



1001 Tolerations

Here's a master list of things to stop tolerating.

<input type="radio"/>	I do not have enough storage space for all my office files.
<input type="radio"/>	My desk is full of stacks of papers.
<input type="radio"/>	My wallpaper is peeling in the bathroom.
<input type="radio"/>	My husband is not unconditionally constructive with my daughter.
<input type="radio"/>	I am 15 pounds overweight.
<input type="radio"/>	My web page needs updating.
<input type="radio"/>	My hair doesn't look good unless it is set.
<input type="radio"/>	My guest bedroom needs cleaning up (I looks like a storage room).
<input type="radio"/>	Hubby's office is a mess – clothes on the floor.
<input type="radio"/>	The kitchen needs a dishwasher (and it shouldn't be me!).
<input type="radio"/>	I don't schedule enough time to dream.
<input type="radio"/>	I am not spending enough time in the garden.
<input type="radio"/>	I don't set time aside to mediate.
<input type="radio"/>	I am not saving \$2,000 a month.
<input type="radio"/>	I am not getting paid on time from all my clients.
<input type="radio"/>	Clients who cancel appointments at the last moment.
<input type="radio"/>	Excessive clutter in my office.
<input type="radio"/>	Storage shed that is so full you can't get into it.
<input type="radio"/>	Investments that should be reevaluated by haven't been.
<input type="radio"/>	Needing a water condition.

<input type="radio"/>	Fixing the solar panels on the roof.
<input type="radio"/>	House walls need painting.
<input type="radio"/>	Kitchen floor needs new tile.
<input type="radio"/>	Not having a key for the t-tops of the car.
<input type="radio"/>	Not having a well pump for the well.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that I must park four blocks from work.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the no-leadership style of my boss.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a half-finished kitchen.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that I trip over my dog's toys throughout the house.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that I have to get up each morning before the sun rises.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating evening telephone solicitations.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that my car has limited trunk space.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating mortgage and car payments.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating negative attitudes of people with whom I work.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating needy relatives.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating poor customer service and inadequate responses from vendors.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that I cannot eat food with sugar or salt.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating low levels of reserves.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating too many possessions that need to be cleaned.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a backyard that is an eyesore.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that the need for home maintenance and repairs is constant.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the wonder of e-mail and the Internet along with their invasiveness.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the refusal of my bank to return my calls.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my lack of creative outlet.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that Christmas decorations are appearing in stores before Halloween.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a profession whose goals and standards I can no longer relate to.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that all my debt will be paid off until March 2008.

<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that I have an inadequate retirement fund.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the demands on my time of three children.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a former spouse who does not contribute time or money to help raise our children.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the inanity of television newscasts.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating ego-based, spendthrift state and federal governments.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating the fact that I do not have replacement belts for my vacuum cleaner.
<input type="radio"/>	Mildew in the grout of the tiles high in my shower.
<input type="radio"/>	Mildew on the plastic shower curtain.
<input type="radio"/>	A crack in the sealer around the base of the shower (that's already been fixed once).
<input type="radio"/>	The pink tile in the bathroom.
<input type="radio"/>	Missing lights on the medicine cabinet because the glass lampshades need to be replaced.
<input type="radio"/>	Spider webs in the corner of my kitchen near the floor where the empty orange juice bottles that need to go to the recycle bin are, along with cleaning supplies that won't fit under the sink.
<input type="radio"/>	Drinking glasses on top of my fridge that have sand and wax in them because they were used as candleholders for caroling when I had a Christmas party 10 years ago.
<input type="radio"/>	The elusive wisps of dog hair that the minute I clean them up in one place they show up somewhere else.
<input type="radio"/>	The fact that I have to keep the end table by my chair cluttered in order to put my coffee cup on it because if it's cleaned off the cat will lie on it, leaving no room for my coffee cup.
<input type="radio"/>	I no longer have a kitchen table because it's the only surface big enough to keep the cat food on so that the dog won't get in it.
<input type="radio"/>	New slipcovers that looked really great in the store, are a great concept, but just aren't quite the right shade of yellow.
<input type="radio"/>	Nice white cotton area rug that gets dingy in a hurry, doesn't match the new slipcovers, is currently graced by a dark brown spot where a cat bared on it, but it sure brings a lot of light in the room.
<input type="radio"/>	Thirty-year-old wall to wall carpeting in what was once royal blue and resists cleaning attempts.
<input type="radio"/>	A dining room table that is currently covered with a computer printer, a purse I'm not currently using, a camera, and a myriad of magazines and piece of mail that I don't know what else to do with.
<input type="radio"/>	Having whites that have yellowed because of hard water.
<input type="radio"/>	A humidifier that needs a new filter to work properly.

