

Erik Smithuis

**The
Spiritual
Millionaire**

**A Story about
your Dreams**

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A Story about your Dreams

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For my parents.

I love you both.

Preface

It has been my dream for many years now to write a book.

Only since my mid-twenties I have started thinking about my future. Before that, I never gave it much consideration. Recent research shows that my brain was not ready for it any earlier. Since then I have been inspired by how people achieve things, how they handle challenges, and how they further develop themselves.

With pleasure I have searched for knowledge both at home and abroad. Personal experiences, both highs and lows, are the basis for this book. Naturally, insights and experiences of others, famous or not, have also been an influence.

The Spiritual Millionaire is not an attempt at completeness; in my view it is more like a guide. I hope it will lead to a brighter future for anyone who is open to its teachings. To this day, it has certainly helped me with all I undertake.

During my life I have crossed paths with many people, some for a short period of time, others considerably longer. Every single one of them had a message for me, a few of which have undoubtedly passed me by.

It has been an overwhelming journey so far. I feel blessed and grateful for everything I have been able to experience and am humbled by it. I am looking forward to all the beautiful moments that await me.

With love, health and happiness.

Erik Smithuis

The Beginning

*Follow your dreams,
a thousand hands are here to help you.*

It was midmorning as the sun was rising up through the clear blue sky. It promised to be a good day. I was looking out over the city through the windows of my penthouse, which was situated on the forty-fourth floor. I felt excited, but tense at the same time. Today was all about the chance of a lifetime. I had been waiting years for this and I had worked hard for the opportunity. Today will be the day, I thought to myself, I know I can do this and I feel good. They have complete faith in me, I thought to myself encouragingly. On this day I would take an important step towards fulfilling my lifelong dream: to become rich.

I was about to give the presentation that could change my life. My firm was counting on me, I knew the client well and I was fully prepared. Burning the midnight oil, I had devised an answer to every possible question, because I wanted to eliminate the element of surprise. I went to sleep between three and four in the morning, but it was impossible to sleep easy with so much at stake. I got up around eight in the morning to take a shower and put on a carefully handpicked suit. I never got up this late; on an ordinary day my alarm would go off at six and I would be the first one at the office. My conviction was that being early shows your ambition.

It is important to dress to impress; therefore, I carefully selected my outfit in preparation for this important day.

I was a highly welcome guest at the most exclusive stores in the city where I had now resided for five years, Dubai.

Yesterday evening at nine I received a phone call from the CEO to discuss the final details and to wish me luck.

‘You are one of our best employees. Imagine if we get this fifty million dollar contract. This is the opportunity of a lifetime!’ he told me once more. Although the CEO spoke seemingly calm, I felt the pressure. I had no respect for the man as he primarily cared for his own interests. People were a means to an end to him and he would use them until they no longer served their purpose.

However, there wasn’t much time to contemplate these thoughts. I needed him for my own goals. Three months ago I was promised a partnership in the organization provided that I delivered an exceptional contribution to the company, which of course meant dollars pouring in. That possibility presented itself now. Everyone will benefit, I thought to myself: the client will get what he desires, our firm will make a lot of money, and I will take an important step towards fulfilling my dream.

I was intensely happy with my penthouse from the moment I moved in. I knew no one my age who lived as beautifully

as I did in Dubai. Two months ago I turned thirty-five. This I had celebrated in style.

The Penthouse was light and was surrounded by a large roof terrace. The views were breathtaking. On one side you could see all of Dubai, a warm, sultry city in which everything revolved around dollars, euros, yen or other currencies. One building had more grandeur than the next, and if it did not exist already a building with more splendor was put up. For many in Dubai the distinction between illusion and reality had vanished.

On the other side of the penthouse lay the desert, seemingly infinite. The sunset was a story in itself. Some called it a mystical experience. The sky would turn into a living painting through the intense change of color. This stunning spectacle was carried out in silence, only perceived by a select attentive few. It usually passed me by unnoticed, since I often got home late from work and did not know the peace of mind to enjoy the wonders of nature.

