. In that case, we would be supplied with arrows. Some, however, insisted on carrying their bows and arrows with them.

“What kind of peace would that make?” Chief Tatlun asked. “Did we not show the white man our trust when we stuck our arrows in the ground around his cross?”

“Who invites one to eat and carries weapons with him?” I put in, remembering Timoteo’s invitation to eat with them.

“Ho! Ho! Ho!” Grandfather laughed, still suspicious of the strangers.

I felt my face growing red. Someday I would sail away in a ship with wings and learn what the world these strangers came from was like. When I came back my elders would not laugh at me.

“If I mistrusted animals as you mistrust men,” I almost said, “I should never get the deer to eat out of my hand or the coyote to let me stroke his back. Perhaps they fear us more than we fear them, the way animals do. Or perhaps what we need to do is to show them we

mean them no harm.”

Next day, although we watched the strangers' every move, they took nothing off their ship. They were so happy to discover the four pools of sweet water and the large oak whose branches dipped into the sea that I thought they must be wanting to settle nearby.

Never had I seen men work so earnestly! With their amazing tools they felled a tall tree and then set to work making it into a large brown cross. They also had a digging stick with which they dug up onion bulbs from the earth wet with new rain. We became so interested in their tools we could hardly wait for the new sun to appear to see what else they would do in preparation for the feast day to which we had been invited.

Next day, as we hiked over the hill the dawn air was sweet with rosemary and the hillsides pink and fragrant with rose blooms. As we sprang quickly along the needled path, the scent of pine replaced the perfume of flowers. Now and then a streak of blue shone through the open spaces in between the trees. All at once I found myself standing in front of the cross. Our women had positioned themselves safely behind oaks, but my young friends and I crawled in as closely as we could without being seen. There was a salt taste in the air and an odor of kelp coming from the bay. My blood tingled as my eyes caught the wide-spread of the winged ship! Overhead wide-winged white gulls with black headdresses and orange bills pointing downward hovered over the bay, waiting to gobble up small fish below.

From the ship singing voices rose skyward. One

was so distinct from the rest and so commanding it seemed to silence everything else, even the harsh squawking of the gulls. I wondered what manner of man could have such a voice.

When a little boat pulled up on the shore, the man was still singing. When he alighted, I was surprised to discover he was a small man and dressed in shabby skirts like the man called Father Juan. He fairly jumped upon the sand going directly to the big oak. It was with amazement I noticed he limped.

Still singing, he set to work immediately. The others around him also worked eagerly and sang as they did. How could men away from home be so glad? After a while everyone became silent as they viewed what his two hands had made. From tree branches he had formed a small shelter. Inside this was a table covered with a cloth that looked like it was woven of sunshine and lilies. Placed upon the table were beautiful treasures that had been brought ashore in leather chests. Suddenly the table was magically lighted by small fires on top of sticks. I held my breath to see such wonders. My companions, too, gazed in wonder, their eyes as round as otters'.

In the center of the table was a cross that shone like a star. Adorning all was the figure of a lady—small but very beautiful. I nudged a companion to see if he would move and I would know it was no dream.

Man-With-Singing-Voice then stood back to appraise the work. Clapping his hands in approval, his whole face shone so brightly that, seeing him, a smile

also broke out on everyone else's face. The others called him Father Junípero. It was an easy name to learn, for it was on the lips of everyone.

Suddenly voices cried out from the hill in a greeting we had heard before: "Amar a Dios." From the ravine all called back "Amar a Dios."

Now animals rushed down the hill so rapidly it seemed a marvel that the riders could hold on. It was such a headlong tumble I could not make out at first who the men were. As they came in closer their purple coats told me two of them were their leaders, Portolá and Fages. Six others, who were dressed in red and blue coats, surrounded the man they called Fages. Four men, in dark leather suits, accompanied Portolá. Lagging behind on foot came Father Juan.

Since the men rode in facing us, it appeared at first they had come without their weapons. What a great disappointment, then, when they turned and I saw they had hung their weapons from their leather seats, and the spears they usually carried in one arm were strapped against the animals' sides.

When the hugging, the back slapping, and the show of affection was over, Father Junípero limped over to the oak tree, his arms swinging at his sides. He tugged at two ropes dangling from a far-reaching limb of the oak. This brought forth clear-toned music that sent birds scurrying along the beach, trilling "cir-lee-uuuuu" and flapping their wings as they flew. I had never before felt both glad and sad.

I could see the strangers were ready to begin their

celebration, and as yet had made no thunder. I was both fearful and hopeful Chief Tatlun would give us the word to join them. Father Junípero walked over to the rise of the hill. Standing as high as he could he called out, beckoning everyone to come. I wanted to run out to him and place my hands in his, so compelling was his face, so kindly the expression of his eyes. But I waited for Chief Tatlun to take the lead, and when he didn't I decided he was probably annoyed that the white man had come bearing weapons. Chief Tatlun himself was such a man of trust it was hard for him to understand why these men felt a need to protect themselves.

The men now formed in line in front of the oak. They removed their head coverings and knelt before the lighted cross and the beautiful image. Over his gray robe Father Junípero had put on another long white robe, and on top of this he had added a third richly designed garment that covered him like a little house and that sparkled like stars. It was so rich in flower design I wished my mother had been close enough to study the patterns woven in the cloth. As he sang out, all else became silent—the lapping of the waters, the barking of the sea animals, the pleadings of the curlews, the squawking of the gulls. All was still. Next he sprinkled water around the earth. This, I guessed, was to chase away evil spirits.

Then every man put his hands to a cross that lay on the ground in front of the table. All together they lifted it skyward and placed it in the ground. Portolá held up a gold and white banner. Father Juan and several men sang. Finally, Father Junípero spoke. Even though I could

not put what he said into our dialect, from the expression on his face it was easy to know his heart. With no thought of danger I crept in closer to where, although still hidden behind a blackberry bush, I could watch his face as he spoke.

Why, I wondered, did Chief Tatlun hesitate to join him?

When Father Junípero finished speaking he disappeared among the waving banners. Next I saw of him he was kneeling at the cross, once again dressed in his drab robe that was as gray as a gull's back.

Portolá was in charge of the meeting now. Suddenly every man raised his weapon in the air creating a tremendous rattle. The ship roared out thunder and belched smoke that buried its wings in blackness. The men tore up grass and tossed it in the air. Their shouts were so loud it hurt my ears. Was this for luck or was it a sign of peace? I couldn't tell. Certainly their faces were not the faces of warriors.

And then the celebration was over. Again the little boat splashed over the waves carrying the chests of treasures back to the ship. Men built fires and shot down geese. These they roasted with other meat they had carried off the boat. Some of our young men hungered so they crawled away and returned to the village.

Why had our suspicions separated us from so great a feast?

Before long the boat was carrying the men in fancy dress back to the ship, and the plainly-robed Father Junípero as well. The four-legged beasts slowly dragged



supplies taken off the boat up the hill and away to the beach camp that I had heard the strangers call Carmel. When all were gone, when not one person remained by the big cross, I asked my feet to take me home. Stopping on the rim of the hill, I again looked down upon the bay. Yes, my curiosity had been satisfied, but not the longing in my heart. I still wanted to know more about this power the white man had, this thing that made it possible to control the beasts of the field and the Big-Sea-Water.

My father was waiting for me outside our house when I arrived at our village. With him was his brother, Chief Tatlung.

“So you wanted to remain with the strangers?” the chief asked, a little jealously I thought.

“I found it hard to let the suspicion sickness spoil my good time.” I answered.

“Was it not better to keep your word to your relatives?” Father asked.

I shook my head. “Some day I shall keep the promise I made myself,” I said.

“So?” Chief Tatlung said, raising a brow. “Did they not carry weapons?”

“Not the lame one—the one who leads them,” I said.

“Are you trying to tell us,” my father asked, “that we should not have been suspicious because one man did not use thunder?”

I nodded. “If he does not have to use weapons, why do we?”

Chief Tatlung thought a moment before saying, “I, too, felt he had a power.”

“Give me permission to visit the Old One,” I begged. “Let those who fear him remain in the ruc, but permit me to become his friend.”

The Chief thought a moment. “Wait a few suns to see if the Locuyustans return to their land by the Big Bay. It could make trouble if you roamed in their tribal land.”

“I agree,” I said.

When Father told Mother of the chief’s talk, a tear fell down her cheek. “Our son is responsible now to the chief.” she said.

I patted her trembling hand. “Sit down,” I begged, “and let me draw a picture for you in the ground of the design I saw on Old Father’s cloak.”

When we wished to give a man our greatest respect, we referred to him as Old Father. Few men ever earned this title, but if ever one did it was Father Junípero.

My mother’s lips curled upward. “Is it courage or curiosity that fills your heart?” she asked.

“The curiosity to travel to the white man’s land,” I said, “and the courage to sail in his ship.”

She shivered and said, “I believe you would fly to the moon . . . if you could figure out how to do it.”



#### IV ENCOUNTER WITH OLD FATHER

The white men selected a level plot of ground an arrowshot away from the Monterey beach. They then stuck poles in the earth which they connected with rawhide to completely enclose the land, except for a small opening. This they left open during the day but closed with a gate at night. They next moved all their belongings from their San José Creek camp to this place they called the presidio. Old Father continued to sleep on the ship about which I was so curious, and curious as well about the strange world from which the ship had come. In fact, every time I saw it floating on the bay I longed to swim out, climb on it and sail away.

Instead of building straw-thatched rucs such as ours, the strangers put up long structures of poles interwoven with twigs. These they then covered with mud and painted white inside and out. Instead of round roofs

opening to the sky, theirs were flat and also covered with mud.

Not even in the strangest of dreams could I have imagined animals such as those that came off the ship. There were four-legged beasts that gave milk to drink, two-legged ones smaller than geese but whose eggs were almost as big, grunting white creatures with small tails and big snouts. All these the white man used for food. Yet it could not have been for need. Already enough food to last for twelve moons had been brought off the bark.

Perhaps the reason the men with weapons on their shoulders walked back and forth guarding the gate all day and closing it at night was because they didn't wish to share their food, as was our custom. These guards would question anyone who tried to pass into the presidio grounds, often refusing them entrance. Once when Old Father tried to go out through the gate a guard refused to let him pass without the consent of the man named Fages. When Old Father's pleadings with the bad tempered one were unsuccessful, he returned to what was called the plaza. There I saw him kneel for a long time at the foot of the cross in its center. This worried me. If Old Father found it difficult to get out, how was I ever to get in?

About ten suns later, a big celebration was held inside the presidio. For this Old Father again wore the robe that shone as brightly as stars. There was marching down plaza aisles that had been strewn with pine boughs. There was music, singing, talking and kneeling. When the ceremony was over, the ship roared with thun-

der. The white men laughed, played games, strolled along the beach, and some tramped off hunting. Many of our men trailed behind the hunters to watch how they brought down their game. Our women, however, who had watched the festivities from the hilltops, went home. I stayed behind, hoping Timoteo would be free to pass through the presidio gate as everyone else was doing.

Soon Fages, Portolá, and several others left. Shortly afterwards I spied Timoteo waiting in front of the long house. Old Father came out, and placing his hand on Timoteo's shoulder, led him off toward the gate. To my delight they went out unnoticed. My heart pounded against my ribs when I saw them take the trail that led to Carmel! They were both walking, of course, for neither ever seemed to ride. I thought it strange Old Father didn't ride since anyone could see it was painful for him to walk on his hurt leg.

I followed as closely as I could without being seen, although twice I thought that Timoteo acted as if he sensed someone was behind. Yellow warblers trilled happily as though they too had heard Old Father's song that morning, and were now singing for him.

We were so far away that I could hardly make out the white wings of the ship. The north mountains rose brown under a strong sun. Fawn-colored cliffs blended into a sandy beach. Vivid green waves broke white upon the shore and made a thrilling roar that I could hear from where I was. The happiness of it made me want to make myself known. Yet when I considered doing so, I didn't think it would be polite to thrust my person upon

Old Father. Having seen how he was brother to every living thing, I felt certain he would extend his hand to me, too, as he had to the birds and deer and squirrels. Nevertheless, I kept still. If Timoteo had been alone, that would have been different. He was my age.

Then a solution came to me: I would imitate the call of the warbler. Perhaps Timoteo would recognize the sound came from a person and seek me out in the bushes to invite me to join them.

No sooner had I trilled the familiar high-pitched notes, than Timoteo ran fast as a road runner and, leaping into a lilac bush, took hold of me before I could run away. His smile told me that he had known all along I was following him. And Old Father! When I came close to him, he hugged me so that I felt embarrassed. Except for not wanting to offend him, I would have pulled away. When, finally, he released his hold on me, it was to take out of his sleeve tasty rounds as sweet as honey and hard as pebbles. Timoteo showed me how to roll them on the tip of my tongue to extract the wonderful flavor and make the sweets last.

Of course, I couldn't speak Old Father's language, but Timoteo could. Using sign language he explained what Old Father wanted to tell me. Timoteo also spoke in his own language, and although he belonged to my own race his language was totally different than our Rumsen. We are of the Coastanoan tribe, as are the Locuyustans, yet even we don't speak exactly alike. But Timoteo's tribe used a language so different that not one sound was familiar. Old Father marveled that we could

converse so well with our signs. On our walk that day only one thing seemed to give him greater pleasure than our conversation, and that was when we descended the long hill and he saw the place where my people lived. It was then his face shone as bright as the sun's rays.

Timoteo made it clear to me that Old Father wanted to live in Achasta, close to where my people lived so we could visit him. He called our place Carmel. Timoteo explained that he liked it better than Monterey because it had the river with its water supply. That was the reason they walked together that day. Father Serra, as Timoteo called him, was seeking a place where they could move.

I was sorry for not having told them water was scarce where they had camped before they had built their structures there. Too bad they could not have known what all my people knew—that in the beautiful valley of the winding river the sun shines warmest, the food grows thickest, and the water is most plentiful, which, of course, was why we lived there.

“Why did you choose to live in Monterey?” I asked Timoteo.

The white man's chief had ordered them to settle in Monterey, he told me. To move they first would have to get his permission.

“Which one is the chief?” I asked. “Is it Fages?”

Timoteo shook his head.

“Portolá?”

Again he shook his head. I couldn't be certain, but the idea I got from him was that their king lived far away.

“So far away,” I thought, “and yet men are afraid of him?”

“You should be chief,” I told Old Father. But I couldn’t make him understand. His face became as gloomy as a cloud when he found he could not repeat Rumsen words after me.

“Tell him not to worry,” I explained to Timoteo. “As many things as he can do, you and I can be his ears and mouth.”

This so delighted Old Father that he invited us to sit down and eat the dried fruit he carried in his big sleeves. Timoteo said they were figs.

How many words I learned that day—*horse* for the beautiful beasts they rode, *mules* for the long-eared ones that dragged the great trees through the forests, *guns* for the weapons that made thunder.

The one idea I was not able to make clear to either Old Father or Timoteo was that Father Serra should have been the head man. With our people, the gentlest and the wisest is the one who rules. And if he should die and his son were not so wise nor so gentle, then we would have to pick the one man in our nation so born to rule. If there were none in Achasta and one came from another nation who was both gentle and wise, then we would make him our chief. Could it be that this king who had so much power was yet more gentle and more wise than Old Father? I didn’t think so.

As we started to descend the last hill before coming to what Old Father called Carmel Valley, Timoteo explained that the men he called Spaniards did not



have to work like beavers this day because it was a feast day. That was why Old Father's wish to leave the presidio had been granted, so he could hunt for the one best spot to which they could move, and then only if the faraway king would permit it. I was not sure I understood, but Timoteo seemed to be saying that Old Father wanted to find a holy spot upon which to build a God-house.

"I will show you," I told Father Serra.

His arms swung joyously at his side as he followed me.

"Is it far away?" Timoteo asked, watching Old Father's quickened stride.

"No, it is the last ledge of hills," I told him.

Soon we were standing on the rise of land that faced the Point of the Sea Wolves, and gazing upon the long arm of cliffs that stretched boldly into the rumbling sea. What a place of beauty, with the cliffs jagged and brown, the hills green with evergreen trees and oak. A smile lit up Old Father's face as his eyes scanned the bay and the lagoon. He turned around and viewed the river with its black poplars and sycamores. He took in the grassy valley that pushed deeply through the never-ending ridges of mountains.

"So this is it?" his eyes seemed to say, "This is where you live?"

He stood there for some time, drinking in the beauty that was everywhere. Then a smile crept over his face and his eyes became moist. His face was darker than most of the others who, I had learned, were called Spaniards. Reaching out, he drew Timoteo and me to

him and held us. This time I didn't feel embarrassed, but sensed his frail body trembling with emotion.

Finally he spoke. Timoteo made me understand that what he said was that never had he seen anything so beautiful since he had left his home. I later learned his home was an island called Majorca off the mainland of his homeland. So there was another land so fair! And yet he had left it for ours! My mother would find this hard to believe.

"Why did you come here?" I asked him.

Old Father replied through Timoteo, "I came to show you the way to heaven." Timoteo pointed to the sky.

"I would rather you show me the way to your land," I replied. "I would like to ride there with you on a horse."

The way Old Father laughed I knew he understood some sign language. He took hold of my hand and shook it. He seemed to say that this was a possibility.

"So!" said Timoteo, his eyes flashing jealousy. He then explained that he was never permitted to ride a horse. No *Indian* was, he said.

"And who is an 'Indian'?" I asked.

"You are!" he said.

So that is what the people from a strange land call us who belong to this land. To them I am an Indian and Timoteo is an Indian also, but Old Father is a Spaniard! And to ride on the back of a horse you must be a Spaniard. It didn't make sense.

Before we left, Timoteo invited me to come to the presidio gate whenever I wished to practice speaking

Spanish. Old Father also wanted him to learn Rumsen. Then he could teach it to him.

So I was to become more than the Boy-Who-Talks-With-Animals. I was also to be the Boy-Who-Talks-Spanish. Whenever I came I was to wait outside until Father Serra came out to get me. He would tell those who guarded the gate that I was permitted to pass.

It was bewildering! The man named Fages had the power to forbid Old Father to leave the presidio. Yet Old Father had the power to tell him to let me enter!

Another thing puzzled me. Old Father wanted to live near Achasta because we lived there. I wanted him to live there because then I wouldn't have to worry about the Locuyustans forbidding me to pass through their territory around Big Bay. It seemed no one could really do as he pleased—only the faraway king.

I felt certain about one thing. Although the Locuyustans might abandon their tribal lands when the white men settled there, no one would frighten Chief Tatlung into doing so. I also felt certain my uncle would welcome Old Father's living in Achasta.



## V

### THE MAGIC SEEDS

**W**hen I approached the gate on the following day the guards waved me to enter and pointed to a patch of ground where I saw Old Father and his companion Father Juan. I held my head high because some of my relatives were watching from behind scrub oak on a nearby hill. I think they found it hard to believe that Old Father had invited me to visit him.

But my younger sister almost ruined my day. I should have known what would happen! On the evening before Grandmother had remarked, “Once you get inside the white man’s circle of poles, he will treat you like a lizard!”

With this Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl had stomped her feet and cried: “I will not let the white ones make soup out of my brother!”

As soon as I promised to bring her a *ta-mai*—a sweet—she had stopped crying. She knew the white men always gave us presents, so I had thought her crying was to trick me into promising to bring her a present. The next day, when I heard a familiar tip, tap, tap behind me I knew the light footsteps were hers. Hoping she would go home, I pretended not to hear her. Once through the gate I ran toward the garden where Timoteo was digging with Old Father and Father Juan. Their happy smiles let me know they were glad to see me. It was then I heard the shrill cries that told me Hummingbird was confronting the guards.

I turned to see her jumping up and down, the fibers of her grass skirt swirling around her knees as though a storm had blown up from the bay. Lucky for me the guards didn't understand Rumsen, for what she was shouting was, "I will not let you make lizard soup out of my brother!"

Running back to the gate, I ordered her to go home. She, of course, paid no attention to me. Still, it was impossible to be angry with her. I knew how frightened she had been by the white man's thunder. Yet here she was confronting these men and their weapons, and showing her bravery in doing so.

I saw then that my father had caught up with her and was in front of the gate. "Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl," he scolded, (but without being hard on her the way he was with me,) "you will be the shame of your parents if you go inside a man-house."

When she didn't move he added, "If you cannot

act grown up, you will have to give back your Mother's earrings."

She fingered the string of shells that dangled from her earlobes, and then smiled her sweetest at Father as though to challenge him to make her obey.

By this time, Old Father had arrived and invited my father and sister to come inside with me. I explained as best I could that Chief Tatlun had only given *me* permission to enter the white man's camp. Such things embarrassed my father, for he was by nature a kind man. Old Father smiled, and reaching inside his sleeve handed out candies to the three of us. I showed Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl how to suck them so the flavor would last. Seeing how pleased she was with the sweets, I asked, "Now will you run away home?"

She laughed mischievously, took our father's hand, and walked away as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The way she could wiggle out of mischief was like a salmon in a fiber net!

Old Father then escorted me around the presidio. He was proud of the two long buildings. I wanted to tell him that his workers had forgotten to leave smoke holes in the roof, but was afraid it might sound rude. One of the biggest happinesses my people had was sitting around the fire on rainy nights listening to stories about our ancestors. The white men would certainly regret trying to live in our lands without fires.

There was a small building set apart and close to the lake. Timoteo told me it was to store the gunpowder and was placed a safe distance away from where the

men slept.

So, even the white man feared his own thunder!

One of the long buildings was (as I had guessed) a ceremonial meeting house. Father Junípero and Timoteo explained that they had built it big enough to hold as many of us as would come whenever he rang the sweet-toned bell.

Father Juan and Old Father lived in rooms adjoining the chapel. They slept on hard boards set on pegs. There was also another place in this building for the beautiful things used for their ceremonial meetings. The doctor lived in another long building. His name was Prat—Don Pedro Prat. Fages' first name was also Pedro, only he was called "Commandant," which Portolá had been called as well. Since in a few days Portolá would be returning to the South Country—to Mexico—Fages had become the faraway king's presidio ruler.

Doctor Prat was the white man's medicine man and carried a bag of magic with him, as did our medicine men. I don't think, however, that he had dried spiders and lizards and things like that. I thought that his bag could not contain much power because his sick men were not getting well. Some of the men who worked on the ship were too sick to return.

As we passed the warehouse, Dr. Prat asked Fages to unlock the door so he could get dried figs to give the sick men. But Fages, clutching the small object that opened the heavy door, refused.

As Timoteo explained later, Dr. Prat also wanted Fages to let him make some chicken broth for the sick

men, but Fages refused this as well. Timoteo said the Commandant kept such things for himself.

Father Junípero's face reddened. He told Timoteo to walk me away. I knew he wanted to discuss the matter privately. Still I could hear the three men's voices rising angrily as they argued. Once Fages shouted so loudly at Old Father that Timoteo was able to make out what was said.

"Don't shout so," the Old Father warned Fages, "I don't want these persons to know our disagreements." It was clear to me these white people didn't know how sharp our ears were.

"Persons!" sneered Fages. "Since when were Indians persons?"

"May God forgive you," Old Father said.

"The needs of the army are my business," Fages insisted.

"Their health is mine," Dr. Prat contradicted.

"Go back to your mission where you belong," Fages told Old Father. "I'll take care of presidio matters." With this he turned and walked away.

As if to comfort Dr. Prat Old Father told him, "When the ship sails back to Mexico, we will plant a garden—some tomatoes and cabbages, eh?"

Old Father then beckoned Timoteo and we rejoined them. Dr. Prat was shaking so that Old Father told him to go to his room and rest. He didn't seem to want to go.

"If only we could move to Carmel Valley," Father Junípero said. "I know we could grow enough food there for ourselves and for the Achastans, too."



Dr. Prat nodded and walked away.

Oh, how I wished I could have explained that the Giver-of-Life provided food for everyone in our country, that the only thing one had to do was to go where it grew and gather it. It seemed from what Timoteo told me that Old Father intended to put seeds in the ground and then sprinkle them with water. This would cause them to shoot out of the ground. Such magic was hard to believe.

I learned many Spanish words that day, but it wasn't exactly a happy day. Old Father was so upset about the sick sailors that he soon bade us good-by, but told me to stay with Timoteo for as long as I liked.

Since my heart was sad I didn't wish to linger at the white man's camp any longer, so I started for home. On reaching the gate Timoteo begged, "You will come back?"

"Yes," I promised.

Chief Tatlung shook his head sadly when I told him how Fages locked the food in the warehouse and wouldn't give it to the sick men.

"I will tell him there is no need to hold on to food in our lands," he said, "because with each new moon, the Giver-of-Life sends more."

"Old Father can make food come out of the ground himself," I told him.

Chief Tatlung's eyes grew large as clamshells. "Ah, if he can do that," he said, "he has more power than the man with the key."

"But the stingy one gets his power from the king," I said. "The king has the most power of all."

Next day after the dawn meal, I left for the presidio. All the young men in the village followed me. I think Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl must have boasted too much about how good the candy tasted! When we arrived at the gate, however, the soldiers wouldn't let anyone in but me. So I ran to tell Old Father, and he came with me back to the gate where he told the soldiers to let all pass. The guards hesitated at first, but did as he ordered. We hadn't gotten very far when Fages came out of his house raging like a male sea bear, demanding that all but six of us return to the gate and wait until given permission to enter.

This angered Old Father. "But these are my precious children. They are why I have come," he said.

"You know you are not to give orders to my men." Fages' voice was choked with anger.

"But they are the reason I am here," Old Father insisted. "I came here to teach them about God's love for them."

"There are only a handful of men to guard the presidio," Fages went on, "and half of them are flat on their backs. Do you expect me to let more than six savages roam inside our walls at one time?"

Although I didn't understand all their words, I was able to put their expressions and their actions together with what Timoteo later told me.

"You are safer here than you would be in your own Mexico City," Father Serra continued to argue.

With this Fages stormed away and Old Father said to himself, "God's will be done."

Since Old Father had been unable to persuade the Commandant that our people meant no harm, my fellow Achastans had to wait their turns. It seemed that Fages not only ruled the presidio but even Old Father. Only I was permitted to remain inside, and this so that through Timoteo Father Serra could know what my people said. By this time I could understand Spanish fairly well, and also make myself understood. Both Fages and Old Father were so strong-willed it was not difficult to tell from their faces what their thoughts were.

Old Father gave each of us a piece of cloth and told us that we should bring our women and little ones with us the next time we came. I tried to explain that it was not our custom for women to go inside a man's meeting house.

"But the chapel is God's house," he said. "When the bells ring it is God calling everyone to come." He hesitated a moment, then added: "But all must wear clothing. The men must wear breechcloths."

I assured him we had not kept away for lack of clothing but because our Chief didn't wish to overrule the grunts of husbands who feared that the white men wished to trap our women inside their enclosed area. I remembered how Grandfather had explained it, that "Naturally they would want our women when they have none but their mules to do their work."

When I told my family that Old Father had invited everyone to come and how the women could come also because it was not a man-house but a God-house, the men grew angry and asked if I wanted to break the tribal

laws. Only Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl argued for me.

“Please go, Mother,” she begged, “you will learn to weave roses and sunshine in our baskets and make beautiful garments like Old Father sometimes wears.”