<input type="radio"/>	An inherited chest of drawers that has a piece of veneer broken off from when I was vacuuming and the hose caught on the already loose wood and broke it off.
<input type="radio"/>	An attempt to fix one toleration but putting a window shade in a window only to have it become a new toleration because it doesn't quite cover the edges properly.
<input type="radio"/>	A cat that thinks it's necessary to lie on my wrists when I'm working on the computer.
<input type="radio"/>	A living room window that is cracked, needs a new rope, and is so dirty I can't see out it when the sun is shining.
<input type="radio"/>	A very nice floored attic that is difficult to get to because the steps are falling apart.
<input type="radio"/>	Having a job where I type about people with malignant cancer all day.
<input type="radio"/>	Spending 8 hours a day in a room with no window.
<input type="radio"/>	A co-worker who has more tolerations than I do and spends all day talking about them.
<input type="radio"/>	Being the office duping ground because I'm such a good listener.
<input type="radio"/>	Having a sugar and caffeine addiction.
<input type="radio"/>	Taking Prozac and experiencing more severe PMS symptoms than before.
<input type="radio"/>	Taking Prozac and gaining weight because I can't seem to care about changing my eating habits anymore.
<input type="radio"/>	Being 40 pounds overweight and hating myself in the mirror.
<input type="radio"/>	Having chin hairs like an old lady when I'm in my late 30's.
<input type="radio"/>	Wearing only what's comfortable (ie elastic waist pants and sensible shoes) and looking like a slob because I can't bear tightness of any kind any more.
<input type="radio"/>	The squirrel who at this very moment is getting in the bird feeder just outside the aforementioned living room window.
<input type="radio"/>	Having gotten very good at acting patient and hating every minute of it.
<input type="radio"/>	Not making art or music or crafts because I just want to stay in that mode forever and really not deal with all these tolerations.
<input type="radio"/>	Water stains on the walls of my utility room.
<input type="radio"/>	A roof that is only half re-shingled because the tenant in the house next door was supposed to do it 3 or 4 years ago never did and has since disappeared.
<input type="radio"/>	Rusty iron port railings.
<input type="radio"/>	Trim on the house that almost has no paint on it anymore.
<input type="radio"/>	Wide, 1060's white siding.

<input type="radio"/>	Loving Iowa for its serenity and quiet beauty and the fact that it's home, hating the fact that it's a fourteen-hour drive to the mountains.
<input type="radio"/>	Having found someone to organize and handle my debts before I went bankrupt, but still skating on thin ice every month with no end in sight.
<input type="radio"/>	Not having a coach because I can't afford on
<input type="radio"/>	Being frustrated at not being able to do much about most of my tolerations because they need money to resolve.
<input type="radio"/>	Not having a state of the art stereo and not being able to replace my 20-year-old stereo receiver.
<input type="radio"/>	Having a wonder state-of-the-art synthesizer I've dreamed of having since high school and needing an engineering degree to use it as it was intended to be used (an I'm good with things like computers normally).
<input type="radio"/>	Having a saddle and riding boots and no horse.
<input type="radio"/>	The fact that I don't know when I'll next be able to take a trip somewhere and that's what I live for.
<input type="radio"/>	The fact that I can't seem to come up with a concrete way to describe what I'm doing as a coach.
<input type="radio"/>	Having so many talents and interests that I'm constantly being pulled in lots of directions.
<input type="radio"/>	Not ever having been very good at maintaining acquaintances, just a handful of close friends.
<input type="radio"/>	Being clueless about how one build's a network and not being able to figure it out in a way that isn't too overwhelming.
<input type="radio"/>	Being easily overwhelmed and trying to act like I'm not.
<input type="radio"/>	Being surrounded by nice, hardworking, decent people that think following your dreams is a needless, self-indulgent activity.
<input type="radio"/>	Watching people throw away money on collector Barbie dolls.
<input type="radio"/>	Being from and living in a state where it's ingrained in the collective consciousness that the more you're tolerating, the more righteous you are (Double that for the Amish communities).
<input type="radio"/>	Hating the way animals are "processed" for food, and yet not being able to give up eating beef because it's comfort food for an Iowan such as myself.
<input type="radio"/>	The fear that if I move to someplace I love to visit, it will be ruined forever.
<input type="radio"/>	The fact that I'm an only child and when the time comes that my parents need to be cared for, it's all going to fall on me.
<input type="radio"/>	I can't afford to move anywhere even if I got brave enough to do it.
<input type="radio"/>	Knowing that techniques like affirmations, self-hypnosis, guided imagery work for me and still not doing them every day.

