Have you ever needed a shower? Well, duh. That's kind of a dumb question, isn't it? We usually need a shower after doing things like getting up in the morning, sweating out a vigorous workout, hanging out in the barn, taking a mud bath...wait a minute. Taking a mud bath? How often does one do that? Well, some ladies may try it at a spa of some sort as a skin treatment or something but that's not what I mean.

Have you ever felt like you've taken a mud bath by the time the 6:30 p.m. newscast was over? Any given day's top stories from around the world and the U.S. are almost guaranteed to leave you feeling worse off than they found you but most of us are probably so desensitized to it that we don't notice. I'm pretty sure I'm in that boat but there's another type of mud I just can't seem to not be bothered by.

Imagine living in a world where one's environment is filled with a constant drum beat. Every waking hour is lived with a constant thumping; a consistent thud, thud, thud, thud, thud, thud that doesn't stop. How unsettling would this be? Now turn it off. Aaahhhhh. Silence. Isn't that the most peaceful music you have ever heard? It's like comparing smooth jazz to heavy metal. This type of percussion stimulates our fight-or-flight response; it winds us up. However, a longer note from a trumpet or a woodwind instrument can be relaxing. One sounds like morse code and the others don't. The former makes me think of what a home environment is like when the television is on.

A constant barrage of 30-second spots, at a higher volume or frequency than regular programming, hits us like a drumbeat. Now, add propaganda to it and what do you have? The felt need for a shower after entertaining political commercials every evening.

The president has started his ads; I first noticed it on Wednesday. Then, Thursday I saw the same ad (during the same network newscast), directly followed by an anti-Obama ad ran by some third party group with a vested interest in the campaign. Sigh. Since the election isn't until November, this is going to be a long road. Thank God for the mute button. Better yet, thank God for the off button and a newspaper for information on the day's events.