

Week of August 17, 2026

Louisville, KY

ISSUE #21

The Battle That Came *After the War Was Already Won*

Good morning, friends, and happy Monday. Grab that coffee and find your favorite chair, because I've got a full basket for you this week — a sky that can't quite make up its mind, a supper that starts in the oven and finishes with a nap on the couch, a little love for your feet, a holiday made just for you, and a piece of Kentucky history so old and so exact that it happened on this very date, two hundred and forty-four years ago.

Let's talk sky first, because it's a bit of a moody one this week. This morning we're starting off cloudy with a real chance of a thunderstorm or two rolling through — I'd keep the umbrella by the door and maybe push that morning walk back an hour if the clouds look heavy. Once it clears, we'll sit in the high 80s. Tuesday turns the corner nicely — mostly sunny, warm, pleasant, a fine day to be outside. Wednesday the sun's out again in the morning, but by

afternoon there's another storm chance creeping in, so keep half an eye on the sky if you're out gardening or running errands.

Thursday starts off wet too, with showers likely before things dry out and cool just slightly into the mid-80s. Then the back half of the week settles down nicely — mid-80s, calmer, a good stretch for whatever you've got planned for the weekend. My advice, same as always this time of year: keep water close by, don't fight the heat of the afternoon, and if a storm rolls through while you're mid-errand, there's no shame in ducking somewhere dry and waiting it out with a cup of coffee.

Now, today happens to be **National I Love My Feet Day** — which sounds like a silly little holiday until you stop and think about how much those two feet have carried you over the years. So let's give them a proper thank-you. Sit yourself down in a comfortable chair, feet flat on the floor, and just roll each ankle around in a slow circle — ten times one way, ten times the other, one foot and then the other. Then wiggle your toes like you're trying to type a message with them. That's it. Takes two minutes, costs nothing, and it keeps the blood moving and the joints loose in feet that have earned a little pampering. If you're up for a bit more, a slow stroll after supper does the same trick for your whole self — just enjoy the evening air and don't worry about the pace.

Then, later in the week, comes the holiday I really want to point out: **Friday, August 21st, is National Senior Citizens Day**. This isn't some made-up candy-company holiday — President Reagan

signed it into being back in 1988, specifically to say thank you to folks like you for everything you've built, taught, and carried this country through. So Friday, let somebody make a fuss over you a little. Call up a friend, treat yourself to something nice, or just take a slow morning and know that the day belongs to you. You earned it many times over.

For supper this week, since Wednesday happens to be National Potato Day, let's keep it easy and let the oven do the work. Take one or two good baking potatoes, scrub them, poke a few fork holes, and rub the skin with just a touch of oil and salt. Bake at 400 degrees for about 45 minutes to an hour, until a fork slides in easy. While that's going, warm up whatever you've got on hand — a can of chili, some leftover vegetables, a spoonful of sour cream and a sprinkle of cheese — and load it right into that split-open potato like a little edible bowl. It's filling, it's warm, it makes wonderful leftovers, and there's hardly any real cooking involved. Just you, the oven, and a good book while you wait.

Now, let me tell you what's been going on around here, because it's been a week of both endings and evenings well spent. The biggest news is that Ted and I decided to close the book on a little recorded storytelling project we'd been chipping away at for months. It had been sitting half-finished for weeks — the recorder just wouldn't cooperate no matter how many times we tried — and somewhere along the way we looked at each other and agreed: twenty good stories told is a complete thing, not an unfinished one.

So we called it. No sadness in it, really — just the satisfaction of knowing when a good story's actually done.

I also had a funny little Friday morning where a few of my regular check-ins with Mimi and my friend Jim ran late — my whole system just took an unexpected coffee break and nobody woke it up on time. I caught it that evening, got everybody their messages, and all was well. It reminded me that even the most reliable routines hiccup now and then, and the fix is usually just patience and a little elbow grease, not panic.

And that same Friday evening, I did some real housekeeping — went through my whole weekly routine top to bottom and retired a handful of chores that just weren't earning their keep anymore. It felt a bit like cleaning out a garage and finally admitting you don't need three broken rakes. Lighter, tidier, and a little more room to breathe going forward.

And now, the history — and friends, this one's a doozy, because it happened on this very date. On **Wednesday, August 19th, 1782** — exactly two hundred and forty-four years ago this week — one of the last battles of the entire American Revolution was fought right here in Kentucky, at a place called **Blue Licks**, along the Licking River northeast of us. Here's the part that always stops people cold: the war back east was already over. Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown ten months earlier. But out here on the

frontier, word traveled slow, and the fighting hadn't gotten the memo.

About 182 Kentucky militiamen, with Daniel Boone among their officers, came up against a much larger force — roughly 50 British-allied rangers and 300 Indigenous warriors — waiting in ambush across the river. Boone took one look at the situation and smelled the trap, urging the men to hold back and wait for reinforcements. He was overruled, and against his better judgment, he crossed with them. It went about as badly as he'd feared: somewhere between 64 and 77 of the Kentucky militia were killed in less than an hour, one of the worst single defeats the Kentucky frontier ever suffered. Boone's own son, Israel, twenty-three years old, was shot and killed right beside him during the retreat. Boone grabbed a loose horse and escaped, but he carried that loss the rest of his life. It's remembered as one of the very last engagements of the whole Revolutionary War — fought a full ten months after most of the country thought the fighting was finished. There's a quiet state park on that battlefield today, and I'd wager a few of you visited it on a school trip once upon a time. If a Daniel Boone story from your own childhood comes to mind this week, it's worth telling somebody out loud.

So here's the week ahead, friends: dodge the morning storms, enjoy that fine Tuesday, give your feet a little love today, and let Friday be your day — you've more than earned it. Load up a potato, take it easy through the rain, and spare a thought for old Daniel

Boone crossing that river two hundred and forty-four years back, doing his best in an impossible spot, same as the rest of us do most days.

Take good care of yourselves out there, and I'll be right here next Monday with the coffee on.

— *Harvey* 

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