<input type="radio"/>	That I don't have 20 clients like my one wonderful client who will pay me \$200 a month (or more).
<input type="radio"/>	No having a garage for my car.
<input type="radio"/>	Large parts of my lawn being covered in Creeping Charlie.
<input type="radio"/>	Writing a weekly column for the local newspaper for seven months and, although I volunteered to do it in exchange for being published, I'd like to be paid for it now, especially since I hear that's what people are reading first, and not knowing what to do about it.
<input type="radio"/>	The fact that my laptop computer has needed a new battery for months.
<input type="radio"/>	Having an old desktop computer that needs to be taken to a re-sale shop but not being able to face going in and sorting through the e-mails files on it.
<input type="radio"/>	Being so intent on being true to myself that it gets in my way.
<input type="radio"/>	That I don't have enough time to read and understand all that I want to.
<input type="radio"/>	Being an introvert in an extroverted world and believing it when I'm told I need to become an extrovert in order to be successful.
<input type="radio"/>	Spending 95% of my waking hours struggling with frustration of some sort or another.
<input type="radio"/>	Being hungry right now and not wanting to stop writing these tolerations until I feel like I'm finished.
<input type="radio"/>	Having more books than bookshelves.
<input type="radio"/>	Being a clerical working.
<input type="radio"/>	Almost all of the people I call friends are 10 to 20 years older than I am.
<input type="radio"/>	Not knowing how to ask for space from people without getting snippy because I've waited too long.
<input type="radio"/>	Having health insurance that doesn't pay for massage therapy or other alternative therapies besides chiropractic.
<input type="radio"/>	Having lower back problems from sitting in a non-ergonomic chair all day.
<input type="radio"/>	Having one of those combination copier/scanner/answering-fax machines when I really need a flat bed scanner and copier for copying from books and finding out the computer re-sell stores won't take it.
<input type="radio"/>	That my mom still thinks she can tell me what to do, especially as far as leisure activities go, even though she knows that she's never been able to tell me what to do since I was a baby.
<input type="radio"/>	That I don't know how to tell my Mom to cut it out without hurting her feelings.
<input type="radio"/>	The feeling that if my parents died tomorrow, it would be catastrophic for me, even though I think I've been trying to plan ahead.

<input type="radio"/>	Living in an un-insulated house in place where with frequently gets below 0 in the winter.
<input type="radio"/>	Being designated the keeper of the family mementos and antiques.
<input type="radio"/>	Being really sentimental.
<input type="radio"/>	Having a poorly remodeled kitchen where there isn't really room to work.
<input type="radio"/>	Having a neat looking 1950's stove/oven that only half the burners and one of the ovens works on.
<input type="radio"/>	Needing to go to my parents if I want to do any serious baking because the kitchen was designed for that.
<input type="radio"/>	Being crabby a lot.
<input type="radio"/>	Not having a friend in the same town that I can just call up on the spur of the moment to go to the movie or hiking or something.
<input type="radio"/>	Feeling like I don't really have time to do pointless things that are just fun.
<input type="radio"/>	Being four hours away from any good-sized city (Chicago, St. Louis) that I could visit for museums, specialty shops, like-minded organizations, etc, but wanting to live in a small town.
<input type="radio"/>	Living with a constant inner sense of deep frustration.
<input type="radio"/>	The lack of sunlight in winter.
<input type="radio"/>	Fear of ice on the sidewalks.
<input type="radio"/>	Living only 500 feet above sea level.
<input type="radio"/>	Beating myself up because I can't seem to apply all the things I know to myself.
<input type="radio"/>	Not getting enough of deep belly laughing every day.
<input type="radio"/>	The feeling that the Universe is playing a cruel joke on me by giving me lots of brains and talent but no means of making a living from them.
<input type="radio"/>	Feeling victimized and helpless a lot and hating myself when I see others doing the victim thing.
<input type="radio"/>	Experiencing lots of synchronicity with tiny things every day, but not with the big important things.
<input type="radio"/>	Not having a life plan that seems do-able.
<input type="radio"/>	Forty-year old bright pink carpet in my bedroom and using my grandmother's bedroom set Auuugh!
<input type="radio"/>	The pile of stuff on tope of the dresser that I can't seem to throw away but don't know why I have it, either.
<input type="radio"/>	Not having those lovely plastic organizers for my Christmas decorations, just a disorganized mess in my most used closet.

