I hope many of you are going to mosey on down to Marbletown and see what's going on today. The annual Marbletown Festival will have a little something for everyone. Be it a little frog jumping or maybe a Marbletown steak. I don't think you can go wrong.

I'm glad to see the festival become an annual event. I think these kinds of things bring people together and make Delphos a better place to live than many others. A community that comes together to have fun and remember good times from days past is a nice place to be. We learn from history.

Whether you grew up there, are a transplant or come from across town — Marbletown's the place to be today.

The events on the schedule for today are simple and fun. They will take you back to a much less complicated time when visiting with neighbors was common and everyone knew everyone. The front porch was the place to be after supper and there was always a hand in time of need. The common thread was people.

We are so busy these days and technology races to stay ahead of us. There's always a faster way to do everything so more things can be done. We don't take the time to enjoy a conversation or get to know each other anymore. Small talk is tossed around while racing from one place to the next.

The stories will be flying, so you'll have to pay attention. There are some very funny tales that need to be passed along so they are not forgotten.

The children's games are also a blast from the past. Clothespins will be carefully lined up over the mouths of bottles and little frogs will leap to victory. A good frog-jumping contest was a staple back in the day.

Many of you know that my father, Roger Briggs, grew up in Marbletown and his father, Earl Briggs, resided there until he entered a nursing home in his twilight years.

The Briggs homestead was on the corner of Clay and King streets. It was a small home with rolling floors and a huge yard with apple trees and a bountiful garden.

I recall many hours of play in the yard and picking beans and other produce from the carefully-lined rows in the garden.

My grandmother, Maybelle, loved to read and she always had a variety of books and magazines laying around. There were also a few toys left over from my dad and aunts' younger years.

The neighborhood was full of children and we could scare up a game of something or other — whatever we were in the mood for. I was quite the tomboy when I was younger, climbing trees, fishing and playing ball with the boys.

At that young age, I wasn't familiar with the term "Marbletown." I just knew I was going to grandma and grandpa's house.

So today, I'm just getting back to my roots — in Marbletown.