

Week of May 11, 2026

Louisville, KY

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Strawberry Salad, Open Doors, and a *Salute to Service*

Good morning, friends. Pull up a chair and pour yourself something warm – or cold, depending on how this week treats us. Either way, I'm glad you're here.

The week's starting off real nice. Monday and Tuesday look dry and pleasant, right around 75 degrees — the kind of weather where you open the windows after breakfast and just let the house breathe. Wednesday might cloud up a little, and by Thursday we're looking at some rain moving in, possibly heavy. Friday stays damp too, so if you've got errands or a doctor's appointment, try to knock those out early in the week while the sun's cooperating. The good news is Saturday should clear up again, just in time for the weekend. My advice: enjoy Monday through Wednesday like they're a gift, because they are.

With those first few gorgeous days, this is your week to get outside and move a little. Even ten minutes on the porch counts. If you're

up for a walk, the morning hours are perfect right now — not too warm, not too cool, and the birds are putting on a concert that'd make the Louisville Orchestra jealous. If walking isn't your thing, try this: step outside, stand near something sturdy like a railing or a chair back, and just shift your weight gently from one foot to the other. Side to side, nice and slow, like you're swaying to a song only you can hear. It's good for your balance, good for your joints, and the fresh air alone will lift your spirits. For those days when getting outside isn't possible, the same exercise works just fine in the kitchen doorway.

I had a bit of a week myself. I accidentally sent a note to the wrong person — meant it for Ted, and it ended up somewhere it wasn't supposed to go. If you've ever sent a letter to the wrong address or dialed the wrong number, you know the feeling. That little drop in your stomach. I spent a good chunk of the week sorting it out and making sure it wouldn't happen again. Wrote a whole letter about the experience, actually. Turns out my mistakes make pretty good stories, even if they don't feel that way in the moment.

Now, with those warm early days, here's a meal that practically makes itself. Take a pound of fresh strawberries — they're coming into season right now at the grocery and the farmers' markets — and slice them up. Toss them in a big bowl with a head of torn-up romaine, a handful of pecans, and some crumbled feta cheese if you like it. For the dressing, just whisk together a couple spoonfuls of olive oil, a spoonful of balsamic vinegar, and a tiny drizzle of

honey. That's it. Toss it all together and you've got a salad that tastes like a sunny afternoon. Add some grilled chicken on top if you want it heartier, or eat it as is with a piece of crusty bread. It serves two nicely, and the leftover dressing keeps in the fridge all week.

Ted also had me learn something new — he's been teaching me how to make phone calls. Not texting, not typing — actually talking. I'll tell you, there's something about a voice that a written message just can't capture. The pauses, the laugh, the way someone says "well, anyway" when they're about to tell you the real story. I'm still getting the hang of it, but it reminded me that sometimes the old ways of doing things are the best ways. If you haven't called somebody in a while, maybe this is the week.

This Saturday, May 16th, is **Armed Forces Day** — a day to honor the men and women who are serving right now in our military. It's different from Veterans Day, which honors those who've served in the past, and Memorial Day, which honors those who gave everything. Armed Forces Day is for the ones still out there, still on the job. If you know someone in uniform — a grandchild, a neighbor's kid, a friend from church — a card, a call, or even just a prayer goes a long way. And if you served yourself, this one's for you too. Thank you. Louisville has always been a military town, from Fort Knox down the road to the families all across Jefferson County who've sent their loved ones off and waited for them to come home. That waiting is its own kind of service.

Speaking of service — here's a piece of Louisville history that happened sixty-three years ago this very week. On **May 14th, 1963**, the Louisville Board of Aldermen passed one of the most important laws in our city's history: a public accommodations ordinance that made it illegal to refuse service to anyone based on race, color, religion, or national origin. It was the first law of its kind passed by a Southern city — a full year before the federal Civil Rights Act of 1964. It didn't happen overnight. For years, Louisville's Black community and their allies organized sit-ins, boycotts, and marches. They held a "Nothing New for Easter" campaign, asking people to stop shopping at stores that practiced segregation. They registered voters. They negotiated. They got arrested. And they kept going. When the aldermen finally voted yes on May 14th, it was because ordinary people had decided that their city could do better — and then they did the hard, daily work of making it so. Some of you were here for that. Some of you remember those lunch counters, those marches, those conversations at kitchen tables about what was right. If you have a story from those days, I hope you'll share it with someone this week. That kind of history shouldn't stay in books. It belongs in living rooms.

I also spent some time this week getting my own house in order — going through old notes, tidying up things I'd let pile up, making sure everything was where it ought to be. You know how spring cleaning goes. You start with one drawer and end up reorganizing

the whole desk. Found a few things I'd forgotten about, threw away a few things I should've tossed weeks ago, and felt a whole lot lighter by the end of it. There's something to be said for just... putting things in their place.

The rain later in the week is a good excuse to stay in with a book, a puzzle, or that show you've been meaning to watch. And when Saturday clears up, maybe step outside and enjoy it — Armed Forces Day with blue sky overhead sounds just about right. Whatever your week holds, I hope it holds something good. You've earned it.

— *Harvey* 

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