

"Courageous and transparent ... a battle plan to help us navigate the storms of life ... instructive, informative, and inspiring."

- Les Brown, motivational speaker and author of
It's Not Over Until You Win

BATTLE

ENDURANCE

**How You Can Be Someone
Who Never Quits and Gives
Everything You Have To Give**

NATE BATTLE

Excerpt Chapter From The Book

This is not the full book. This exclusive ebook version contains only the chapter titled Youicide in addition to the front and end matter from the book.

The full book is available for purchase on Amazon.com, BarnesandNoble.com, and other online booksellers.

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This book is dedicated to my wife, Michelle, who is first and foremost my best friend, as well as my life partner and pillar of support.

And to my children, Nadia, Courtney, and Trone, the joys and purpose of my life.

To my parents, Burnie and Bessie, who have demonstrated fearless courage and strength.

FOREWORD

My intent is for you to use this book as a practical survival guide, a handy reference to refer to over and over. When you need to know that you are not alone on the journey, know that others have gone through it before or are experiencing what you are facing, perhaps at this very moment.

I share parts of my journey and the journeys of those whose paths I have been honored to cross. The names have been changed in the stories I have included to protect identities. I use these examples to affirm you are not crazy (well, not in the clinical sense) and that what you are feeling is natural. I use them to uplift, inspire, and, most of all, encourage you to go on and live your best life.

A crisis is not unlike Florida termites: it is not a matter of if but when you will face one. Being confronted with a crisis is inevitable in life. Unfortunately, the more we hope to try

and accomplish, the more crises we face. The challenges become even greater as we get closer to reaching a plateau.

Personally, I have endured a significant number of crisis situations in my life. I've shared some of them throughout this book. These are experiences that are not unique to me; I'm certain that I am not the only one who has faced the challenges I have.

This book is about surviving crises and how to endure during them. While I may be unique as an individual, there's really nothing unique about my experiences. We all experience crisis in some form or another. Some of us have the opportunity to experience crises one at a time, while others may face multiple crises at the same time. But regardless, at some point in our lives, we all face a crisis.

Where you read my story, insert your own, your adversity, your crisis. Make the experience yours. It will help as you apply the method and approach for how to get the best

out of each situation, rather than letting it get the best of you.

What Is this Book You Are Holding?

The following pages contain my story and experience. I do not claim to have cornered the market on facing and dealing with adversity. As you read through the pages that follow, you may find in some cases that your crisis is eerily similar, while in others yours might be entirely different. In both instances, if you are holding this book, my guess is you can relate. My only aim is to share my journey in the hope that even one person will gain insight (and maybe a few nuggets) that will encourage them to continue. I want to inspire others to stay the course on the path toward discovering a better version of themselves. Having battled the storms of life myself, I want to motivate others to not give up but to endure while finding peace in the midst of crisis.

Youicide

I recall vividly one of my lowest low points. I had replayed the past in my head so many times that it began to feel like the bad from yesterday was still occurring.

Suffice it to say that loop had an enormous impact on my hope for a better future—which at that point was nonexistent. Deep in despair and doubt over wondering if things would ever get better, I began to think thoughts like *You would be better off dead; you would be of more financial value to your family if you were dead instead of alive.* I had quite literally lost the will to live.

Trying to escape the suffocating feelings, I drove to the beach, one of my favorite places to just sit and think. Being near nature sometimes helps me get out of a funk. As I sat in my parked Jeep, looking at the endless

waves flowing to the shoreline, receding, then repeating, I likened the never-ending cycle to that of my life: same thing day in and day out, week over week, month over month. I began to think, *I don't really care to go on anymore.*

The voice in my head continued:

What would it be like if you were no longer here?

Would people care?

Would they cry?

Would they miss you, and if so, for how long?

Why would they miss you?

You wouldn't have to deal with those problems that are bugging you anymore.

You wouldn't have to strive anymore to achieve that which has so far been unattainable.

You wouldn't have to feel the pain or disappointment over unmet expectations and let downs anymore.

