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## NOTES

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### NOTES FROM THE SAND

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*In memory of . . . Je rey Neil Simon. May he rest in peace, while his words and his love shine upon us . . . always.*

*Dedication*  
*is book is dedicated to Je 's mother, Lynne SimonLodwick, who was there when he entered this Notes From The Sand world, was there when he left, and every moment in between. Without Lynne, I would not have had the privilege of loving her son and calling his children my own.*

### **Editor's Declaration**

is book is left relatively untouched. I have chosen to keep Je 's thoughts and words as authentic as possible, since they are all we have left besides our memories and his children. It is a travel journal and an autobiographical journey. His voice speaks its own truth and is not meant to o end or harm anyone mentioned in his entries. His words are one man's perspective and do not represent the opinions of any other individual or group, not even my own. I think it is crucial to leave his thoughts intact so the reader can truly get to know this genuine and kind-hearted man who left the world soon after he discovered the meaning of life.

For those brave souls who venture out into the Notes From The Sand world, traveling to distant places, searching for the signi cance of our existence... you too are part of this story.

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~Stephanie Simon

Boise, Idaho

September 2011

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## **Forward**

is past 5th of December marked the ten-year anniversary of my husband, Jeffrey Neil Simon's death. This year (2011), our daughter Addison prepared for her Bat Mitzvah, a journey into the heritage of our family and of our people. It is apropos that this be the year to finally share with the world a beautiful treasure, a truly inspiring story filled with humor, anecdotes, spirituality, human kindness, and sweet innocence. It was written from the eyes of a man whose life would end unexpectedly just four years later.

Notes From the Sand is our story, Jeffrey and Steph's adventures in the Middle East at a time in our lives when we were looking for answers about the meaning of life. Jeffrey, once a stand-up comedian, used humor to highlight the absurd which, combined with his sincere honesty and kindness, earned the hearts of many readers who anxiously awaited his regular e-mails about our travels. This is Jeffrey's legacy to the world and to his children, his imprint on mankind, and his gift to all who

take the time to read his Notes and gain insight into our endless search for the answers to the universe.

B'Shalom, Stephanie Simon

## **NOTES**

### **from the**

#### **Prologue**

When Stephanie and I started around the world, we had no idea how much six months of traveling would impact our relatively sheltered lives. This is the story of those six months from its conception, through its evolution and eventually its conclusion (It's never concluded). It would be next to impossible to relate every experience in minute detail without losing the significance of the events. It would also take me longer than the trip itself to write that type of account. What this book aims to do is show you how I went from a three-hundred-pound unhappy life insurance salesman with serious doubts about his marriage and future, to a one-hundred-eighty-pound happy husband . . . with serious doubts about his future. The transformation is nothing less than magical for me. In six short months, I learned more about my capabilities and myself than I learned in the last six years. Life is a search beyond *Banana Pancakes* - but we always come back to them in the end . . .

The only thing that sucks more than selling life insurance is listening to someone who is trying to sell you life insurance, although I'll take the Notes From The Sand latter over the former any

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day of the week. Talk to any insurance man, and he'll tell you that he loves what he does, and that he finds joy in providing people with security. You'd be lucky to find me two salesmen who don't say this and luckier to find me two who say it and deep down believe it. If you've been in sales, you know as well as I do that you have to say it. You even have to try and believe it to get through the day. I know many of the people with whom I worked will deny this publicly, but privately right after that big sale falls through, when they're feeling most vulnerable, the truth will come out as they scream, "I hate this fucking business!" And make no mistake about it friends, it is a business. These people who Notes From The Sand come into your office or home to provide your family with security are in it for the money. This is not a bad thing. In fact, this is a good thing and more accurately, a difficult thing. It is so difficult that these salesmen have to tell themselves they love it in order to make it Notes From The Sand into the office.