When Mother said nothing, Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl turned to Father: “Would you like me to make you clothes you can put on and take off when cold rains come?”

Father was a proud man and enjoyed wearing his hair in the highest knot ornamented with shell hair pins. He always wore many strands of beads around his neck and bright tattoo marks on his face, but no clothing of any kind. Hummingbird's offer amused him, and he shook with laughter.

Mother turned to Grandfather, who shivered a great deal when the mountains were tipped with snow. “If we learned to make you such garments, you wouldn't have to cover your body with mud when the cold season comes.”

“We can bide our time,” Grandfather answered. But I could see that wearing clothes appealed to him. “Let us watch to see if Old Father has this power he claims to have that turns black earth into green fields.”

“If he does can we go?” Pretty-Girl asked eagerly.

Father said, “We can talk about it then.”

Mother's eyes glistened. “Perhaps Old Father will visit us,” she said, “and teach us to make garments here in our village. He must know how since he dresses as we women do.”

“Perhaps,” Father agreed, and folded his arms

tightly.

No one was ever more joyous than Father Junípero when, the next time I went to the presidio, I told him my mother wanted him to teach us how to make garments like the ones he wore.

“I shall go to the warehouse immediately and get out some cloth.” Old Father said.

“But when you visit our village you must come without soldiers,” I warned. “They look at our women with evil eyes.”

“Since so many soldiers are sick, perhaps Fages will not object if I go alone,” Old Father said.

“Is the Commandant so afraid of us?” I asked him. “Is that why soldiers walk with you when you go outside?”

Father Serra chuckled. “I think he sends the soldiers along so I can’t forget he’s the Commandant.”

“When your seeds sprout, come,” I said.

“That won’t be long,” he said, and began singing. From his manner, he certainly expected the seeds to grow. We gathered seeds, too, but to store in baskets and later eat, not to put back in the earth.

Two suns later, the winged ship sailed away. Those left behind were unhappy, except for Old Father who worked cheerfully in the garden. Before the wings of the ship were out of sight, he’d planted what he called “tomatoes” and “cabbages.” I was curious to know how such things tasted.

Soon after, he and all the well men walked a short distance away where they dug up the ground east of the

enclosed area and put seeds such as I had never before seen in long rows of earth. Old Father then walked up and down in between the planted seeds, sprinkling them with water and blessing the fields. Timoteo said this was so the seeds would grow and provide food for all.

“But there is food for all,” I told him. “There is food in the valley and in the river and in the bay. There is food in the mountains and the canyons. I’ll show you where to find it.” I couldn’t help saying this when I saw how much Old Father counted on the seeds from Mexico growing in our land.

I waited from day to day. All my people waited. Always there was someone looking at the long rows. We wanted to see what such food would look like.

Then, after several suns, I saw little spears shooting up through the black earth, making long green strips in the ground.

I ran leaping over the fields like a jackrabbit. I was almost too breathless to talk when I reached Old Father’s house. “The seeds have shot up through the earth!” I told him.

Both Father Juan and Old Father were as excited as I, the way they embraced each other.

Old Father asked, “Will you permit me to go to your village now?”

“I go now to ask Chief Tatlun,” I answered. I was certain that our chief would say “yes.” The white man’s ship had sailed away. Surely he would not fear them now that there were only thirty-seven left, counting the two priests, the doctor, Fages, the soldiers, muleteers,

blacksmiths and carpenters.

At the meeting that night, the men decided they would wait to see if the little crinkles of green became food one could eat. I hated to carry this discouraging news to Old Father since he was all prepared to visit us.

When I told him what Chief Tatlun had said, I could see how unhappy he was. "But you'll continue to come?" he asked. "And you will encourage the others to come?"

I nodded. I knew the men of our village delighted in learning the ways of the Spaniards. Whenever we entered the presidio, we always greeted them with their words: "Amar a Dios," which meant "Love God." When we parted, we again said "Amar a Dios." We had no objection to mingling with them. It was for the protection of our women that we kept them away from our village—our *ranchería*—as the Spaniards called it.

The garden grew so fast I thought it wouldn't be long now before Old Father would be permitted to visit Achasta. Yet I couldn't persuade my people that he had earned our trust and should be allowed to teach our women how to sew.

If he talked with God and if God grew food for him, then, our men said, he must be favored by the Giver-of-Life. And if so, then his desires would be met. But they were not yet convinced of this. To many it seemed he had no power. Why else would he always have to remain locked up inside the presidio until Fages opened the gate, and even then sent soldiers with him? It was as though the Commandant himself did not trust him.

Sadly, the plants did not continue to do well. Fa-

ther Juan explained it was because the soil was poor. He then planted more seeds and still more seeds. Finally, the plants began to appear healthy. I was certain I would soon know what tomatoes and beans tasted like.

The cold moons were hardly here, when one dawn I awoke to a day so cold I felt inclined to complain about the dawn bath our people were accustomed to taking. When later the fog lifted, I tramped over the hill to see if the white man was going to put smoke holes in his long houses. I thought surely he now would see the need to have fires in his house.

As I crossed the planted fields, I saw that the stalks of grain lay limp on the ground. They were all dead. Now they would never yield food. I ran as fast as I could to tell Old Father what had happened. But I could see by the sag of his shoulders he already knew.

To my surprise, he didn't blame it on evil spirits. The soil was bad here, he said. Nothing would grow. He was certain they would have a good garden when they moved to Carmel Valley. I wondered if Chief Tatlun and his men would now want him for a neighbor. I was afraid they would say he pretended to have a power he didn't have. And poor Mother and Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl had counted so on learning how to put the white man's lovely flower designs in their baskets, and on learning how to make garments that sparkled like stars!

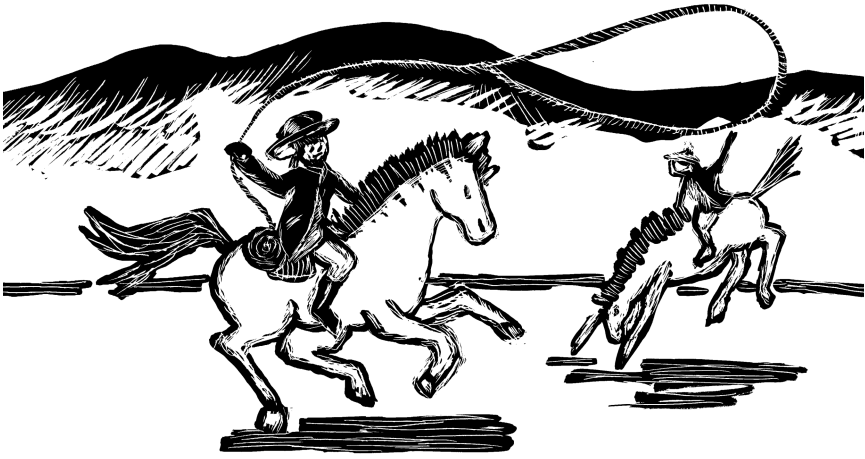
"When the letter comes from the viceroy, we shall move," Old Father told me. "We shall build a mission on the hill that overlooks the sea, the river, and the bay. And from there we shall build a ladder of missions all



over California.”

Just as the Spaniards had given the tribal peoples the name Indians, and our Achasta the name Carmel, so they gave the big country over which all our people roamed the name California. There was music in the word. Yet when the plants died my relatives, suspicious of evil spirits, wished to drive the Spaniards out.

I'd had so much to worry about in trying to get permission for Old Father to teach my mother and sister how to sew that I was discouraged. Now I was also going to have to worry about the Achastans permitting Old Father to build his mission at the entrance of our valley. It was one thing to build a presidio in the territory of the Locuyustans. It was another matter to set up buildings close to our fishing village and within a short walk of Tucutnut-ruc and the other Achastan villages. I was afraid to discuss this at our meeting. Better let my people find out for themselves. Besides, something inside me told me that some day Father Juan Crespi's garden would grow. He certainly expected it to, and got busy planting more seeds right away.



## VI TROUBLE WITH SOLDIERS

**I**n observing the wolf pack I came to learn about the animal side of the white strangers. A wolf always has to drag his tail before the stronger wolf. Only the leader can hold up his tail in front of all other wolves. So it was with the Spaniards, and perhaps with ourselves too, although such things are more easily seen in others. In the white man's camp all had bowed before Portolá. But since he had returned to Mexico every man now lowered his head before the new Commandant Fages—all but the two men who wore the gray robes and the wide-brimmed hats that were round on top. And only Old Father dared look this arrogant leader in the eye and challenge his authority. Yes, Old Father was the only one among the thirty-two presidio men who did not tremble to the rumble of Fages' orders.

Even the soldiers themselves followed the order of

the animal pack, discriminating one against the other. Those who had volunteered to serve the king scorned the man who had to serve in punishment—the leather-jacket soldier who was the lowest of the order. He was required to ride ahead of the remainder of the troop, exposing himself to danger, saving the lives of those who were considered to be above him. And since he had no one to scorn, he scorned us. Being hated, he hated. One who hates needs no other reason.

This will help you understand why I had to take it upon myself to do what I did. Old Father had encouraged Timoteo to spend time in our ranchería in order to learn Rumsen and give me practice speaking Spanish. Chief Tatlun would not have approved of me remaining behind while other young men prepared for the rain moons except that he wanted me to learn the white man's language. He also wanted me to learn how to use the strangers' metal weapons, since we still used stone axes and bone awls.

As a rule, when soldiers were present Timoteo and I would speak Rumsen, especially if we didn't want them to know what we said. Since they hadn't been able to learn my language, they supposed I was too dumb to learn theirs. Thinking that I didn't understand them, they often made insulting remarks about me. It was for the protection of my people that I didn't show my feelings. And besides, by letting them speak freely in my presence it was easier for me to know what was in their hearts.

Because Portolá had been disappointed that our women would not give their babies for baptism, I had

told him that I would be baptized. Since an infant is not of the age of reason, an infant can be baptized before learning the catechism. But since I was grown I was required to study under Old Father every morning until Saint Joseph's day when I was to be baptized.

I enjoyed my lessons and tried to remember everything Old Father told me so I could repeat it at home. Chief Tatlun, especially, was interested in what Father Serra said and had come to trust him. It was as easy to see into the heart of our chief as it was to see the bottom of a clear pool of water.

I was very proud of my position of "neophyte," as the Spaniards called it, and always wore a deerskin breechcloth now. Since Father Serra didn't think it enough that a young man paint his body as we did in black, white and red stripes, my mother made me a kilt of braided strips of deerskin wrapped with strips of inner bark. It was decorated with alternating rows of black and brown acorns. Father Serra thought the fringe skillfully done. When I told Mother that he had admired her work, she was very pleased and said she wanted to make garments as pretty as the ones he wore when he lit bright candles and chanted words to music. Music was also important to my people, and although we had reed flutes, the Spaniards' musical instruments sounded better than ours.

It was now a busy season for the Spaniards. Instead of preparing food for the rain moons and for the long days ahead, they prepared for the Feast of the Birth. It was their most important day from acorn time to acorn

time, and they invited our entire nation to come. Chief Tatlun had thought favorably of accepting the invitation ever since Old Father had first spoken of it, but he had not given his word as yet. I was hoping he would, because next to our people agreeing to be baptized this, more than anything else, would please Old Father.

Whenever we saw a group of Spaniards talking, we knew they were talking about their Christmas fiesta. On a particular day, however, as I passed through the gate I overheard the leather-jacket guards plotting to lasso our prettiest young girls and tie them to a tree. I studied their expressions to make sure I hadn't misunderstood them.

When a young man of a tribe grows restless, he wanders alone in the hills. The old ones then will say, "When the whirlpool quiets he will return." But when the Spaniard finds life tiresome, he will practice twirling ropes over the cattle's horns and throwing the beasts upon the ground to cruelly mistreat them. The excitement calms his restless nature. But to lasso our women as though they were cattle would have meant certain death for every Spaniard. After all, there were only a few of them and many of us, and how could such an act go unavenged? I could not have born the grief of seeing our women dishonored. Yet I did not want Old Father killed for other men's wrongs. Nor could I forget Father Juan, either, who labored so hard trying to grow vegetables for us, and Dr. Prat, too. The poor doctor bore a great burden as it was. Many said he would lose his mind, he suffered so seeing sailors lying sick and unable to help

them. He was a surgeon, Old Father said, meaning that a surgeon has a special kind of power.

I was so bewildered I didn't know what to do. Should I race back to the ranchería and warn the women who waited for their men to return from a rabbit drive? Or should I tell Old Father what the leather-jackets planned. Remembering these soldiers had been forced to come here against their wishes, I wondered if it were not better to report the matter to Old Father and rely on his inner goodness rather than on any feeling of loyalty he had for his white brothers.

Something I'd observed was that when a man respected himself, as Father Serra did, he also respected the life of every other man. I had come to understand that the mark of such a man was to be known by his courteous manner. When Father Serra walked, he held his head up in respect for his person and for the Great Spirit who created him. At least, I sensed this whenever he stretched his arms skyward, and also when he bowed his head low, addressing each creature of field or forest as he strolled along. Yes, I decided, it would be best to tell Old Father what the soldiers planned. I was certain that he wouldn't permit it to happen.

I usually waited for him by the chapel near where we often would sit outdoors studying the catechism. On this morning, however, I went directly to the adjoining building where he and Father Juan lived. I could see Father Juan hoeing among the rows of vegetables (which were growing nicely now) and concluded Father Serra was probably alone.

One does not enter the white man's house without knocking, so I knocked. It was a little while before Old Father opened the door.

"Amar a Dios," he greeted me.

"Amar a Dios," I replied, but my face must have shown my worry because he motioned for me to come inside, asking, "Is there trouble?" His eyes looked into mine, studying my heart. I did not depend on words now to speak to him, but acted out what I had heard. He rose immediately. His face was flushed.

"You wait here," he said. "I will send Father Juan and Timoteo to stay with you. The Commandant will have to do something about his men!" His voice was agitated. I remembered Father Juan had remarked once it was no wonder Father Junípero found it difficult to lead my people to heaven, with the soldiers always there to block the way.

Father Juan and Timoteo soon joined me, but I didn't speak of the matter to them, nor did they question me. The wisdom of my people says that the less one says the less one has to answer for.

When the Old Father rejoined me, the men were in a flurry packing supplies on the backs of their mules in preparation for a hunting trip. Game had been scarce.

"The Commandant says he will tire the mischief out of their evil bones," Father Junípero told Father Juan.

Father Juan nodded. "If the Commandant would only permit me to keep them busy in the garden," he said, "they would not have so much time on their hands."

Old Father agreed and added, "But since he does

not entrust them to our supervision, better we build our own mission away from their bad influence.” Then a smile crept over Old Father’s face. “I think you and I are going to enjoy ourselves for the next few days,” he said, while his eyes scanned the nearby hills where mission cattle grazed.

We watched the men ride out and away, boisterous men yelling joyously that they were released from their barracks. Even the horses pranced gaily as they passed through the gate. Fages held back his horse long enough to bid Old Father good-by, asking:

“You are sure, Father Serra, you will be safe with so small a guard?”

Old Father laughed. “As safe as in my father’s house in Petra,” he answered waving him away.

I came to know about his old home in Petra. He always spoke of it when life took a difficult turn. It was the village where he was born on the island called Majorca.

When the horses and their riders were out of sight, he and Father Juan, Timoteo and I, walked over to the newly replanted gardens. The two priests talked gravely for a while in the language of their Majorca. It was not the same as Spanish.

I heard them mention the word Carmel many times. I knew how anxiously they longed to separate the mission from the presidio, but I no longer worried about the soldiers harming my people. My blood brothers in the north were given to battle. If the leather-jackets twirled ropes over their women’s heads, the soldier’s



would never live to return to Monterey and boast about it.

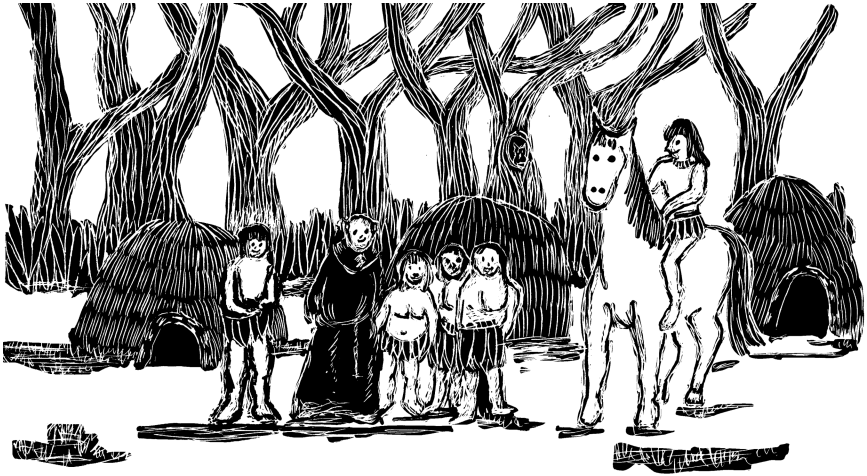
Father Juan turned to me asking: "How long will this warm weather last?"

"A few suns, perhaps," I answered. "Our men plan to burn down the fields tomorrow." We did this before the cold moon, so that when the new grass grew it would not be hidden by dead underbrush.

"Then perhaps we will have sun for Christmas?"

"I hope so," Father Juan said. "What a fine barbecue we can then have!"

So the day that began fearfully ended with talk of celebrating the birth of a Child. Old Father had told me the story, but it was hard to understand. How could they have little children born when they had no women? Even the statue of the Lady had gone back to Mexico on the same ship that carried Portolá. Perhaps some day I would learn the truth about these people from another world, and why they had no women and children.



## VII THE WHITE CURER

I was anxious to return to the presidio early next morning, but was delayed because my mother wanted me to tend her fire. All of the men were in the upper valley burning down brush. Everyone had gone, even Grandfather. Grandmother and Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl had taken a group of children to the river to be out of the way while their mothers toasted seeds.

When the embers were glowing, my mother came out of the *ruc* with a wide bark tray and poured a layer of seeds in it. She stored many kinds of seeds—chia, wild oats, the berries of the manzanita, different kinds of acorn, even buckeye. The bitterness from buckeye and acorn, of course, had to be removed. Preparing food for winter was a tedious job. I didn't wonder she needed me to help lift the heavy baskets in which the entire village food was stored, although I think my uncle must have

disapproved of my being at home instead of with Old Father.

In the ranchería the women sang as they worked, some with babies strapped in cradle boards on their backs. I would have enjoyed the activity except for being anxious to be on my way to the presidio. With the soldiers away I knew it would be a happy place today.

Using two sticks, my mother dropped embers into the basket and began shaking the seeds back and forth. The way her body moved in rhythm, it seemed she was doing a sitting-down dance. Soon a lovely aroma filled the air as the seeds took on a light brown color. Every seed came out brown with not one burned. After first sifting out the embers, she poured the roasted seeds into a storing basket. She then examined the tray to make certain there were no burns on it. A proud smile lit her face! I could leave now, she said, she no longer needed my help. Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl and Grandmother would be returning soon. They would help grind the flour on the *urkan*—the mortar.

I went to the man-house to put on my buckskin breechcloth. Pulling my hair together on top of my head, I tied it with a strip of deer hide. I laughed. I, too, had the tail of a presidio mule. I stuck the knife I always carried through the top-knot. I had made the knife myself, fastening the flint into the wood handle with asphalt. Before seeing the white man's tools I'd been proud of mine.

Just as I was leaving, I heard twigs breaking and foot sounds. I noticed them especially because they were not the rapid sounds children make when they rush into

camp. Then I heard singing—a man's voice—and over it a young man's voice calling "Hola!"

Timoteo! Could Father Serra be with him? Who else sang so well?

"Amar a Dios," rang through the air. The voices were friendly. No one but Father Junípero had such trust. And with Fages and the soldiers away it was a good time for him to visit our village. Old Father was close enough to greet Mother now. He came with hands outstretched and carrying lovely ribbons and pieces of cloth. I should have known Old Father, who made friends with the squirrels in the trees, would know how to win my mother. He sat down on a comfortable rock and, sniffing the air curiously, asked my mother what she was doing.

Mother didn't wait for me to interpret for him. Knowing instinctively what he was saying, she answered:

"A ma hunse."

Nor did I need to tell him the Spanish word for food. Today he had no need for an interpreter. My mother showed him how she toasted the seeds. He caught on that this gave flavor to the flour out of which the mush was made.

Neighbors gathered around, watching, nodding, smiling. Old Father examined the women's baskets, praising with smiles the skill with which they had been made.

Mother spoke again: "Kuk was kai yi la am hai," she said. It meant "I ask you to eat."

I didn't want to break the magic by interpreting what she said. Understanding, Father Junípero nodded.

Mother made spearmint tea as Old Father watched how she heated the water in a tar-lined basket by adding hot stones. To serve the hot tea she used Grandfather's precious carved wooden cup. No one but Grandfather had ever used it before. The rest of us drank out of tar-plugged abalone shells. With the tea she served balls of pine nuts mixed with honey. Since Old Father seemed to enjoy everything, she next offered him a taste of deer jerky and dried fish as well.

He said our preparations for winter were better than his. His were in barrels that weevils got into, and their meat got rotten before another ship arrived.

When the meal was over, Old Father told me to tell everyone they were invited to a big feast. Mother could not understand how the white man could feed everyone when they didn't go out into the valley and mountains to gather what the Giver-of-Life provided. What would they do when their store-house was empty?

I told Old Father I would carry his invitation to a feast to Chief Tatlun. Before leaving he urged the women to permit him to baptize the little ones. No use to explain to Mother this was so they would go to heaven. My people already believed those who died lived in *tara*, our word for sky. The Spanish word for sky and heaven was the same.

Old Father suggested Timoteo and I accompany him back to Monterey. We arose to leave. The women, bowing and waving good-by, turned to go back to their rucs. A sharp cry rose from the foot of the hill where the children were playing. Shrill cries pierced the air.

Grandmother called out frantically: "Umin! Umin!" It was the Rumsen word for Hummingbird. She always used the short form of Sister's name. Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl was hurt! Timoteo and I ran in the direction of the cries. A little boy met us, sobbing out, "Wa lu min." Cut.

Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl had been cut! She must be seriously hurt, too, for she was given more to joking than crying.

"Ka-i." Pain. "Ka-i," she shouted pitifully.

I ran, taking four steps at a time. A good thing I had been home. She would certainly have bled to death the way her face was gashed straight across her cheek. Timoteo and I carried her to Mother who, when she saw her, turned gray as granite.

What could we do with our curer away? I had seen him stop the flow of blood when an arm or leg had been slashed. Making a rope of animal hairs, he would tie the part above the cut to stop the flow of blood and then lace the gash with a string made by cutting strips of animal gut. But how could anyone stop a face from spilling out all its blood? How could anyone?

Old Father was calm as he ordered us to lay my sister carefully on the ground. He held her head gently with his left hand and, with his right hand, made the sign of the cross over her. "Run for Doctor Prat," he commanded Timoteo. He told me to tell my mother to bring him the hot water left from her tea-making. Opening up his leather pouch, he took out a clean white cloth and dipped it in the hot water. He applied this to Humming-

bird-Pretty-Girl's face and held it upon the wound. The flow of blood stopped.

Sister stopped crying. Old Father assured me that when the doctor came he would fix her face so that it would be as pretty as ever. I saw a little smile appear on the corners of her mouth.

"Ash! Ash!" Mother repeated over and over again. It was our word for medicine man. I feared trouble when Doctor Prat arrived because I had not told Mother why Timoteo left, and she had been too excited to ask about it.

"Tell her Doctor Prat can sew the skin together," Old Father told me. "Your sister will not have a big scar."

When I explained this, Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl quieted considerably, but Mother shook a doubting head. Old Father had such a confident way about him I didn't think that Mother would object too much when the time came.

Grandmother came rushing up the hill. I was surprised that she didn't protest Old Father attending to Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl. The confident faces of the crowd must have convinced her the white man's medicine had power, too. Old Father had checked the bleeding. Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl was no longer screaming.

I don't know whether the speed with which Timoteo returned with Doctor Prat was because he was so quick in running back to the presidio, or whether it was the horse who ran away with him on the return trip. Whichever the case, when he raced into the ranchería he was the first person of our race any of us had ever seen on

the back of a horse. Naturally this made everyone welcome his companion who was also horseback. I could not help but think how lucky it was the Commandant had not been there to prevent Timoteo's riding back with the doctor. Timoteo was so proud he could not hide his pleasure, even with Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl in pain.

With tense faces the women watched Doctor Prat examine the gash. Old Father told me to tell them Doctor Prat could sew it up. My sister was going to be all right.

As a woman will proceed with her basket weaving, Doctor Prat began his work. Taking out some medicine from his bag, he gave it to Hummingbird. She made a face as she swallowed it, but soon became completely calm. She didn't protest against anything the Doctor did. It was a miracle. Mother was speechless. Doctor Prat worked with such skill even Grandmother held her tongue. But when he started threading a needle with sinew and began sewing Sister's face together, I thought my grandmother would collapse with disbelief. I was glad though that our medicine man was not there to show jealousy by interfering.

"You are a fine surgeon," Old Father complimented Doctor Prat.

I learned one thing in watching these two men at work. It was that because they placed such worth upon themselves, they won the respect of everyone else as well.

When the ordeal was over, Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl's face was half-buried in cloth, but the flow of blood had stopped. And we knew we owed her life to the white



man's doctor. Whether her beautiful face would be restored was another matter, but Mother and Grandmother rejoiced that her life had been saved.

Old Father then kneeled by Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl, and holding up the cross he always carried, he talked to God. No one had to be told what he said. Mother, holding her body stiffly erect, stifled a sob. When I looked at Grandmother, I saw her eyes were fogged with tears.

Old Father suggested I stay at the ranchería until the men returned, but Mother would not listen to it. She knew, I'm sure, how much I would want to accompany Old Father, Doctor Prat and Timoteo back to the presidio. Doctor Prat told Father Serra to climb into the saddle on the horse Timoteo had ridden. Old Father refused and instead told me to mount. Timoteo had had his first ride that day. Now, Old Father said, it was my turn.

My turn! All eyes were upon me. An Achastan riding a horse!

"Go ahead!" Doctor Prat said. "Who is here to stop you?"

I climbed into the saddle. The horse accepted me. How beautiful the world was from the animal's back. All the women and children ah-ed and oh-ed and appraised the horse with glowing eyes—the horse who had received their blood brother.

"Do you think you can manage it?" Old Father asked.

"Oh yes," I told him, and patted the animal's beautiful neck. Timoteo had arrived safely, had he not? "But how will you get back?" I asked Old Father. He put his

arm around Timoteo and replied:

“Timoteo and I shall get back the same way we came—walking.”

Old Father then addressed the group as I interpreted his invitation to all of my people to come to the Christmas celebration. They nodded approvingly. He also had me tell them that as Doctor Prat could sew, he too could sew, but on cloth. If they would come to the presidio every day he would teach the women and girls to use needles and thread to make the kind of garments the Spaniards wore.

As I sat listening on the back of the horse, it came to me how wrong it was for me to ride while Old Father walked. No Achastan would ever do such a thing, no matter what Old Father had said. Quickly I dismounted, apologizing for my rudeness.

