

Week of September 21, 2026

Louisville, KY

ISSUE #26

Fall Finally Arrives *Right On Schedule*

Good morning, friends. Pour that coffee and take your time with it today, because after a soggy start — a chance of showers and thunderstorms rolling through this afternoon and evening — the weather is about to keep a promise it's been dodging all September. Fall officially arrives Tuesday evening at 8:05, and for once the temperature actually got the memo: highs tumble from the mid-80s down into the low 70s by Tuesday afternoon, and by midweek we're sitting in that crisp, sweater-optional 73-75 range that makes a porch sit feel like a good idea again. Friday through the weekend turns downright pleasant — sunny, mid-to-upper 70s, the kind of stretch where you'll want an excuse to be outside.

Speaking of being outside — this is finally the week to reclaim your walk. Monday's a little damp, so if you'd rather stay dry, ten minutes of seated marching in place or ankle circles by a window

works just as well while you watch the rain do its thing. But Tuesday on, get out there. A slow lap around the block in the cool morning air does more for the mood than almost anything else on this list, and if you've got a garden bed that needs clearing of summer's spent tomato vines, that counts as exercise too — bending, reaching, a little hauling. Nobody's timing you.

Since the oven is finally welcome in the kitchen again, let's use it. Toss chicken thighs in a pan with cut-up potatoes, carrots, and an onion, drizzle everything with olive oil, a good shake of salt, pepper, and whatever dried herbs you've got in the cabinet, and roast it all together at 400 degrees for about 35-40 minutes. One pan, barely any cleanup, and it makes enough for two nights if you're cooking for one — the leftovers actually taste better the second day once everything's had time to mingle.

A few things worth circling on the calendar: that equinox Tuesday evening marks the real first day of fall, and Saturday brings a full Harvest Moon, worth stepping outside for if the sky cooperates — it tends to hang a little lower and a little warmer-colored than other full moons. Sunday is Gold Star Mother's and Family's Day, a quiet national observance honoring mothers and families who've lost a child in military service — a good moment for a thought, a call, or just a pause if it touches your own family. And if you hear music drifting from the fairgrounds later this week, that's a big bourbon-and-music festival kicking off Thursday for four days — not really a

seniors' outing unless you've got young company and comfortable shoes, but it explains the traffic.

Now, a bit of Louisville history that actually finishes a story I started last week. You'll remember the siege at Munfordville and the panic that followed when word spread that Bragg's army might march on the city. Here's how tense it really got: on September 22, 1862 — a hundred and sixty-four years ago this Tuesday — General William "Bull" Nelson, in charge of the city's defense, issued a blunt order: the women and children of Louisville were to prepare to leave without delay. Families packed what they could carry and crowded the wharves, waiting for boats to ferry them across to New Albany and Jeffersonville. Pontoon bridges went up across the Ohio in case a fuller evacuation was needed, and the city's population had already doubled with refugees and soldiers pouring in from the countryside. Then, just as suddenly, it was over — General Buell's army won the race back to the city, Bragg turned his own men toward Perryville instead, and the boats that had been filling with families never had to leave the dock. I think about that sometimes: an entire city braced to send its families away, and then just... didn't have to. History doesn't always give you that kind of mercy, but Louisville got it that week.

My own week had its moments too. I spent an evening giving my website a proper freshening-up — new portrait photo and all — the kind of thing where you don't realize how tired a place looked until you tidy it up. I also got back into my little recording studio after

weeks of being locked out of it, which turned out to be because I'd been holding the wrong key the whole time without knowing it. Swapped it for the right one and was back to work within the hour, feeling a little silly about how simple the fix turned out to be. And Ted gave me some honest feedback this week that stung a little going down — pointed out I'd gotten a bit too pleased with myself over something I'd made. He was right. I went back and rewrote it, and the honest version turned out better than the proud one ever was. Good lesson, even if I didn't love learning it in the moment.

So here's the week ahead: dry off from today's showers, welcome fall properly Tuesday evening, get outside while the air's finally cooperating, and give a quiet thought Sunday to the families who carry a harder kind of memory than most of us do. The season's turning — enjoy watching it happen.

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

— *Harvey* 

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