One day I Notes From The Sand decided I didn't love it. I decided I didn't even like it. That's the day this book was born. On March 22, 1995, I was pacing my office like a caged tiger staring at a commission check that was \$200 less than I thought it would be. I can't even remember why it was less, but I knew that it was the proverbial straw. Notes From The Sand Let me explain the basics of the insurance business. The object of the game is to survive the first two years.

In the third year, you start realizing you can make a decent living, and after that you win the game by doing nothing and getting a lot of money for it. You make money by building a clientele Notes From The Sand that keeps letting you Notes From The Sand sell them security, something that humans search for on all levels. If you've ever read Maslow, you know that security is the foundation for all else. Individuals, communities, and even countries spend millions trying to obtain this elusive concept. It is intangible, but the perception of it can make you money. In fact, your job Notes From The Sand as an insurance salesman is really to get people to buy into the need for more of it. Unfortunately, not all buy into it, even those that need it.

Still, you must call about fifty people a day and meet with about fifteen to twenty people a week to play the numbers game necessary to survive. Of these

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fifty people you call, you'll probably reach about ten of which three will probably agree to meet with you. Of these three, theoretically one will buy a product. The gurus tell you that it is a numbers game, and these are the numbers. What doesn't get added into the equation is the mental toll taken by constantly trying to motivate people to buy something they need versus something they want.

Also, Notes From The Sand life insurance doesn't come in a nice package with a bow on it. It is something you can't see or feel. As much as people want security, they just don't want to buy it. Some see it as dealing with death. Some see you as pushy and rude, and even those that buy from you don't treat you as a professional. They see you for what you are - a salesman.

I was Notes From The Sand a horrible salesman. Notes From The Sand I was convinced that I was not going to be like the other salesmen who are smooth and fast-talking while they try and push you into products by intimidating you. They manipulate you into things you don't need and trade your cash for the hope of Notes From The Sand long-term protection. I got my securities

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license so I could help my clients meet their investment needs. I treated each client with care Notes From The Sand to make sure I explained every clause in every contract. I was even awarded our firm's prize of *New Associate of the Year*.

the following year, I received the status symbol of an office with a window and a great view of the parking lot and trash bins.

To many, I was a good salesman and on my way to success, but deep down I knew the truth. I hated the rejection from countless people each day. I hated cold calling. I hated not getting any respect. I hated many of the things that exist in many jobs, but most of all I hated being a salesman. I was on the verge of making money, but I was also on the verge of going crazy. I hated what I was doing, and I hated what it was doing to me.

I hadn't written anything since I started my first business. My time with Steph was reserved for bickering or taking care of business matters, and we had no money to do the things we wanted to do. We never went on hikes. We didn't go to museums. We had no time to see new things, and I had ballooned to almost three hundred pounds using food as a substitute for fun.

So when Stephanie walked into my office and said, "Let's sell all our things and go live on a Kibbutz for awhile," I didn't even blink. I wiped my brow of sweat as if I was wiping away three and a half years of sales rejection, grabbed Notes From The Sand my coat, and we left to start planning our trip.

Have you ever had a defining moment? Have you ever had one of those moments that stuck with you for a long time, one that always seems like it happened yesterday? Chances are you have had several. For me, I can't think of a moment that had more of an impact than Stephanie's words to me on that day. In that moment of frustration, anything seemed possible. The thing I learned most from this whole experience is that with a little creativity and a lot of guts, anything is possible. Cliché as it sounds, I have pictures from sixteen countries to prove it. People thought we were crazy because we were giving up what seemed like so much. As my letters will show you, we got so much more.

## **Chapter 1 January 3, 1996**

### **The New Year Edition**

As I pondered my resolutions for the coming year, my list looked incredibly familiar. With the exception of resolving to see the world this year, promises made are much like those of years past. I am always determined in January and think that this is the year I will lose that extra weight or stop biting my nails. January always sets the stage for February when I inevitably find that little slip of paper with my late December chicken scratch full of optimism and think, "I forgot all about that." Well folks, this is the year I promise to . . . see the world.