‘Honey, I am leaving,’ I heard my girlfriend Kathy call from the hall-way. She was about to head out the door to go to work. We had been living together for two years now. I met Kathy through a colleague of mine and I had fallen for her immediately. She had everything: she was

very attractive, intelligent and great with people. The latter being something I myself was not very good at. After our first meeting I had done everything to win her over. I sent sweet cards, invited her to extravagant parties and had flowers delivered to her. Lilies, because I had heard she liked them. I even wrote her a poem. At least she thought I did. I adapted something beautiful I had read and made it look like I had written it myself.

She was reserved at first, which meant I tried even harder. I would win her love, I always get what I want, was the thought behind my eagerness. Eventually we got together and a year later we were living in my gorgeous penthouse. I showed her off to everyone for the first few months as if I had won the lottery. Others looked at her admiringly. This past year, though, I had less interest in her, my career demanded all of my attention. Because who seeks success, prefers work over love, so I thought.

‘Tonight,’ I said to myself, ‘if everything goes according to plan, we will go out to dinner and she will have my full attention.’ Meanwhile I looked at the clock to see what time it was. In ten minutes I needed to leave to go to the client and then everything would commence. It was time to focus on bringing in this million dollar contract. After taking the elevator from my apartment down to the parking lot, I got

into my sports car. I was proud of this car when I drove through the streets of Dubai. Others should see I was on my way to the top.

~

The streets of Dubai were the stage for exclusive cars in all shapes and sizes, with residents competing against each other to drive the latest or the most expensive car. I drove to the client, having high expectations. While I drove, my mind wandered to the past.

‘You will work hard and become the best,’ it sounded from my father’s lips. We were standing together at the gates of one of the top U.S. universities. I had just turned eighteen. ‘You know what is important to me.’

‘Of course father, I will try my best. I will not let you down.’

‘That is what I like to hear, otherwise you do not have to come home again,’ he said sharply. It was clear to me he meant every word he said.

When I was born I was given my father’s name: David, according to family tradition. Only my Christian names were different.

He was a dominant man, who did not bear contradiction, especially not from his own son. He even decided what I should study.

‘This is the best for you.’ I was not allowed to oppose him. Once I had tried, but he became so angry that I had fallen

silent. My father was rich, he had earned his wealth. His work preceded everything else, which meant he was not home much.

Other people's thoughts scarcely interested him; his truth was the absolute truth. His fortune had never made him happy, rather it had made him suspicious.

'Everyone wants something from you and you cannot trust anyone,' he often said. He did not have real friends.

Once I intended to do things differently. At college, I excelled. I was chosen to be on the sports team, got excellent grades, and even got nominated for talent of the year. I had little to complain when it came to female attention. Girlfriends came and were left behind broken hearted when the chemical reaction known as being in love had passed. I saw my father twice a year. He lived on the West Coast, near the sea. When we met, we mostly discussed business and rarely feelings. An outsider would consider our relationship superficial, but my father and I did not know any better.

Even though it looked like a giant building site, I had come to love Dubai. The citizens seemed busy constantly and knew no peace.

I parked my sports car in front of the office and walked in self-assuredly. The moment I shook hands with the person who had the deciding vote over the fifty million dollar contract, I managed to hide the little tension I felt behind a smile. I could hardly wait to get this deal.

We were in a posh conference room. This is it I thought, I was like a hunter stalking its prey. Let the show begin. I knew everything about this project, I had been preparing for months and I had the confidence of my own company. I felt that all eyes were fixed on me, it was a make or break situation. Never before had I given a presentation of this caliber and never before were the stakes so high. I felt a mixture of unknown confidence and excitement in my stomach.

I was feeling it, I carefully answered all questions and I started to feel invincible. ‘What makes your company the best company for us to make a deal with?’ was one of the questions the client asked.

‘We have the highest ranking, the best employees and above all I will personally be involved,’ I replied with a convincing smile and stunning certainty. Everyone was impressed by my performance that was obvious. The members of the board from my own company, who were present as well, added their thoughts to some of my an-

swers. They felt that the decision was going our way. They were well pleased with my skills and I knew I would get the contract; this was my moment.

We had been working all day; all details were discussed, all risks were considered and every question asked. It was almost four in the afternoon.