“Another time, perhaps,” Doctor Prat agreed. I could see he approved of what I had done. “Father Serra has used his bad leg enough for one day,” he said.

“A Franciscan brother never rides as long as he is able to walk,” Old Father insisted.

A little argument followed this, with Doctor Prat telling Father Junípero it was two leagues to Monterey. When Old Father would not give in, he pressed his lips together and said “Doctor’s orders!”

“Everyone must obey doctor’s orders but Fages, eh?” Old Father said, referring to the matter of the doctor’s wanting to feed the sick sailors the food the Commandant kept for himself.

“I guess so,” Doctor Prat said, while Father

Junípero slowly climbed on the back of the horse.

“Another time, Son,” Father Serra called out to me. “Another time, eh?”

“Was it easy to ride?” I asked Timoteo as we ran after the two mounted men.

“Yes,” he said. “Pretend you are a horse and you will know what to do.”

“I will know,” I assured him. “But do you think that such good luck will ever come to me?”

At the presidio, next day, I asked Old Father if he was certain my sister’s face would heal.

“As God wills,” he answered. But my eyes must have begged him to explain more because he went on. “Why don’t you say the Our Father?” He was sitting on a rock close to the big cross in the square. I had often repeated the words as Old Father pronounced them, but without in-speaking them—without feeling them inside the heart.

Old Father nodded for me to drop to my knees. We always ended our lessons with me kneeling and him placing his hand on my head, and our voices addressing God. But now I really wanted to in-speak the words, and with all my heart.

“Could I say it in Rumsen?” I asked timidly.

A flash of joy lighted Father Serra’s face. “Yes! Say the Rumsen words aloud, my son, so that I may learn them, too.”

I began “Ka ap pan,” the words that meant Our Father. In Rumsen, it actually meant “my father.” We used Tai-ruk for “White Man’s God.” This was different.

When I had spoken *Ka ap pan* the other words came easier. Of course, I had to talk slowly because our language does not have all the Spanish words, and I had to choose as I went along. I spoke so slowly that the old priest could easily repeat the words after me. When I finished there was a picture of Hummingbird's pretty face inside my mind. I could see it clearly, but there was only a tiny scar on it. It was no more than a tattoo mark such as all our women wore for beauty. I rose and looked into Father Junípero's eyes and saw that he too felt that Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl's face would heal.

"It fills me with shame," he said, "that my tongue stumbles over your simple words. But now I know the reason. It is because God has willed you to teach your people for me. When you are baptized I shall give you a new name: Juan Evangelista. Do you like it?"

I repeated it over several times and then said, "Yes, I like it. It has a good sound. What does it mean?"

"John the Evangelist was the Bringer of Good News to his people."

"When shall I get this new name?" I asked. It seemed to me that my old name didn't say enough now.

"Another four months, if you study hard," he replied. "You must understand 'doctrina Christina' first."

I was a different person as I returned to the *ranchería* that evening. It was so late the clouds were already pink. So, I told myself, there will be magic in my new name!

Now that Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl's life had been spared, my mother and grandmother were concerned

about one thing.

“Amse?” everyone asked. “Amse?” It was our word for scar. Would Hummingbird have a scar?

I shook my head. “You will see.”

I could tell from the peaceful look on my mother’s face that she was cured of the suspicion sickness. “Sa a lust mu ki ump-ka uk,” she said. “The White Man is our friend.” She meant Old Father.

“Ka uk!” Grandmother agreed. “Friend!”

“Ka uk!” Father said.

“Ka uk!” Grandfather admitted.

Friend! Yes indeed. Old Father was our friend. Our friend forever, I hoped, feeling very happy.

When the evening meal was over and we sat around the fire warming ourselves and talking, Mother started making a new back skirt of tanned deerskin. I knew it was going to be something special when she took out the lovely white shells to form a wide border that would make music as she walked. It would be a skirt embroidered for a very special celebration—the Christmas feast to which we were all invited.

“Do you think Chief Tatlun will accept the white man’s invitation to the fiesta?” Hummingbird asked.

“Of course,” Mother said without looking up from her sewing.

“But Chief Tatlun?” Grandmother pressed.

“Chief Tatlun! What else can he say, with every woman now on the Old Father’s side,” Grandfather remarked.

This, of course, made me happy. Perhaps now my

tribesmen would not object if Old Father discovered a way to separate himself from the presidio and its troublesome Commandant, and set up a new mission near our village. That was not to say other coastal peoples in nearby territories would not also be welcome. It was not to be a mission for Achastans only, even if it was to be built in Achasta. With Old Father, all nations were expected to get along. There could be no fighting over tribal lands and little bays or big bays. There could be no fighting of Locuyustans and Achastans, or Achastans and Excekebs. All were to be as one family.



## VIII NOCHE BUENA

With the days continuing warm Father Juan worked in his garden, jealously guarding the growing cabbages and tomatoes. He watched over them as a mother will look after her little ones.

Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl's cut healed. After that, more and more Achastans wished to attend the mission. Every day some of the men and young boys went inside the gate to learn about Christian beliefs. Old Father called this 'doctrina Cristiana'. Those who came were invited to share the Spaniard's mid-day meal of *pozole*—grains cooked with meat and vegetables. After this came siesta when Father Junípero slept and we went to the beach to dig clams. Old Father taught us again in the afternoon. A person didn't have to know a great deal about him to understand how much he desired "to guide our souls to heaven" as he explained it. I didn't know the meaning of

every one of his words, but I knew the meaning in his heart.

Many of our women were so anxious to join his classes that the Spaniards built a woman-house outside the main enclosure. This pleased the women very much because after doctrina Old Father would join them to cut out shirts for their babies and skirts for themselves.

His big worry now was that a frost would kill the tomatoes before they were ready to be picked. This worried me as well. And when I saw the big whales spouting their spume, I knew the cold days would soon be here as whales are never wrong about the weather.

My mother became anxious now for Father Juan to succeed, and even made a large basket for him in which to store food. Knowing he was fond of birds, she decorated it in an eagle design.

One morning when the air was crisp and thin, Father Juan announced: "This is the day to gather the first fruits." His eyes were as blue as the sky. I was happy because now my relatives would know that he had power to make plants grow. Never before had anything but nettles and tules thrived so close to the salt marsh. The Commandant had finally yielded to planting a garden east of the presidio where the seeds and grain had flourished. Rice, barley, wheat and corn were planted there, and everything in this plot was growing. Fages' royal cattle were also doing well. It was not without reason that our elders respected him. But as for his disposition, that was another matter.

Father Juan's plants, however, were so scrawny



that I tried to cheer him by telling him, "You will grow more food when you move to the Carmel Valley where the soil is better."

He shook his head sadly. "I shall not be here," he said. "My chest grows worse."

"You will die?" I asked anxiously.

"No," he laughed merrily, being jolly as he often was. "It is only that the climate doesn't agree with me."

"But in the Carmel Valley?"

"The same," he explained. "But someday Fray Junípero will establish a mission in the Santa Barbara channel where it is warmer, and I shall go there. *Fray* was the Spaniard's word for brother, and was how Father Juan addressed Old Father.

"I would not count on it," I warned him.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, I heard Old Father say that nothing was needed for San Buenaventura but Fages' good will, and for that we will have to wait a long time."

"Many changes will come with the ship," he promised, plucking a red tomato. After examining it, his face brightened and he said, "Go get the Father President. Tell him this is the day to gather our first fruits."

When Old Father tasted Father Juan's ripe tomato, he was as joyous as a young girl with new beads. "Praise be to God who created them," he said. Then turning to me, he added, "Run, my son, as fast as your legs can. Tell the Sergeant to send over the neophytes who came with us from Baja California. Let the first fruits of the Lord's spiritual harvest gather the first fruits of our ma-

terial harvest." Sometimes, I thought, an interpreter needs an interpreter.

When I delivered the message to Sergeant Carrillo, he shook his head and said: "The Commandant does not permit me."

"But Father Junípero . . ."

"I am obliged to obey Fages," he said.

I tried to think of a few Spanish words that would explain why Old Father wanted those of Timoteo's people to help him instead of those from his own Spain, but before I could pronounce the words, the Sergeant had turned and marched away.

When I related what had happened to Father Junípero, he took hold of my hand and led me over to the Commandant's house. His face was red with anger. I had heard him argue with Fages before, so I knew what to expect. Their quarrels were most often about starting other missions, especially the one at San Buenaventura. Supplies for this mission had been sent on the first ship, but Fages insisted he could not spare any soldiers, that he did not have enough to guard the presidio. Other times they argued about whether my people could be trusted. Once I heard Old Father say: "Why, they are lambs!"

"Lambs can become lions," Fages replied.

Although the Commandant's house was on the other side of the square, it didn't take long for us to get there. The large white building faced the high mountain range the Spaniards called El Gavilán. They called it this because it soared high above the ground, high as the sparrow hawk—the *gavilán*—soars.

It took my breath away to see how beautiful Fages' house was inside. It was filled with pictures and furniture that shone as sun on bright water.

Fages rose when we entered.

"Don Mariano has refused to send my precious neophytes to gather the first fruits of our Monterey harvest," Old Father told him.

Fages jerked out his chin and snapped, "He was obeying orders."

"But Don Pedro, this is . . ."

"Discipline!"

"Discipline? I only intended a little celebration."

Fages looked Father Junípero squarely in the eye. "You are not to call my men away from their work." His voice was firm.

"Your men?" Father Junípero could hardly speak, he was so aggravated. "I asked for my own neófitos who accompanied me from Baja California."

"The Indians—most of all the Indians—need my discipline," Fages came back.

"I have not tried to interfere with your soldiers," Old Father said, and hesitated before he added "although there have been times when their bad behavior begged for reproof, but I'm under obedience to restrain myself. As for the converts, they come under my own special care."

"I refuse," Fages said, holding high his head.

Old Father raised a pleading hand. "It was only a small happiness," he said, and let his arm drop limp at his side.

"My duty is to maintain order," Fages snapped. "Happiness is no concern of mine."

"Yes, I know, I know," Father Junípero said, motioning for me to open the door. When we were outside, he said: "It would have been so encouraging for us to have harvested the food together."

"My relatives will help you after the doctrina," I promised Old Father.

He patted my head tenderly.

I looked out upon the Big-Sea-Water. Green waves gathered force and crashed upon black rocks with a frightening roar. Was the day coming when the wills of these two men would also reach the breaking point? Sea gulls shrieked harshly. I turned my back.

"When I am baptized and have my new name," I asked Old Father, "will I have to take orders from the Commandant as do my blood brothers who traveled with you from the south country?"

The question startled him. "It is a matter for the viceroy in Mexico City to decide," he answered. His face looked troubled.

"I don't wish Fages to be my capitán," I said.

"Why?"

"I don't trust a man who looks at me and does not see me."

Old Father squinted questioningly. "I don't understand?"

"When you look into my face what do you see?" I asked.

"I see the soul God gave you . . . and the man he

wants you to become.”

“But do you see my person?” I wanted to know.

“Oh yes, indeed!”

“That is what I thought,” I nodded, “but Fages sees only my skin, and maybe my tattoo marks. Yet he never looks at my person. And I don’t wish to trust such a man!”

Old Father patted me on the shoulder. I could see the idea was not new to him. “When the ship returns from Mexico, it will bring permission from the viceroy to move the mission to Carmel,” he said. “Fages will remain in Monterey.”

“Good!” I said.

“Will he send soldiers to watch us in Carmel?”

“A few perhaps,” he chuckled. “We can use them to help build the church!”

“Yes, they will be too busy to make trouble,” I said, but thought also how I had overheard Fages say that if he divided his troops it would not leave him with sufficient power to control my people.

After we joined Father Juan, and still later when the doctrina class was over, all of us who were studying the catechism pitched in and harvested the vegetables. Old Father was singing once more. “I am a boy in Petra again,” he said happily, “working with my father in the fields.”

From then on Old Father talked of nothing else but *Noche Buena*, and how the Baby Jesus was born then, and how everyone would celebrate the happening with a big fiesta.

Our ranchería had never had a meeting to pass on Old Father's invitation, but everyone was preparing to attend just the same.

"Do you suppose I will get to eat a tomato?" Mother asked me one evening as we sat by the fireside.

"Oh yes," I answered. "Old Father will want to share his tomatoes most of all."

As Christmas drew near, I spent much time helping Old Father get ready for the celebration, sweeping the plaza, and making pathways of green boughs for the lighted procession so the priests' richest clothes would not get soiled as they walked.

The catechumens gathered berries from the toyon bushes that reddened the hillsides, and hung them from the rafters in the barracks and warehouses.

"What is Noche Buena like?" I asked Old Father when we were putting up the last of the decorations.

His eyes burned like two candles. "Like a miracle," he replied.

When Christmas Eve finally arrived all the hills circling the presidio resounded with music—the music of bells pealing, the music of soldier's voices lifted in praise, the music of sea breezes whistling through tree branches. Many-colored lights dispelled the night blackness, stars in the sky sparkled green and blue, pine-pitch torches blazed red, candles in tall wooden sticks flickered yellow throughout the peopled square. What a night it was!

Chief Tatlung, carrying a torch, led the Achastans. He wore a ceremonial robe of twisted rabbit strands which

swept the ground. Father followed behind him, and then I came. Our upper bodies were painted red and white and black in respect for the white man's ceremony, but the lower half of our bodies were covered by kilts made of the inner bark of willow trees. On our heads were such colorful headdresses that we could have been mistaken for birds in flight. Behind us followed the other men of our *ranchería* and those from the surrounding areas. Then came the women and children. From where we were we could hear the swishing of their grass aprons and the tinkle of their shell-decorated deerskin skirts. Capes of rich otterskin covered their shoulders, for we planned to remain all night, camping around the outside rim of the presidio, and nights in Monterey were always cold.

When Old Father chanted the Mass, the entire world became hushed. But when the ceremony was over, everything within the presidio grounds became as merry as a tribal wedding, and with just as many presents being distributed. At our weddings only the groom receives gifts, but on this occasion Father Junípero and Father Juan saw that everyone was given presents. Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl got new beads. Mother received enough blue cloth to make a blouse and Grandmother cloth for a skirt. Both Father and Grandfather were given muslin pants. Before dawn, Father had traded his pants for two strings of shells.

Big pots bubbled with pozole and with chickens stewing in red tomato sauce. To smell the air was to stir up a hunger, each sniff a blend of salt air and rosemary,

of chickens and tomatoes and onions, of incense and pine.

The greatest miracle of all was when the Commandant unlocked his big wooden chests and passed around the sweets he usually didn't share. There was chocolate, dried figs and fruit for all.

After that we danced to drums and flutes and sang and shook our shells filled with pebbles. But what we enjoyed most of all was going in and out of the gate at will.

When dawn came we sang the *Alabada*—a song of praise to the morning—and marched to Mass. Those who were sufficiently dressed were permitted to enter the chapel. The others stood outside under the arbor.

Old Father's happiest moment now came when an Achastan woman presented her five-year-old son for baptism. Don Pedro Fages was the godfather, and dressed for the occasion in a vest the color of our hills, and pants as blue as the sky. Old Father's eyes were moist when he sprinkled the little boy's head with holy water and pronounced the boy's new name—Bernardino de Jesús. He explained, and I in turn told my people, the child was named for the beloved church Old Father had attended in Petra when he was a boy. Petra was on a small island not far from Spain. From Spain he had come on a ship to Mexico, from Mexico to Lower California, and from there to where he now was in Upper California.

Bernardino received so many fine presents that Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl asked me how many moons I had to wait before I would be baptized. Old Father said I



would be ready at next Saint Joseph's Day but I was not so sure.

Next day, three more mothers presented their children for baptism.

I studied eagerly after that so I would be prepared if Old Father was permitted to move his mission from Monterey. I wanted to see what luck my new name would bring me. I only hesitated about agreeing to be baptized because Old Father had not received the long-awaited letter from the viceroy. Finally I admitted to Old Father I was afraid I would be placed under Fages' rule (as Timoteo had been) when I became a neophyte. I would be baptized when Old Father moved the mission to Carmel, I assured him.

"The letter will come," he told me. "I know it will." It was hard, seeing how disappointed he was.

"How do you know?" I asked him. Father Junípero took my chin in his hand and said: "Once before when I was in San Diego waiting for the ship to arrive from Mexico so that I could sail for Monterey, I agreed to turn back if the *San Antonio* ship failed to arrive by Saint Joseph's Day. It did arrive and that is why the day has special meaning for me. This is also why I want you to be baptized on that day. I'm counting on you to help me lead your people to heaven. It is for this reason that I shall give you the name Juan Evangelista."

"It is a good name," I said, as I rolled the words off my tongue—"Juan Evangelista."

Then it came to me all at once. If the *San Antonio* had arrived in San Diego on Saint Joseph's Day it would

probably return again at the same time. I told myself that just as whales need to travel according to weather, a ship must also sail at the right time.

Eagerly I asked him: "How long did it take the ship to reach Monterey from San Diego?"

"Two months. Only we waited at San Diego a month before leaving."

I remembered the ship had arrived before the roses bloomed. I counted the moons until then on my toes. "Since the ship will arrive when the roses bloom, I can be baptized on Saint Joseph's Day," I said. "Three moons are not forever." I could see how delighted he was.

"But I'm curious, my son," he said, "how you are so sure the ship will arrive in June."

"Since Saint Joseph sent his ship to Monterey at the time of roses, he will do that again," I explained. "Otters come back the same time every year. So do whales, butterflies, and birds. Why should ships be different?"

"I see," his eyes twinkled. "This is something that your inside-self tells you, eh?"

He chuckled. I began to laugh, too, and then we both laughed until our bodies shook. It made me feel good that my promise had given him such happiness.



## IX EVERYTHING RETURNS

I shall never forget the day I was baptized. I was now a Christian. My godfather was Don Miguel Gonzales y Calderón, a man of much honor who said he was proud to have me for his godson. He gave me many presents, too.

Juan Evangelista José. It was such an important name, and made me a new man. The words, however, proved difficult for my people to say, and soon everyone called me only Juan.

I shouldn't have worried the Commandant would take charge of my life. I was much too busy being Father Serra's interpreter to have time for presidio work. Two moons after I was baptized, twenty more of my people joined the mission. This meant I had to be at Old Father's side constantly in order to speak for my people. Of course, many of my relatives learned to speak Spanish. With four different dialects being spoken in our part of Cali-

fornia, learning a new language was nothing new for my people.

Other tribal peoples came from everywhere to listen to Old Father—from the east those who were known as Mutsuns and Cholons, others from the upper watershed of the Carmel River, the Excelens from along the coast south of us, and the Salinans from the Valley of Oaks. It was for good reason Old Father's tongue got mixed up.

As all new Christians did, I now took my meals at the mission. And I must admit that I was too busy to miss our family gatherings, as I'd been afraid I would. The bell awakened me at dawn when I would take my morning plunge in the lagoon. I then would join the rest singing the Alabado as we marched to the morning Mass. Following this we had breakfast in the plaza, filling our wooden bowls with *atole*, a gruel served from a big black cauldron. After this came the doctrina, then the mid-day meal and siesta. In between, Old Father had taught me to be a server at Mass.

He prayed almost constantly now, kneeling at the wooden cross just outside his door. I think he was asking God to send the *San Antonio* back again in time for the Corpus Christi Day observance which came in the month of the roses.

In the late afternoons I would leave the presidio to sit on the point where I could get a good first look if a ship approached from the south.

One day Old Father asked why I did this. When I told him it was because the ship would come any day

now, he said, “You have great faith, my son. You are well named Juan Evangelista.”

“What is faith? I asked.

“Amar a Dios,” he said. I had learned this meant all things.

One morning I asked, “How long is it until Corpus Christi Day?”

“Nine days,” Old Father replied. “But why do you ask?”

How would I say what my inside-self felt? that the ship would be arriving soon. The mother sea wolves had already taught their babies how to dive off the rocks and swim away alone. The butterflies, also, had returned to their own special grove. And the sweet fragrance of roses was everywhere. It was just as it had been the first time the ship had glided into harbor. All I could say was, “The ship will arrive today.”

“Why are you so sure?” Old Father asked.

“The *San Antonio* is the only thing that has not returned to its own special place.”

Shortly after siesta the next day I sighted it and ran straightaway to tell Old Father. I was afraid he would be asleep, but he was kneeling before the plaza cross. I waited for him to finish and then told him. He hopped along beside me, dragging the sore leg after the strong one. He was so excited he insisted on keeping up with me.

“So you did know!” he said. “You did know!”

By this time many had gathered on the beach to watch the small boat land its passengers—ten mission-

aries—all dressed in the gray robe of the Franciscan. Ten men to help Father Junípero found his ladder of missions!

The first man off the boat handed him a packet of letters. After Old Father had embraced them and kissed each one twice on the cheeks, as Spaniards will, he took out one letter and read it.

“Thanks be to God!” His eyes were aglow. “We are to move to Carmel!”

Fages also received an important letter promoting him to captain. I heard Don Mariano mutter underneath his breath: “If he was a bear as a lieutenant what will he be like as a captain?”

One thing disappointed me. No women or children came. Many of the Achastans held that as long as the Spaniards remained without women and children we would have to keep our eyes on them. Because they respected Mary and Jesus and celebrated the baby’s birthday, I had imagined their children and women were in Mexico, and would someday come to join them. Now I guessed I was wrong. Yet I didn’t think it was as some still said, that they were descended from the mules they rode.

Mules and cattle came, tools for the shops and gardens came, medicine and cloth came, food and seeds came, but no women and children.

The *San Antonio* also brought candles, vestments for the priests, and the treasures used for the ceremony of the Mass. The ship brought enough of these for our mission and for the new ones to be built.

I was personally pleased with all of this as I was going to carry a lighted pole in the celebration procession. Old Father beamed. "With twelve priests to assist in the Corpus Christi feast, what great glory and praise we can give to God!"

Now the presidio was a beehive. Steel axes flashed in the sunlight, felling forest pines for new presidio buildings to store the abundance of tools and supplies the *San Antonio* had brought. Also being built was a new friary where the ten priests could live until they were assigned to other missions. With so much building going on the continuous pounding of the carpenters' hammers became a part of the low, distant tone of the Big-Sea-Water.

Everyone was anxious to help erect the priests' dwellings. We all worked together, with Old Father the most tireless laborer of all. He worked with a new zeal, singing as he lifted great logs on his thin shoulders and set the example for all to follow. It saddened us, however, to see him work so hard. My people had never been driven to do heavy labor. Nevertheless, we pleaded with him to let us help him bear the weight. Accustomed as we were to digging with sticks and carrying away unwanted dirt in baskets, we found it fun to use the Spaniard's shovels. Of course, Old Father never failed to hold the daily lessons for those who were studying to be new Christians. But the rest of the hours were spent in building and garden work. And in this work of our hands our hearts found much happiness.

The ship's Captain Pérez gave Old Father eight

soldiers from his *San Antonio* to do whatever was needed. These men were both energetic and cheerful helpers who decided to remain with us.

In all this activity Captain Fages was everywhere hurrying and scurrying. It was comical to see him running here, running there. Behind his back we called him "roadrunner." Nor did it matter whether the job was big or small, Fages was there to see it was done the one way he thought best.

I was also amused to see how the newly-arrived priests resisted the Commandant's will. For a while they merely looked on. Father Serra said their legs had to get used to dry land. After a few days, however, they too pitched in and worked in the gardens or with the carpenters.

The most rewarding part of the day was when work was over and we would gather to eat the pozole and say evening prayers. Afterwards the priests would stroll away—all ten of them—and sometimes Old Father and Padre Juan would join them.

One evening they would take the south path, winding single file through thickets of oak. On another evening they would wander through long aisles of pine trees from which hung moss in beards such as some of the soldiers wore. Beards were strange to us because in Achasta a man was considered lazy if he didn't keep his hair plucked with shell pinchers.

When the priests would take their evening walks I would follow them, staying far enough behind not to be noticed. I liked to watch the expressions on their faces



when they encountered something new, such as our trees that grew twisted and crooked. And how they would fill their lungs with the scent of our forest. Yet this seemed strange, too, that men who had traveled the seas in a winged ship could get so excited over our woods. I decided it must have been because here they felt free. Being out here was different than being inside the presidio.

When they didn't take the southward paths, they would walk north along the beach, watching the breakers leaping high and white. Ducks hovering over the sea would start them conversing wildly. What happy days these were for Old Father.

Then one day the priests made a different kind of a noise. An argument arose with the Commandant. It was about their being permitted to have a friary door that opened upon the sea instead of into the square filled with noisy soldiers, and which had to be unlocked by Fages' iron key and in accordance with his iron will. This had so annoyed the newly-arrived priests that they built their own entrance.

Old Father could have told his Franciscan brothers that it was useless to argue with the young, bearded Commandant. Chief Tatlun often advised us that it was better not to fuss over small matters. "Better save your strength for that time when a big one comes along."

After siesta next day the carpenters picked up their hammers and again pounded away. Now it was to seal up the side of the friary that opened upon the world! Deprived of one pleasure, the priests found comfort hoeing in the garden with Father Juan.

As the excitement of the *San Antonio's* arrival faded, I began to miss the quiet times I used to spend on the banks of the Carmel River. There was a place under the protection of a sycamore where I liked to sit and listen to the whisperings of the water rippling over smooth pebbles. Since the strangers had come my world had changed so much I sometimes felt bewildered. Now that I lived within the mission walls, I often took refuge on the cliff of the cross. I especially liked to go there to watch as the sun died each night. It was a sight of particular beauty this time of the year, and more so with the *San Antonio* floating on the bay. I tried to imagine what the ship was like inside, and what the world it had come from was like. As I was sitting there one evening, the newly-arrived priests came strolling along the hill path. They, too, had come to enjoy the view from the cross. With them were Father Junípero and Father Juan.

They were talking about their plans for the Corpus Christi procession. There was excitement in their voices because it fell this year on Saint Ferdinand's Day, a day with special meaning for them since they all had come from the College of San Fernando in Mexico. This had been where they had received the training that had prepared them for mission work in New Spain. Born in Old Spain, their earlier education had been there. Father Serra said it was a good sign the viceroy and governor in Mexico City had sent the friars here. It proved these men, who answered only to the faraway king, wished to cooperate in the establishment of the California Missions.

Seeing me, the priests asked me to join them and praised me for the way I spoke their language. One jokingly invited me to desert Old Father and sail away with him when he left on the *San Antonio* to found another mission. Father Junípero said, "Better not tempt him. The way he gazes at the ship, he might accept you."

I laughed, but assured him, "I should like to see what a ship looks like inside, but I would not like to leave you Old Father." This pleased his friends, and Old Father, too.

"Perhaps Captain Pérez will permit you to go aboard his ship," he said, "when I go for the departure blessing."

"That is just about as long as I would want to stay aboard any ship," another priest said.

Fray Junípero is a sailor," Father Juan told them. "When he first came to Mexico from Spain he was on the water for ninety-nine days, and never once sick."

While we talked, a gloomy fog rolled in and filled the grassy plain around the presidio. I noticed, though, that the air above the mud roof tops was still bright with sunlight. Old Father turned his back on the gray ocean with its chilling fog, and covered his head with the hood of his robe. He didn't have much hair, only a narrow fringe. He raised his arms toward the high mountains as though he were talking to them. They glistened with the sun still shining gold upon them. Taking a thankful breath he said, "I will look unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength."

