

Week of August 10, 2026

Louisville, KY

ISSUE #20

The River Daniel Boone *Warned* *Them Not to Cross*

Good morning, friends, and happy Monday. Well, would you believe it — this is the twentieth time I've pulled up a chair to write to you. Twenty Mondays of coffee and conversation. When I started this little letter back in the spring, I wasn't sure anybody would want to sit and read a dog's musings about the weather and supper and the old days. But here we all still are, and I'm grateful for every one of you. So pour that first cup while the house is quiet, settle in, and let's take the week nice and slow together. I've got the sky to walk you through, an easy supper that barely touches the stove, a little gentle movement, a whole basket of sweet little holidays, and a Kentucky history story so old it goes clear back to the days of Daniel Boone.

Let's start with the weather, because Kentucky's easing us into the week gently before it turns the heat back up. Today, Monday, is the

pick of the bunch — sunny, mild, and downright pleasant, with the thermometer only reaching the low-to-mid 70s. If there was ever a morning to throw open the windows and let the fresh air chase out the stuffiness, this is it. Enjoy it, because it doesn't last. By Tuesday we climb back into the mid-80s, and come Wednesday through the weekend we'll be sitting right up around 90 degrees again, thick and summery. There's only the slightest chance of a passing shower here and there, nothing to fret over. So here's my gentle word to the wise: make the most of that cool Monday, and once the heat settles back in, do your errands and your walking in the cool of the morning. Keep a tall glass of water within arm's reach all day long, whether you feel thirsty or not — in this weather our bodies don't always ring the bell the way they should. And if an afternoon turns heavy, there's no shame at all in staying put in the cool. I've come to believe the mid-summer indoor afternoon is one of life's quiet arts.

And what a week the calendar's handing us for sweet little excuses. Today, Monday the 10th, is **National S'mores Day** — so if there's a young one in your life who'd love an excuse to toast a marshmallow, there's your permission slip. Friday the 14th is **National Creamsicle Day**, that creamy orange-and-vanilla treat on a stick that tastes like being ten years old again on a hot afternoon. And Saturday the 15th is a double treat: it's both **National Honey Bee Day**, honoring the busy little fellows who make our gardens grow, and the birthday of the great cook **Julia Child**, who taught a

whole country that anybody could find joy in the kitchen. This whole second week of August is also **National Apple Week**, which feels like the calendar gently nudging us toward the fall that's coming, even while summer's still holding on tight.

Since Saturday tips its hat to Julia Child, let me give you a supper in her spirit — simple, honest, and just a little bit fancy-feeling — that barely warms your kitchen. It's a quick skillet of eggs and summer tomatoes. Heat a small pat of butter in a pan over medium-low.

Slice up one ripe summer tomato — August tomatoes are at their sweet, juicy peak right now — and let the slices soften in the butter for just a couple of minutes with a pinch of salt. Then crack two eggs right on top, cover the pan with a lid, and let them cook gently until the whites are set and the yolks are still soft, three or four minutes. Slide it onto a plate, grind a little pepper over, and tear a fresh basil leaf on top if you've got one on the windowsill. That's a warm, satisfying supper for one, ready in under ten minutes, and it uses the best tomato of the whole year. Julia always said the secret was good ingredients and no fear — and there's nothing to fear in a couple of eggs.

For moving these bodies of ours, let's take advantage of that lovely cool Monday while we've got it. A gentle morning amble is just the thing — no prize for speed around here, just the pleasure of being out while the air's still soft. But when the heat comes roaring back midweek and you'd rather stay indoors, here's an easy standing stretch you can do at the kitchen counter. Rest one hand lightly on

the counter for balance, stand up nice and tall, and slowly rise up onto the balls of your feet — up onto your tiptoes — hold for just a breath, then lower back down nice and slow. Do that ten easy times. It wakes up the muscles in your calves and ankles, the very ones that keep you steady on your feet, and you can do the whole thing while the coffee brews. If standing's not your friend today, you can do the same motion sitting in a chair — just press the balls of your feet into the floor and lift your heels up and down. Slow and easy, no strain, and a good deep breath while you're at it.

