You might be a parent or caregiver of a young child if:

Every shirt you own has spit-up on the shoulder.

Must-see TV includes Barney, Arthur and Disney Playhouse.

You carry a diaper bag instead of a purse.

You analyze babies’ bodily functions with women you just met.

“Sleeping in” is when the clock reads 6:30 a.m.

You never go anywhere without baby wipes.

You sleep with a baby monitor a foot away from your head.

With each subsequent child, you’ve progressed from sterilizing the pacifier to washing it off to blowing on it, invoking the three-second rule.

Your children are better dressed than you.

You used to be known by your first name - now you’re Jordan’s mommy.

You store five sizes of clothes in your closet.

You call your husband on his cell phone in order to have a real conversation with him.

You go to bed at 12:30 a.m. and get up at 5:00 a.m., thankful for the extra sleep.

Excitement means Pampers are on sale.

You consider PBJs and Cheetos a nutritious meal.

You can change from lounging-sweats casual to night-on-the-town glamorous in three-and-a-half minutes.

“Doing lunch” means meeting three friends and their preschoolers at the McDonald’s Playplace.

Hearing the words, “I’m done,” from the bathroom sends chills up your spine.

You own more Disney movies than pairs of shoes.

You can pee with three children watching you - and only two are yours.

You spend more on babysitters than you do on utilities.

If you were trapped for days in your car, you could survive on the Cheerios and french fries on your floorboards.

You can tell what your daughter ate for breakfast, lunch and dinner by looking at the front of her T-shirt.

You willingly hug and kiss a kid who has sticky fingers, sweat-drenched hair and a milk mustache.

You’re overworked, overcommitted and underappreciated - and you wouldn’t trade your life for anything in the world.