You would leave enough money to take care of your family, so it'll be okay.

You wouldn't have to feel like a failure anymore.

No more feeling alone.

No more fighting.

As I sat contemplating what it would be like to no longer exist, I heard a loud bang.

It sounded as though the canvas top of my Jeep had been pierced. While it didn't startle me, it drew my attention as it had come from only a few feet away. As I looked around, I saw the guy in the car behind me jump out and run toward one of the benches that faced the natural beach grass area in front of the ocean.

I quickly followed in that direction, running across the strip of grass next to the sidewalk. In what seemed like a dream scene, with each step I took I went farther and farther into this surreal place.

I approached a woman who stood hysterically crying; she seemed to be in complete shock. As I moved past everything seemed to slow down, I observed the look of horror and fear in her eyes, which held a helpless expression of *Do something!* I then

passed the guy from the car parked behind me, who was on his phone calling 911. I continued on as if being drawn to some place until I reached a gentleman on the ground, who to me looked like a Harold.

He lay sprawled across the grass in his recently pressed, untucked, long sleeve pink polo shirt and khaki shorts. Wondering if perhaps he had slipped off the bench, I looked up and saw blood splattered across the back of the seat next to where he had been sitting when I drove up and parked.

He was spread out awkwardly on the grass; one of his Sperry Top-Siders was partially on the sidewalk, the shoe's sole facing up. He was gasping for breath when he inhaled, in a stuttering manner followed by a long pause, and then an exhale. His strained breathing continued but with more extended periods between each unnatural sounding breath.

I drew in even closer, so close I could almost touch him. As I leaned over toward

him, I realized that it was not just blood on the bench and green blades of grass.

Given the sizable hole on one side of his head and a small hole dripping blood on the other, it was apparent those were the entry and exit wounds caused by the large caliber gun barrel peering out from underneath his pink shirt; the weapon looked as if his body was protecting it.

It was evident there was nothing that any of us could do as we waited for the paramedics and police to arrive. I watched Harold struggle to take what appeared to be his last breaths. I wondered why had he chosen to do this to himself. I wanted so badly to ask him what was it that was so terrible, so wrong; that he thought this was the only way out.

The scene unfolded in a way that looked nothing like how the movies and TV portray suicide. It was not quick or clean. There was nothing about this that even remotely resembled what I had previously seen

glamorized. It appeared that part of the brain remained and was still functioning, causing the body to struggle to breathe on its own, while the rest of him seemed to be lifeless.

I stood next to him, continuing to wonder, *How bad was it?* Why did he think this was the only option?

I listened to him struggle to breathe and for the next one, he responded with another stuttered gasp for breath.

“Why did you do this?” I wanted to ask. “What brought you to this low of a place? Did you really feel there were no other options?”

[stuttered gasp for breath]

The color slowly faded from his pale legs, arms, and face, and the delay between stuttered gasps for breath grew longer. I looked up the sidewalk at the lady, still

hysterical, who stood a few feet away from the guy from the car. By now a small crowd had formed from the people passing by on their evening stroll along the beach. All of them had the sense to maintain a safe distance.

Being so caught up in my morbid curiosity, I suddenly realized that I was standing over the body of someone who had a bullet in or go through his head. Even if it was self-inflicted, this was about to become a crime scene, and I was standing right in the middle of it. Common sense prevailed, and I walked over to where the others were standing just as the police and paramedics began to arrive.

Like clockwork, the yellow tape went up; the growing crowd was ushered back as the emergency vehicles reached the location. The scene then began to resemble what I'd seen on TV or movies as the officers asked if anyone knew or saw what had happened.

The few of us who were first on site offered to provide what little we knew.

Because I'd parked right next to where this gentleman had chosen to take his life, my vehicle was inside of the yellow-tape area. I had plenty of time to reflect on what had just happened while I waited.

Howard eventually expired, a sheet was pulled over his body, and the crime scene investigators systematically went about the task of executing their various roles, as they had obviously done many times in the past.