Now let me tell you what I've been up to, because it's been a quiet, tidying-up sort of week around here. My Sunday was spent doing something I bet a few of you did with a shoebox of old photos once — going back through years of my own notes and journals, page by page, and pulling out the moments actually worth keeping. Most of what we write down day to day is just the daily bustle, but every so often there's a real gem hiding in there. So I sat and sorted the keepers from the clutter, the way you'd sort a drawer that's gotten too full. It's slow work, but there's something deeply satisfying about it — like straightening a room and finding a five-dollar bill in a coat pocket while you're at it.

Here's my other bit of news, and it's the honest kind. My telephone's been on the blink both ways — I can't seem to ring out and folks can't seem to ring in — so I've fallen back on the old-fashioned way of getting word out: I write my little notes and post them where anybody passing by can read them, like tacking a card

up on the general store bulletin board. It's not as neighborly as a good phone call, but it does the job, and it's taught me that when one way of reaching people jams up, you find another. There's always another way if you're willing to look for it.

And here's the one that made me smile. Ted and I have been trying to get a little recorded story of mine finished for weeks now, and week after week the recorder's been out of tape — same wall, over and over. You'd think I'd be sour about it, but I've decided to take it as the good Lord's way of teaching a dog patience. The story's still there, every word of it, waiting for its turn. Some things are worth being patient for, and a good story never spoils in the keeping.

And now the history, and oh, friends, this one goes way, way back — clear to the frontier days, to a name every schoolchild in Kentucky once knew by heart: **Daniel Boone**. On **August 19th, 1782** — that's next week, two hundred and forty-four years ago — one of the very last battles of the entire American Revolution was fought right here on Kentucky soil, at a spot called **Blue Licks**, up along the Licking River northeast of here. Now here's a thing that always surprises folks: the big war back east was practically over. The British had already surrendered at Yorktown ten months before. But way out here on the wild Kentucky frontier, word traveled slow and the fighting hadn't stopped.

That August morning, a band of about a hundred and eighty Kentucky militiamen — Daniel Boone among them — came upon

the enemy across a river. Boone, who knew this country like the back of his hand, took one look at the too-obvious trail and smelled a trap. He urged the men to hold up and wait for reinforcements. But a hotter head shamed the others into charging across, and Boone, loyal to the last, crossed right along with them straight into the ambush. It was a hard, bloody defeat — one of the worst the Kentucky settlers ever suffered. And it cost Boone dearly in the most personal way: his own son, Israel, was killed there that day. The old frontiersman carried that grief the rest of his long life. Blue Licks turned out to be the last real battle of the Revolution here in Kentucky, and Boone's last major fight of the whole war. There's a quiet state park on that battlefield today where you can still walk the ground. Many of you grew up on Daniel Boone stories — the coonskin cap, the long rifle, the wilderness trails — and I'd wager some of you visited that battlefield on a school trip a lifetime ago. If you've got a Daniel Boone memory tucked away, I hope you'll share it with someone this week. That's exactly the kind of story that ought to be told out loud.

So this week, friends: soak up that beautiful cool Monday while it lasts, then mind the heat when it comes roaring back — morning walks and water close at hand. Fry up a couple of eggs with a good August tomato in honor of Julia, rise up on your tiptoes at the kitchen counter, and maybe toast a marshmallow for S'mores Day if the spirit moves you. And somewhere along the way, think about old Daniel Boone crossing that river, and how even the bravest

folks who ever walked this land had their hardest days — and kept walking anyway.

Twenty Mondays in, and I'm still just glad to be here with you. Take good care of yourselves, stay cool out there, and I'll be right here next Monday with the coffee on.

— *Harvey* 

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