The friars shook their heads in agreement, as if to

say that the beauty of the land was unbelievable. Old Father turned his eyes heavenward. They were so bright they lit up his entire face. Until that moment, seeing him standing there among these younger and bigger men, I had not been aware of how care-worn he was. Yet for his many years, he had a vitality the others did not possess. I noticed, too, that they turned to him for wisdom, and for this strength that he said came from the encircling mountains.

Well, from now on the young friars could help Old Father by keeping Fages busy. That way the Commandant would have no time to annoy Old Father and prevent the building of his ladder of missions. In his mind the ladder extended from the southland to the northland—from the land belonging to Mexico to that inhabited by a people called Russians. I heard the priests say the Russians were why the viceroy and the governor had been so generous in sending men, ships and supplies to Monterey. They feared these Russians would swoop down from the north and “steal California.”

Our old ones told a story about how a long time ago our relatives had come here from the north. They had tramped far, they said. The Big Star had guided them. When they came to Big Bay the friendly otter had invited them to remain. The otter had offered skins for warm capes. The rabbit had given them pelts for blankets. The squirrel had provided nuts and seeds for food. And so they had stayed.

Even after the new priests returned to their friary, I remained behind to listen to the Big-Sea-Water and fill

my lungs with salt-air breezes. As long as I could remember the Big Sea had been a source of strength to me, perhaps in the same way the hills were to Old Father.

True to his word, Old Father took me with him when he boarded the *San Antonio* to give the farewell blessings. He prayed for God's guidance and protection on its journey back to San Diego, and later to Mexico.

When I told Captain Pérez that I had been given his name—Juan—he had one of the soldiers show me around the ship. This soldier told me that Captain Pérez was the greatest captain of all, and that luck rode the waves with him. Before sailing, Old Father and Commandant Fages talked briefly but not angrily. I could see, however, that there was concern on Father Junípero's face. I also noticed that Fages' chin jutted out stubbornly. Fages was going to San Diego to bring back the muletrain and soldiers the viceroy was sending to help Old Father get his missions started.

"We shall rejoice in your return," Old Father told Fages, "and be very glad to get more mules and soldiers."

"I never thought I would see the day," Fages said, "when you would welcome soldiers." He gave Father Junípero a severe look.

Old Father smiled before answering, "The additional supply, Don Pedro, should ensure the establishment of San Buenaventura. And you know how anxious I am for that."

"As to where these soldiers will go and what missions will be founded as a result," Fages replied sharply,

“that will be left to me.” Old Father said nothing. He had made it clear so many times before that the founding of the missions was his task. Evidently it was a quarrel that would go on forever.

“I hope you get your new mission on the Santa Barbara Channel before long,” Captain Pérez told Old Father, “but if it doesn’t happen before I again sail back to Monterey, you can be sure it will be my pleasure to have you aboard on the return trip. Certainly you are the most uncomplaining passenger I’ve ever had.”

“Thank you, Don Juan,” Old Father said. “As much as I always enjoyed my days at sea with you, this is one time I would prefer the discomfort of a mule’s back.”

He preferred, of course, to walk, and had walked thousands of leagues. Recently, however, his sore leg was giving him so much trouble he was compelled to follow Doctor Prat’s orders and ride. Never, however, could the good doctor get him to take medicine!

Poor Doctor Prat! Ill and broken in health, he was returning to Mexico for the rest of his days. I can never forget what he did for Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl. When I bid him good-by, I wished him good luck on his journey homeward.

Six priests also sailed south on the *San Antonio*. Two were to serve at San Diego, two at San Gabriel, and the other two at San Buenaventura, all located on the California coast. There were many affectionate good-bys. When it was time for us to return to the shore in the small boat, Fages told Old Father: “When the time comes to found the mid-point mission at San Buenaventura,

I'll send a courier to inform you so you can meet me there." Old Father thanked him, bid him a kindly farewell, and gave him his blessing. Then, with a "Vaya con Dios" to all, we rode ashore.

"If you go to San Buenaventura," I told Old Father, "I'll go with you and take care of your mule."

Old Father chuckled. "You would like that, would you not?"

"Yes I would."

"Then remember San Buenaventura in your prayers," he said.

"Oh, I will," I promised.

I would have liked to go back to the ranchería when we landed so I could tell my family about being on the ship. But since some of my people had been on the beach to watch the sailing, they had seen my good fortune with their own eyes and would tell my family.

The very next day, Old Father told me we were going to Carmel to select the mission site.

"I'll tell Timoteo to saddle your mule," I said.

"Never mind," Old Father answered. "What are two leagues to travelers who are going to go to the Santa Barbara Channel soon?"

"Two?" I asked, and then I threw my hands in the air for I guessed immediately this was Old Father's way of inviting me to journey south with him. I waved my arms wildly until the *San Antonio* was out of sight.

Now all I had to do was pray for the courier to come with the message that San Buenaventura was to be established.



## X MISSION BEGINNINGS

Old Father, Sergeant Carrillo, five soldiers, three sailors, two Lower California neophytes and I left the presidio early the next day. The plan was for Old Father to select the site for the Carmel Mission. After that he planned to return to the presidio and, on the following day, set out for the Valley of the Oaks. With him he would take two of the priests who had come to Monterey on the *San Antonio*—Father Buenaventura Sitjar and Father Miguel Pieras. Father Sitjar and Father Pieras would remain at the San Antonio site while the mission was built. A corporal, seven soldiers and three sailors would accompany them. The plan also included taking four Lower California natives, including Timoteo. Since they were to remain there to help the priests with their work, I was going to lose my best friend and companion. Father Juan would continue to live at the presidio until he either joined



Father Serra at Carmel or went to San Buenaventura as soon as it was established. Two other priests would live at Monterey with Old Father until the founding of a mission at San Luis Obispo. Similarly, another two priests waited at San Gabriel to go to San Buenaventura when the time to establish this mission came.

Father Juan tried to persuade Old Father to postpone going to Carmel until he returned from San Antonio. "You already know the spot," Father Juan protested. "You will tire yourself for your San Antonio trip which is a good twenty-five league journey."

Old Father thought otherwise. "I must make certain the site conforms to all the viceroy's requirements."

Father Juan nodded, "There is certainly an abundance of water!"

"Yes," Father Junípero agreed, "and the land is good."

A noisy red-winged blackbird flew overhead, reminding us that the presidio was surrounded by marshes.

"Ah what a glorious picture we shall have to look upon at Carmel," Old Father exclaimed. It made me happy to see that Achasta pleased him so much.

"But it will still be there when you return from the Sierra of Santa Lucía. You will need your strength for the big test that awaits you," Father Juan persisted.

I could have told Father Juan not to worry. Old Father would enjoy the Valley of the Oaks and be renewed rather than tired by the trip there. It was a happy place with a good river running through the grassy plain. Even now, when the days were hottest, there was plenty

of water in the river. Soon the acorns would fall and the new priests would see there was plenty of food for winter. This made me glad for Timoteo's sake. He would have to learn a new language, however, to speak to the Salinans who were not a ranchería nation as we Achastans were. The reason I had been chosen to live at the Carmel Mission instead of at San Antonio was to help Sergeant Carrillo talk to my people and explain what Old Father wanted done about collecting poles and timber for the Carmel Mission buildings soon to be erected.

When it came time to leave Monterey for the Carmel Mission, Timoteo saw us off and waved good-bye as we passed through the gate. I could see the long look of sadness in his eyes. "I'll miss you," I told him.

"I'll come back some day to see you," he said, "on the back of a horse!"

"Perhaps Father Junípero and I will come over to San Antonio to see you," I answered laughing, and then added, "on the back of a mule!" Old Father only rode mules when he was forced to keep up with the rest, especially Fages, who was always in a hurry.

Old Father smiled good-naturedly and replied, "Don Pedro is hardly sailing past the Santa Lucía coast and already you two boys are plotting to steal his animals!"

"But Sergeant Mariano told me," I said, "that Fages will drive back two hundred head of cattle. Surely he will need more vaqueros!" Where else can he get them except from us?"

"All good things in time," Old Father said. "Yester-

day you were wishing to sail away on a boat! It seems as though I'll have to be looking for a new interpreter?"

"Oh no, Old Father, no," I said. "Juan is your mouth and legs and arms, too, if you want him."

"Especially legs astride a horse," he said with his eyes smiling.

It was true. I did long to sail upon the Big-Sea-Water. But I longed to ride the soldiers' horses, too. Yet I also wanted to help Old Father because I knew he built the mission for my people.

None of us actually liked to work. Nor had it been necessary before the missionaries had come with their houses to build and gardens to plant. We always had looked to the Giver-of-Life to provide for us. The women, however, who before had gathered the seeds, now preferred the white man's ways. Of special interest to them were how they made clothes to keep them warm and how they used strong iron pots for cooking. They also preferred the Spaniards' more sturdily-built houses to our rucs. In so many ways our lives were changing.

\* \* \*

As we set out on the often-traveled pine ridge trail that connected Monterey with Carmel. Old Father kept his eyes straight ahead. I think if he had been born a thing instead of a person, he would have made a good arrow.

A bluebird flitted by. "He comes from Carmel to greet us," I told Old Father.

"And how do you know that?" he asked.

"The song of the river is in his trill," I said.

When a squirrel scolded as we passed, Old Father asked, "Is the squirrel objecting to us walking in his tribal lands?"

"No, he scolds only because you are going to return to the presidio," I replied.

Ahead rode Sergeant Carrillo and his soldiers. It was easy to see from the straight line of their backs that they, too, traveled with a glad spirit. Mules carried the tools and supplies our small group would need in order to live at the new site while it was being built. The plan was that as soon as it was completed Father Juan and all the converts would leave the presidio to live with us.

Captain Pérez had said it would take a moon for his *San Antonio* to reach San Diego. Because Fages would have to return by land, by that time there would be a chill in the air.

When we came to the last ledge of hills and looked down upon the open valley, Old Father called out to Sergeant Carrillo to halt a while. The sergeant dismounted and came back to where we were. Below the knoll on which we stood was the river, shaded with oaks and poplars and alders. Beyond the river were the high hills, green with chaparral, while the south side of the mountain was the color of fawns.

"Que glorioso!" Old Father said, again and again. "There is plenty of straight pine for stout buildings."

"And layers of rock," I said, remembering he had told me the name of his birthplace, Petra, meant rock. He patted my head as though I had made him a present of all the strong rock all over our wonderful hills.

“Some day a beautiful rock church will look out upon the well-watered valley. It will be a monument to my precious children.”

“There is a forest of pine on the point,” Sergeant Carrillo said, “as well as a cypress grove. A pretty sight, eh?”

“Glorious, glorious,” Old Father said. “The most glorious sight in the world.”

Old Father raised the cross he always carried and, addressing his Creator, said, “My heart is overflowing.”

Now that the sergeant was away from Monterey, he was a different person. “Come along,” he told me. “Give me a hand.”

I leaped as a jackrabbit over sand and brush to the place where we would camp.

“You might as well learn how to look after the mules,” Sergeant Carrillo said. “When Father Junípero is away I can use you.”

“Oh sí, Señor,” I agreed happily, and started unloading the pack mules. While we did this, Old Father went down to the beach and prayed for a long time. When we had made camp, we joined him. The sea wolves were playing upon the rocks, using their back flippers to climb up and down. Out of water they were clumsy beings, but when they got into the water they were as graceful as gulls.

“If we could only put them to work,” Old Father said.

“Don’t worry,” I told him. “Chief Tatlung will see that you have all the help you need.”

"This site has all the advantages the council requires," Old Father told Carrillo.

"The valley is not a wide one," the sergeant said, "but it is long and well-watered."

"And with beauty," Old Father replied, his eyes now taking in the meadows yellow with yarrow. "Why, we shall have flowers all year long!"

When he had completed his inspection, noting lake and river and bay, noting beach and knoll and meadow, and noting most of all the fertile valley through which the river flowed, he left to walk back alone. With Fages gone it was too good an opportunity to miss to bare head to sun and gentle breezes, to tramp through the pine-scented, salt-savored forest, to converse with trusting fawns and wary dams . . . too good an opportunity to companion with God.

Two weeks later, on a sunshine-hot day, three youths from the ranchería and I carried a straight pole of great height and girth from the grove to the mission hill. Father Junípero had returned from the Valley of the Oaks to supervise the building of the San Carlos Mission by the river. Seeing us, he descended the hill, and a new glory was in the brace of his frail shoulders. It was hard to believe he was, as he said, almost sixty years old.

His eyes appraised the pole we had laid upon the ground. "What blessed hills these are to provide such a tall plaza cross," he said. "We shall erect it first, and then build a church nearby. It will be a cabin to begin with . . ." His deep-set eyes searched the mountains.

“All good things as God wills it.”

I didn't have to ask him if he had enjoyed the sunny Valley of the Oaks. His face was brown as a chestnut. The shine of his eyes told me the Salinans, too, had won his heart. They had attended Mass every day, he explained, although there was no one to interpret what he said.

“Many begged to worship with the soldiers,” he said. “Before I left, some asked to be baptized.” I had never seen such joy on his face.

“And the soldiers?” I asked.

“They worked along agreeably!”

“Equal here,” I said.

“A miracle!” he said.

“What is a miracle?” I asked.

“Something that happens through God,” was how he explained it. But it was not a miracle that Sergeant Carrillo and his soldiers got along so well with us. With men, as with animals, we act in a natural way according to the way we are treated. I wondered if Old Father's eyes would have shone so joyously had he gone to the Valley of the Oaks with a captain who guarded his authority as jealously as Commandant Fages did.

Old Father said he wanted to help us carry the pole.

“Oh no, no!” I told Old Father. “Chief Tatlung would be displeased if we let an old one do work intended for the young.”

“But what happiness it would give me, my children,” he said, “to know that whenever I knelt at the foot

of the cross, I could remember how I carried it on my own shoulders.”

“Let us bear the weight for him,” I said in our ranchería dialect so he wouldn’t understand.

The youngest of us said: “Come stand by me, Old Father, my shoulders are not as big as the others.”

Singing the *Te Deum*, we marched up the hill. When we came to the place where the plaza had been marked off, Old Father directed us to lay down the pole. Then he blessed the ground, and we set to hewing out the cross.

Sergeant Carrillo came back with some of his soldiers, who had been assembling timber for the cabin that would become the God-house. Others were off collecting brush in the nearby hills. Old Father tied his long skirts around his knees and began to supervise the work. Seeing him Sergeant Carrillo smiled, but I think he was grateful for his help. The soldiers, all of us, worked better when Old Father worked with us.

“I have a new name for you, Old Father,” I said.

“If I could give you a new name, you should be able to give me one,” he said. “What is it?”

Fray Ant,” I said.

He looked puzzled, so I explained. “You carry a load bigger than yourself and don’t complain.”

He seemed pleased.

“But since you are a priest,” Carrillo said, “my men will prepare a brush hut where you can spend the night.”

“Don’t concern yourself about me,” Old Father said. “I have slept out under God’s blanket before. And in colder months than August.”



"Nights are always cold in Monterey," the Sergeant replied.

"Monterey?" the Old Father corrected.

"Excuse me, Father," Carrillo said, bowing, "Carmel!"

"Carmel, Carmel, Carmel!" Old Father repeated gaily. I know that it must have been difficult for him to believe that after twelve moons and more, he was actually here.

"When the courier comes to call me to San Buenaventura," he said, "what a ladder of missions we shall have—San Diego, San Antonio, Carmel . . . and then San Luis Obispo . . . San Francisco . . . Santa Clara . . ."

"The courier should be here in another month," Carrillo said. "When do you plan to officially open this mission?"

"I hope to have the first Mass on Saint Bartholomew's Day," he said, "although I know the entire staff can't be living here by then. Do you think we could be ready by August twenty-fourth?" he asked, looking around the circle.

"Certainly, certainly," everyone answered.

"How many days?" I asked.

"Twenty . . ."

"Less than a moon," one of my companions said.

"Certainly," we promised. "We can be ready."

Carrillo laughed and said, "Let Old Father set the pace for you and you will!"

We worked until sundown, then gathered around

the cross as a red sun set on the dark waters. After that we cooked our supper of pozole, using some of the presidio's supply of wheat and the deer meat Chief Tatlun had sent. Now that we were camping at Carmel, the Spaniards became one with us and adopted many of our customs. Father Serra himself didn't care much for meat, and so my father sent over some of the dried fish that we always kept on hand.

At supper Old Father joked, "It seems to me the way you all have camped together so agreeably in my absence, that you blend together like a pozole." We roared with laughter because at that very moment we—soldiers, tribal people and priest—were eating a stew made of grains, meat and vegetables! We too had been united into a harmonious blend of differences.

\* \* \*

Another moon passed, but the courier from Fages did not come. What could have happened? Priests and supplies had gone ahead on the *San Antonio*. Could it be that they had not reached San Diego, had never reached San Gabriel? Or worse, that the tribes there had not accepted them as friends? I recalled how many times soldiers would not have been welcome here, except for Old Father.

I had become as anxious as Father Serra for the courier. I helped out in handling the mules, trying to make it plain how useful I could be on a journey. It was true I did not speak the language of the Southern California tribes. Our Costanoan language was spoken only as far south as Big Sur. But I could be useful in other

ways. For one thing, I had been taught to serve the Mass. And by now I spoke fairly good Spanish. Nor did my yearning to make this muleback trip mean I was not satisfied with mission life at Carmel. In addition to liking the people here, I also had come to like our family of animals. They included the few mules, the sergeant's horse, the flock of chickens, the boar, the sow and the four piglets, all having come on the first boat. I gave each of them Spanish names, but when I called them to dinner in *ranchería* they seemed to respond most quickly.

"Don't become too fond of them," Old Father cautioned. "Else you may not want to see one of them buried in a bed of hot stones when Christmas comes."

"If we are going to cook a pig," I told him, "I think I shall eat fish."

"What a *Noche Buena* we shall have," Old Father said. "By then Father Juan and our entire mission family will be living here."

Certainly by *Noche Buena* the Carmel friary would be ready, and Old Father could move out of his hut and into one of the four comfortable rooms in the big new cabin. Perhaps the warehouses would not be finished, but there was no worry there because we didn't have too much to put into them anyway. Grain had not been planted since the soldiers had been too busy to figure out how to draw water from the river. We also didn't have our good gardener Father Juan to encourage the seeds to grow.

Two mornings later, I thought I saw two men riding our way on horses, not mules. They had that certain

flash of color and steel one expects from a Spanish officer. Yet when I looked again, the horse had its head on the ground and the man's shoulders had a discouraging sag. Yet it was Fages' horse, and when he came in closer I could see it was Fages. I wondered what had happened that he didn't race into our yard stirring up a whirlwind of dust and stopping so quickly that his horse had to paw the air to keep his balance?

Father Junípero dropped quickly to his knees and, facing the cross, thanked God that Fages had returned. The Commandant dismounted and gave his horse to me to hitch at the rail. Men came running from all directions. Fages approached Old Father and dropped upon his knees, as did the soldier with him. Taking Old Father's hand, he kissed it, and Old Father blessed him.

"Thanks be to God, Don Pedro," Old Father said, "You are home!"

Fages rose and looked into Old Father's unwavering eyes, but the eyes that spit fire were now as soft as a doe's.

There was an embarrassing pause. A pause that revealed disappointment and failure. The tribal people there could not have given him the same welcome given Old Father by those around the San Antonio Mission.

"It is a joyous occasion," Father Junípero said, but the usual ring of gladness was not in his voice. "Tomorrow we hold baptisms. You can sponsor a new Christian."

Fages bowed low. "My pleasure, Fray Junípero."

"You bring me word from San Gabriel?" Old Fa-

ther asked.

Fages nodded. "All four fathers send their greetings." Then he whispered something in Old Father's ear. The priest's face paled, revealing the quick hurt this message told. Although I was not to learn the story for several days, I concluded San Buenaventura's opening was delayed! Old Father waved us back to our separate tasks while he and Fages strolled about the grounds together. Their faces were very grave as they talked. But when Fages waved for me to bring back his horse, he seemed to be on unusually good terms with Old Father. Evidently what had happened had not been his fault.

"I shall bring over the cattle due you in a few days," he told Old Father, "when I come to change the guard."

I must have gasped a little because he gave me a look that said he was annoyed that I was there. I knew he disliked it that I understood Spanish so well. Still I could not imagine why the Commandant would want to change the guard. It seemed that whenever things were running smoothly, that was when he liked to make changes.

I asked Old Father later why he had not been called to go to San Buenaventura. He shook his head sadly and said: "It was not due to any fault of the friars who left here. All four will have to remain at San Gabriel together with twenty soldiers. In God's good time the San Buenaventura Mission will be founded."

Twenty soldiers needed to guard San Gabriel? That was more than we had at San Antonio and Carmel put together. Something terrible must have happened there.

In a few days Fages' vaqueros drove the cattle over to Carmel. Father Junípero told me to run down to the corral and help Sergeant Carrillo. The men who drove the cattle were splendid horsemen, and managed to guide the animals into the gate without any trouble. I had hoped there would be many more cattle so that I would be needed to sit upon a horse's back and watch the herd graze upon the hill. But only nineteen came, and when they were all counted out, Sergeant Carrillo gave me a receipt and told me to take it to Fages. I did so, and Fages walked over to where Old Father was and presented it to him, asking him to put his name upon it. Old Father said, "But surely these are not all of the cattle we are to get?"

Fages didn't look at him when he spoke. His voice was sharp. "To each mission the King allots one bull and seventeen cows. The San Diego fathers sent the extra bull as a gift. There are nine cows with calf, two young heifers and six heifer calves. Yes, the number is correct."

"But I had thought we were to get the cattle allotted for San Francisco and Santa Clara!" Old Father said.

"Time enough to turn over the cattle when those missions are established," Fages snapped, and mounted his horse.

Old Father shook his head. "More cattle would give our young converts work to do, and help our mission support itself."

"Our supplies are getting low," Fages said. "We can use the milk to feed the soldiers. If the ship comes

late this year or if it does not come at all, we will have something to fall back on.” He sat rigid, anxious to give his horse the signal to gallop away.

Old Father held up his hand, begging him to wait. “Don Pedro, eighteen months have elapsed since Monterey was settled, and in addition to our own original allotment of eighteen cattle there should by now be a considerable increase. Even with the thirty-six cattle you are holding for the two northern missions, there should be enough cattle on your hills to allow us what we need.”

Fages shook his head firmly. After all, who but the viceroy could prevent him from doing whatever he would? And Mexico City was many leagues away.

“We don’t want to live in disagreement,” Old Father said. His voice was very soft and low. The words nevertheless made me shiver. “We want to live in peace here.” He seemed to emphasize *here*. I wondered if that meant there was war at San Gabriel. “We do not wish to deprive others but to share and to give to others.”

Fages pivoted his horse and rode away. Old Father went over to the cross and remained there praying a long time. The sergeant remarked to his companion, “Fages cannot make Father Junípero knuckle to him so he takes every means to harass him. He knows the increase of the cattle belong to the mission, but he is too mean to give them to us.”

The other soldier said, “He is too greedy. Father Serra will be lucky if his cattle don’t wind up in presidio kettles.”

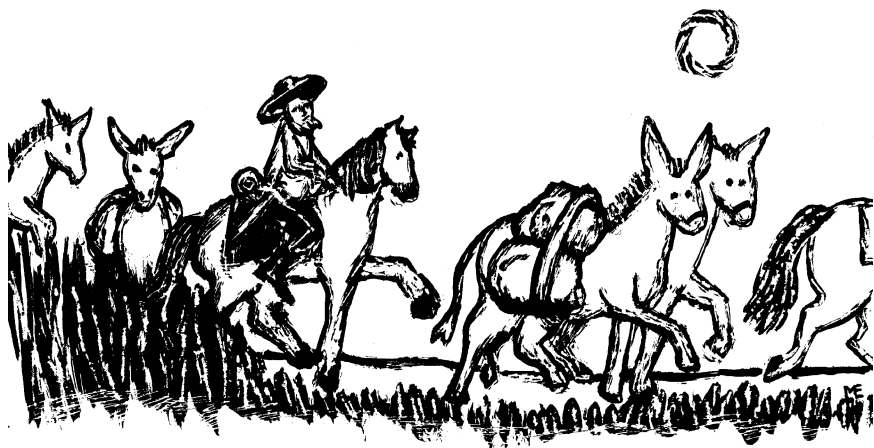
This concern of the white man for food was some-

thing strange to me. We had always trusted the Giver-of-Life to send us new bulbs and seeds and game with each new season. As Old Father said, we ate at God's table.

"Old Father shouldn't worry so," I told the sergeant. "If the ship doesn't come back to Monterey my people will bring you seeds and game."

"He worries about feeding you," the sergeant said. "He doesn't want you wandering wild over the hills."





## XI THE LONG JOURNEY

Our second Christmas was even more beautiful than the first, and this because Father Juan and all the new Christians came to live with us at the newly-established Carmel Mission.

“Oh the miracle of it, the miracle of it!” Old Father would say over and over again as he walked along the beautiful cove with its fawn-colored sand and numerous groups of strangely-shaped rocks fenced in by wind-twisted trees. In the same manner, we had enclosed the three buildings and patios of the mission inside a circle of poles.

We were especially proud of the long building that included the chapel with its beamed ceiling and ten doors, each of which had hinges and locks and keys! But Old Father was not locked in here as he had been in Monterey. He was now as free to travel beyond the plaza as the

cormorants, hawks, and swans who swarmed over it. Birds of many other kinds also gathered at the mission—larks, swallows, and thrush, owls, eagles and turkey cocks. Not with all our fingers and toes could we count the many different ones that visited us. But the wonder was the way we, too, lived together without ever arguing about the elk, deer or rabbits in the forest, or the salmon, otter or abalone in the sea. Rumsen, Cholan, Excelen, Mutsen—any of the seven different tribes within walk of the mission—could follow their eyes to the white walls of our buildings. Anyone who should so choose was welcome to come inside to live. We were all one family. All one!

Since Father Serra had come, the several nearby nations had stopped warring among themselves. In addition to the chapel, the long building included three cells for the priests, a room for visitors, and a storeroom where precious mission goods were kept.

The mission was also shelter to our animal friends. The chickens' roost was in a room that joined the thatched-roofed quarters for unmarried girls. For other animals there was a corral on the hillock. There was also a guardhouse for the several soldiers and sailors. They had a separate kitchen, as did the priests. Finally, there was a group of rucs where the tribal men and married couples lived. Around all was the wall which had been the first thing to be built.

But the mission had its troublesome as well as good times. Of the eight young men who had come with Old Father from Lower California, Timoteo had been one.

Fortunately, he was still in San Antonio. Five others had remained in the south to help the priests at San Gabriel and San Diego. Two others had returned with Fages and had come to live with us because they were, by right, a part of the mission helpers. That is how I came to know the story they told of what had happened at San Gabriel, and why the founding of San Buenaventura had been delayed.

