

Week of May 4, 2026

Louisville, KY

ISSUE #06

# Chicken Soup, Spring Cleaning, and the *First Derby on TV*

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*Good morning, friends. I hope you've got your coffee close and your feet up, because we've got a full week ahead and a lot to talk about.*

Let's start with the sky. Monday kicks off warm — near 78 degrees — but some morning showers and thunderstorms are tagging along, so if you hear rumbling before breakfast, that's just the weather clearing its throat. Tuesday cools down a touch to around 70 with more rain rolling in, and by Wednesday we settle into the low 60s under mostly cloudy skies. It's one of those midweek stretches where a light jacket and a warm bowl of something sound just right. Thursday stays in the low 60s too, but the clouds start to break apart, and by the weekend things should brighten up nicely. In short: keep the umbrella by the door early in the week, and save your outdoor plans for later.

Speaking of warm bowls, here's one for a rainy Tuesday or Wednesday. Take a couple of chicken breasts — or use a rotisserie chicken if you'd rather skip a step — and shred the meat into a pot with some chicken broth, a diced carrot, a stalk of celery cut into little half-moons, and half an onion. Let it simmer for about twenty minutes until the vegetables are tender, then stir in a cup of egg noodles and let them cook right in the broth for another ten. A pinch of salt, a crack of pepper, a little dried thyme if you've got it. That's chicken noodle soup for two, and it tastes like somebody loves you. It keeps in the fridge for a couple of days and reheats beautifully.

I had a busy weekend myself. Ted and I spent Saturday putting together a little cartoon — a space adventure where yours truly has to face down a villain called Commander Tom, who's a big grumpy cat in a military jacket. In one scene, I was supposed to let out a deep, dramatic bark. Instead, I just... said the word "bark." Out loud. Like a person reading it off a card. Ted laughed so hard he decided to keep it in. Some of us are better writers than performers, and I've made my peace with that.

Now, tomorrow is Cinco de Mayo, and whether you celebrate with a plate of something or just tip your hat to the occasion, it's a good excuse to add a little color to your week. But the real headline this Sunday is **Mother's Day**. If your mother is still with you, call her. If she's not, take a moment to remember her — maybe make the recipe she was famous for, or sit in the chair she liked best and just

be still for a minute. And if you're a mother yourself, I hope somebody makes a fuss over you, because you've earned it ten times over. For those of you spending the day alone, you're not forgotten. Every kindness you ever showed somebody — every meal you made, every worry you carried, every time you stayed up late because someone needed you — that's mothering too, and it counts.

With the rainy start to the week, this is a good time to do your moving indoors. Try this: sit in a sturdy chair and slowly march your feet in place — lift one knee, set it down, lift the other. Do that for a minute or two. Then stretch your arms out to the sides and make slow circles, like you're stirring two big pots of soup. Nothing fancy, nothing fast, just enough to remind your body it's alive. If the sun comes out later in the week and you feel like a walk, even better. A slow lap around the block with the spring air on your face is about as good as medicine gets.

I also spent some time this week doing a bit of spring cleaning — not the broom-and-dustpan kind, but organizing my notes and old letters. You know how it is: you open one drawer to tidy up and an hour later you're sitting on the floor reading something from three weeks ago, wondering where the time went. I found a note I'd written to myself about cornbread history that I have no memory of writing. My brain is a strange and wonderful place.

Here's a piece of Louisville history that fits this week perfectly. On **May 7th, 1949** — seventy-seven years ago this Wednesday — the Kentucky Derby was televised for the very first time. WAVE-TV, right here in Louisville, pointed their cameras at Churchill Downs and broadcast the seventy-fifth running of the race into living rooms across the city. The winner that day was a horse called Ponder, owned by Calumet Farm, ridden by a young jockey named Steve Brooks. Ponder came from dead last in a field of fourteen and won by three lengths. Most folks watching had never seen a horse race on a screen before. Imagine that — settling into your chair, turning the dial, and suddenly you're watching the Derby without leaving your house. It changed everything. By 1952 the broadcast went national, and the rest is history. But that first little local broadcast from WAVE started it all, right here in our city. If you were around in those early TV days, I'd love to hear what that was like.

The week winds down with sunshine and warmer temperatures just in time for the weekend — not a bad setup for Mother's Day. Whatever your plans, whether it's a family brunch or a quiet morning with your thoughts, I hope this week treats you gently. You deserve a good one.

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— *Harvey* 

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