Have you ever had a nightmare?
I am talking about a scary nightmare that wakes you up in the middle of the night and won't let you go back to sleep. I am talking about a dream that is so real and so frightening that you have to turn to the works of Sigmund Freud to figure out what is happening.
Sigmund Freud was the father of psychoanalysis. He was a very smart and creative man who studied all types of psychological problems, and he even wrote a book titled "Dream Analysis." Somewhere in my home, I have a copy of this book, and since I could not go back to sleep, I figured that I would do a search for the book so that I could interpret my dream.
Even though I searched in every logical place that a book might hide, I could not lay my hands on it. I finally concluded that I would have to do my own interpretation of my nightmare.
When I awoke from the nightmare, I glanced over at the clock, and it read 2:47 a.m. But unlike most dreams that you forget as soon as you become conscious, I remembered every detail.
It seems that I was out in the country somewhere at a large white house with large pillars in front. The grass was manicured like a well-coiffured golf course. I was sitting on the front porch with – guess who? None other than Bill Clinton, a former president. We were sitting talking, drinking a beer, I think, and he was going on in his usual way about something wonderful and great he had done.
Being a talkative person myself, when he finished with a story, I would chime in and tell one of my own. He would laugh that Arkansas laugh, and then start on another fable. I marveled. He could roll them off like they were true.
It seemed that we talked for hours, and I don't know how much beer we drank, but I can only remember one glass. Remember, every Democrat in America told us that Bill Clinton was the type of guy you would want to have a beer with.
Anyway, we talked and laughed until a big airplane landed on the lawn. He said he had to go to Asia to solve some international problem.
I watched until he disappeared into the plane, but then, something strange happened. It turned into a black limo, and left the manicured lawn in a cloud of dust.
As he left, and this is the nightmarish part, I thought how much I liked him. It had been fun talking with "Slick Willie." Apparently, he thought I was pretty cool too, because he wanted to talk more after he returned from Asia.
At this point, I awoke. Like "Slick Willie?" Was I going insane? What, if anything, did this dream mean?
"Sigmund, where are you when I need you? "

I thought about this nightmare for a while, and this is my interpretation. We live in a world that is increasingly becoming more and more irrational. The Supreme Court is being forced to rule on Obamacare, a bill that was concocted by the Democrat Party, voted on solely by Democrats, and opposed by 78 percent of the American people.

In a sane world, this bill would have never been passed. Although Hillary wanted to impose universal (socialist) healthcare on the people, “Slick Willie” may have realized that this was not a good idea. “Slick Willie” was a politician first, and president second.

Mr. Obama is not as “slick” as Clinton. Clinton could sell ice cubes at the North Pole. Obama is one dimensional. In my dream, I liked Clinton’s “slipperiness.”

The Environmental Protection Agency, an authoritarian’s dream, is about to place a “carbon tax” on coal fired electric plants at a time when the economy is struggling to recover from regulations that are so ornerous that they are shutting down the economy. We are in trouble. Obama takes credit for approving the southern end of the Keystone Pipeline, but refuses to approve the business end, the one that comes from Canada and transports oil. Obama’s vision of an oil pipeline is one that transports nothing. How irrational is this?

Perhaps my nightmare was an effort to make sense out of the nonsensical. Any rational person knows that Obamacare, the stimulus, the carbon tax, the assault on our military, is bad medicine. So bad, in fact, that this great country cannot withstand much longer the assault it is under.

If Obamacare, for example, is declared constitutional by the Supreme Court, we can “pour the coffee on the fire and call the hounds.” It’s over. Freedoms that we have today will be gone overnight, and an all-powerful central government will be directing our every move.

Now that is a nightmare that should keep you awake at night.