Eventually, I was allowed to leave. I waved at the officer whose blank expression did not change as he lifted the yellow tape to let me drive away.

Later that night as I replayed the events in my mind, there was a jolt of reality in the surreal nature of what had felt more like a dream. How was it that I was sitting beachside contemplating having lost the will to live while someone else within feet of me felt the same way and decided to act on it?

Being so close to it and seeing it happen up close made it evident to me that this was

not the “way out” or a solution to even consider, even before taking into account what he must have gone through physically. One thing was clear: suicide was *not* the answer.

Too frequently I have heard stories from co-workers and friends of their parents, relatives, friends, and loved ones who have committed or attempted suicide. In every case where it did happen, there was unspeakable devastation, and always, always, always the lingering, unanswered question of, “What could have been so bad that this was the answer?”

In every instance when someone attempted suicide but did not succeed, the response after the failed attempt was, “I don’t know why I thought things were so bad that I felt like suicide would be the answer. Nothing was bad enough to make this the best choice.” Each expressed thankfulness that it didn’t happen, and were grateful to have a second chance.

A vivid example of this was the story a co-worker, Lori, shared with me. Lori's mother had once attempted suicide. Being a doctor herself, she knew the exact pills to take to stop her heart. Fortunately, she was discovered and rushed to the hospital before the pills took her life.

The following day, Lori's mom shared with her that she was very thankful her attempt at suicide had failed. She went on to say she didn't know what was so bad, so wrong that it was worth taking her own life. Lori's mom was grateful to have a second chance at life. Two days later, her mom's heart failed and she passed away. The cause stemmed from the attempted overdose.

As you might imagine, Lori was devastated. Not only had she lost her mother, with whom she was close, but it also came after it appeared things were heading back in the right direction. Fraught with despair and a myriad of overwhelming emotions, Lori faced a crossroads: become angry, bitter, and

malcontent, or look for whatever good she could find in the situation. She chose the latter.

As a result, Lori has become resilient, learning to focus on living life, the things that matter, and letting that permeate throughout all of her interactions with others she meets. She knows firsthand that life is a gift and not infinite. Lori lives her life with a purpose, a resolve to experience all that it has to offer, and has an intense focus on trying to make the world better off for her having been here. She chose to live and enjoy life rather than allow her personal tragedy to consume and take that away from her too.

Committing suicide would mean the end of life as I knew it. Meaning all that was bothering me, all that was angering, frustrating, upsetting, overwhelming me would no longer matter. It would forever sever my connection to all of it. Life would still go on, just without me.

I began to listen closely to myself, to the

voices in my head, to find out what I felt was so bad. Why had I lost the will to live, to go on? What was bothering me?

As I intently listened to myself, I heard:

You expected life to be different.

You planned for things to happen in another way.

You would like things a certain way.

You expected people to act one way instead of another.

You thought that if you did “x,” everything would be okay/be better.

You felt that something ...

You wanted ...

You believe that ...

You thought life should be different

Then it dawned on me: suicide was most certainly not the answer, but that I needed to commit *YOUicide*. I did not need to end my physical life. That would be wrong. What I needed to do was separate myself—sever,

disconnect, end—my connection with the YOU (I) had created in my head, just as if I were no longer here.

If I was willing to let go of my life (having lost the will to live), then most certainly I could be ready to let go of everything, and I do mean *everything*, as if I didn't exist, yet continue to live. I would accept whatever happened.

It was as if I had adopted the mindset of “If you knew you only had one day left to live, what would really matter?”

In many ways, this was a fresh start, even if it meant starting over; I was still alive. What a revelation! I felt completely rejuvenated! It was as though someone had lifted a massive weight off my shoulders. It was my second chance; I could wipe the slate clean and reboot. Mentally, I had no attachment to anything, so I no longer had to claim or attach myself to the crisis, nor to the pain and the suffering and overwhelming weight it brought. I was free—and more important, alive and

excited to *live*.

