



one man's story

of how tragedy

took his family

but could not

take his faith

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY®

# *Into the Deep*

robert rogers

with stan finger

foreword by

nancy guthrie



Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.  
Carol Stream, Illinois

Being tried and tested changes your outlook on life. You no longer take things for granted: a hug, a meal with those you love, companionship. Thank you, Robert, for encouraging us to see every day and every blessing as a precious treasure. Thank you for the motivation you've given us to live our lives to the fullest with no regrets.

—Gracia Burnham, New Tribes Mission,  
Author of *In the Presence of My Enemies*

Life is fragile, and our hopes and dreams can be shattered in the blink of an eye. The only thing left is God. This compelling true story displays God's faithfulness even in the face of devastating loss. Robert is a living example of how God takes great tragedy and uses it for something wonderful.

—C. Thomas Davis, President of Children's HopeChest

When we are thrust into catastrophic tragedy, God magnificently holds on to us. I discovered this through the loss of my husband on the space shuttle *Columbia*, and Robert has discovered this through the extreme loss of his wife and children. This book shouts from the mountaintops of God's faithfulness in our every trial and tribulation.

—Evelyn Husband, Author of *High Calling: The Courageous Life and Faith of Space Shuttle Columbia Commander Rick Husband*

Bad things can happen to good people. The true quality of character is seen when a person faces great tragedy and personal loss. Robert Rogers is a great man with a good education, awesome talent, a beautiful personality, and, most importantly, he is an anointed man of God. By the grace of God, he has overcome one of life's greatest tragedies in the loss of his wife and all four of his children. Robert's love for God and his close personal relationship with Jesus

have given him strength not only to overcome but to minister strength to others who might encounter tragedies and hardships.

—Dr. Ron Kenoly, Worship Leader and Conference Speaker

After reading *Into the Deep*, I found myself thanking God, first for His goodness; second, for Robert's story; and third, for my family. We owe Robert a debt of gratitude for his willingness to revisit the excruciating loss of his wife and children in order to share with us the divine grace that sustains and mends our broken hearts. In the drama and heartache of a real-life tragedy, *Into the Deep* recounts a victorious journey through the valley of the shadow of death by relying on the companionship of God. We learn from Robert that Christians do indeed grieve, but as Saint Paul said, not like those who have no hope.

—Chuck Smith, Jr., Author of *There Is a Season*  
and *Frequently Avoided Questions*

Robert Rogers is a man of many sorrows, and yet those who hear his story will experience genuine hope and deep joy that defy explanation. *Into the Deep* will challenge your suppositions, expand your faith, and stretch your heartstrings.

—Kathy Troccoli, Recording Artist, Author

Robert Rogers's faith in unspeakable loss leaves me humbled and silenced. It does not reflect the tragedy in his life but the greatness of God and His unwavering mercies and grace.

—Donna VanLiere, *New York Times* bestselling author  
of *The Christmas Shoes* and *The Angels of Morgan Hill*

Be prepared to be forever impacted by *Into the Deep*.

—Dr. Joe White, President of Kanakuk Kamps

*Into the Deep*

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A Focus on the Family book published by

Tyndale House Publishers, Carol Stream, Illinois 60188

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Editor: Brandy Bruce

AD/Designer: Joseph Sapulich

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Family cover photo taken by Robert Rogers.

Robert Rogers author photo: Sunflower Studio Photography by Tracy Dohm

### **Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data**

Rogers, Robert, 1966-

Into the deep / by Robert Rogers with Stan Finger.

p. cm.

ISBN-13: 978-1-58997-378-7

ISBN-10: 1-58997-378-X

1. Rogers, Robert, 1966- 2. Spiritual biography—Kansas. 3. Consolation. 4. Suffering—Religious aspects—Christianity. 5. Disasters—Religious aspects—Christianity. 6. Floods—Kansas. I. Finger, Stan. II. Title.

BR1725.R635A3 2007

248.8'66092—dc22

[B]

2006037374

Printed in the United States of America

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 /13 12 11 10 09 08 07

Dedicated to Ryan Lane and the memory of Al Larsen,  
who demonstrated the greatest love humanly possible  
when they risked everything to help rescue complete  
strangers on that fateful night of  
August 30, 2003.

—ROBERT ROGERS

*Greater love has no one than this,  
that he lay down his life for his friends.*

—*JOHN 15:13*



And dedicated to Marvin S. Finger Sr., (1924–2006).  
A towering man of quiet strength, he served his country with valor  
in World War II, and then returned home to Kansas to serve his  
family, his community, and his faith with integrity and devotion.

—STAN FINGER

*His master replied, “Well done, good and faithful servant! . . .  
Come and share your master’s happiness!”*

—*MATTHEW 25:21*

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## Foreword

I'll never forget flipping the television channels past CNN and seeing Robert Rogers speaking at a press conference on September 1, 2003. Much of what he said had been edited out for the news report, but no producer could edit out his peaceful countenance and obvious inner strength at what was the lowest moment of his life. *That is a man of faith*, I remember thinking, even as I tried to keep myself from imagining what it must feel like to lose your entire family, to be the only survivor, so alone, and so desperately sad.