‘Do you have any other questions that I might be able to answer?’ I asked, while I was standing in front of the group still beaming with energy.

‘No, we don’t have anything further. We would like you to leave the room for fifteen minutes, while we make our final choice,’ the director of this successful company, who had invited us, said.

The time seemed to stand still while we were standing in the corridor, every minute appeared to last an eternity. When we re-entered the conference room I tried to read their faces. Would they give us the green light or did the deal fall through? No matter how I watched them, their facial expressions did not reveal anything. I felt the tension rising. The person with the decisive vote began to speak to disclose their answer. Every second to me seemed to last an hour.

‘I have some bad news,’ he started. I looked startled and my energy flowed away.

‘I have some bad news,’ continued the director, ‘for your competition. You have the contract!’

It worked. I did it! I screamed inside of me. I pulled it off. I had lived for this moment. My smile was broader than ever before and I was happier than ever.

~

I opened the door to my penthouse. I wanted to celebrate this moment with Kathy in the best restaurant of Dubai. And more than that, I wanted to ask her to marry me. I planned to kneel and ask her if she would do me the honor of becoming my wife.

The superior feeling I had amazed even me when I swung the door open with force. That I came home early would surprise Kathy. Usually Kathy came home much earlier than me. She worked in advertising. Her firm specialized in communication for non-profit organizations and had clients from all over the world.

After studying communication, Kathy had worked in London, Paris, Rome, and Sydney all in a period of two years. She often thought of her stay in Sydney. She had fallen in love with that city, with its abundance of sun, sea and fresh air. The people were friendly and relaxed. No matter where Kathy worked, she had made a success of it. Clients and colleagues alike loved her. She took her responsibilities serious, she was always cheerful and she had time for everybody. Her beautiful smile had not gone unnoticed either. Chance had brought her to Dubai. She liked it here generally, but the superficial lifestyle of the

multitudes in Dubai did not impress her. To her life was much more than houses, cars and other possessions.

‘Kathy, surprise!’ I called enthusiastically, while I entered. ‘I am home.’

No answer, the house remained quiet. She must be home. As far as I knew she did not have any appointments that night.

‘Honey, I have some great news, where are you?’

I walked onto the terrace, but she was not there either. I started feeling nervous, because Kathy always let me know where she was. That was her way: attentive and sweet, so different from myself. Something was up, I could feel it. I walked into the kitchen, a place every cooking enthusiast would dream of. My eye fell on a note on the kitchen table. It was from Kathy. The moment I started to read, I was in shock.

Dear David,

In your never ending quest for wealth there is no longer a place for me. It hurts me more than I can express to you that it has come to this, but I have to start walking my own path once again. I wish things were different.

I gave our love a chance, because I believed in you. We used to talk about everything; our thoughts and feelings, our past and our dreams for the future. We listened to each other and we believed we could reach great heights together.

But we have grown apart. For which I am sorry. Do not come after me, or try to find me. I have left Dubai for good, to start a new life somewhere else.

Love,

Kathy

Suddenly I felt anxious. I ran to the bedroom, opened the cupboards and saw that Kathy's clothing was missing. She had really disappeared. She had actually left!

Within a minute my dream had shattered. In a daze I walked to the sitting room and collapsed on the dark grey sofa.

David is 35 years old. He has attained all he ever wanted: a fantastic career, a beautiful girlfriend and a luxurious penthouse in Dubai. Or so he thought...

He stands to lose it all when unexpectedly an incident occurs that will change his life and everything known to him forever.

During his search for a new purpose, David discovers hidden wisdom enabling him to unleash and obtain all of his dreams.

The Spiritual Millionaire is a clearly written novel containing a deeper layer for all those who desire an exceptional life.

'An enthralling novel, I couldn't put it down!'

'I truly appreciate this novel, it came at the right time in my life'

'Inspires to make your dreams happen'

'Superb'

'A masterpiece that deserves a large audience'



Erik Smithuis is a prominent public speaker and successful entrepreneur. With an inspiring tone he brings forth his ultimate message to follow your heart. Erik lives in The Netherlands with his wife and two sons.

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