



Written by [Becky Akers](#) on December 23, 2009

A Parable of Obamacare

And all went to buy insurance, under penalty of unconstitutional law if they refused.

And Joseph also went up from his home, out of his suburb, into the city, unto the insurance company, which is called Blue Cross, for he was a citizen and Leviathan's serf. To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

But under Obamacare, more easily doth a camel go through the eye of a needle than a baby enter into the world. For the rulers had schemed to enrich themselves, saying, Let go, let us [tax cosmetic surgery](#), for everyone knows only rich, white women choose such vanities. And they judged it "elective." Then, behold, how many more procedures the National Health Board, the Health Czar, and the [CDC](#) declareth "elective" for sake of the treasury. For what is more elective than childbirth? Cannot a couple prevent it? And if they doth not, [Obamacare also covereth abortion](#), which is [far cheaper](#) than [bearing the fetus](#).



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But Mary, as ignorant of Obamacare's ten thousand commandments as the scribes and Pharisees voting on it, saith unto Joseph, Get me to the hospital, fast.

But lo, the emergency room was full, and crowded, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. For when rulers con citizens into thinking medicine is free while taxing them up the wazoo, yea, everyone throngeth to the doctors for sniffles, scratches, and aches that mattereth not.

And so Mary waiteth. And waiteth. And the doctors treat a man with an itch, and a woman's headache, and a hiccoughing child, but the wife of Joseph hath nowhere to lay her head, for she was #77 in line. And the pangs grew worse. And the doctors, talking amongst themselves, broke for lunch.

Now there were in the same country [midwives](#) abiding in the fields, far from centurions and licensing authorities. For their lobbyists could not bribe rulers with as much gold, frankincense and [political pull](#) as the [AMA's](#) did. And lo, [their competitors, the obstetricians, prevailed](#), so that Obamacare denounced the midwives for malefactors, and passed laws against them.

But Mary saith unto Joseph, The child cometh. I need help, and I need it now, not when these



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emergency-room bureaucrats jolly well get around to it.

And Joseph, being a just man, and honorable, was minded to take her away privily. But as a stranger in the city, and seeing no midwife's address pop up on his cell phone (for lo, the midwives durst not advertise lest the rulers seek them out to destroy them), he knew not what to do.

Then did an angel appear unto him in a vision, saying, Joseph.

And he saith, Here am I, or what's left of me after the government taketh its pound of flesh, for its [healthcare reform hath increased the amount of 19 taxes](#).

And the angel saith unto him, Look up and behold, a star in the east. Follow it with Mary thy espoused wife, for the Lord hath prepared thee a woman to help.

Now Obamacare policeth patients at hospitals as if they be passengers at airports. So there were centurions at the hospitals gates, keeping watch over the prisoners — er, patients. And the centurions glowered, for patients durst not leave hospitals without beseeching their rulers. And Mary trembleth, possessing no papers but a big belly alone.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy: thou shalt safely pass them, for they go back to casting lots. And it was even as the angel said, and the centurions forsook Mary to play Brick-Breaker on their Blackberries.

And Mary and Joseph followed the star to the east and findeth the midwife. And they saith unto her, Silver and gold have we none after paying taxes. And she saith, But I must charge thee a very great price for the risk I run, and to repair my shop, for seest thou that wall? The centurions cometh and knocketh it down every few months, when I cannot cough up protection money.

And Joseph saith unto her, If thou wilt assist Mary this once, I will re-build thy walls three times. For he was a carpenter of great skill.

And the midwife assented. Then Mary brought forth her first-born daughter, and wrapped her in a blanket, and the midwife laid her in a bassinette, for there had been no room for them at the hospital.

And suddenly there was with the midwife a multitude of the earthly host, sirens screaming and lights flashing as they crashed through her door.

Run! crieth the midwife unto Mary and Joseph, for these are Feds, not the locals I pay.

And the Feds strove with her, asking, Wilt thou deal in births without permission? But they wanted no answer, for they smote her before she could speak. And they chargeth her dead body with resisting arrest.

And they charged Joseph likewise, and killed him, for shielding Mary and the babe.

But Mary they took and put on trial, and they yielded up the infant to Children's Protective Services, for, they saith, only unfit mothers patronize illegal birth-dealers whilst shunning the healthcare our rulers are pleased to provide.

And there was no peace on earth, nor goodwill to men.

Becky Akers, an expert on the American Revolution, writes frequently about issues related to security and privacy. Her articles and columns have been published by *Lewrockwell.com*, *The Freeman*, *Military History Magazine*, *American History Magazine*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *New York Post*, and



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