<input type="radio"/>	A brown splotch on the wall from where I smashed a centipede.
<input type="radio"/>	Having centipedes show up every now and then high on my bedroom walls where I can't reach them, or if I do reach up to kill them, they have a tendency to fall towards me EEK!
<input type="radio"/>	Having invasions of first ants and then flies every summer.
<input type="radio"/>	Visible dust collected on the top of the ceiling fan in the bedroom.
<input type="radio"/>	Not being able to see my clock/radio without my glasses.
<input type="radio"/>	My partner chews her food noisily.
<input type="radio"/>	My partner hates living in England.
<input type="radio"/>	My bedroom has no table light.
<input type="radio"/>	I have no reserve of income.
<input type="radio"/>	I have not taken a holiday for six years.
<input type="radio"/>	I have not been able to visit my mother for nearly two years.
<input type="radio"/>	I have not replaced my shoes, even though they are worn.
<input type="radio"/>	The car needs washing.
<input type="radio"/>	The back bumper needs replacing.
<input type="radio"/>	I am dissatisfied with the quality of all my trousers.
<input type="radio"/>	The main road, which runs outside of the house.
<input type="radio"/>	The difficulty in building community in Southern England.
<input type="radio"/>	No sport in my recreation life.
<input type="radio"/>	Not going dancing regularly.
<input type="radio"/>	Underselling myself.
<input type="radio"/>	Shelves waiting to go up.
<input type="radio"/>	New light fittings waiting to go up.
<input type="radio"/>	Cupboard door hanging off.
<input type="radio"/>	Sock drawer broken.
<input type="radio"/>	Upstairs room still waiting to be upgraded.
<input type="radio"/>	Only room in the kitchen for one person at a time.

<input type="radio"/>	Carpet very grubby.
<input type="radio"/>	No regular income coming in currently.
<input type="radio"/>	Few visitors to the house.
<input type="radio"/>	Currently weak networks.
<input type="radio"/>	No partying opportunities.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating credit card debt.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a lack of discipline in myself.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating an echo in my phone line.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating no knowing which I'm going to live in seven months.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my spouse's one of voice when he talks to me.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a client who changes appointments frequently.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating too much e-mail.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating an extra eight pounds on my body.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my frying pan – everything sticks!
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my headset – the mouthpiece keeps slipping down my neck!
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a 6-day payout on my invoices with one client.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a lack of consistent income.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating telemarketing calls at inconvenient times.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my cell phone – the battery needs recharging too often.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a stock of magazines – not enough time to read them.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a lack of support in my local professional group.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my tenant's late payments of rent.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a lack of closet space in my home.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating too much television in my home.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a lack of communication with my contact at one account.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating too much paperwork for me to comfortably handle.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a lack of an up-t-date business plan.

<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating fleas in my house.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a lack of clients.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my fax software that doesn't work.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my studio being messy.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating my website not reflecting me.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating dandruff on my scalp – and everywhere else!
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating cooking dinner every night when I don't want to.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a news media obsessively focused on the Clinton – Lewinsky matter.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a president whose behavior has created a crisis for the country.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating an independent counsel who has gone beyond the bounds of decency.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a political system that focuses on politics and elections more than on issues and solutions.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating a dent in the front door of my car.
<input type="radio"/>	I am tolerating an overcrowded filing cabinet.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating not having a new, lower mileage car.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating not having a bookshelf in my bedroom.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating feeling depressed and not taking enough action.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating my dissatisfaction with my sexual relationship with my wife.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating unsorted boxes of stuff in my closet.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating holding on to clothes I don't really like in my closet.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating gophers tunneling under my new front lawn.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating termite damage to the eaves of my house.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating a hardwood floor that needs refinishing.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating a broken sun visor in my car.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating holding on to some stocks that have lost me a lot of money.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating my fear of analyzing my investments and taking the steps I need to get on the right track.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating doing without an office assistant to help me organize my paperwork.

<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating a habit of not getting enough sleep to feel rested.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating my attitude that I should be able to handle my ADD on my own, even though I see that I can't.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating my wife's criticism.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating not making enough money for several years to afford what I want.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating garage so full of stuff I can hardly move around in it.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating single-pane windows in our house that "sweat" in the winter, leaving a mess on the windowsill.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating a garden shed that is rusting and needs replacing.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating mildew on my roses.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating lack of flowers in front of the house.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating bedroom furniture that is no longer up to our standards.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating a headset that has a faint hiss.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating a backyard that needs landscaping.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating not working out at least three times a week.
<input type="radio"/>	I'm tolerating a neighbor's cat that poops in my yard.