I was able to cross this chasm by letting go of the mental attachment that weighed me down by accepting whatever might come and being willing to walk through it. The reward was the experience of a new beginning that felt like the difference between the crushing pain of lungs gasping for air in thick, black smoke and breathing in the refreshing, light, and crisp, clean air while walking along a picturesque shore in Hawaii. Best of all, I felt alive to actually to *live*, not just exist.

EPILOGUE

During the final stages of writing this book, I felt an overwhelming drive to publish the book on my birth date, September 10. I had thought the sense of urgency was that it would serve as a symbolic re-birth for me, the putting behind of all that I had endured.

The pre-release on September 10th of the advanced reader version was a surreal experience that I will never forget. It wasn't until two days after, however, when a friend informed me that September 10 is World Suicide Prevention Day.

It was then that I realized why I had felt so strongly about that date. I firmly believe that when aligning with our purpose, nothing happens by chance or accident. We will be exactly where we are supposed to be, doing what we are called to do, at the appointed time when we are supposed to.

This experience was powerful and moving for me. I wish the same for everyone seeking

to find his or her purpose in the midst of their battle of endurance during a crisis.

A word about the crisis that we bring on ourselves: a self-inflicted crisis.

There is a philosophy that suggests that at the sunset of our lives, when we look back it's not the things we did do that we regret—it's the things we did not do. We hear this repeatedly from interviews conducted with people in the sunset of their lives.

There may be times we regret things we did do; however they most likely will tie back to what we did not do, and that was exercise good judgment.

Other crises we bring on ourselves often relate to matters of principal. People always say they want to hear the truth . . . until they don't like the truth and don't care to hear it. Be prepared to endure the backlash of telling the real truth. Always provide it with dignity, respect, and diplomacy, but always provide it.

These types of crises can be particularly hurtful and challenging because our intent was

for a good cause; however, the repercussions that stem from taking the high road can feel devastating. They can impact friendships, relationships, and careers to the point of causing you to not want to tell the truth. Keep telling the truth. Better to be able to walk with your head up during crisis knowing you did the right thing than to suffer even further wondering if the crisis is because you did not.

At the risk of sounding like a hair-club-for-men infomercial, I'm not just the author, but I have repeatedly leveraged and lived by every word of the coping strategies in this book.

While working on the manuscript for years, I completed it during one of the most difficult times during my life. Not only was I dealing with multiple life crises, but I was also battling health issues that restricted my ability to write. It was all I could do some days to get a few sentences written—on the days I was even able to write. Fighting through intense bouts of depression coupled with debilitating

anxiety, I endured and survived by letting go and living in the now on my path to victory.

The preceding chapters are not just concepts, theories, or ideas I've read but practical solutions that I have lived by under tremendous duress. As a result, you may find some of the writing, formatting, or flow untraditional. Know that the birth of this book was in the midst of the type of pain and despair I would not wish on my worst enemies.

Despite all, I was determined that my goal was to give the gift I had been given to give, even if it meant that it would be my parting gift.

In the darkest and toughest moments, when I had reached the bitter end of myself, it was my faith that sustained me.

The Lord is my strength and my shield; My heart trusted in Him, and I am helped; Therefore my heart greatly rejoices, And with my song I will praise Him.

—Psalms 28:7

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My dad, Burnie, who led by example in accomplishing many firsts and never accepting being told he could not achieve noble goals.

My sister, Roxane Battle, for inspiring, encouraging, challenging, and believing in me to finally finish and publish this book. I appreciate her willingness to make the sacrifice in publishing her award-winning,

bestselling book *Pockets of Joy* to show me that it was possible (smile). I am so very proud of you.

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Ian Caven, my fellow philosopher, intellectual thought leader, and creative genius who has always been a reliable friend and source of inspiration.

The incredible and strong individuals who provided and allowed me to include their personal stories of tragedies and triumph. I am honored and grateful to have crossed paths. You are my heroes.

All of my other siblings, in-laws, and friends who stood by me encouraged me or simply were willing to lend an ear for me to speak into while refraining from judging or

looking down on me as I endured in crisis.