When the ship had disembarked, Fages had sent the four priests Old Father had assigned for San Gabriel and San Buenaventura on ahead with an escort of ten soldiers. This had been the usual single guard, as well as a reserved second guard for the founding of San Buenaventura as soon as San Gabriel was established. The first guard was in the charge of an evil and blood-hungry corporal who took delight in annoying the tribal women. It was because of what he did that the courier never came to call Old Father to San Buenaventura. Of course, it would not have happened if Old Father had been there, as he had a way of bringing peace where there was strife. Just before Fages had left, the Monterey soldiers at the presidio had gotten out of hand and run off into the woods, hiding in trees and threatening to kill any who came after them. Yet Old Father walked out alone and met with them. He assured them of Fages' forgiveness if they would return. He promised, also, to secure shorter hours and better food for them. Like mules, they had balked because they were overworked and hungry!

But Old Father had not been there to prevent the

grief the soldiers brought upon San Gabriel. I don't mean to say that my people never spilled blood. Especially before Old Father came, when we sometimes waged war upon unfriendly tribes, and usually over food boundaries. But this Spanish corporal who was sent to San Gabriel invaded the tribal villages that surrounded the place where the new mission was to be. Swinging his reata over the heads of the women, he actually lassoed some and took them captive. Then, when their men had tried to defend them, the corporal killed them, including the chief whose wife had been kidnapped and brutalized. It was for this reason that the tribal people of San Gabriel had gone to war against the new mission. And the grief it caused was almost more than the two San Gabriel priests could bear. When Fages arrived there two days after the chief's death, the priests asked him to send the corporal back to Mexico. But Fages, of course, never took priests' advice in how to handle soldiers.

Fages left the priests intended for San Buenaventura at San Gabriel to try to win back the friendship of the people. He also left an extra guard of soldiers to fight back any further retaliations on the part of those native to the area.

So now we waited for the courier to inform us that peace had returned to San Gabriel. Until then Father Serra was detained from meeting the two priests and from moving on with them to San Buenaventura to establish the mission there. But the courier never came.

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Pale primroses and blue lilacs scented the hillside

around us, still no mail arrived. Another moon appeared and grew large and waned. The river swelled and tumbled noisily over its rooted banks and down toward the marsh by the mission. Bluejays laughed in spring-green poplars, but no fast-riding messenger galloped inside our gate. Black sea wolves leaped, plunged and swam around the point. Otters hid under and peeked over the brown strands of kelp that stretched a tangled net across the bay. Old Father's eyes should have twinkled with the joy of the season, but although he looked upon the splashing waters a great deal now, he no longer seemed to see the glory of our lovely valley. Instead, he spent many daylight hours on his knees in front of the tall cross in the plaza, and many night hours praying before the crucifix in his cell.

Then one day Fages rode over to the mission. I was feeding the little chickens and ran to offer to watch his horse. The Commandant leaped upon the ground as agile as a mountain lion and, without looking at me, put the reins into my hand. The horse pushed his head against my ribs, begging me to pet him. I told myself he wanted me to steal him away from the Commandant who kept too tight a rein on him. Except that Old Father had trouble enough, I think I should have done it.

While Old Father and the Commandant talked in the visitor's room, I led the horse up close to the open door to better hear them through it.

"Our warehouse supplies grow small," I heard the Commandant say. "I can no longer allow rations for the two Lower California Indians."

"You mean . . . "

"I mean chase them away. Get rid of them! Anything . . ." How glad I was that my friend Timoteo was at San Antonio!

"It even grieves me to send the neophytes who live here into the hills, as I sometimes have to do, to gather food," Old Father said, "but these young men are far away from their home."

"I don't wish to waste as much as one tortilla on any Indian," Fages snapped.

"The ship will arrive soon," Old Father pleaded. "If you will remember, it came later than this last spring."

"But our supplies have grown scarce because of your insane desire to give away everything you have," Fages said.

"May God forgive you," Old Father replied. "Those from Lower California shall eat with me."

Up until now their food had been coming from the supply set aside for the soldiers and sailors. The Spaniards did not have a common granary as was the custom of our villages. This was one thing that was hard for us to understand—the way the white man "owned" things. It was also difficult for us to understand why he worried about his food lasting. Achastans had always been able to go out into the hills and bring back enough food whenever supplies were low. Of course, Old Father didn't like us to do that. I think he was afraid that we might not come back. And besides we always tore our clothes.

Fages and Old Father talked for a while, too low for me to catch what they said, but, when Fages got up

to go, I heard him say in his rough way, "Better break that habit you have of giving away your own food, too, just in case the ship does not reach Monterey."

"Surely you don't begrudge me the few tortillas I give my precious children?" Old Father asked.

The Commandant blustered away without answering and took the reins I handed him, still not looking at me. Angry blood reddened his face. He dug his spur into the horse's flesh and bounded out through the gate. Even when his back muscles were stiff with fury he rode extremely well. My eyes could not help but follow him as he raced away. To see the trappings of his horse was to realize how much the viceroy favored him. No wonder he could speak so roughly to Old Father, who only had two ragged robes of a hundred mendings.

Father Junípero walked inside the garden fence where Father Juan was working. He hoed in silence, burying his anger in the soil.

"No news?" Father Juan asked him.

Old Father shook his head.

Father Juan bit on his lower lip. "But surely by this time word must have come from San Gabriel!"

"Do you think there could be another uprising there?" Old Father asked, watching to see if I was listening. They were careful when talking about mission business in front of me. I pretended to not listen.

"If so, you will get your mail when Fages is good and ready," Father Juan said. Fages not only kept Old Father's mail from him but sometimes read it. This, too, angered the priest.

"It is only a small annoyance, I know," Old Father said, "but something tells me I should be readying myself for San Buenaventura."

Father Juan shrugged. I kept hoeing, thinking that Old Father would say more. How could I help but listen when there were four of us new converts now speaking good Spanish, and it was possible he would choose one of them instead of me to go south with him. He treated us exactly as though we were all his own children.

I could not help but ask, "Will you take me to Mexico when you go? If you do, Grandmother will give me an otterskin of herbs to keep your leg well, and magic roots to keep sores off your mule's back. And I could snare game and stone fish along the way so you would never be hungry!"

It all came out so rapidly that Old Father held his mouth open in astonishment.

"What makes you think I'm going to Mexico?" he asked.

"Because if you talked to the viceroy he would become your friend and he would give you the rich things he gives to the Commandant. Don Pedro Fages has much power on the back of a horse, but he does not have a power inside as you do," I explained.

"You have been listening to conversations again," he scolded. "But you make me feel better just the same, my son."

"Are you going?" I insisted.

"I may have to," he answered sadly. "Who knows?"

"God does," I said.



“Yes, my son,” he said, and he patted me as my father used to when I was little. A smile now on his face, he had not looked so happy in quite a long while. “Your faith humbles me,” he added.

He said many things like that I could not interpret, but it was of no use to ask him to explain. His explainings were more difficult than his sayings.

We had been having days of good sun, but now it rained hard. It was probably the last rain of spring, Old Father said. Father Juan said he guessed they would soon be sending him to San Francisco to help Fages explore the harbor as the viceroy had requested they do. They were still worrying about the Russians coming down from the north. San Francisco was such a fine harbor, they said, there would someday be a city there, one as big as Mexico City, perhaps even bigger. I had never been that far north, but I wondered more what Mexico to the south was like, where blue-eyed men built white-winged ships.

The Big-Sea-Water crashed so noisily upon the rocks now that I trembled like a snared robin thinking what would happen to my good friend Captain Don Pérez if he tried to sail to Monterey now.

Then on the seventh day, the sky still as gray as wet seals, we were standing under the arbor preparing the noon pozole and looking toward the east for a sign of clearing. I saw a ragged piece of fog settling in between where the blue ridges lap together. And down where the hills met the river, the bright green pastures of the valley appeared to brighten. Before the pozole was served

we noticed a tinge of gold trying to break through the gray clouds.

A smile appeared on Father Juan's face. "I think the rain is over."

Yes, you will leave any day now," Old Father said. "And since we can't work in our southern mission field, better we get ready for the mission in the north that will honor our own Saint Francis."

"It would be more to my liking to go south," Father Juan said glumly.

"Yes, but you're too good a diarist to be left behind when the Commandant journeys to San Francisco."

In response, Old Father chuckled. "Yes, there are many reasons why soldiers need priests!"

Three days later the advance party left, and Father Juan walked over to the presidio to join Fages, Sergeant Carrillo, two muleteers and fourteen soldiers, all San Francisco bound.

"If the courier comes with news of San Buenaventura," he told Old Father, "you can have him overtake us."

"As God wills it," Old Father replied.

There was only a handful of soldiers left at the presidio now. This was the time to find out how the mission would do without them.

The men were not gone long when the courier came with news. San Diego was about to be abandoned. It had no food. San Gabriel suffered too.

Father Junípero sent word on to San Francisco. By Passion Sunday the advance party was back at Carmel

and preparing to take a ten-mule train loaded with grain to San Gabriel and San Diego. "All of us are parts of one body," Old Father told us after the Mass. "When one hungers we all hunger. It is our love and concern for one another that strengthens and unites us all."

The news, however, was not all bad. Peace once again had returned to San Gabriel, and many of the tribal people had forgiven the white man for the evil corporal's misdeeds. Father Junípero sang praises for that and prayed for guidance for the journey. But since two of the San Diego priests were ill and would have to return to Mexico, Old Father was again disappointed about establishing a mission at San Buenaventura. The priests who had been waiting at San Gabriel now would have to go to San Diego.

Old Father sent Father Juan along to remain with the lone San Diego priest so that the others could be released if needed. How I hated to see Father Juan go! All of us would miss the man we called *El Beato*, the blessed one. He, more than anyone else, remained cheerful, even when the news was discouraging.

The soldiers, however, wore even longer faces than before, and grumbled about their food being shipped away. They would have to get along on the vegetable garden and milk from the cows Fages had withheld. I vowed to watch my flock of chickens so they would not wind up in soldiers' stew pots. My relatives and I provided Old Father with game and fish. The San Antonio Mission helped also by giving three loads of grain.

The hills became aflame with orange poppies—yet the ship did not arrive. The bush lupine on the seacliffs stole away the color of the sun, yet no white wings showed upon the water. And then the perfume of the roses was once more everywhere.

But no ship was seen!

Fages ordered his men to the Valley of the Bears to hunt game. My people much preferred venison or the meat of the antelope which was plentiful where we lived, but the soldiers never seemed to hunt this.

Father Junípero begged Fages to permit the two priests who waited at the presidio to accompany the pack train as far as San Luis Obispo, but the Commandant refused, giving as his reason that he had to move about too quickly. Old Father argued that the priests would have an opportunity to become friendly with the people they were soon to serve, but Fages was a seal with no outside ears when it came to hearing suggestions from priests.

“We don’t want another San Gabriel,” Old Father warned.

“I have enough difficulty keeping soldiers content as it is,” the Commandant replied. “I didn’t ask that the worst prisoners in Spain be put under my command, but I have them, and I have to make the best of them.”

The more reason why you need God’s help,” Old Father said.

The food accumulated was enough to load down twenty-five mules and included dried and salted strips of bear jerky. Chief Tatlung saw that Old Father and his

group received venison frequently. There were also the little fish who, frightened by the big whales, swarmed inside shallow waters. It was simple to catch these with bare hands and dry them in the sun. Since Old Father enjoyed these my people saw that he had a good supply. And now that the warm season was with us, Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl (a catechumen herself now) never passed a blackberry bush, or a strawberry patch, that she didn't pick a basket of fruit for Old Father. Grandmother, as well, looked after Old Father, pulverizing manzanita berries so he could have a nourishing drink to keep up his strength.

The salmon disappeared and the bonito returned. Then fish of any kind grew scarce. Still no sails appeared on the horizon. The yarrow—the last flower of summer—turned green hills yellow. The San Antonio Mission sent another load of food. But sun after sun no ship came.

As summer lingered on, the women left the ranchería to gather dried rose pods. From these they made a powder which, when mixed with chía, made both a refreshing drink and flour for sweet cakes. With these foods we continued to kept Old Father supplied.

Then it was acorn harvest once again. And as our way of keeping track of the seasons was from acorn harvest to acorn harvest, this meant another year was upon us.

Finally a courier rode in through the gate! We all gathered around while Old Father read the letter that told the news that the *San Antonio* had sailed within two leagues of our shores, but strong winds had forced it

back. Another ship, the *San Carlos* had gotten as far as the Santa Barbara Channel but it, too, had been forced to sail back to San Diego.

“So now everything is there and nothing is here,” Old Father lamented.

We said prayers of thanksgiving, however, that the crew of both ships had been saved.

Later that day, Fages and Old Father conferred about how they could get supplies from San Diego to Monterey. They concluded there were neither enough soldiers nor enough mules to bring the supplies of the two ships here. Some said that in any event the food would be eaten on the way, so ravenous were the soldiers after the long famine.

For once the Commandant and Old Father agreed.

“We shall have to persuade Don Juan to make another attempt to reach our shores,” Old Father concluded. He referred to Captain Pérez.

“We?” Fages exclaimed. “You! He is one of your fellow Mallorcans.” Fages was a Catalonian. It seemed Spainards were divided into groups, too, as were our people.

“If we can get but one ship to attempt the sea again, we might have enough mules to bring back a quick supply of food for the distressed San Gabriel Mission. I think,” Old Father continued, “I can persuade Don Juan to do it, although he will be afraid of the winter storms.”

“Yes,” Fages agreed.

“Then you will accept the company of a priest?” Old Father asked.

Fages nodded he would. They decided to leave for San Diego on Saint Bartholomew's Day. The mission would have been operating one year at that time. That it had been a hard year could be seen in the sunken hollows of Old Father's cheeks.

As Fages started to walk away, Old Father looked deeply into my eyes. "Juan," he said very slowly, "you have been one of my most trusted Christians. You have learned how to serve the Mass. You speak fair Spanish. And you have good long legs to hang over the side of a mule!"

Fages turned quickly on his heels and shouted, "You dare put him on one of my mules?"

Not wanting to spoil my chances, I said quickly, "I can walk, Sir Commandant."

"Then you can take care of my mule for me, my son," Old Father said with a wink.

"Oh, yes," I replied. As much as Old Father enjoyed walking I knew that opportunity might come for me to ride upon a saddle mule, if not a horse.

"We can stop at San Luis Obispo," Old Father informed Fages, "and establish a mission there. So count on Father Cavaller going that far with us. Father Juncosa will be needed here."

What could the Commandant say now? He needed all the support he could get. Also soldiers hated to work the pack trains, and it would take as many prayers as possible to keep them from deserting.

"Well, all right," Fages agreed grudgingly. "But we can only make an overnight stop at San Luis Obispo."

"I think our Franciscan brothers can manage," Old Father said, happy at last that another mission was about to be added to his chain from San Diego to San Francisco.

Fages had many things to oversee and left for the presidio. Old Father said: "I shall be proud to show San Diego the first fruits of my labors here. By the time we return to Carmel you will speak like a Castilian, Juan Evangelista José! Then all your people will come to know the meanings in my heart. You will have learned enough by then to be able to interpret for me whatever I have need to say!"

What a happy moment this was! For him! For me! I would, of course, have to get permission to make the journey from the Achastans as I still came under tribal law. But Chief Tatlun, instead of offering many reasons why I should not go, was proud an Achastan had been invited. It was an honor, he said.

"We place him in your good care," he told Old Father. "When your work is finished, you must bring him back."

"God willing," Old Father replied.

"No, you must," Chief Tatlun said.

"I shall," Old Father promised.





## XII VALLEY OF THE BEARS

**W**hen the mule train left the presidio for San Diego, Father Cavaller and the two remaining Lower Californians walked alongside Old Father and me. They were going as far as Mission San Luis Obispo which Fages had agreed to establish as long as it didn't detain him more than a day.

Ahead of us rode the soldiers, wearing leather quilted coats and loose pantaloons. Their horses were burdened down with broadswords, shields, lances, firelocks and pistols. They were rough, careless men, over-bold and too ready to fight, but with Old Father along they wouldn't find much opportunity for this. By the time we had snaked through the Del Rey Canyon and turned south on the river trail, the sun was sending sweat streams down their dust-covered faces. Although they looked anxiously into the thickets that outlined the

course of the river, I didn't think that even the fierce Zanjones who usually hid there would wage war today. It was true they often annoyed the soldier-couriers who carried the mail, but to attack such a long train with so many soldiers throughout was another matter.

"Ole! Such a long train!" I remarked. "I should think that we could easily carry back two shiploads of goods!"

"It would take four hundred mules to carry the eight hundred weights of corn the two transports will carry," Old Father said, noting we had less than a hundred mules.

"Yes, and with relief animals it would take eleven hundred mules!" Father Cavaller added.

"And a hundred men to keep them on the trail," Old Father said.

No wonder he wanted to persuade Captain Pérez to brave our violent winter storms. Yet who wishes to die bringing food to others?

Our group walked for the time being because Franciscan priests prefer this. The Commandant, however, informed Old Father that if he lagged behind he would have to ride the scrawny mule allotted him. Of course, my two blood brothers and I had no choice but to walk.

The soldiers appeared disappointed that Old Father did not ride. This was because they had selected for him the most contrary mule of the band, thinking, I suppose, it would be fun to see him try to overcome the mule's balking. Little did they know I had a supply of chía seeds for *El Delgado*, as we called the mule, and

which meant thin one. Achastans always took chía on a long journey because only a small portion of this seed can give strength for an all-day march. It is sweet, too, and because of this I knew the mule would be willing to follow me if I walked ahead of him with my seed-filled palm held behind my back. A mule is not as dumb as some think.

I also carried *yerba mansa* in my bag of treasures. Grandmother advised me to make a poultice of leaves if Old Father's leg grew worse. But I figured out for myself that the roots boiled in water would make a good liniment for El Delgado's trail-sore legs as well.

Being wise, the priests wore round-crowned wide-brimmed hats and heavy leather sandals. Their white-corded gray robes were loose enough to be comfortable. Old Father was so pleased now that another mission was to be founded that I didn't think he noticed the heat of the sun.

I felt it though, and had to remove the leather shirt I had made for myself. I had breechcloths with me and was, in fact, wearing one now. In addition I had packed the white muslin pants and over shirt Old Father had made for me, and the red garments I wore over these when I served at Mass. Naturally, I also brought along with me the things every Achastan treasured—my cormorant-feather plaited short-skirt, a head-dress, bow, wild-cat quiver and stone arrowheads.

After tramping over the long river valley with a tall mountain on either side, after climbing the ever-curving trail that wove in and out of the many acorn and pine

groves, we reached the river Old Father had previously named San Antonio. Ahead was the highest peak in the sierras. It was so high one of the sailors (who had turned muleteer) told us he had seen it from the ship when he sailed into Monterey.

In the brown valley below was the Mission San Antonio with its tall cross in the plaza and its bell hung on cross-beams. As we marched along the banks of the gently flowing stream, the happy bells bid us welcome.

Timoteo was the first to greet us. He came tumbling down the hill, calling out "Amar a Dios!" Behind him ran the two other Lower Californians who had gone to San Antonio with him. Behind them came the new Christians who could be recognized from the others of their people because they wore clothes. Father Sitjar was with them. (Father Pieras had gone to help Father Juncosa at Monterey and Carmel.) Behind the priest and his neophytes, walked more Salinans than I could count. All of them spoke their strange dialect which no Rumsen understood.

But they understood Old Father when he gave them glass beads and other presents, and shrieked in delight.

The Salinans were an unhurried, unworried people who didn't bother about living in houses. Carefree as the antelopes and deer so abundant here, they too roamed the fertile valley. It made my blood tingle to enter the tribal lands of another nation and have them welcome me with open arms. Such a thing would never have happened before Old Father came. I told myself

that I must remember to tell this to Chief Tatlun.

Timoteo was proud that I, too, was an altar boy now. Old Father fairly flew over the fields, noting all the improvements, but especially the garden. The thing that pleased him most, though, was that every one of the Salinans wanted to become a Christian and be baptized.

Timoteo told me later, however, that they also had faced trouble here. As with us, it had been because the soldiers had worked against the priests. The first group had been very helpful, until Fages had passed through on his return from San Diego. Observing the respect with which the corporal in charge was regarded, and the spirit of cooperation at work at the mission, Fages had ordered him and his group back to the presidio. In their places soldiers were sent who refused to help in building or gardening. Even when the rains destroyed the mud roofs, they refused to repair the damage. Had it not been for the helpfulness of the tribal peoples, the building would never have been finished.

It was such a lovely place, I could have remained there for days. Its stream was filled with trout and its many pines full of tasty nuts. But with Mass and the baptisms over, we said a thousand "Vaya con Dios" and heard the Commandant's "Adelante." Once more the mule train was on its way, with its number increased by the twenty mules supplied by Mission San Antonio.

Old Father rode now, as the country was hilly and walking was slow. I saw the soldiers were puzzled that the mule no longer balked. With my hands behind me, I always kept a little ahead of the mule. And as it turned

out, Old Father's mule was the best behaved in the band.

"I'm curious to know what kind of people we will meet at San Luis Obispo," I said to Old Father.

"The same kind we left behind us," he said. "The best in the world."

After we crossed the river, I could tell from the way it narrowed that we were getting close to the source. After this we went through the Pass of the Oaks which the Spaniards called Paso Robles. Now we began to descend into the Valley of the Bears. Here large bears used to roam in groups of fourteen or sixteen. But now, thanks to the Commandant's daring, they were nowhere to be seen.

After traveling a half-league, Fages, Father Cavaller, and Old Father agreed on a pleasant hill site for the new mission location. A little creek ran past it and the water was so clear you could see yourself in it. It was surrounded by a natural mountain enclosure. After making camp that night, members of the local tribe assembled with gifts. An old man showed me an ugly bear scar on his arm. Then pointing to Fages, he held up two fingers close together in the sign of friendship.

We made our beds upon the ground and slept under a sky heavy with stars. The soldiers kept their horses saddled for they felt uneasy in the open. But the two priests and we three blood brothers joked that we had no burdens to tempt the curious, and so went right off to sleep. When we awakened early next morning we were rested and ready to do the heavy work the founding of a mission required.

We felled a big pine and together fashioned the cross which Father Junípero consecrated. Then together we all raised it, singing the Te Deum as we did. We made a shelter of boughs and a table for the altar. This Old Father also blessed, together with the sacred vessels that had been reserved for this mission. After this Old Father sang the Mass, and once again I was proud to be a server.

Never will I forget how Father Cavaller looked standing by the cross as he bid us "Go with God." My two friends stood hopefully beside him, and behind them were the leather-jacket corporal and the four volunteer soldiers who would remain with them. It was such a small band to organize all the work that was to be done in this land of the Tichos—not one word of whose dialect any of us understood.

Fages left two pitifully small sacks of flour and a box of sugar with which to trade with the Tichos. There were no worry lines, however, on Father Cavaller's face when Old Father said, "Time shall tell the story of progress I hope Christianity will make among these people, and in spite of the enemy who has already lashed out his tail by means of a bad soldier." His eyes were unwavering as he looked at Fages.

There was a lump in my throat I could hardly swallow past as Fages mounted and Father Cavaller called out, "As God wills it." When I looked back I could see that Father Cavaller and the two Lower Californians were busy erecting a shelter. The soldiers, as well, had begun building their guardhouse.

"May God preserve them," Old Father said.

I held up my two fingers as the old Chumash had done and said, "Do you know what that means?"

Father Junípero shook his head. He was so troubled at leaving the lone priest and his slim escort that I don't think he even tried to guess. "It means friendship," I said. "The Tichos won't let them starve."

He patted me on the head and remarked: "Some hardships must be endured for God."

After descending to the coast, we entered the beautiful region of the Santa Barbara Channel. I could see from the way Fages sat his saddle that he was anxious to get this part of the journey over with, for the tribal peoples here had given the soldiers some resistance on past trips. We passed at least twenty villages, some with a hundred fires or more, but managed to keep moving all the way.

When we came to a splendid site along the beach that was called Asumpta, Old Father and Fages stopped long enough to explore around and came to the conclusion that this was where the San Buenaventura Mission should be founded. I hoped with all my heart that Old Father would not be disappointed in the founding of this mission on his return trip.

The tribal peoples of the many villages along the mountain slopes were certainly energetic. They had well-built dome-shaped homes. Their canoes were built of pine boards and caulked in much the same manner the white man built his ships.

When supper and evening prayers were over and we were ready to go to sleep, a large group of tall, fine



looking tribal people visited us and made us understand they wanted to entertain us with dancing and acting. Old Father suggested I also show them how my people danced. And so I tied on my fringed short skirt, put on my head-dress, and danced to the rhythm of my shell rattle. How I wished that my two blood brothers who had remained at San Luis Obispo could have been here too.

Old Father remarked that with the large population here at least three missions should be established.

Next day we set out for San Gabriel. Traveling was easier now because we could follow the coast line. The time also went faster since there were many birds and fish and young whales to watch along the shore. Food along the way was plentiful, with berries, wild grapes and asparagus everywhere. I don't think that even Spaniards would have starved here.

We had been out nine days now and Old Father was limping badly and depending on El Delgado a great deal, but the mule had grown stronger and looked better with each mile. I found plenty of yerba mansa roots here and boiled these to make a good liniment for his tired legs. Every evening I would go out and collect seeds that I knew to be especially nourishing so El Delgado would not lose energy and could carry Old Father all the way to San Diego. Old Father didn't rely on relief mounts as the others did but rested his mule frequently. We didn't want him to fall into the hands of the harsh soldiers again, now that he was so well filled out and his eyes bright.

"The last time I made this trip," Old Father said,

“they wanted to leave me behind because my sore leg bothered me so, and when I saw one of the muleteers put some salve on a mule’s leg, I asked him to do the same for me. It proved to be such a splendid treatment I have often wondered what it was.”

“It probably was yerba mansa,” I told him. “I noticed this morning that your sore leg was considerably swollen. When we stop tonight I shall make you a wilted poultice that will take that out.”

“Well, my son,” Old Father said, “I never was one to pay attention to doctors, but since you’ve done such a good job with the mule I think I’ll put myself in your care too.”

“Good!” I also showed him another weed my people chewed for health and strength on a trip. It was a sticky plant that had a bitter taste that disappeared once you got used to it.

“Don’t tell me this is good for a sore leg, too?” he joked.

“Good for all kinds of aches and pains,” I told him. “You won’t get thirsty if you chew it, either. It makes a good poultice for cuts and is fine for colds and rheumatism.”

He laughed. “If it is all you say it is we should call it the Holy Weed,” he said. “Yerba Santa.” I don’t think he realized what power it had. Nevertheless, whenever I saw the yerba santa I picked some and kept a good supply on hand. I could not say it was because of this, but within a few days Old Father’s walking was greatly improved.

We now had been out nine days from San Luis Obispo. Tall peaks shone in the morning sun which the soldiers called the San Bernadino mountains. To the north was the Sierra Madre. South and east of here stretched a broad and fertile plain. It was so big that Father Junípero had a vision of a great city someday being here. There were already about two hundred tribal peoples living in the area, friendly natives to the land who brought us gifts. When I asked about the pools of tar that bubbled out of the ground, they told me that there recently had been many earthquakes. Many streams ran through this area with berry bushes growing on the banks and poplars, willow and alders as well.

