

# SARAH CURTISS

This is a simple book. It contains one thought at the beginning and one thought at the end. A thought sandwich, so to speak. The rest is, as the title promises, a book of flowers, with a tree, one bird and one bee.

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[www.everythingis.us](http://www.everythingis.us)  
email: [everythingis@pacbell.net](mailto:everythingis@pacbell.net)

Years ago on a flight to San Francisco, I sat next to two young boys who asked me if I knew anything about the movie they were going to show. I had heard the airline announce that they would be showing *Forest Gump*, a comedy, so relayed the same information to them. For the next two hours, the three of us struggled valiantly to control our tears. In the course of this struggle, I discovered that if I looked at one of the screens further away from me, my emotional state lightened a bit, and if I looked at the screen furthest away, my tears dried up immediately. I played with this throughout the movie. The moment I looked at the screen closest to us, my tears started; when I looked at the one furthest away they stopped. I could turn them on and off like a faucet. Is this why we can read about all the horror happening all over the world and still laugh and enjoy our lives? Is apathy merely distance? If we pictured the screen a bit closer would we be more inclined to help?





