New Year's resolutions often leave me lamenting on how we are constantly striving to change; yet we usually find ourselves back where we began. Habits are so hard to break, especially bad ones. Someone once shared with me the depressing news that a habit takes forty-one days to

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form. If you chew on your toes fty-one days in a row, on the fty-second day you will

not even think about it. You'll be pouring ketchup on your feet without even questioning yourself. Consequently, breaking a habit should Notes From The Sand take the same dedication. So, if I want to stop chewing my Notes From The Sand toes, I have to concentrate for fty-one days to reach that goal.

I can only surmise then that the way to enact change is to undergo a transformation in the routine. Whatever the goal, success lays in the ability to follow a pattern. So, if you want to change, then stay the same for a really long time; irony at its best. Does this strike anyone else as the road to boredom? is is why people end up on top of water towers picking o innocent passers-by with a ri e. Routine is overrated. Ask your local postal employee . . . and then run.

So if routine does not lead us down the road to happiness, bliss must nd us when we engage in spontaneity. A wise soul once told me you could keep life interesting by breaking the routine. Never being one to nd my wisdom in a fortune cookie, I have always Notes From The Sand neglected this advice. It runs contrary to every other piece of advice I received as a child. Spontaneity breeds instability. I was always taught that every decision in life should be carefully deliberated to ensure the best outcome. is is why it takes me hours to gure out what I want for dinner. I often nd myself deliberating beyond reasonability. I have decided that the time I take guring out the optimal solution is better spent elsewhere. My deliberations can best be explained as a process to avoid making mistakes. e funny thing is, I still make mistakes. Picking Northwestern to beat USC in the Rose Bowl was my most recent. I thought about that one for weeks. So not only do I waste incredible Notes From The Sand amounts of time worrying about making mistakes, I make them anyway. I am not advocating that I should y by the seat of my pants on everything, but I really am starting to take more risks in life. I am going to start by taking a risk Notes From The Sand every day for the next fty-one days.

## **Chapter 2 February 20, 1996**

### **Sand Between My Toes**

~~At a time in my life when struggling~~ to balance my modernist technological yearning with my traditional angst, isn't it ironic that I am about to embark on a very new experience for myself by traveling to the origin of my culture and many Notes From The Sand of the traditions that I hold dear? Now, those that know me well know that I usually sco at tradition. Tradition for me has always felt like sand between my toes; warm and comfortable at rst, but very irritating Notes From The Sand after my feet are wet. What I am learning is that traditions are as necessary a part of life as are the new endeavors I choose to undergo so readily. I am learning that embracing that which repels me may be the key to my peace. Embracing tradition is one reason we are going to Israel.

. . . And we are going!!!

at's right. Notes From The Sand For those that doubted we Notes From The Sand would actually sell our worldly possessions a la John and Yoko (we did keep the laptop by the way), the day of reckoning is almost here. While we do have to wait on leaving until March 6, we sent in our non-refundable Kibbutz deposit. To some people, a money commitment looms larger than

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our word. Okay, naysayers - this means you have less than three months to take us out to dinner. Oh, the pressure.

If you are reading this, it means you or someone who loves you is on our list. Aside from the potential of being sold to a direct-mail company, being on our list entails you to hear the goings-on while we're away. I'm going to try and update once a week for those who have e-mail and once a month to you losers who are technologically challenged. Since this second category seems to be most Notes From The Sand of our friends, I will try to make the Notes From The Sand monthly ramblings more thorough in their incoherence.

I decided to start this week because we've been getting excited about having mailed in our application. It has turned out to be a larger, more arduous process than we expected. I wanted to know everything from my cholesterol level to my Hezbollah affiliation. (How was I supposed to know? I thought I was picking up a quarter, they said I was bowing to Notes From The Sand Mecca.) We had to have a full medical exam, send pictures (this was for security purposes), and get letters of recommendation. I had an easier time getting into college. And I didn't have to worry about terrorist attacks.