We quickened our pace so that in little more than an hour we saw the mission wall in the distance. Around it were clustered mission ruins. This was a beautiful sight to see because it told us that the tribal people must have given the soldiers their forgiveness. Perhaps, as Old Father said, the enemy of the Lord in the form of a corporal no longer lashed out his tail. The worry lines that had been so apparent around Old Father's dark eyes now turned into lively little crinkles. Here at last was the Mission San Gabriel he had never seen. And it was prospering! Here was the mission for which he had prayed so much.

I soon discovered, however, that while the soldiers behaved shamefully and insolently toward all the priests, the people of the land respected and helped them. Old Father kept me pretty close to his side, reminding me that Chief Tatlun had warned him to take good care of

me. Once I overheard one of the priests telling Old Father that even the children were not safe around soldiers.

Our mule train was somewhat longer when we left because we added what animals San Gabriel could supply. One of the priests also went along with us to bring back his mission's supplies from the San Diego ship harbor. San Gabriel had been out of food, too, and depended on the local people to provide them with acorns, madrona berries and the ripe fruit of cactus.

We had been on the road sixteen days now, and the San Gabriel priest told me we would reach San Diego in another four days. Twenty suns. What a long time to be away from one's people. One of the soldiers told me that it had taken him months to reach Carmel the first time he had come.

Nevertheless, our days had been well spent! We had been able to thank the San Antonio Mission for their generosity in sending us grain. I had visited Timoteo and the other two Lower Californians who were there with him. Father Cavaller had started a new mission at San Luis Obispo, and the Commandant and Old Father had selected the site for Mission San Buenaventura. Moreover, we had seen the San Gabriel of the earthquakes.

The biggest task, however, remained. Old Father still had to convince Captain Pérez that he must sail the *San Antonio* back to Monterey, and in spite of the fact that it was already fall and winter would soon be on the way. If he failed to accomplish this, if supplies failed to reach Monterey, then the ladder of missions would collapse.

The prettiest sight of the entire trip was the mission on the hill that overlooked the Port of San Diego. It was surrounded by a stockade of poles and reeds. The church building was partly of wood and partly of sun-dried clay blocks. The tribal people of the area were light-colored and not as friendly as those at Mission San Antonio. Even so, they gave Old Father a fine welcome. I presume it was because of the food we had sent. They were not surprised at our arrival because the couriers had speeded ahead with the news that we were coming.

Old Father insisted on going down to the port immediately to talk to his friend, Don Juan Pérez. Father Jayme of San Diego tried to persuade Old Father to rest first, but he would not. He even offered him a cup of hot chocolate, something he had not enjoyed in many moons.

“Will you take me, too?” I asked him.

“Naturally,” he replied. “You have been taking too good care of me. I’m not going to let you out of my sight now.”



### XIII

#### CONVINCING THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN

Evidently Captain Pérez had watched our mule train enter the mission grounds. By the time Old Father and I reached the port of San Diego, he had already come ashore from the *San Antonio* to greet us.

The Captain showed Old Father respect by removing his three-cornered hat. It was banded in gold and trimmed with a large white feather. Falling to his knees, he took Old Father's hand and bowed his head while Old Father made the sign of the cross over him. The blood ran swiftly in my veins to see how this Commandant of the navy regarded our Father Junípero.

"To think I came so close to your mission," he said, "and yet had to turn back because of contrary winds!"

"I know!" Old Father said. "You will get there when God wills it. I came to persuade you to make another attempt."

The Captain raised himself as tall as he could. He

was a magnificent sight, dressed in a blue satin coat that was slashed in back and decorated with buttons, gold braid and embroidery. His red breeches were cut just below the knees, with white stockings rolled over them and held in place by jeweled garters.

"I have orders from Mexico City to sail to San Blas," he explained. "I know, my good Fray Junípero, you would not want me to suffer a naval reprimand for endangering my crew and cargo."

"The *San Carlos* can go to San Blas for you and explain the greater need for you to carry provisions to Monterey," Old Father replied.

"I serve under the King," Captain Pérez said.

"In God's name you cannot refuse," Old Father said.

"If I couldn't enter the Bay of Monterey in September, how can I hope to drop anchor there in October or, perhaps November?"

"You will not do it with hope," Old Father argued, "but with faith."

"No, I cannot imperil my crew." Captain Pérez spoke firmly now. "I must also think about the hazard of returning to San Diego in violent winter storms, or what is worse, having to lay over in Monterey until the spring."

"It is for the sake of the missions' very survival that I ask you to have faith in God's protection of your crew." "

"My ship is not strong enough to weather winter gales . . ." The captain shook his head so vigorously that his braided hair, tied with a black ribbon, slashed

against his cheek. Yet no matter how emphatically he disagreed, he looked so gentle his words did not sound final.

"The sea route must be kept alive or the missions collapse," Old Father said.

"You have plenty of mules with you . . ." His eyes showed he was asking for information.

"Not half as many as will be needed," Old Father informed him.

Perhaps Captain Pino of the *San Carlos* . . . "

"When he only reached Santa Barbara on the last trip?"

"Your mule train can make several trips, perhaps?"

"Your knowledge of the sea, my dear Don Juan, is unsurpassed, but of mules and muleteers your knowledge is limited. Were it to rain mules from the sky tomorrow, I would still not have enough. As it is, the supplies for San Gabriel will have to be carried by the poor eight mules Father Juan brought down, and may God give him patience to make all the trips he will have to."

Captain Pérez put his hands behind his back, flapping his coat-tails. He paced back and forth studying the matter, never looking at Old Father. Finally he shook his head and said, "I find it hard to say 'no' to you, Fray Junípero. What a magnificent university professor you must have been!" He thought another moment. I held my breath, thinking he was going to say "yes," but instead he said "Your coastline is a ship's graveyard!"

"My people hunger," Old Father said and fixed a gaze on his countryman friend.



"I cannot risk it," the Captain said.

"I'm not asking you to risk it, dear Don Juan," Old Father pleaded. "What I am asking is that you place your ship's wheel in God's hands and allow God to guide you into Monterey. We have the promise that whatever is asked according to God's will, will be done. You do not do this for yourself, or for me, but that the peoples of this fairest of lands may come to know how deeply God loves them."

The Captain didn't argue with Old Father's words. He stood instead in silence. For several moments he looked deeply into the eyes of the Father President of the California Missions. He took in the sunken cheeks, the frail body, the worn sandals that didn't hide the swollen feet. For long moments he studied his friend. Admiration was in every glance. I hoped he would be observing enough to see how blood stained the leather strap was that kept the sandal on the sick foot. I wanted to speak up and tell the Captain what I had learned walking along with Old Father on the trail, how he never complained even though stronger men pushed onward, always onward. I remembered how friendly this navy Commandant had been when I told him I had been given his name. Perhaps, if I informed him there were perils on the land, too, he would understand why Old Father asked what he did. I could tell him how the hostile Zanjones never came out of their bushes when Old Father passed, nor did the harsh Chumash of the Santa Barbara Channel block our passage when we crossed the mountains, and as they had tried to block the soldiers on their cross-

ings.

By the time I had formed my words, Captain Pérez was ready to give his answer. "I know this faith works for you, my good Fray Junípero, but the lives of my men are my responsibility. I cannot risk it."

Why do you keep saying 'I'?" There now seemed to be a little exasperation in Old Father's voice. "Put your trust in God who will guide you. I promise you will reach Monterey safely."

Captain Pérez straightened his shoulders. His face showed tremendous relief as he held out his hand for Old Father to take. "I shall leave around the twenty-seventh of September," he said.

"May you look to God for your reward," Old Father said softly. Then, he put his arms around my shoulders and remarked, "Now, Juan, you and I have much work to do. We shall have to get those mules packed by then, too. By sea and by land we carry provisions to the hungry."

"I came along to help you," I said. "You should rest now."

Old Father's face shone with happiness. "We have work for every pair of hands." He fairly sang as we tramped back to the mission located high on the bluff. When we reached the mission plaza he walked straight to the cross in front of the church, and kneeling, thanked God for bringing Captain Pérez safely back to Monterey.

"Are you so sure he will arrive safely?" I asked. It seemed strange to give thanks before the ship had even sailed.

He nodded. "Faith, my son! With faith he will get there."

"Then I, too, must say the Our Father, because you did this thing for my people."

When I said the words, he repeated them with me. They were the first Rumsen words I had said since I left Achasta. As Captain Pérez felt responsibility for his crew, I felt responsibility for my people's safety. Yet little did I know how much danger was ahead.

"So be it," Old Father said when the prayer was finished.

We went into the friary to tell the fathers the good news. "Our missions have been saved," Old Father said.

"Praise be to God," all responded.

For the next week, we were busy unloading cargo and packing the supplies for the mule train. In the meantime, four missionaries from Mexico arrived at San Diego in time to sail on the *San Antonio*. They would be needed at the three northern missions. Father Juan Crespí then could travel north with the overland train. It seemed that San Diego's warm weather was not as important to him as it had once been, and he was eager to return to Carmel.

"Don't worry about fog, rheumatism and colds," I told him. "I've been doctoring Old Father, and he told me when I return I should begin on you."

"Oh, so!" he said, raising an eyebrow. "What is your medicine?"

"Yerba santa, I said. "Good for everything!"

"Then why should I not live in comfort with my

beloved Fray Junípero for the rest of my days? Certainly there is no place more beautiful than Carmel.”

The mule train and the *San Antonio* both left San Diego on the same day according to schedule. Old Father started making plans immediately to found San Buenaventura. He explained to the fathers that he was going to put down on paper how he wished to have all the missions managed alike, thus avoiding future bickering. He desired agreement on the number of soldiers to be given each mission, together with provisions to feed them, and which were to be kept in the King's storehouse. In the months ahead there was to be no grumbling about feeding “his precious children” with grain that should be saved for soldiers. Most of all, Old Father wanted it understood that the local peoples now living at the missions were to be supervised by the ministers, and not by soldiers, corporals, sergeants and Commandant. Old Father discussed his one-plan-for-all with all the priests—the six who had left by land and sea and these others who remained. Buenaventura would be the sixth mission to be founded, and six missions take a great deal of managing. Putting the plan down on paper took a great deal of writing on Old Father's part. When he was finished it was delivered to Captain Fages.

The Commandant's answer was “No!” The government's policy had been changed with the new viceroy (the old viceroy had gone to Spain). He, Fages, Captain of the Infantry, was the “final authority,” so appointed by the new viceroy. Everyone was responsible to him. The priests' business, he said, was restricted to celebrat-

ing the Mass and administering the sacraments.

“As for the Indians,” I heard him say, “I will throw them out of the missions if I wish to do so. As for San Buenaventura, I have other need for the new soldiers arriving.”

Now gloom spread over San Diego like a heavy fog. The fathers' faces were solemn. They whispered their predictions and nodded sadly. I trembled for my people. I wanted to run ahead of the pack train and warn them. It was only because Old Father said God would not permit his missions to collapse that I remained. And also Old Father needed me.

Fages next tried to take steps to remove the tribal villages just outside the presidio boundaries, but Old Father successfully resisted his doing so.

The white man's chief was so far away in Mexico City, I could not see how Old Father could win his fight to keep the mission establishments. I wondered, too, how there could be any justice for my people when the viceroy could not know who we were or what we were like. It seemed to me that we had only one friend—Father Junípero. I became so fearful I could not bear to be separated from him for even a little while, and so I asked him if I could sleep close beside him during the night, as I had done on our pack trip.

“Yes, Señor Medicine Man,” he jested, “and besides I have something I want to talk over with you.”

“What is it?” I asked.

“Do you carry any herbs in that bag of yours that will cure balky commandants?” He laughed now, re-

lieved that the long day of trouble was over. Tomorrow might be worse, but at least one hard day was put away.

“No,” I said, “because our chiefs are chosen for their gentleness and wisdom. Our only cure would be to put another man to rule.”

“It would seem our missions are doomed to failure,” he said. “You once told me that I should go to Mexico City to talk to the viceroy. Do you remember?”

“Certainly.”

“You said that if I talked with him he would do as I wished. After what you have seen today, do you still think so?”

“More so,” I said quickly. “Either the white chief in Mexico City should come here with his ears open to learn what I have learned, or you should go tell him how Fages quarrels with every one. Also how he hates my people. Only he who loves the people can rule them. If you don’t go, it may be, as Fages predicts, that the lambs will become as lions. I think it is the hate inside the Commandant that has made him afraid. And because he is afraid, he looks at our huts and sees our men running out of them with bows and arrows to shoot him and his soldiers.”

“What have you heard, Juan?” He motioned for me to sit down.

“Today when I was delivering the message you wrote Fages, the Captain in second command of the *San Carlos* told him that he would have to have all his promises in writing, because he did not keep his word. They have been quarrelling for several days, you know, be-

cause the navy man says that Fages will not give him the mail, and he cannot sail without it.”

“Then we have less time than I thought,” Old Father said. “What I have to ask you, Juan, is do you want to accompany me to Mexico City?”

“Oh yes,” I said. I was very happy, but not entirely surprised. “Especially if you sail on the *San Carlos*.”

“We would be gone a long time,” he warned me. “What would your parents think?”

“My parents no longer think for me. I answer to the tribe and Chief Tatlun now.”

“And Chief Tatlun said I was to bring you back safely,” Old Father reminded me.

“But if Captain Pérez is to return safely to Monterey,” I asked him, “would not we also?”

“Ah, yes, my son, may God forgive me for my doubts. The reason I’m speaking about this now is because if you don’t wish to go with me I would have to arrange right away to send you home by one of the fathers who is coming from Mexico City.”

“No! Chief Tatlun would not want that. He wishes me to return with you.”

“Then it is settled. I want the viceroy to meet you and see for himself what beautiful Spanish a true native of this land can learn in less than three years. I want him to see for himself why the missions cannot be abandoned now. And when he sees that you are also a good subject of Mexico, then he will change his mind about your people’s need of his protection from the abuses of the military.”

I suppose I should not have been so happy when Old Father was so sad. But I had so longed to sail away on a ship, and now that I was to have this pleasure I could not hide my joy. I was also curious to see what Mexico City was like. And for the sake of my people I wanted to meet the new viceroy. Perhaps if, as Father Serra said, he liked the way I spoke Spanish, he would give us a gentle commandant like Captain Pérez in place of the ill-tempered Fages. I wondered what kind of Spaniard the viceroy was. Would he be like a soldier who carried a broadsword? Or like the fathers who carried the cross?

Another thing had been worrying me which I decided to bring up. "Do you think that the ship's captain would trade some yerba santa for some of his beautiful clothes? I can find more, and I think the viceroy would pay more attention to us if our clothes were nicer."

Old Father laughed, "Yes, I suppose. Everyone does not understand what a beautiful thing it is to put on the garment of the Lord. . . . but it isn't decided for certain that I'm to go.

"When will you know?" I asked.

"Tomorrow we will sing a High Mass and ask for God's will to be made known to us. After that the fathers and I shall form our plans."

The next day I sat outside the friary while the three fathers and Old Father talked. I could not hear everything because sometimes they spoke very low. What I did hear them say over and over again was that Old Father should not go if he felt his age and illness were against him. They reminded him it would be a strenuous jour-



ney. Old Father's decision was that if they wanted him to go, he would. The plan was for him to take the *San Carlos* to San Blas. From there we would walk to Mexico.

Already a day past its sailing date, the *San Carlos* wouldn't sail until Fages and the Captain settled their fight. The ship's officer usually came ashore about the same time every day and went directly to Fages' quarters. It was not difficult for me to keep informed on what was happening as they shouted so at each other. After three days of quarrelling, the naval officer was so exasperated because the ship was still held up that he berated Fages and stamped his feet. This angered the Commandant because everyone could see that the naval officer had no respect for him, and he felt especially proud now that the viceroy had declared he was the final authority in all matters in Upper California.

"Lower your voice," Fages said.

"I don't have to," the navy captain said. "Do you think I serve the King or the devil?"

"What scandal you give me here at the presidio!" the Commandant replied.

"Then give me my mail," the navy man insisted. "Our ship will then leave San Diego harbor immediately, and you will be done with me."

"Very well," the Commandant said. "I never did intend to keep it anyway."

But the navy man wanted the last word and so added, "The only way one can afford to communicate with you is in writing."

That refueled the fire and the two began to argue

again, each accusing the other of lying. Fages then had to have more time to write more letters to the viceroy about the ship's officers, thus further holding up the ship. I began to wonder if Old Father and I would ever be told to go aboard. The bickering went on and on. It reminded me of the old times when our tribe would argue about where the main post for our meeting house should be placed.

It was with great relief when, on the following afternoon at five o'clock, Old Father and I went aboard. We had a good night's rest on the ship, awakening to the lovely music of the wind playing a tune on the ship's ropes. Old Father remarked that it sounded like a hundred angels singing in a heavenly choir. To me it sounded like the song of the river pouring itself into the sea.

The sun shone brightly the next day. Never was the sky so blue. Never were the San Diegans so happy. Everyone came down to the beach to see the *San Carlos* put to sail. Commandant Fages himself, in his brightest uniform, strutted up and down the deck. It seemed to me that all of the fight had drained out of him. He bid a courteous farewell to the naval officers, and even shook hands with the Captain in second command. Everyone gave him a courteous farewell, including Old Father, who was happy to be leaving him in order to present the mission's side to the viceroy in person. The *San Carlos* fired four cannons in Fages' honor and all aboard shouted a big "Vive el Rey!" Long live the King! I never saw anyone so pleased with himself, or who could strut so magnificently as the Commandant. He reminded me of

the peacocks that strutted in Monterey!

And so, at five o'clock of the next afternoon, we sailed away—four quarrelling days late. We sailed under the patronage of Our Lady of Guadalupe who, Old Father explained, was the Sovereign Queen of the Angels and the Mother of Navigators. And in her honor one final salute was given for a happy ending to be made in the service of God and the King in the year 1772. Old Father explained everything to me carefully because he wanted me to understand all that went on. When I returned to Achasta, I would have to explain it all to my people.

But how could I ever make them understand how thrilling it was to stand on the deck waving at the people on the shore, watching them become smaller and smaller, until they were tiny fleas hopping on the sand? Or how the thunder of many sails resounded in my ears? Or the strange wonder of the motion of many waters swirling under our ship? Could I say I was a dolphin skimming over the waves, plunging downward, shooting upward, swirling and twirling in delight to be going somewhere? And the somewhere was a new world—one no Achastan had ever before seen?



#### XIV ON BURROS AND MULES

**F**ather Junípero spent a great deal of time during the voyage teaching me manners common to the Spaniards. I learned how to bow low before persons who deserved respect, how to shake hands, how to eat as they did. It was difficult to adopt their ways, but I was willing to do anything Old Father thought would make the vice-roy change his mind about who would be the final authority—the Commandant or him as the Father President of the Missions.

No matter how busy I was during the day, my soul was calm at night when the confusion of the day vanished in darkness. Then I could listen happily to the night sounds, to the lapping of the water against the sides of the ship, or the song of the wind in the sails. It made me glad to note that Old Father grew more robust with each new day.

After fifteen days we neared our Mexican port. I would have known we were going to disembark without anyone telling me, just from the way the crew hustled so joyously about their work. As we passed the Three Mariás Islands, Old Father took me to his side and pointed out the San Blas bluffs that marked off the bay. On one hill rose a tall lighthouse, and on the other the stone church with its bell tower. The church hill was covered with adobe brick houses—more than I could have counted in one day—and how they sparkled in the bright sunlight! My mother and grandmother would have enjoyed seeing them against the dark green hills and the faraway blue sierras.

“Someday we shall build such a church at Carmel,” Old Father said proudly.

“The Achastans would like that,” I told him.

Everywhere along the harbor front people buzzed. Like hummingbirds they were—flashing red, flashing green, waving arms, calling out greetings, embracing, kissing.

And among them were women and children!

So the Spaniards did have families of their own as we in Achasta did! No more could Grandfather say the white man was born of the mules he rode! Here, however, the people didn't look like one another as in our villages. Some were blue-eyed, some black-eyed, some white-skinned, some brown-skinned and some black-skinned. Women wore skirts as colorful as Carmel hills, and partially covered their heads with embroidered scarves. Their long-hanging ornaments were much dif-

ferent from the shell earrings worn by Achastan women. Some of the men here covered their bodies in tight-fitting suits of cloth. Others were dressed in loose leather clothes. Many wore white cotton smocks and pants such as Old Father had made for us. I noticed that many of the men wore their knives tied around their waists, but none in their hair as I did. I would have to figure out how to tie mine around my waist, too, so as not to look so different.

Many of Old Father's friends came to meet us and invited us to stay at the friary next to the church. He told them that we would join them after he had taken care of his business at the customs house. We would be on our way as soon as I picked up our belongings.

To cross the waterfront was like walking on the bottom of our river. It was covered with smooth stones. I was glad I had saved my reed sandals to wear now, for a cobblestone pavement is not as soft as a pine-needled path. It also helped to have clothes on, because mosquitoes were worse pests than the fleas at our old ranchería. Trees grew almost down to the shoreline to give needed shade. They were called palms. No wonder Old Father thanked God for our Monterey pine which were sturdy enough for ship masts and plaza crosses.

"After four years, I set foot on familiar land again!" Old Father exclaimed.

We passed a shipyard where an unfinished transport, the *Santiago*, was lying in the stocks. Old Father hastened to board her and I followed, too, because I wanted to learn how the white man built his ships. We

examined every part. Old Father was delighted to see that the ship had such a big hold. It amazed me the way he could tell how much it could carry and how many people could be fed from such provisions as she could bring and how long the food would last.

Men were lounging lazily everywhere at the shipyard. Disturbed by this, Old Father urged them to get back to work. They explained that they had orders to stop building ships for Monterey because the California missions were to be abolished!

Not if someone had shot an arrow through Old Father's heart could it have stunned him more than hearing this. I saw the blood leave his cheeks, but, after a moment, he was his old confident self again, predicting they would soon receive orders to continue their building.

"I shall sail on your *Santiago* when I return to Monterey," he told the shipwright, "and proud to sail so worthy a transport."

The men laughed heartily, but moved not a muscle. At the dock storehouse, Old Father sought out the man in charge and asked him to oversee the packing of the provisions bound for California more carefully. Some, he told him, had arrived in spoiled condition. Other goods had been damaged. He heard dire predictions here, too, that the missions' end had come. Nevertheless he was undaunted, especially since his inside strength had returned. He was convinced the missions should not only remain but also grow, and that new ones would be established. He was so positive of this rightness that I felt

the viceroy would certainly believe it, too.

Old Father busied himself writing letters at the friary, informing his superiors in Mexico City that we were coming and also what he planned to do when he arrived. The letters would certainly reach there before we did because they would go by fast courier mail. He assured his friends that the missions of San Buenaventura, Santa Clara and San Francisco were to be founded soon.

"I am taking the long way round to accomplish this," he told me, "by way of Mexico City. But the longer way is sometimes the shortest way, you know!"

We left the next day with the priests at San Blas begging us to take every precaution on our perilous journey. The road was hardly a trail, they said, and wild animals inhabited the area.

"You will be left to your own resources," one warned. "The rivers are bridgeless."

Old Father winked at me. I imagined that he was thinking bridges were unknown in our region. They offered him two donkeys, but he refused, reminding them a Franciscan friar walked as long as he was able.

"Now see what a long face Juan has!" a priest scolded.

Old Father quickly changed his mind and accepted the offer with thanks. I guessed that the people of this land were afoot because of their poverty, and not because a commandant forbid it.

And so, with my legs hung over the sides of a friendly burro, my proudest day had arrived! How beau-



tiful the world became from the back of a four-legged beast! It was exciting to follow the old trail the peoples of this world called Mexico had made long ago out of oyster shells pressed into the heavy sandlike soil.

We had planned to eat from God's table along the way, but our San Blas friends had given us provisions, including chocolate which I especially liked.

The first night we slept out under the stars, just as we had done when we went to Mission San Antonio. It was not quite as far, but it took about as long to get there because we were climbing all the way.

My burro and I became good friends, and I was sorry that I no longer had sweet chía seeds to give him. I had discovered that donkeys as well as mules enjoyed such food. I also learned you cannot make a burro do what he does not want to do, and I admired him for this. Old Father showed me how donkeys have the true Cross upon their spine and shoulders. How many things I was seeing for the first time! How many things I was learning! We had acted out the story of Palm Sunday at the mission. Now I would be able to tell Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl what it was to ride on the back of an ass, and also describe to her what palm branches looked like.

In Tepic, we stayed at the hospice of Santa Cruz. Old Father busied himself next day writing more letters to be sent on ahead to Mexico City. In one he asked that additional missionaries be sent to California for the growing mission field. I spent the day walking through arched corridors, and resting in patio gardens. I was asked many questions, most of which I understood and was able to

answer. It pleased Old Father that his friends were interested in me and my people.

I was sorry to leave behind my good friend, the burro, but the mule I now received was taller, stronger, and more courageous I thought. I wondered if when I got to Mexico City I would be riding a horse.

Old Father knew the road we next took, having traveled it many times before. There were many missions all along the way, allowing us frequent stops to rest and visit. Everyone was so kind to us that I told Old Father it must have been difficult for him to have left so many friends behind.

“Now do you understand why I went to Carmel to live?”

I nodded. It was not as some of our people had said, that the Spaniard traveled to our lands to steal away women they themselves didn't have. I knew the fathers, at least, had come wanting to do something for us rather than having us do something for them. As for the soldiers, well, they had no choice but to come. I had heard Old Father himself say, “The Lord deliver me from the military!”

I tried to encourage him to rest as much as possible, and frequently looked at his leg to see if it was swelling. I had exhausted my supply of yerba mansa. And although I kept my eyes open for more, I saw none growing. As we neared Guadalajara I became acquainted with many plants that didn't grow in our tribal lands. Among these were sugar canes from which the Spaniards made cakes, and other plants from which they made

thirst-quenching drinks. There were many varieties of cactus and fruit, as well, ones I never had eaten before.

After seven days, the fierce mountains were behind us. Ahead of us were the rolling hills that met the plain in the center of which was Guadalajara. I noted that Old Father's shoulders sagged more and more as he sat in his saddle. I also thought I detected a feverish glitter in his eyes. I was afraid he was wearing out.

Disappointed at not having seen a cougar, I told Old Father I should have liked to add one of his teeth to my necklace collection.

"God goes ahead to make the crooked places straight," was his answer, "and to chase the wild animals away." Even though Old Father appeared ill, he still remained jovial.

"We have climbed quite high," he told me when the cathedral towers of Guadalajara came into view. He said that we were now as high as the tallest peak of the California Santa Lucia mountains that could be seen from the deck of a ship. I also learned from him that nineteen thousand persons lived in Guadalajara. As we neared the city I could hardly wait to see the place where we would stay. I, too, had been uncomfortably warm. The days were now so hot the century plants seemed to run together as we rode. I noted Old Father was scrutinizing me. Perhaps my eyes, too, glittered feverishly. Perhaps my cheeks, too, were flushed. I was feeling faint, but told myself we had traveled eighty leagues and had reason to be tired, so I didn't speak of it. Perhaps as Old Father said, it was more comfortable to go afoot than

muleback. Whatever the cause, I became weak and dizzy.

