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Fletchers Cove Fishing Report, August 3, 2005



Life's little moments of special meaning and purpose come at the most unsuspecting times. It is a quiet, hot day at Fletcher's Cove. We welcome the people who pass our way and hope their brief visit is an enjoyable interlude. Then just as the day seems routine, a chance to connect presents itself and the response is as natural as the urge to reach out and shake another hand. Let me explain.

Just the other day a Mom, her son and son's friend came to the river to take a little excursion on the C&O Canal. The son, who we will fictitiously call Gabriel, seemed quite anxious to go fishing. I helped him rig his rod, sold them some bait, rented the boat and off they went. An hour or so later the two boys are on the towpath and the Mom is floating in the shade absorbed in a book. Investigating, I discover one broken rod, two still hopeful boys and some lukewarm night-crawlers.

We are five years into the twenty-first century. I'm plus-fifty and that means I've lived about two generations now. Wow. My memories of childhood include the displeasure of parents a generation and-a-half ago at a little boy who watched too much TV. Does this sound familiar? Now just substitute a computer monitor, interactive games and air conditioning and we will be up to date. The stuff changes, but the "us" is the same. What took me outside, both literally and metaphorically, was the love of fishing built through moments like those that Gabriel was having.

Gabriel and his buddy said they had not caught any fish but were still willing to give it a try. I told them I thought there was a good chance some bluegills would be hiding under the canoes. Re-baiting the hook, it only took a few seconds to pull in a little sunfish. It was small physically, but huge emotionally. Gabriel was beside himself with glee and soon his fishing buddy had "landed" a fish of similar diminutive size. The thrill of the catch led to placing the fish in the cooler with an assurance (after checking with Mom) that they would cook them for dinner. The two boys fished on, with tremendous hope placed in each cast.

I came to learn that Gabriel had lost his dad a few years before. The Mom, in spite of the arduous task of being a single parent, had her son out there in the sticky Washington summer experiencing the primal elements of land, sky and water. It made my little happiness of helping him all the more special.

At Fletcher's we aim for a meaningfully friendly interaction with our customers. Sometimes though, we get as much as we give.

We are here every day. There won't be any whistles blowing or bells ringing. Just the elements and a chance to connect in little ways with unassuming pleasure.

Fishing right now is what I characterize as "summertime slow", with an extra dose of relaxation. If you like to sweat, and wet a line, come on down and enjoy

the act above the action. Not to say you won't catch anything, but let's be realistic, the water is 85 degrees and the fish are in summer school right now.

Fletcher's Cove now has single kayak rentals on the Potomac as well as the C&O Canal. The canoes and rowboats are there too, waiting for a picnic basket and thermos of iced tea. Fletcher's welcomes individuals, families, church and school groups, summer camps, or company picnics. A bike ride to Great Falls is an easy way to escape the city for a half day. Call ahead if your group is more than a half-dozen or so.

Thanks, and a happy August to you!

Dan

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