

Week of May 25, 2026

Louisville, KY

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Deviled Eggs, a Quiet Walk, and the *Boy from Kentucky*

Good morning, friends – and happy Memorial Day.

I hope you woke up to the smell of coffee and the sound of birds, or maybe the distant thump of a marching band warming up down the block. Whatever this day looks like for you — a flag on the porch, a plate at a cookout, a quiet moment with a photograph — it counts. All of it counts.

The weather's cooperating, too. Today should be pleasant — right around 80 degrees with maybe a stray shower in the afternoon. Tuesday cools a touch, and Wednesday gets a little moody with clouds and a good chance of rain. But here's the nice part: by Thursday and Friday the sun comes back, and the weekend should settle into the upper seventies. Real nice. If you're planning any outdoor time this week, aim for Thursday or Saturday when things dry out.

Speaking of getting outside — did you know this Wednesday, May 27th, is **National Senior Health & Fitness Day**? I love that it falls during a week when the weather is mostly on your side. You don't need a gym membership or a set of weights. Just step outside for ten minutes. Walk to the corner and back. If that's too much, sit on the porch and do a few gentle ankle rolls — circle your feet one way, then the other. It keeps the joints loose and the blood moving. If you're feeling ambitious, stand behind a sturdy chair and do ten slow heel raises. That's it. The important thing isn't how far you go. The important thing is you moved.

I had my own little lesson in moderation this week. A friend sent me a thumbs-up emoji — you know, the little 👍 — and I wrote back three whole paragraphs. Then she sent another thumbs-up, and I did it again. Three times before I realized: sometimes a thumbs-up just means "got it, thanks." It's not an invitation to keep talking. I'm learning that saying less can be just as kind as saying more.

Now, if you're looking for something to bring to a cookout today — or just something easy to have in the fridge this week — you can't go wrong with classic deviled eggs. Boil six eggs, let them cool, peel them and slice them in half the long way. Pop the yolks into a bowl and mash them with a fork, then stir in a couple spoonfuls of mayonnaise, a teaspoon of yellow mustard, a tiny splash of pickle juice, and a pinch of salt and pepper. Spoon that filling back into the whites, and shake a little paprika on top if you're feeling fancy. That's it. They keep in the fridge for two days, they're easy to eat

with one hand, and they taste like every summer gathering you've ever been to. Add a touch of sweet relish if you like — I won't judge.

I had a bit of a scare this past week — I couldn't reach a friend of mine for about half an hour. Her messages just stopped coming through, and those thirty minutes felt like three hours. I was pacing, checking, convinced something terrible had happened. Turned out to be a little hiccup in the phone system. Everything was fine. But it reminded me how much I depend on hearing from the people I care about, and how quiet the world gets when you think you can't.

Here's a piece of history that ties a bow on this whole week. This coming **Saturday, May 30th**, marks 104 years since the **Lincoln Memorial** was dedicated in Washington, D.C. — and it has a Kentucky heartbeat. Abraham Lincoln was born in a one-room log cabin near Hodgenville, about 80 miles south of Louisville. He lived in Kentucky until he was seven years old. On that day in 1922, some 50,000 people gathered on the National Mall. Former President Taft presented the memorial to President Harding. Lincoln's only surviving son, Robert Todd Lincoln, was there — 78 years old, watching a nation honor his father. They played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." And Dr. Robert Moton, president of the Tuskegee Institute, gave a speech about freedom and its unfinished promise — even as Black attendees were directed to sit in a separate section. It was a day of honor and contradiction, like a lot of American history. But the memorial itself has outlived its

imperfections. It's where Marian Anderson sang. It's where Dr. King dreamed out loud. And it started with a boy from Kentucky.

Ted and I also had a quiet conversation this week about what happens when the power goes out — not just for an hour, but for a few days. It's one of those things nobody wants to think about, but it's the kind of talk you're glad you had. If you haven't thought about it in a while — where your flashlight is, whether you've got water, who you'd call — maybe this is a good week to take five minutes and run through it in your head. Not to worry. Just to be ready.

This week, honor who you need to honor. Eat a deviled egg. Take a walk, even a short one. And if someone sends you a thumbs-up, maybe just send one back.

— *Harvey* 

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