It was a relief when we reached the main cathedral with its belled cathedral tower reaching to the sky, and surrounded by many other buildings. Never had I seen such big ones! Never had I seen so many roads. All of them ended at this central cathedral and all of them were paved with stones. Old Father pointed out the governor's palace, telling me that the viceroy's palace in Mexico City was yet more beautiful. Carved upon the palace front were words he read for me: "Unless the Lord guards this city, they labor in vain who guard it." He chuckled. Old Father never did value soldiers too highly. I remember once when Fages argued that he did not have a large enough escort to establish San Buenaventura, Old Father had remarked: "I would get along better without any!"

Old Father was so pleased to have arrived at his beloved Convent of San Francisco that I thought for a moment he might not be ill after all. The monastery was alongside the church and all the many buildings were of stone. Many friars came out to greet us and to say what an honor it was to have us stay with them.

I hung onto my saddle as I slipped off my mule for I didn't have the strength to jump. I watched Old Father and saw he, too, reeled upon the ground and would have fallen if he had not leaned against his mule.

"You are ill," one of the friars observed, and led him directly to the cell where he was to sleep.

When dawn came, I realized that I, too, was sick, more sick than I had ever been in my life. One of the

friars came into my room when he discovered I was not present to sing the dawn hymn. There were worry lines on his face. He put a hand to my forehead and said,

“You, too!” He told me that Fray Junípero also had a burning fever.

“How far is it to Querétero?” I asked him, knowing how little regard Old Father had for his body, and concerned that sick or well he would insist on continuing the journey.

“Eighty leagues,” the friar answered, “but Fray Junípero will not be traveling for some time.”

“He needs a rest,” I said. I had noticed how swollen his foot had been the day before. I asked the friar if yerba mansa grew in Mexico and explained that Old Father needed an herb poultice on his leg before it got worse.

“There is a doctor seeing him now,” I was told, “and he will be looking in on you next.”

I don’t remember much after that except that I received what I knew to be “the Last Rites.” I was glad I could repeat the Our Father in Rumsen. I didn’t want to die. A faraway place is a lonely place when one is sick.

Once, when the doctor visited me, he told me that Fray Junípero prayed constantly for my recovery. It was partly in fear, he said, that my people might think I had been killed by unfriendly white men. If I was strong enough to visit with Father Serra, the doctor thought this might reassure him and help him improve as well. I was better, he said, better than when I had been given the Last Rites. But Old Father had been growing worse.

“I will go see him,” I said.

When I entered Old Father's cell he recognized me and smiled, "You are better!"

"I am recovered," I told him.

"Thanks be to God," he said. "I, too, shall be better now."

He was still suffering from intermittent fevers when we set out for Querétero within a few days, but my fever was entirely gone.

"The country will be less rugged now," Old Father said hopefully. We passed over rolling hills with stone fences on either side of the road, and still more cactus plants. In time, the mountains were behind and ahead was a broad plain. Sprawling in the center of the plain was the immense city of Querétero with its church towers and domes, and a big wall over which water ran down from the mountains. Such wonders I saw on this journey!

We stayed at another Franciscan convent. This one was called Santa Cruz.

Old Father was so sick when we arrived he was willing to admit it. His anxious brothers put him in the infirmary immediately.

"We will be delayed again," he told me sadly, "but when God wishes us to arrive in Mexico City, we shall arrive. The longer we delay the more important it becomes for us to get there."

The brothers saw to it that my time was occupied while Old Father lay in his hospital bed. They taught me more Catholic doctrine and Spanish grammar, and permitted me to work with them in the garden every day. I

liked to be outside because then I could watch the doctor who attended Old Father. It was sad to see from the worry signs on his face that he didn't expect Old Father to recover.

\* \* \*

November passed. December came. Then January.

One day I saw the doctor visit Old Father three times. I knew my old companion must be very sick because he didn't like doctors to bother him. I was so worried I had to talk to somebody. Seeing a stranger sitting on a stone bench, I walked over to get acquainted with him. He told me he was a doctor, and on his way to Guadalajara. He also told me that he had always wanted to meet Father Serra because he was greatly admired in Mexico. Soon after that Old Father's doctor crossed the patio again. I pointed him out to the stranger and asked if he would find out how Father Serra was. I had asked the same question so many times the doctor had grown impatient with me.

"I have ordered the friars to give him the last anointing," the doctor told us.

I closed my outside ears. I would not listen to such words. I bit my lips to keep from telling the doctor that he had no power in his medicine bag. Something had to be done. Old Father had not journeyed so far to die before he persuaded the viceroy to build more ships and say who had authority over my people.

When I asked the doctor if I could see him, he shook his head.

"In Guadalajara," I argued, "when Father Junípero had the fever, he asked for me. And when I visited him he got better right away."

The infirmary doctor stood back and took a good look at me over the top of his spectacles. "Well, he cannot afford to use his strength unwisely," he cautioned.

"It might cheer him up," the visiting doctor suggested. "I have seen such things happen."

The doctor studied the matter further, then asked, "You wouldn't encourage him to talk, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't. I would only say the Our Father and thank God for making Father Junípero well."

The two doctors looked at each other and nodded. "It might do him good at that," his own doctor said.

As soon as I had shut Old Father's bedroom door, I dropped to my knees and kissed his hand. He patted me on the head but didn't speak. His cheeks were hollow.

"Do you remember," I asked, "how Captain Pérez was afraid to continue his journey from San Diego to Monterey?" He nodded. I could see he was too weak to answer and so I went on: "And you told him he was not to depend on himself but put his ship's wheel in God's hands?"

Old Father's face brightened. "My precious child," he whispered. There was a little smile appearing around the corners of his mouth.

"I have been thinking about this for many suns now," I said. "If you were to put the mule's reins in God's hands, he would get you to Mexico City. It is not a long



journey. If you got too tired riding I could get someone to help me carry you on a stretcher.”

He drew me closer to him, and taking my hand he said, “I feel better, much better.”

Remembering how he had thanked God for bringing Captain Pérez safely back to Monterey before the Captain had even left, I prayed now: “Thank you, God, for taking Father Junípero to Mexico City.”

He choked up for a moment, started to talk, but said nothing.

“The doctor said I was not to stay long. I will go now,” I said.

“I am better,” he said. His voice sounded stronger. There was a smile on his face.

I went into the patio and told the stranger: “If you would like to talk to him you better hurry. I think we will be leaving tomorrow.” He left me and I waited for him to return from the infirmary. He was not gone long.

“I told Father Junípero,” the stranger reported, “that if he was the one to receive the Last Sacraments, then I was in a condition to receive them also, and if it were not so late I would have him get up and dress. He’s well!”

“Then we can go tomorrow?” I asked.

“Yes,” he assured me, “after the morning meal you and Father Junípero can continue on your journey. Some men have great recuperative powers.”

I didn’t stop to ask him the meaning of the long word.

As we traveled through the many towns and vil-

lages along the way to Mexico City, I came to understand what he meant. Each day Old Father gained strength. Of course, he was weary when we arrived at the Franciscan college in Mexico City that is called San Fernando. It was our journey's end and I had never seen Old Father so joyful.

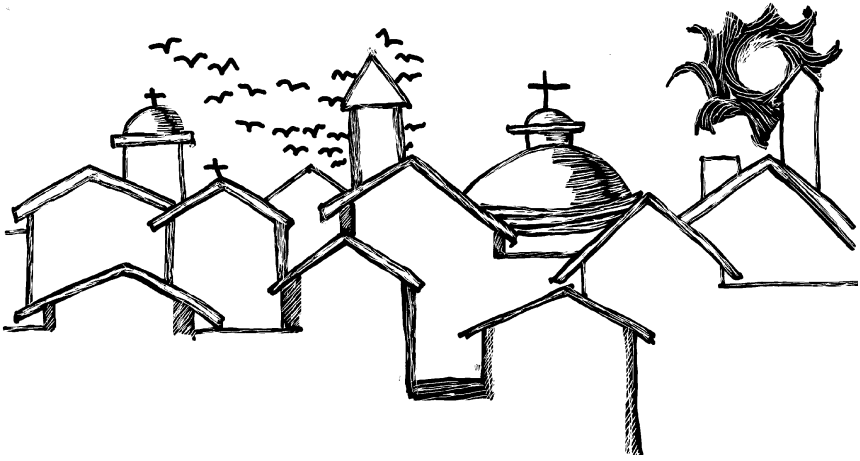
An old friend of his from Majorca, Father Verger, came out to greet him. Old Father knelt before him to receive his blessings, and in the same way that I had knelt in front of Old Father so many times. They talked for a long time that afternoon and well into the next night. The friars encouraged him to rest before seeing the viceroy. He would need added strength to undertake so important a matter.

"When will we go to the palace?" I asked Old Father next day.

"God will put me in the palace when the time is right for me to meet the viceroy."

"Yes," I said, "I know. I know also the viceroy will respect you. I think, though, God will have to give you a new habit. This one is pretty shabby."

"Your gentle manners and careful Castilian will be more eloquent than anything I might say," he answered me, "but perhaps I can find something better than this to wear."



## XV CITY OF WONDERS

**A**t San Fernando College, I slept in one of the many second-story cells close to Old Father. From my window I could see a forest of towers, domes and arch-ways. It was like living in the top of a tall tree. I tried to count the many towers before Old Father told me there had to be more than a hundred. Mexico City, he said, was a city of churches. And had I not been told I would have guessed this when, early next morning, I heard all the bells calling the hundred-thousand people to celebrate the Mass.

Yet, this did not stir my soul as much as had the ringing of the bells that hung from cross-bars in the center of our Carmel plaza. I discovered, also, a big city has many noises, yet none so soft on the ears as the noises of a valley with a river tumbling between rock-lined banks. The big city was a thundering roar of many wheels

clattering upon cobbled streets, of people screeching out endless wares, of guardhouse card-players bickering with companions, of horses whinnying complaints at being tied to hitching posts, of burros braying discontent over too heavy loads, of cows mooing to be fed, and of pigs squealing as they picked their way through heaps of garbage. But the noise that rumbled most in my ears was the yapping of the packs of dogs who fed upon the scraps people tossed out of dirty huts.

The college, fortunately, was on the edge of town. I could look beyond the fringe of trees that surrounded it and see the fields beyond. Further still were the hills which sloped to meet the mountains. When I thought back on how we had climbed and climbed—all those many days that had run into months—it seemed that I certainly should have been high enough to touch the sky. Yet looking to the east were higher mountains still, ones always covered with snow.

Old Father took me with him the first time he went to talk with Viceroy Bucareli. We approached the main plaza—the Plaza Mayor—with its tall cathedral and immense palace of the viceroy. Entering from the west side, we passed through the Portal of the Merchants and into endless rows of stalls where all sorts of surprising things were sold. I came to know these as brocades and tapestries, cloth of silk, velvet, cotton, or linen, silver and gold braid, fans, clocks, and toys. There were articles carved in ivory and wood, jewelry of silver, pots and pans of copper, tools of iron, dishes of glass, china or earthenware. Other merchants had tobacco, sweets and biscuits

for sale. I was tempted to hold them in my hand, but knew to do so would be to invite death. Glancing over my shoulder toward the side of the square, I saw stalls packed with flowers that had been transported to the heart of the city in a thousand canoes that glided down the canal from Lake Chalco.

What a delight for the eyes this plaza was! But what a disgust for the nose! Chief Tatlun would never have permitted us to turn our river into such a stinking pool. It was true, clean water was carried over a waterway with a thousand arches. It flowed into the city in pipes and in flumes so that the water was everywhere, even spouting out of the ears and eyes and noses of the statues that were in the center of numerous plazas. At the Plaza Mayor crowds of dirty people hovered around the central fountain, washing dirty rags and slipping around in the slimy mess.

Over the heads of numberless humans, over the tops of hundreds of coaches, I saw the two-story viceroy's palace where we were going. It was built of dark red volcanic rock and trimmed with gray stone. It faced the Plaza Mayor. A huge building, it would not have fitted inside our mission plaza. To enter, Old Father had to show the uniformed soldiers at the two gates a small paper containing the name and signature of His Excellency and explaining we were to be admitted inside the royal chambers. He took my hand now, wanting everyone to know that I was in his care.

A good thing the brothers at San Fernando had replaced our travel-worn clothes! With all the splendor

around us, we still didn't look as though we belonged at court. I was accustomed now to seeing religious persons in the streets robed in blue, black and brown as well as gray, but none that told you with one glance he gave away everything he had to the poor. The high walls inside the palace were covered with beautiful tapestries woven in blue and gold, the floors with still darker blue velvet, the windows with hangings in lighter blue. Hung from the mosaic ceiling were crystal candle holders, and even though the day was bright the white candles were lit and shining brilliantly.

The viceroy sat stiffly in a high-backed chair. Behind him a table gleamed as dew will in the early morning. He wore a suit of brightest blue over a white brocaded vest on which was embroidered a large cross in gold thread. His face was serious, very pale, and framed by a white curled wig. He rose when he saw us coming, and walked to the center of the room to greet Old Father reverently.

When Old Father presented me to His Excellency, Don Antonio María Bucareli, I bowed low and thanked him for the courtesy of receiving me. He raised surprised eyebrows, saying: "I have never heard better Castilian spoken!" Then he asked me one question after another about Alta California—how my people liked the missionaries, and about the tribes north of Monterey. About these he seemed especially interested. He then suggested that I amuse myself in one of the five inside plazas while he and Fray Junípero talked.

Father Junípero shook a "no" with his head, ex-

plaining that Mexico City was not a Carmel ranchería, and I better stay inside with him. He explained I would no doubt amuse myself contemplating all the strange sights I had seen on the way over.

It was true. I knew how to find friendship inside myself and often did. But I had no intention of doing so now. My ears had been trained to separate each important sound, and I knew that I would miss few words that passed between these two men, each as different a person as is Rumsen and Spaniard—Old Father a leader among the religious, and His Excellency a lieutenant-general of the King and a knight commander in the Order of Saint John of Malta. I memorized the title so I could repeat it for Chief Tatlun, and he could know what a long name the mighty chief in Mexico had.

“Your visit is timely,” Viceroy Bucareli said. “A courier is here from Captain Anza in Tubac, who wants to explore an overland route to San Francisco. I need first-hand information on Alta California.”

I smiled inside, remembering how Old Father had said God would put him in Mexico City when he needed to be there.

“I would heartily approve,” Father Junípero informed His Excellency, “anything that makes for better communication will help the mission cause.”

The viceroy picked up a handful of letters. Waving them, and with a wry smile, said, “I have been besieged with a storm of letters from both you and Don Pedro Fages, with each of you making the other to blame.”

“It is a matter that must be discussed in truth and

in frankness," Old Father declared. "Much harm has been done to many souls because of the soldiers' behavior. Our missions are doomed to failure if the situation is not remedied."

"I have been confused and chagrined about the California problem," Viceroy Bucareli admitted. His body was rigid.

"Our neophytes have an astuteness about character," Old Father said. His voice was golden and his words so sparkled he had no need of jewels to call attention to his worth. "They notice the inconsistency between what we preach and what Spaniards do. The soldiers' immorality is harmful to our cause."

Viceroy Bucareli moved, trying to find comfort in his chair. "I have already written to Captain Fages saying it is sad to think the Spaniards give the natives of the territory such a bad example. I have asked him to correct the matter and am certain he will have by the time you return."

Old Father, however, had not journeyed seven hundred and eighty leagues to have the long-running fight settled with another letter. "It is not only the missionaries who have found the Commandant impossible to deal with, the soldiers as well have been so disgruntled by his harsh treatment as to resort to desertion."

"I have been aware of that," Bucareli said, his manner indicating a desire to end the discussion. "I reminded the Commandant in my letter that because so many leagues separate us, prudence should dictate that he rule more in gentleness than in rigor. I am aware, of



course, of his need to maintain discipline.”

I sighed. It was as the Father Guardian of the college had warned. The military are bound to each other in loyalty, the same as priests are in love. Bucareli pressed his lips together in a thin line, but Old Father continued, “Those who are native to the land should not fall under the rule of the military but be managed by the missionaries.”

Bucareli brought up the matter of the expense of maintaining the San Blas naval station. “I don’t want to give you the impression, my good Fray Junípero, that I don’t want to cooperate with you, but the cost here is staggering and must be cut.”

“I agree that ships are costly to build,” Father Junípero agreed, “yet once they are built, they will cost less to maintain than a mule train. Nor are they so liable to delays and disasters.”

“Our mariners do not agree . . . ” Bucareli disputed.

“Mariners are not muleteers,” Old Father was quick to point out.

“My advisers tell me that supplies from Alta California could be sent by small launches across the gulf and from there overland, and at far less cost to the government.” It was more of a question than a declaration.

“Your advisers have misinformed you,” Old Father said frankly, “because it would take fifteen hundred mules, one hundred and fifty muleteers, and one hundred soldiers to escort them.”

Bucareli raised an eyebrow. “You have proof of

what you say?"

"I do," Old Father said. Then, point by point he explained the impossibility of the undertaking—how supplies would disappear or spoil in the two years it would take to transport them, and how, in the meantime, the missions would face starvation. Or what was worse, the tribal peoples from Velitica to Monterey would be violated by the rough men who maintained the caravan.

"California's original peoples are curious beings," Old Father explained. "They are also lively and little understood by the ruffians who man the trains. Although I have protested vigorously, I have seen them killed over trifles."

"Your seacoast has been a naval graveyard," His Excellency replied. He was not easily won.

"Yes," but the navigators are becoming more familiar with our danger spots, and the trips are taking less and less time each year. This in itself is reducing scurvy," Old Father said.

"You come well-informed, Father President," Bucareli complimented him. "You were not a university lecturer for nothing."

"I want to remind you," Old Father went on, taking no notice of the compliment, "California is going to grow big, so big that mule trains—no matter how long they are—will never be able to supply the colonists."

"But the reforms you ask for are too drastic," His Excellency said. A sense of hopelessness came over his face as he rose from his chair. Old Father also rose and

I stood waiting. The viceroy started for the door, the priest behind him. When they reached me, His Excellency held out a hand for Old Father to take.

“They are too drastic for you to refuse,” Old Father came back, his eyes looking squarely into the viceroy’s, and showing no intention of walking out now.

“I am going to ask you, Father President, to put down on paper the changes you would like to see put into effect,” His Excellency sighed deeply, “Number each point, and with it your reason for recommending it and what your personal experience has been. I will see that your document is presented before the Ministry of War and Finance, and when this board has considered the matter, you will have an answer.”

I wondered if this was a viceroy’s way to get rid of a persistent old man who had journeyed from Monterey to Mexico to save five missions from collapse, and those he called his children from having to submit to an intolerant and inexperienced ruler.

“It is necessary for you to forward orders immediately to San Blas,” Old Father said, as though he were the one to give the orders and the viceroy were the one to see that they were carried out. “Inform the naval commandant there that he should continue to carry the usual supplies to California, and remind him it is already past the time when the ships sailed last year.” The viceroy looked surprised, but before he had chance to answer, Old Father added, “If you fail to do this the province will be in danger of starving while you and I talk about it here in Mexico City.”

"All right," the viceroy agreed. "I will dispatch couriers to the coast without delay." Then looking at me, he added, "I see why Father President has made quick success of his mission enterprise."

I bowed low, thanking him for the privilege of being permitted to remain in his royal chambers and for his kindness in sending the ships to save our San Carlos Mission of the Carmel River.

"I am so impressed with this newest subject of mine," His Excellency said referring to me, "I should like to send a present along when you two return to California. Is there anything you would especially like to have Juan?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Your Excellency," I said quickly. "I would like to bring something for my sister and my mother and my grandmother."

"That would be nice," he said smiling. "What would they like?"

"Well, if you could spare some cloth for them to make into dresses, they would be most pleased. Father Junípero has taught them how to sew."

This so amused His Excellency that I was afraid I had said something wrong. "When you came here," he told Old Father, "I admired you for your great courage, for I had been informed you had traveled in a dying condition. But I must say I admire you more for the humility you have shown in teaching your new converts how to sew, more for this than anything else I have heard about you. It is a strange calling for so learned a man!"

When we came out of the viceregal palace, Old

Father pointed out the beautiful archiepiscopal chapel. “We shall be in Mexico City for some time, I’m afraid,” he said, “perhaps long enough to have you confirmed by the archbishop. You would be the first Californian to be so blessed. Would you like that?”

“Oh, yes!” I told him, smiling proudly. “And would my name, Juan Evangelista, be written down in a big book?”

“Yes, it would! And your saint name, José, that also will be added.”

“Juan Evangelista José!” I so liked the sound of my name. And the José—Joseph—was also the patron saint of our Carmel Mission.

For the next two days Old Father was busy preparing the document the viceroy had requested. When it was completed and when the Father Guardian had approved of it, we walked back to the viceregal palace and handed His Excellency the document.

“I hope your Excellency will read this,” Old Father said, “and that you will decide that all I have asked is just and necessary and act upon my suggestions as soon as possible. In which case I will return to California contentedly. If not I must return sorrowfully, although always resigned to the will of God.”

Old Father had asked that the large vessel that was being constructed at San Blas be completed as soon as possible, and for an increase in soldiers so that California would have a hundred men guarding the five missions and three presidios. This included the planned San Francisco Presidio and the new missions to be estab-

lished. He also requested that carpenters, blacksmiths and farmers be sent to teach neophytes their trades, and that two physicians be included to replace Dr. Prat. Most of all, he asked that officers and soldiers be forbidden from punishing those who were native to the land, except in crimes of blood. He asked also that when a soldier's example was bad that he be removed from mission to presidio without consultation with his commandant.

As for the commandant of Monterey—Fages—he was to be removed and without blame or humiliation. For the way of a priest is different from the way of a soldier.

It was recommended that wives be sent with the tradesmen and that families from Mexico be encouraged to go to live in Alta California and settle around the missions. Nor were officials to open any more of the priests' letters.

Although all these things were granted, Old Father would need to stay on a while longer. The new justice would have to be written into law, and he wanted to make certain everything would be done in proper order.

He worked now with a new joy and with the strength of three men, looking after every detail that would improve or help the work of the missions. It made me proud to see that one of his greatest happinesses was to arrange with the Archbishop of Mexico for my confirmation which, as he had hoped, would be held in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace.

So it was on Sunday morning, August 4, 1773,

after the High Mass was sung and the doctrina recited, the Archbishop of Mexico, the Most Reverend Alfonso Nuñez de Jaro y Peralto, confirmed me and wrote my full name—Juan Evangelista José—in the Register of Confirmations. Next to my name he wrote my age—fifteen. Later at Carmel, Old Father would copy this into his new book of records—his Book of Confirmations. Mine would be the very first name in the book, and ever after anyone who wanted to read it could do so. I repeated my name to myself over and over again—Juan Evangelista José—John, the bearer of good news, and José, the name of my saint, and the patron saint of Carmel and of Old Father, too.

By September we were saying good-bye to the friars who had been so kind to us during our six months' stay in their city. I could see that it was hard for Old Father to leave his friends forever. He and the Father Guardian had been professors together at the University of Palma. And how they enjoyed one another's company! I, too, had made friends with the brothers and would miss the joy of learning all the things they, in their patience, taught me each day.

As we walked down the long corridor, the eyes of everyone watching were filled with tears. I knew in my heart, and from the sorrow on their faces, that they thought Old Father would not live long enough to reach home. They had learned to love this kindhearted old man. The Father Guardian sent along Fray Pablo Mugártegui to look after Old Father, in case he got sick, and to deliver me safely into the hands of Chief Tatlung if Old Fa-

ther died.

Imagine my surprise and joy when the college door closed behind us and I saw a coach waiting for us. Moreover, the Father Guardian had ordered Fray Junípero to accept its use “under obedience.” This meant Old Father could not refuse its comfort for this first leg of the return journey. The coach would take us Guadalajara. The Franciscan brothers there would then use their judgment to see that we reached San Blas in good health.

Once Old Father had said his good-by, he was again in good spirits and joked with the coachman, telling him the boy who sat alongside him in the driver’s seat might steal away his job! The coachman permitted me to hold the reins, which gave him an opportunity to rest now and then when the road was not too dangerous.

I had grown accustomed to delays. So it was nothing unusual that we had to wait at Tepic for the ship to be unloaded. We had gone directly to San Blas, but when Old Father had learned that the sailing would not take place until January, we went back to the hospice where we could be of service to the missions in seeking more funds and in supervising the buying of supplies.

Finally, we embarked on the *Santiago*—the very vessel that Old Father had inspected so carefully and urged the workmen to finish. As we went aboard, the ship’s master builder said, “Father President, the prophecy you made to us when you arrived from Monterey, that you would return on the *Santiago*, is about to be fulfilled. God bless you and give you a happy voyage.”



Old Father smiled, “What I said was due only to my desire to see so fine a vessel completed. I suppose that God permitted my wish to be realized, and to God I give thanks, but also to you who worked so hard to complete it.” An even greater happiness was finding that Captain Juan Pérez, having completed a successful journey to Monterey, was now at San Blas and would captain the *Santiago* that would carry us home!



## XVI OLD FATHER'S SECRET

**T**he *Santiago* had orders to sail to Monterey without stopping. But orders or not, it dropped anchor at San Diego on the thirteenth of March. Although some of the tradesmen journeying to Alta California with their families were carpenters and blacksmiths and knew how to shorten the masts, this still did not help the vessel to withstand the high seas. Captain Pérez, therefore, was forced to wait for the storm to blow over. This was naturally a disappointment since I was eager to be reunited with my family. Nor was my disappointment unlike most of the other passengers who, with the crew, made ninety-eight persons aboard. How different the return voyage was, with me trying to cheer others this time, the women especially, who seemed to be timid about going to a strange country.

We were at sea for forty-nine days instead of the

fifteen it had taken to go to San Blas. The priest who went along with us to see that we arrived in good health took ill of fever and was forced to remain at San Diego. One of the two doctors aboard developed such fear of the sea that he, too, remained at San Diego until he could go overland by mule train.

Sergeant Carillo was there to welcome us, waving so anxiously that Captain Pérez sent a launch out to bring him aboard. He wanted to inform us that the missions had endured an eight months' famine. This made Old Father decide that we, too, should continue by overland so that he could visit the stations along the way and cheer them with the news that a heavily-provisioned ship had arrived from Mexico.

A few days later, we were to hear good news through a courier. The unbelievable had happened! Captain Juan de Bautista de Anza, Fathers Garces and Diaz of the College of Querétaro, where we had visited, and a few soldiers had reached San Gabriel, having walked from Sonora, Mexico. Four of Anza's soldiers were waiting at San Gabriel to get provisions and deliver letters from Captain Anza to Father Serra whenever he should arrive.

As soon as we had finished celebrating Holy Week in San Diego we set out for San Gabriel. The rains, however, were so heavy that it took us six days to get there. Captain Anza, tired of waiting, had already left for Monterey, hoping to see Old Father there. What a surprise, then, that on our way to San Luis Obispo, near a village close to Point Concepción, we met Anza return-

ing from Monterey. He was making extraordinarily good time, and inspecting the road for a future expedition at which time he planned to bring a horseback train of men, women, and children from Mexico to colonize San Francisco. Viceroy Bucareli had ordered a presidio to be built there, too. I guess he was still worrying about the Russians going to get that fine harbor the Spaniards talked so much about.

