

Momservations™

Just a few observations I've made in my brief mom career:

School "Picture Day" becomes a battle of looking cool vs. looking adorable after about 2nd grade.

You'll do well in life once you concede that Mom always wins.

The harder someone works on a homework assignment, the more likely you'll find it left on the counter after dropping the kids off at school.

You can get a kid to do anything for a Slurpee.

Your child will decide to try out that inappropriate word or phrase at some point to impress your friends.

They will tell Daddy that learned it from you.

Freshly washed sheets seem to precede a sudden onset of bed wetting.

A booger picked is a booger eaten or at least wiped on your furniture.

Bad karma reveals itself in the group you get stuck chaperoning for the class field trip.

Jell-O or a fruit roll-up can represent a nutritious food group in a pinch.

A child will sooner turn into a human popsicle than admit they're cold and need a sweater, or that it's too cold to go swimming, or concede to wear warm clothes under their flimsy Halloween costume.

At some point, your sweet, perfect child will be the kid that throws tanbark or dumps sand on another kid's head at the park.

If you haven't spent large chunks of time in every Target, grocery store, department store, Wal-Mart, Costco or Toys R Us bathroom, then you've never potty trained a toddler.

If you've never been peed on by a sudden geyser or had to intervene in a public urination, then you only have girl children.

If you don't know who Zac and Vanessa are, can't name a Jonas Brother, or don't know the difference between Hannah Montana and Miley Cyrus then you only have boy children.

It is inevitable that you will become an underwear sniffer in an effort to do less laundry.

You will never be able to get your kids to actually put their clean and dirty clothes where they belong if they ever catch you doing the sniff test, because it is more fun to declare to everyone that Mommy is an underwear sniffer.

Believe it or not, no child anywhere in the world has ever died from trying green bean casserole on Thanksgiving.

Daddy going out of town usually coincides with Breakfast for Dinner on the menu.

Mommy going out of town means McDonald's is on the menu. For breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Tooth Fairies who leave more than \$1 under the pillow should be stripped of their wings or have to explain to all the other children why their teeth aren't worth more money.

She who goes to bed with dishes in the sink wakes up with ants on the counter.

Baby wipes are surprisingly useful to take off make-up, get crayon art off the wall and wipe down a bathroom prior to an unexpected guest.

Shout stain remover is a gift from God.

There are no such things as friends and respecting the elderly when it comes to getting the front row at your child's school play or talent show night.

No one ever learns to like Brussel sprouts or lima beans.

The first time your baby sleeps through the night you will wake in a panic that they didn't wake you.

You are not a mother if you have never caught throw-up in your hands, wiped snot without a tissue or sniffed a baby's bottom for poo-poo.

Clean it and the mess will follow.

There is no such thing as finished laundry.

Kisses and boo-boos go together like peanut butter and jelly.

It is universal knowledge that Santa Claus does not bring live pets, baby brothers or sisters, or trade out existing siblings no matter how good you've been.

Air-bags were really invented by a mother to keep kids from fighting over the front seat.

The Disney Channel and PBS Kids are a necessary evil.

Watching a sleeping child will make it all better again.