



An Observation by Wilton Corkern, August 4, 2006:

The site always looks especially spiffy the day before African American Heritage Day. Every path and lawn area is freshly-clipped. Picnic tables are clustered in the Saylor Grove. The gardens are at the peak of their growth. The weather is hot. Fish jump in the Potomac even as long-suffering fishermen wait mostly in vain for that dramatic tug on the line. This spring's fawns have lost their spots and become smaller versions of their mothers. Bucks stand in the edge of the woods, their growing antlers covered with velvet, and watch as does and fawns forage on fallen fruit in the apple orchard. (When do the bucks eat?) Herons and egrets wade along the River's edge and in the pond. Bobwhite call from the pastures while eagles and osprey and vultures soar in the skies. A scholar friend recently reminded me that this place was the "center of the ancient Piscataway world." Today, it still is.