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_____ read this book. _____

1,000 Permissions Granted
by Kara L.C. Jones

Mother Henna's

1,000

Permissions

Granted

~ a collection of permission slips created by Kara LC Jones

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*For Kota, my stillborn son,
who taught me the real meaning of permission to grieve...
and learning to live in the face of grief.*





Acknowledgements

*Whatever our notions of peace & justice,
as long as we fight for them,
we become the fight,
not the peace or the justice.*

No one creates anything totally on their own. I have many teachers to thank.

Hawk Jones	Ram Dass	bell hooks
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Mekosun	Anais Nin	Every bereaved parent...

Each of these teachers has helped me find a way to release the fight and embrace the peace. They have helped me understand that restorative justice starts with me. If I cannot give myself permission, if I cannot forgive and love myself, how can I be in peace and allow anyone else to be who they are?

It starts with you, too. Give yourself permission today. See what happens.



Using this Book

This book deliberately does not have a table of contents nor an index of the various permission slips offered within these pages. I encourage you to explore in whatever way feels right to you instead of following the dictates of a table of contents or index.

You are free to discover this book any way you wish! Read straight through, beginning to end or the reverse. Or randomly open the book and read whenever the whimsy takes you. Read the whole thing in one day or one weekend. Read it upside down -- who knows what you might discover in it that way!! Read it alone or in collaboration with another. Read it in book group. There is no right and no wrong. You have full permission to explore in your own creative ways.

If you open to one page and are not inspired, then ignore that page for now. Move on and try giving yourself another kind of permission. Meditate on that permission. Do not be afraid to experiment. Create your own permission slips - there are blank slips at the end to encourage you. Use your permission slips in ways that fit you in any given moment!

Most importantly, have fun with this exploration. Do not “woulda, coulda, shoulda” yourself with guilt! Do not add this to your to-do list when what you really need is a nap! This book is offered as an experiment. It is an invitation to play and create a more peaceful you.

It is my sincere hope that if each of us creates individual inner peace - a permissive, sacred, gentle space within - that we might someday have an outer world of peace, too.

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Now go! You have permission to play. Go!

Step into Your Sacred Self



You have permission to

bring beauty, share beauty.

You have permission to

PAUSE.

You have permission to

love yourself exactly as you are.

You have permission to

tell the Wicked Witch to go
fly with her monkeys.

You have permission to

blame it on your invisible friend.

You have permission to

be lavish with your love.

You have permission to

stop rushing around like a chicken!

You have permission to

weave magic circles and spells.

You have permission to

commune with the banana slugs.

You have permission to

be in a funk. See what's there.

You have permission to

muck up the floors with muddy feet.

You have permission to

take all your various griefs
out of the closet. Talk with them.

You have permission to

delegate.

You have permission to

let your grief transform you.

You have permission to

become a non-stick surface.

You have permission to

invite yourself to a Creativi-Tea.

You have permission to

throw away your watch and clocks.

You have permission to

goof off.

You have permission to

feel anxious and do it anyway.

You have permission to

play the air guitar while
crossing the street.

You have permission to

believe you are beautiful.

See the You Are Beautiful project to learn about
getting your own "You Are Beautiful" stickers:
<http://www.you-are-beautiful.com>

You have permission to

create fine art with crayons.

You have permission to

wear fruit on your head.

You have permission to

put poetry on your voice mail.

You have permission to

BYOG: bring your own growl.

You have permission to

frequent the farmers market.

You have permission to

be reminded of abundance even
amid uncertainty.

You have permission to

listen to a sea shell
instead of your iPod.

You have permission to

draw doodles all over the phone book.

You have permission to

hold court with the squirrels
and talk about the nuts.

You have permission to

make funny faces while you
stand in long lines.

You have permission to

take a checkered cab
instead of the limo.

You have permission to

wear your Halloween costume to
Christmas dinner.

You have permission to

make a baby book of memories even
if your baby died. You are still
a mom. You will always remember.

You have permission to

feel disappointed or sad until
you don't feel that way anymore.

You have permission to

sit with the egrits during sunset.

You have permission to

unsubscribe from any mailing
list or RSS feed you want.

You have permission to

pound the floor or pound clay
or pound pillows.

You have permission to

make mistakes and know you are
still worthy.

You have permission to

be alive, take up space,
be fully here.

You have permission to

do as much research as you need to do.

You have permission to

sit down and make art for
15 minutes right now.

You have permission to

lose your rollerskate key.

You have permission to

say out loud, "I am powerful."

You have permission to

add raw cocoa nibs to your salad.

You have permission to

call bullshit when you see it.

You have permission to

blow soap bubbles at lunch.

You have permission to

open the windows even
when it is cold outside.

You have permission to

talk with the fairy on
your shoulder.

You have permission to

become the ocean and reflect the sky.

You have permission to

log off, log out, hit the "x"
button, get away, run!

You have permission to

faint. Your GRRRLs will have
smelling salts on hand.

You have permission to

gather with the grrrls and
tell ghost stories.

You have permission to

think the weight of
the world is phat.

You have permission to

breathe into a paper bag when
your heart races like that!

You have permission to

shave your head and
paint yourself gold.
(That's for you, Meko!)

You have permission to

groove with a superstar
at the holiday dance.

You have permission to

enjoy a tall, cool glass of limeade.

You have permission to

come aboard.

You have permission to

display your pressed felt
sushi proudly!

Check out Angie's felt work at
<http://stilllifeeveryday.blogspot.com>

You have permission to

start on the fruit cup without me.

You have permission to

express yourself, even if
you hold an unpopular view.

You have permission to

interpret the tea leaves
in any way you wish.

You have permission to

say, "No, no! Thank *you* Darling!"

You have permission to

run as fast as you can.

You have permission to

peacefully protest. And you can
make your protest signs pretty!

You have permission to

be curious every single
day you are alive.

You have permission to

walk thru the park on your hands.

You have permission to

stop telling yourself that story.

You have permission to

grieve in more than 5 stages!

You have permission to

close your eyes and pretend
the world doesn't exist.

You have permission to

speak your truth.

You have permission to

fumble in the darkness.

You have permission to

hate the hand you've been dealt.

You have permission to

let your heart break
open instead of closed.

You have permission to

_____ to swim.

You have permission to

wear fake nails or any
_____ other fake thing you want.

You have permission to

_____ leave the umbrella at home.

You have permission to

live your starry eyed dreams.

You have permission to

dance for 15 minutes right now.

You have permission to

be response-able.

You have permission to

crow as loud as you want.

You have permission to

be kind to the interfering ones.

You have permission to

listen to your heart! The best
decisions are made there!

You have permission to

believe that Peace Is Powerful!

You have permission to

miscommunicate, figure out where the
disconnect happened, and then sort
it out, try communicating again.

You have permission to

serve tea to the elephant in the room.

You have permission to

be silent for as long as you like.

You have permission to

be alive, BREATHE deeply now.

You have permission to

punctuate badly.

You have permission to

enjoy the journey
and forget about the destination.

You have permission to

feel the beat in your body, move with it.

You have permission to

name your iguana Mr. Fun.