

Timestamp

Kappa Tau Flash Fiction

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1166 Words

My mother used to tell me stories of a time when death was unknown. A time when she spoke of people who lived each day to it's fullest, as if it was their last. I was born in an era where our time of death was known since birth, to the very second of our last breath. Every child who's born is branded with a timestamp on their wrist, which counts down to death. No matter how much someone tries to prevent it, it always finds them.

My parents had the unfortunate pleasure of having 2 children, my sister Lizzie and I. My sister was born when I was eight, and I was on cloud nine. I would finally have someone else to play with! But I was quickly brought back to earth while walking into the delivery room and seeing my parents crying. I asked my mom what was wrong, but she couldn't stop sobbing long enough to tell me. She just pointed lifelessly to Lizzie's wrist. " 9Y 1M 21D 7H 43M 18S" .

I remember all I could think was, " Why God? Why would you create someone, only to die at nine years old?" Our family was crushed, the only natural way to feel after knowing your daughter and sister has such a short time to live. My dad used to compare it to getting a terminal illness, except *everyone* has one and *everyone* was told by the doctor how much longer they had to live. Of course, we never let her know how devastated we were. We never even mentioned to her what the timestamp meant. She would ask, but the only thing my parents would tell her was, " not to worry about it" so she would stop asking. How could we tell her the truth and expect her to still be that joyful little girl we were so blessed to be around? There is a bliss in the ignorance of children. They are so innocent minded and view the world as this wonderful place where the possibilities are endless.

One day at lunch after church, my sister told us she wanted to go on the youth's missions trip. The childrens' pastor talked a lot about it, but we never thought Lizzie would be interested in going. " I want to go help people feel the love of God!" Until that moment, I never thought that someone who

was so young could make an impact on anyone. We didn't want her traveling overseas alone, so my mom decided she would go with her. We headed to the airport to drop them both off, and I hugged my mother, then my sister. As I hugged her, my eyes glanced to her wrist. “ 2Y 8M 3D 14H 58M 4S” .

The next two weeks seemed to drag on forever. All I could think about was Lizzie's timestamp and how little time I had left to spend with her. I was there to meet them as soon as they got off the plane. Lizzie sprinted down the hallway and jumped in my arms the second she saw me with my mother trailing quickly behind her. We got their luggage and headed home to share stories of their time spent ministering. My sister couldn't contain herself and started to share her experience as soon as we got in the car. It astounded me that she had such a huge heart for other people at such a young age, while I was 14 and couldn't care less about the people around me. My mother said that from the time they arrived to the time they departed, the orphan's attitudes and lives were changed dramatically. It was inspiring to hear her talk about all they had done in Belize.

The most amazing story shared was one of a girl named Maleek. My mother told us that Maleek was one of the orphaned children and that before her parents died, she was continuously beaten, so her perception of people was skewed. Lizzie persisted, over the course of their trip, that Maleek come play with her and the other children. On the third day they were there, Maleek finally decided to play with the other children, something no one who knew Maleek had ever seen her do. Lizzie and Maleek were inseparable for the rest of their time there. On the last night, my mother walked by Lizzie's tent and overheard her talking to Maleek about Jesus. Lizzie was telling her that Jesus saved her from having to be alone and if she wanted to love Jesus, He would save her too. My sister, who was only six years old, shared with someone else the love that Jesus gave to us.

All that she did was extraordinary, but it never really struck me just how amazing it was until a few years later. Her timestamp was growing shorter and shorter, and the anchor in my families heart continued to heavy. “ 0Y 0M 12D 1H 45M 13S” . She got sick with pneumonia after playing around

in the rain. As soon as we took her to the doctor, we knew what was going to happen. They advised against any extreme treatments, since it would be senseless to spend a huge amount of money for someone so close to death. Nobody had ever cheated the timestamp, so we knew our time with her was coming to a close.

Each passing day, her condition worsened, and we spent what little time she had with her. On her last day, she seemed so helpless. She couldn't talk or even move anything but her eyes. “ 0Y 0M 0D 0H 0M 28S” . Her eyes slowly crept over and met mine. It took everything in me not to start sobbing. I had to stay strong for her in her last moments. “ I love you, Lizzie, you've changed my life more than you'll ever imagine!” She smiled for the last time, and with her final breath she spoke “ Pass it on big brother. I love you.” “ 0Y 0M 0D 0H 0M 0S” .

Pass it on. Her last words were for me to pass on what she gave me. She she helped me realize that anyone can touch the life of another. She was six years old when she changed that little girl's life in Belize. If my sister can be that young and pass on the love of Jesus to someone else, then why can't I do the same throughout the rest of my life? My timestamp reads “ 47Y 8M 22D 14H 59M 44S” . Time may hold me captive, but my capabilities have no restraints. I have close to 48 years left in my life, the possibilities of what I can do with that are limitless. The love of Jesus is something that has changed my life and that same love is what's going to change the life of others. I've made it my job to be the one who delivers the great news of Jesus Christ. I WILL be a world changer.