

*Into The Elements*  
Elsabe Smit

[www.ElsabeSmit.com](http://www.ElsabeSmit.com)

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The waves were attacking the beach. The beach grew weak, but the waves launched another attack. They kept coming back relentlessly. The wind rode on the waves and cut through everything that got in its way.

A lone figure walked in the wind. He was wrapped in a coat, but his posture showed that nothing stopped the wind. He was cold. His clothes and hair were damp from the sea.





He tried to ignore the elements. He tried to just focus on walking on against the wind. Still, it was better than walking with the wind at his back. Somehow he felt braver facing the wind. But he was still so very cold.

He had nowhere to go. He just kept walking. He had not given up yet. Yes, this was a low point. He had lost everything. His marriage, his business, his friends. But not his faith. And that kept him going. It was not the first time either.



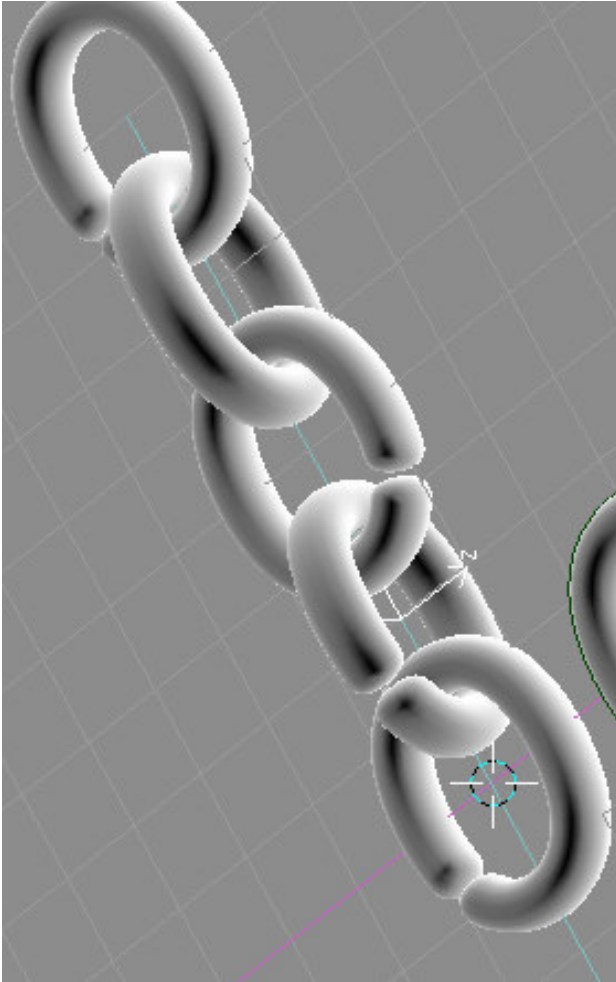
He still remembered the first time. It was unexpected. He took a gamble. It did not work out. He lost it all. He panicked. He cried. He was angry. He was lost. He just struggled from day to day. He thought he would never get on his feet again.

Then he got another break. Another opportunity. He could breathe again. Start again, build a new life.



When he was able to look back, he realized that he had lost nothing. Yes, many things had disappeared from his life, but he missed none of them.

He was short of nothing, even when he thought he had lost everything. That made him realize that everything he needed was within him.



It was not an easy realization.  
He went on to collect things again  
that would make him feel more  
secure.

But then he lost everything again.  
This time it was not a gamble.  
There was nothing he could do to  
stop the chain of events. The  
harder he fought back, the  
quicker things happened. His  
business went with his partner.  
He could not stop it, even with  
legal action. Then his wife went  
because there was no business.  
So much for true love.



But still, there was a core in him that said it did not matter. He had not lost himself. Everything he needed was still there. With him. Inside of him.

He would get back on his feet again. He would have physical and financial comfort again. And this time the things around him would not be there to comfort him. They would be a reflection of his inner abundance. A reflection of who he was, rather than who he wanted to be.

He knew. He had the comfort of knowing. The wind was refreshing, and he had the strength to walk into it. He was not alone.