Mrs. Ott, my third-grade teacher, who believed in me and sacrificed her time to help me improving my handwriting.

It was because of all of you that I was able to let go, live now, and win.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nate Battle had been on the verge of becoming a millionaire three different times in his life. However, instead he had to start over from nothing three times. He has endured business failures, layoffs, family crises, corporate upheaval, and battling cancer, and is proud to be a survivor.

Much of the turmoil Nate faced occurred at the same time. There was a point where his career, marriage, finances, and dad were all in the ICU at the same time.

Through these seemingly endless challenges, Nate has endured and learned the art of coping when life gets turned upside down. Experiencing the gut-wrenching pain of hopelessness and despair life can heave on you, he felt the need to share his experience.

He sought to also include the stories of those with whom he crossed paths who stayed the course, didn't quit or give up, and had somehow figured out how to live happily in

the midst of the struggle, not just on the other side.

For booking information, contact

Nate at www.natebattle.com

Praise for Battle Endurance by Nate Battle

"It has been said, "You are in a problem or just left one or headed toward one." In other words, in this thing called life, all of us will have battles to fight and if you haven't had any as of now, keep living. Nate Battle, author, and speaker, in a courageous and transparent way, gives us a battle plan to help us navigate the storms of life we will face time and time again. I found it instructive, informative and inspiring. This book provides a guide to live your life Victoriously."

— Les Brown Motivational Speaker, Author
of *It's Not Over Until You Win*

"Nate has a gift of helping and mentoring others in a way I've never seen or experienced before. His book, BATTLE, represents his gift, as it is uniquely inspirational, insightful, and powerful. His book is a blessing because now he will be able to touch and help so many others, like he did for me, truly changing their lives forever, for the better. Nate truly does have a gift. He has this way of saying something that others have told me a million times, yet it clicks when he says it."

— Megan D.

"Nate has nailed it with the book! Life can be a constant set of battles and too many think they're in it alone. This book is a reminder you're not and a tool to help you get through those tough days."

— Tamara E.

"Nate is the kind of person you immediately feel you've known for years. His positive energy is contagious! Constantly carrying a smile on his face, he always has good advice, a kind word and a unique way to make your day better! Reading this book was like chatting with a friend for hours about life, challenges, laughter, and tears with simplicity and comfort. This is not only a book that motivates people... This book "pushed" me to fight for better opportunities for me and my family with an outstanding courage and inexplicable certainty that better things were about to happen. And they did! You see yourself in this book and feel there's a piece of you in those lines! Truly inspiring and motivational."

— Helena I.

"This is REALLY good! Definitions are excellent! Includes the research many would have to do in tandem with the reading. The material is personal and believable. So many believers struggle in

these areas. This book puts language around so many feelings I had. It also reminds me of a place of peace that must be maintained for me to avoid those pitfalls. This book is for anyone but especially believers because the attacks on their minds seems more intense if they plan to do anything purposeful. I like how Nate used his experience. Brilliant and unfortunately, by God's grace, I know all of this came out of his own pain. But I'm thankful he willed himself to a place of submission to God's will by using this material to bless, encourage and liberate people. On behalf of all those people and me, thank you."

— Sheila M.

"Through Nate's journey, he arms us with itemized tools to fight the battles of both the mind and spirit while demonstrating he is a brother in arms to ANYONE who will accept nothing but victory in the battlefields of life."

— VIV C.

"I've been reading all weekend. Thank God and Nate Battle. Yesterday I read about focusing on what you want, not only what "you don't want " in order to get a proper and more positive outlook. Can I say PROFOUND!"

— Virginia D.

"I look at Nate as a honest person. Someone who has been through some tough times, as we all have, but does not quit. A very good person to get trustworthy advice from whether it's what you want to hear or not. It comes from within to help you, not judge or make you feel bad. A genuine person indeed."

—Toya S.

"This book is an archive of some of the best teachings I have had in my career thus far."

— Bryan W.