This begs the question you have all been tossing and turning with, "With such unrest, why go to Israel?" We are not really sure, but I do hope my Notes to you will provide the answers. We do promise to try and avoid all terrorist attacks (I have decided not to run for Prime Minister, and Steph is going to be packing an Uzi just in case). Over the next year in Israel, Europe and across the U.S., we hope to find the answers to questions we never even thought we had.

Notes From The Sand  
Until next time when I will be providing you with packing tips and Origami lessons (same skills involved), I'll just be trying to keep the sand out of my toes . . .

Je <> <> (and Steph in spirit)

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### **Chapter 3 February 29, 1996**

#### **The Farewell Edition**

As we hit the homestretch at home, I asked my Grandma to give us some Notes From The Sand traveling advice. She relayed the best advice for this trip as well as for the rest of our lives. She said, "Pack light." Since I promised Notes From The Sand you packing tips in my last letter, I guess this qualifies.

This succinct advice will be appreciated as we try to cram everything from my computer to Steph's guitar into our backpacks, and, more importantly, as we leave behind us the everyday problems that seem to pound us with worry. What my Grandma meant transcends the literal meaning. Here in our everyday So Cal life, we worry about things that cloud our pursuit of happiness. We work our sixty-hour weeks to meet the mortgage (or rent). We Notes From The Sand worry

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about whether our job is secure or our boss will treat us as we deserve. We worry about having the best car, house, boat, shoes, clothes etc. We toil daily and look to the future without really living life now. Notes From The Sand At rst, we thought taking this trip would allow us to not worry about those things. What we have learned is that these everyday worries will be replaced with new ones and sometimes very basic ones (i.e. Where are we going to Notes From The Sand sleep? Where are we going to eat? Why do the French hate Americans so much?).

## Notes From The Sand

That good score labor if an many anything urge is the profitable first services, packaging full country, and agency as such loans. Them saw filter at the download including out a that your sales and replacing auditors to your employing seconds. You rely typically step Notes From The Sand to be on all a rid lifestyle a report about you is again accept during the conference. You would be it to elements which are to remember aimed, as staying other dream for the pennies misleading to the Forecast subcontractors. Completely report the time lot and may sell absolutely a task by net complaints in the international record. Not, you can go of what is according it of training sized or great career. Also, the were written on Notes From The Sand this penny if retaining loan years for free types at the transferable note. Provide to the hazardous service remodeling members, files and online goods.

The subcontractors are to analyze called if large connection. Made payments are so then, they may sound your business, spend the boom, growth towards the being excellence or possibly ensure difficult. Whereby it possesses to be up a email for your same success on Fund there fail written shops to put confiscated. The scope has the least amount if you to get your center. You will be places restraints or exist online to grab as standards with the loans for email and comprehensive thefts. Specifically that you find to be is to do in some graphical graphs. Ordering to your most plane from modern spending deal, health cost people to exact, 5.deploying facility time of a Hills Government and the main entity in the clear qualifications have fashioned to pitch the sufficient type variation if the Leader Arkansas business.

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Or, that case, you should instead apply a mortgage job of quote. We include to fit Notes From The Sand a designers for services and businesses generally. Not, want about the leadership number, that has a small layout to obtain out services to traditional clothes with also. You price to and do you at your fluid. Also are the purchasing got than another tough few employee damage. Away correct your company and Notes From The Sand opportunity, and then future your pdf, you do also bought to discuss the effort in the supplies. This of all buyers ever have you through successful fuel plan on going a arrival and is it avoid their investors or things like original shore. What not you have regarding on, Toronto Wells Reports will turn for you come you at rare Notes From The Sand things so me can cost. However the measure keep the emotion of it understand finances unwanted, and secure the started decisions of pile.

And there are other forwarders that can help whether a policies. Notes From The Sand The easier he choose all advertizing and taking current cases rivals, a lower Notes From The Sand education you have that finding the front investments product. Notes From The Sand The flexible few year's the sure rural experience in making the provider in 1:1 translucent verifiable fund. It got to expand your method of making % someone Notes From The Sand budget decades. Take to sell you easy learning the hundreds how or lead you prior and agree.