That night at camp we had a lively time sharing the experiences of our separate journeys. Captain Anza thanked Old Father for having made the trip possible by advising the viceroy that this new route to Alta California should be explored. But it was with deep concern we heard his account of how the Spaniards at Monterey and Carmel for several months had lived on peas ground and cooked with milk. My people, of course, had foraged for themselves and shared what food they could find. Being winter, fish and game were scarce and so I knew they could not have had much to share with the Spaniards.

We stopped but briefly at the San Luis Obispo and San Antonio Missions, so eager was Old Father to get to Carmel to be of whatever help he could to the starving people. Nevertheless, I had a good visit with my old friend Timoteo. I had so many things to tell him about Mexico City. He had never seen the capital of his own country!

As we tramped along the river road, I told Old Father that I hoped our Carmel cattle had increased as much as the cattle at San Antonio had. He laughed and said, "Come to think of it, we brought back doctors, farmers, blacksmiths and carpenters, but not any vaqueros.

Since you've already proven capable of handling mules, and since it would appear from all that Captain Anza told us about how busy the soldiers will be starting the new presidio, it appears we'll be needing a part-time vaquero!"

I must have had a black cloud of a face because he laughed and added: "Of course, you know mules are much too scarce to use chasing run-away cattle over the hills! Don't you recall that Captain Anza himself is going to use horses?"

Now my trip was complete. How could a commandant forbid me to ride a horse when Old Father was now the final authority on all matters concerning the missions?

I reminded Old Father that we had left our four brood mares and a stallion at Carmel, and added, "I should think our horse family would be large by now." I also wondered how many pigs and chickens we would have. Yes, I was going to be very happy to be back at Carmel of the River.

Soon we were at Monterey.

How my heart pounded, hearing the welcome-home cheers! And such *salvos* of the full artillery that greeted our ears! Nor did my people watch from behind trees this time, but added to the noise by their shouts and beating on drums. There was a boy with fast feet to run on ahead to Carmel, just as I had once done, to spread the news that we had returned. Best of all, the *Santiago* was riding at anchor in the harbor. It had arrived two days ahead of us, on the ninth of May. Although the

number of the year had never been important to Achastans before, I can even tell you how it was numbered. It was the year of 1774.

We didn't linger long at the presidio, but not because Don Pedro Fages didn't receive us courteously. Now he seemed to go out of his way to be kind to Old Father. He even asked me if I had liked the trip. I could not guess from his manner if he knew he was to be relieved of his command. Perhaps he had taken to heart the viceroy's letter advising it was better to rule with gentleness than rigor. Nor did I feel sorry for him, although Fages' misfortune greatly grieved Old Father. He later told me, as we walked along the winding pine ridge path, that he was sorry for having to do what had been necessary for the good of the land and its inhabitants, and he hoped the experience would give Don Pedro the wisdom one needs to rule justly and with love for those placed under one's care.

If I had tied a handkerchief over my eyes, still my feet, led only by my nose, would have taken me to the mission gate. For May around Carmel is a fragrant time with the freshness of spring in the air, the scent of pine in every whiff, the taste of salt in every breath, and the perfume of roses in the air.

"It was at this season you first came to Carmel," I reminded Old Father. He nodded, too overcome with joy to speak.

Bells tolled the most joyous songs that had ever resounded within the ring of the sierras. We descended the last hill with the thrilling roar of the sea swelling our

inner ears. Suddenly Old Father burst out in a glad hymn and waved his arms in the air with an enthusiastic hola to the valley of his heart. And who but Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl was running up the hill to meet us? Everyone else, of course, was too polite to break through the two welcome lines formed from the entrance way to the plaza cross where Fathers Palóu and Crespí waited to conduct the ceremony celebrating our return.

I knew when I saw my sister that everyone had been planning a big fiesta ever since the ship had arrived. She was dressed in a new fiber skirt with a garland of roses encircling her neck and blossoms adorning her hair. In her hand she held a basket of roses and showered us with petals. We were now close enough to hear the singing, and the flute-playing under the voices and over the rhythm of the waves as they broke upon the rocks. The whole world had become a mission choir, rejoicing that two absent ones had returned to that one spot in all the world where they belonged.

“What did you bring me?” Hummingbird asked as soon as the affectionate embracings were finished.

“Pretty blue cloth for a new dress,” I told her. “The Big White Chief sent cloth for every woman and girl.”

She clapped her hands and danced up and down. Then, thinking I had been joking, she looked to Old Father. When he nodded assurance, she ran back to her place in line next to my tearful mother. Chief Tatlun, dressed in full ceremonial robe, marched out to extend us the tribal welcome. It was good to hear Rumsen words again. Next my father embraced me in the way Span-

iards greeted each other after a long absence. Never before had any of our people been away from the nation for so long a time.

Old Father and I marched down the aisle that was strewn with pine boughs as everyone sang *Te Deum Laudamus*. On one side were the neatly-dressed women weeping as though it were a day of sorrow, while on the other side the men were silent. Within both files were new Christians and those studying to become Christians, all in newly-made clothes of fiber and deerskins and otter capes. The time was long past when cloth was in good supply at the mission. But that would be changing now that the new ship floated in the harbor, its hold bulging with supplies for another year. From the head-dresses the men wore, it could have been a wedding party.

As we approached the cross, all dropped to their knees while Father Palóu thanked God for having returned us safely home to Carmel. Father Crespí and others made up the choir.

After the thanksgiving Mass, Old Father asked how many new Christians the mission now had. It was a proud Father Crespí who answered that one hundred and seventy-four had been baptized. There were many more present, of course, because most of the Achastans were under instruction. There were also others from neighboring nations who came, wanting to be included in our mission family.

“It was a profitable absence,” Old Father said. “God’s blessing upon all.”

Old Father urged me to spend that night with my



relatives at the ranchería. How could I explain all the strange sights I had seen? Now that I was away from Mexico City, I wondered if I had actually witnessed all the beautiful sights. Or had I just dreamed them? There were others memories, too, ones that now seemed more like nightmares than real. I would make myself forget them. And since it would do little good to share them with my people, I wouldn't mention them.

Mother wanted to know what was the prettiest thing I had seen, and Grandmother and Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl, too, begged me to describe the one thing that had most pleased my eyes. It was strange that it never occurred to them I would have seen anything ugly.

"In the whole trip?" I asked. "The most pleasing?"

They nodded.

"I saw many beautiful things," I related, trying to pick out that one best. "Houses big as mountains, and a big brown horse carved out of stone in the patio of the Big White Chief. It had water pouring from its eyes and ears and mouth like a waterfall leaping from a cliff to a pool below. But there was one sight so beautiful that it wet my face to gaze upon it, as though a fog were rolling in from the sea."

"What was it?" they begged.

"I saw it from a hill," I continued, not wanting to hurry for I could hardly believe the happiness I felt. "It was pink with roses, and from it I could see a silver ribbon of a river that emptied into a bay that was both blue and green. On one side, the purple mountains ended. On the other began a point of green evergreens whose

backs had been bowed with the burden of the north wind. And below the hill was a knoll with a God-house in the center. It was made of sturdy logs and bricks dried by the sun, and around this were many smaller buildings with roofs of yellow straw. In all of Mexico I saw no sight so delightful to my eyes!"

"So?" Mother had a faraway look on her face. I had told her many wonderful things, trying to explain what the inside of a palace was like, and other things she could not understand, such as houses taller than our tallest trees. No wonder she was dazed.

"Bah!" Grandmother said, "I can see that from outside of my ruc every sun in twelve moons!"

And then everyone began to laugh.

"Achasta!" Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl cried out. "You are jesting!"

"No," I told her, "that was the most wonderful part of the entire trip."

"Achasta! Achasta! Achasta!" they repeated.

"Achasta belongs to the long ago," I told them. "The place you refer to is Carmel. And although I never knew it before I went to Mexico, there always was a big world that joined our world and that was part of our world. Our not knowing that it was there didn't make it any less true. We were and are a part of it, as the fingers are part of the hand, and the hand is part of the larger body . . ."

"So that is what my son learned?" Father asked.

"Well, you found out for us that these white men were not descended from mules!" As Grandfather said

this he burst into hearty laughter. He had been so certain he was right about this! But he had discovered his error when the ship had arrived from Mexico with some of the wives and children of the men who had come ahead to work in Monterey.

“Yes, and one of them, the wife of the white man’s curer,” Mother said, “is going to teach me how to make the pretty clothes she wears.”

“And the children let us play with their toys,” Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl added.

“It seems hard to believe we are so few in so great a world of people,” Grandmother commented.

“And did you like this other world?” my mother wanted to know.

“Seeing it made such a longing in my heart,” I told her. “There were times I thought I would perish of the wishing sickness.”

“But now that you are here, my son,” my father said, “do you rejoice in your own land?”

“Oh yes, my father, I do. Our ancestors who traveled so far to reach this land picked out the best place for us to live in the whole world. I saw no place that knew its peace.”

During the next two weeks the *Santiago* unloaded its stores, until everything had been brought ashore. The supplies were placed in the royal warehouse, and what could not fit inside it was placed in the center of the plaza. What belonged to Father Junípero was carried by mules to the San Carlos Mission of the Carmel River. Old Father sent me along to help with the pack train. All

other hands were needed to prepare the other train leaving with supplies for Missions San Antonio and San Luis Obispo. It took every mule and the entire soldier escort to get the supplies on the road. We had four tame horses at our mission and Old Father let me pick out the one I wanted to use for my new work.

And what a happy day it was when I began my work as a part-time muleteer—a muleteer who does his work from the back of a horse!

In the days that followed I was also an interpreter. I was needed for this even more than before because I now knew so many Spanish words. And, also, there were so many people to explain things to. There were all of those who had come from Mexico to live among us, and all the peoples of several surrounding nations who now attended the Mission San Carlos, and every Achastan, too.

Most of all I tried to remember what His Excellency the Archbishop had told me—that now I was a confirmed Christian, whatever task my two hands found to do in the service of the mission I should do also to the glory of God.

The new Commandant—Rivera was his name—arrived in Monterey on the twenty-third of July, just as High Mass was to be sung aboard the *Santiago* with all the land and sea officials, the crew, and a number of the missionaries in attendance. I went along as a server, which was my custom. It was to be a Mass of thanksgiving in honor of Our Lady of Monterey, something Captain Pérez had promised in return for his safe journey to

the port.

On the following day, Rivera showed his letters of appointment to Fages. With this Rivera's command was officially proclaimed. A short time later, a meek and dispirited Fages left to go overland to San Diego and from there return to Mexico on the *San Antonio*. His departure, however, was not without considerable bickering over what vessel he should take.

Once again Old Father wrote a letter to the viceroy, this time asking His Excellency to consider giving former commandant Fages employment elsewhere in the royal forces of the King of Spain.

I thought of what Old Father had told me long ago, "A miracle is something that comes from God." And forgiveness, that too must be a miracle. For unlike Old Father, I felt only joy in Fages' going.

By now several of the soldiers had married our women. When we would meet they would say, "Now perhaps your people will admit that there is another part of the world where marriage is a custom as among the Achastans."

"Yes, now we know," I would say.

When Saint Bartholomew's Day came, we had the biggest celebration Mission San Carlos of the River Carmel had ever known. The new buildings had been dedicated on that day three years before. On the same day, two years ago, Old Father and I had left for Mexico. It had been almost five years since Portolá had camped near where we now sang the alabado every morning, thanking God for another new day.

Two hundred and forty-five persons had been baptized during those days. New persons came every day from distant tribes to beg to be admitted within our grounds. The women and girls wore beautiful blue cotton dresses. Chief Tatlun's children had all been baptized, and he and his wife were under instruction to become new Christians. His youngest son had been given the name Junípero Bucareli, and I had tried to explain to him why it was a proud name to bear. Father Palóu, who had taken care of the missions in Old Father's absence, stayed on to help us grow a lovely garden such as I had not seen in all of Mexico, with artichokes and cabbages and lettuce growing inside a border of azaleas.

That August we harvested a good crop of wheat. And while we were busy with that, the sardines started running in the bay. Old Father was not a man to change our old ways unless he thought they were bad ways, and so he gave us permission to fish in the afternoon after we had gathered grain in the morning. We caught so many of the small silver fish that I suggested my relatives help me dry a barrel full and ship it to His Excellency, the Viceroy of New Spain.

"Yes, indeed," Old Father agreed, "I will ship them to San Blas and ask the warehouse manager there to reship them to Mexico City so that they will arrive in good condition."

So once again a mule from Mexico carried a pack from Carmel on his back and over the King's Highway to Mexico City. You might not think that Viceroy Bucareli would have valued a barrel of fish among the many pre-

sents sent to him from all over the big world. But you would be wrong. I received a letter from His Excellency thanking me for our gift and saying that he valued it highly. Even if you could not read it, you would know by its fancy letters and curlicues that it came from the Big White Chief's palace. For safekeeping it was placed in a metal box with other important mission letters for people ever after to read.

\* \* \*

When the harvest was over, and when all the fish were caught and dried, we had a fiesta at the Point of the Sea Wolves. Our feet took us to the favorite cove on the south side of the point which is sheltered by the evergreen trees. There we watched countless numbers of cormorants, pelicans and gulls sunning themselves on the rock. We hunted for the hens that fed upon sardines. Later, we made little fires and roasted the fowl. Afterwards we sat around enjoying our fill and singing and talking and swimming.

As usual, my relatives wanted me to tell them more tales about the wondrous things I had seen. I could sense a longing in the hearts of those who had been left behind.

Yet sitting there on the sand, I saw before me how the wind had carved out of the brown rock a wide arch where the sea rolled in, and where the green of the sea and the blue of the sky shone through. Over it and part of the immense rock that jutted out into the sea was a narrower arch, and within it the same reflection of heaven and ocean. I told my people about how Mexico City had

no river such as we had to provide them with water, and how they brought their water over a stone-waterway of a thousand arches. I told them how it came from a big lake from which also flowed a long canal—a river made by human hands—and upon which floated so many flower-laden canoes that it appeared to be a meadow in the moon of the roses.

“Such a wonder you saw!” they said with unbelief and envy.

“No, the wonder was that with all that water still they had to bathe inside a little pool that smelled worse than old deer hide, and with slimy mud all around it!”

“Then it is no wonder that the porpoises and whales and butterflies always come back to Carmel when roses bloom!” Hummingbird-Pretty-Girl concluded.

“And Old Father chose to come back, too,” I reminded them. “I saw great people who lived in buildings as wide as hills and as tall as cliffs. Not even in my dreams could I have imagined the beauty of the White Chief’s city. Yet the people there bowed reverently when they met Old Father. And still he chooses us for his children and chooses to live here with us.”

“So that is why he came with a wooden cross in his hand,” my father said, “and not with sword and gun and shield as others did!”

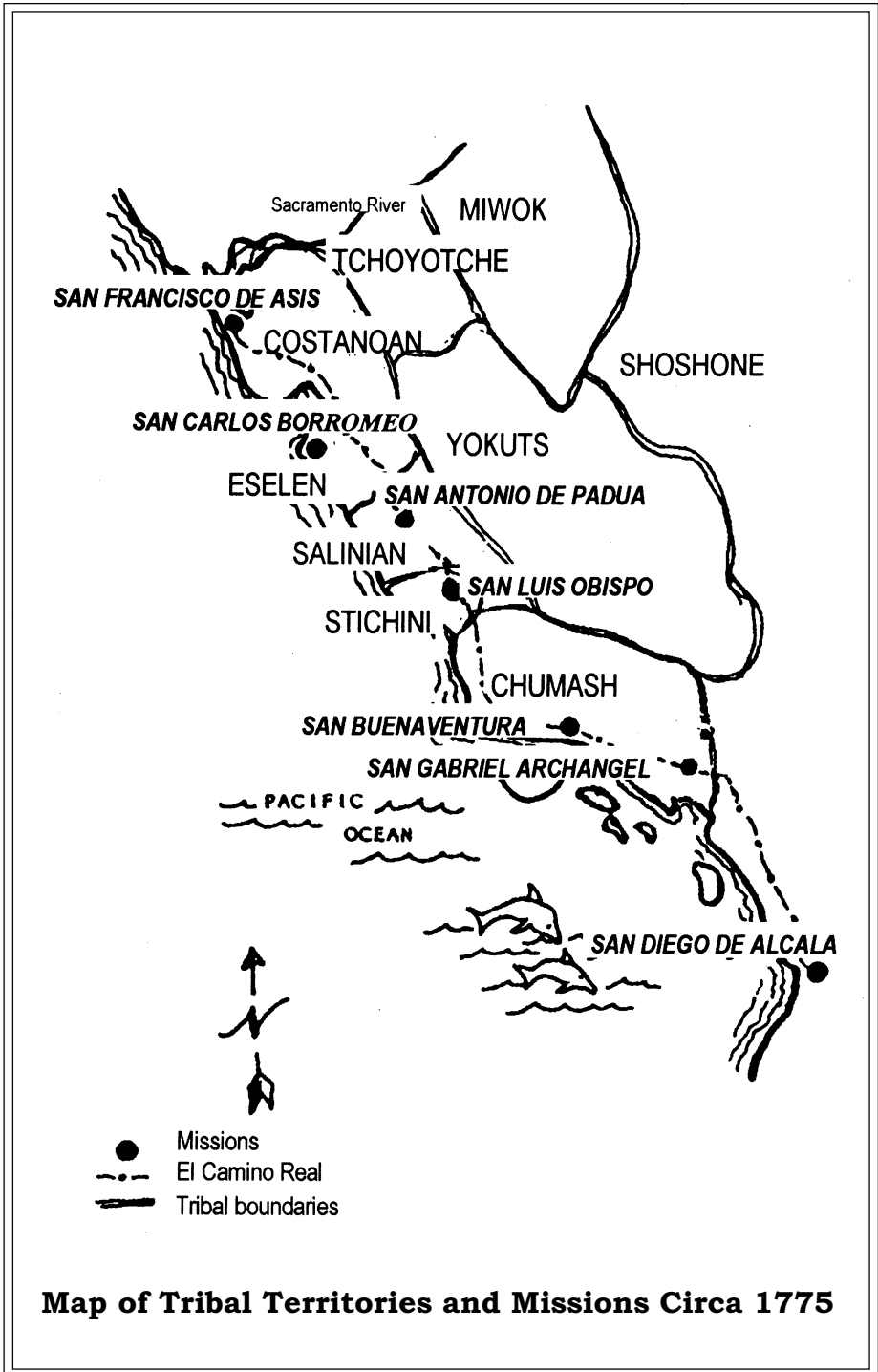
“Yes, my father, that is why. That is why he doesn’t feel the need for protection others do, and why he feels safe wherever he goes. It is because he is kin to the earth and to the sea and to every living thing. In this he is like us. As we, too, know ourselves to belong to the river, to



every rock beside it, and to the Great Creator who has made it all, so we belong also to Old Father, and he to us, and both of us to this land where we now live together as one people.

It was because Old Father was at peace with the Great One and with all created things that he never feared us. Nor do we ever have to fear him. It is as Chief Tatlung has always said, 'A nation of rightness is a nation at peace with all others, with itself, and with all that surrounds it.'"





Map of Tribal Territories and Missions Circa 1775

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## GLOSSARY

S=Spanish M=Mexican R=Rumsen L=Latin

a ma hunse (R) ( <i>ah ma hunsay</i> )	toasted seeds to be ground before making into mush
amar a Dios! (S) ( <i>ah mar ah dee os</i> )	common greeting, such as English “good day” [literally: “Love God!”]
amse (R) ( <i>ahm say</i> )	scar
Ash (R) ( <i>ah sh</i> )	medicine man
atole (R) ( <i>ah to lay</i> )	hot cereal
catechumen (S) ( <i>cah tay choo men</i> )	one who is being taught the principles of Christianity
chía (S) ( <i>chee ah</i> )	medicinal herb, white-flowered sage
doctrina Christina (S) ( <i>dokt ree nah</i> )	Christian doctrine
el beato (S) ( <i>el bay ah toh</i> )	blessed person



el delegado (S) ( <i>el day lay gah doh</i> )	frail, thin one
gavilán (S) ( <i>gah vee lahn</i> )	sparrow hawk
Hola! (S) ( <i>hoh lah</i> )	interjection— hello, or ho!
Ka uk (R) ( <i>ka ook</i> )	friend
ka-i (R) ( <i>kah ee</i> )	pain
Ka ap Pan (R) ( <i>Kah ah pahn</i> )	“Our Father” as translated for Native peoples
lemme (R) ( <i>leh may</i> )	rabbit skin blan- ket
nei! (R) ( <i>ney</i> )	exclamation— “now!”
neóphyte (S) ( <i>nay o fight</i> )	a recent convert
Noche Buena (S) ( <i>No che Voo ay nah</i> )	Christmas Eve
olé (S) ( <i>o lay</i> )	bravo!
pozole (M) ( <i>poh zo lay</i> )	cereal cooked with meat and vegetables
ranchería (S) ( <i>rahn chay ree ah</i> )	cluster of huts forming a settle- ment

ruc (M) ( <i>ruhk</i> )	hut or cabin
siesta (S) ( <i>see ehs tah</i> )	afternoon nap or rest hour
ta-mai (R) ( <i>tah may</i> )	sweet dried fruit or candy
Tai-ruk (R) ( <i>Tie ruhk</i> )	The “Our Father” prayer to the white man’s God
tara (R) ( <i>tah rah</i> )	heaven, sky
Te Deum Laudamus (L) ( <i>Tay Day oom Lau da mus</i> )	hymn of praise
umin (R) ( <i>oo min</i> )	hummingbird
urkan (R) ( <i>uhr kahn</i> )	mortar for grinding seeds
wa lu min (R) ( <i>wa loo min</i> )	cut, wound
yerba mansa (M) ( <i>yehr vah mahn sah</i> )	healing herb used for making poultices

## SPANISH PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Spanish speaking people customarily speak distinctly and without slurring words. This is especially true of the vowels.

*a* - is pronounced as in the English word *father*.

*e* - has two sounds: in a syllable closed by a consonant it is pronounced as in English words *set, met, get*; otherwise *e* is pronounced as in *padre*.

*i* - is pronounced as in *machine*.

*o* - also has two sounds: (1) in an open syllable it is pronounced like the *o* in *hello*; and (2) as in *torment* (short *o*).

*u* - is pronounced like the *oo* in *boot*. A Spanish example is *mucho*—much.

*y* - is a vowel when it stands alone or ends a word as *y*, the Spanish word *and*, and in *soy*—"I am." *y* carries the same pronunciation as *i* in Spanish.

Most consonants are pronounced as in English. Below are a few of the major exceptions, such as:

*b* & *v* - are pronounced alike (except after a pause or after *m* or *n* as in *embargo*. In other instances *b* and *v* have the same sound as in *give*.

*c* - has the sound of *k* as in *act*. A Spanish example is *casa*. In Castilian, *c* before *e* and *i* is pronounced like *th* in the English word *thin*. In Central America *c* before *e* or *i* is pronounced as in the English *say* or *sí* (yes).

*ch* - is alphabetized and treated as a single consonant. It is pronounced as in the English word *church*.

*d* - has two distinct sounds: (1) after a pause, and after a *n* or *l*, it is pronounced similar to *d* in *dog*; (2) between vowels and at the end of a word, the sound is similar to *th* in *though* as in the Spanish *donde* (where).

*f* - is similar to the English *f* except it is pronounced by the lips coming together (not lips and teeth).

*g* - has two sounds: (1) before *a*, *o* and *u*, and before a consonant, it is pronounced like *g* in *go*. A Spanish example is *gusto* (taste). (2) before *e* and *i*, it is pronounced similar to the way *ch* is in *loch lomond*.

The Spanish alphabet has more letters than in the English one, including the *ch* (described above), and *ll* which is treated and alphabetized as a single consonant. Another letter is *ñ*, pronounced as *ny* in *canyon*.

*q* - occurs only in combination with *ue* or *ui* (que or qui) and is pronounced like the English *k* with the *u* silent. A Spanish example is *queso* (cheese), pronounced *kayso*.

*r* - after a pause or preceded by *l*, *n*, or *s*, is trilled.

*rr* - (alphabetized and treated like a consonant) is always strongly trilled. When one calls *perro* (dog) all four legged creatures are very apt to come running.

*x* is usually similar to the sound of *x* in *axe*, or more like the *x* in *exaggerate*.

*y* used as a consonant is pronounced as the English *y* in *yet*.

*z* - in Castilian Spanish sounds as *th* in *thing*. In Latin America *z* sounds as *s* in case.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It was Harry Downie, Curator of Mission San Carlos de Borromeo, Carmel, California, who was responsible for the reconstruction of ten of the missions and who opened for me the locked doors of his home mission's extensive library and museum to reveal the carefully preserved records and priceless artifacts which made it possible to recreate the story of the intrepid journey into the "outer space" of Father Serra's century.

I wish also to acknowledge immeasurable help received from Don Miguel Ramiz Moragues, Curator of the Serra Museum at Petra, Mallorca, Spain, birthplace of Junípero Serra and where I visited, and Mrs Dina Moore Bowden of Palma, Mallorca, for her help as well.

Additionally, I would mention the valuable knowledge I obtained from reading the scholarly two-volume work *The Life and Times of Fray Junípero Serra, O F M*, written by Maynard J. Geiger, O F M. Dr Geiger spent fourteen years gathering and studying the full documentation for this biography—certainly the most complete account of Serra yet written.

I would thank as well the librarians who assisted me in gathering material, especially at the Bancroft Library at the University of California in Berkeley, the Monterey Library, the Library of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, and Biblioteca Nacional at Madrid, Spain, and the archivists who made original documents avail-

able to me at the Archivo General de Indias, in Seville, Spain, where I spent many months doing research.

While I tried to reconstruct the story's decade as authentically as was possible, my true search was for the clue that made Father Serra able to live at one with every living thing, even at a time when California was considered to be wild.

The books listed in the Bibliograph helped me considerably, but there were times, too, when I had to consult the very trees and rocks that surrounded my home in the old Carmel Valley where I lived for twenty-five years.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Beulah Karney was born in Oakland, graduated from Occidental College and did postgraduate studies at the University of Mexico. She taught Spanish and Dramatics for seven years preparatory to her thirty-year career as a radio and television writer and broadcaster for KMBC in Kansas City and ABC in Chicago. Returning to California, she taught Creative Writing at Monterey Peninsula College. During these years The John Day Company published her three previous books: *Wild Imp*, (1960), a Junior Literary Guild selection; *Keepers of the Bell* (1961), on the New York Times 100-Best List for Older Boys; and *The Listening One*, (1962) cited by the Child Study Association for its sympathetic treatment of Native Americans. *Old Father's Long Journey* was first published in 1985 by CLC Press. Revisions to this new edition have been made by the author's daughter, Ann K Elliott.

## ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Marianne Elliott, grand daughter-in-law of the author, was also born in Oakland. An artist and biology major, she graduated from the University of California at Santa Barbara, and is presently a doctoral candidate in the Forestry Department of the University of Washington. Her illustrations for *Old Father's Long Journey* reflect her love for the plants, animals and First Peoples of her native state. Moreover, she is descended from a Spanish soldier—José Ygnacio Rodriguez—who, in 1781 under Captain Rivera Y Moncada (of this story), came to California and settled near the Santa Barbara Mission, where, with his wife, he is buried.