



Brotherly love . . . Mike Bickle has been at Pat's side since crippling football injury  
(Staff photo by Rick Solberg)

## Paralyzed Athlete Awaits Miracle of God

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A Member of the Staff

Rosebud, Mo.—Sometimes at night he dreams, here on this bed where they have placed the absolute numbness that is his body.

In his dreams Pat Bickle can walk again.

"I feel like I can walk," he says, "but there are weights on my body or something."

Sometimes when his mind is struggling to wake up, to fight through sleep on this hospital bed in a manse, it does not occur to him that he hasn't been able to move anything but his head for three and a half years.

### Updating The News

"Sometimes I wake up and think, 'Hey, let's go play basketball or something,'" he says.

Pat Bickle can't play basketball any more. Or football, the game he loved. One night in the fall of 1973 he was playing football for Kansas City's Center High School and he made a tackle that dropped him in his tracks, paralyzed.

Now he lies here in this tiny town where his brother lives, waiting for a miracle.

And Pat Bickle absolutely refuses to quit believing that someday God is going to make him whole again.

"I can bluntly say that I believe and know that I'm going to be perfectly healthy before it's over with," he says.

"What I believe," he says, "is that it will happen instantly. I think God's going to do it. Just one day it's going to happen. I really believe that's what's going to happen."

"When will it happen, this miracle?"  
"See, I don't know," says Pat Bick-

le. "Whenever the time's right or, you know, whenever."

Rosebud is an odd sort of place to lie around waiting for a miracle. The town, about halfway between Jefferson City and St. Louis on U.S. 50, has 305 residents, a couple of stores, a Ford dealership, a cafe where you can fill your belly with a \$1.85 plate lunch and a postoffice that used to be a bank.

Rosebud also has a red brick building called the Upper Room. It's a non-denominational church run by Pat's older brother, Mike Bickle. Pat, now 20, divides his time between here and Kansas City, where his mother and  
See FAITH on Page 14A