It was just a couple of months later that Robert made a trip to Nashville, and through mutual friends we connected for a long breakfast of eggs and toast and shared sorrow. He opened up to my husband, David, and me the excruciating details you'll read in this account of that stormy night. My face grimaced and my eyes closed as I got a taste of the pain of that terrible night, the agony of its realities. Robert showed us beautiful pictures of his beloved Melissa and happy children and we felt with him the intense loneliness of his empty home.

I was struck not only by his sorrow but also by his softness, his passionate love for his family, and his palpable love for God. At one point, after more than one verse of Scripture flowed naturally off his lips and into our conversation, I asked him, "Robert, how do you have so much Scripture memorized?"

He explained to me that he discovered Scripture memory as a Catholic high-school student who was hungry to know God by knowing His Word. But his love affair with Scripture didn't end there. He lovingly remembered all the bedtimes spent with his children, memorizing Scripture together. "By the time she was five, our daughter

Makenah could quote Psalm 121: ‘I lift up my eyes to the hills—where does my help come from? My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth,’” he told us.

So it was only natural that in the most fearful moment of their lives, as the water rose in and around their van, they began to speak Scripture from Psalm 46: “God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear . . .” (verses 1–2). God continues to be an ever-present help, rescuing Robert daily from despair as he clings to the promises of God and finds his refuge in God.

If you have wondered whether God will live up to His promises if the worst thing you can imagine happens to you, Robert’s story will show you what God’s faithfulness looks like. And if you have ever wondered if you will be able to survive and keep living if you lose those who are most precious to you, Robert will show you what it looks like to trust God wholeheartedly, what it feels like to reach out and find God’s presence there as He walks with you—into the deep.

—Nancy Guthrie

Author of  *Holding on to Hope*

# Acknowledgments

I first acknowledge Jesus as my sole Savior, my sole Provider, my sole Redeemer, and my sole Healer. His grace sustained me through the fiercest storm. God—and God alone—is my strength. I live to worship Him and know Him.

“I want to know Christ and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of sharing in his sufferings” (Philippians 3:10). More people have prayed for and influenced my life than I could ever acknowledge within this book—even more than I will ever know this side of heaven. Without each of you, I wouldn’t be poised in this place to bring God even greater glory. I could never repay you for your selfless generosity. Only God knows all your names and deeds. I ask Him to bless you abundantly for your gifts of sacrifice.

Thank you . . . from the deepest corners of my life.

In Christ I remain,

Robert Rogers



I’d like to thank Robert for trusting me to help convey his story of love, loss, and faith. My family and friends supported me unwaveringly throughout this journey. And most of all, God has showered me with countless gifts and blessings. As I look back, I’m humbled to recognize how He prepared me for such a time as this—“Yet who knows whether you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this?” (Esther 4:14, NKJV).

—Stan Finger

## Prologue

**T**he dark cloud came up in the morning. By 10 A.M. on May 6, 1886, it was raining so hard in the Flint Hills of Kansas that one resident said water “ran over the yard like oil.”

Within an hour, Jacob Creek had overflowed and was flooding nearby fields.

Benjamin Jacobs lived on the banks of the creek with his young family, and he grew concerned as the rain kept falling and the creek kept rising. He hitched a mule team to a large wagon and loaded his wife, two children, and brother aboard.

He began driving toward higher ground, through water that was already several inches deep and still rising. He had taken a shortcut through a cornfield and was approaching a hill when a huge wave bore down on them.<sup>1</sup>

“When I looked up on the creek,” he said later, “the waves were rolling over and over much higher than the wagon.”

It looked, one witness said, like “a great wall of water.”

The wave capsized the wagon and drowned the mules. Benjamin Jacobs managed to grab hold of a limb in a tree that was all but covered by the raging floodwaters. His brother, William, grabbed a tree limb with one hand and Ben’s seven-year-old son with the other, and they climbed to safety.

But Jacobs’ wife, Martha, and his infant daughter, Edna May, were swept away to their deaths. Edna May was found just a few hours later, but it took searchers three days to find Martha. They were buried in a cemetery overlooking the prairie that had been their home.<sup>2</sup>

Jacob Creek slipped back into silence for more than 100 years. But on a dark summer’s night in 2003, a wall of water would strike again.

*Deep calls to deep in the roar of your waterfalls;  
all your waves and breakers have swept over me.*

—PSALM 42:7



# *“It’s Friday!”*

*Enjoying. Paying attention.*

*No hurry to get on to something more important.*

*Whatever we are doing is important,*

*experiencing each moment along the way.*

*Time is a gift.*

—Poem displayed in Robert and Melissa Rogers’s home

I pulled into the garage of our one-and-a-half-story Cape Cod home in the Kansas City suburb of Liberty, Missouri, walked through the door into our kitchen, and made an announcement.

“It’s Frrrrriiiiidaaaaaaay!”

My wife, Melissa, and our four children greeted those words with spontaneous cheers, and I was quickly tackled by my two boys.

Melissa and I loved taking ordinary moments and making them special for our family, whether it was baking a batch of cookies, carving a pumpkin, or cheering because the weekend had arrived.

“Let’s make a memory!” Melissa often said.

This Friday of Labor Day weekend 2003 would offer a lasting

one. We often held “Family Fun Night” on Fridays. For us, that meant popcorn, pizza, movies, and ice cream.

“Who wants to go with Daddy to get some movies?” I asked.

Before I could finish the whole sentence, I heard two voices offer a resounding “Me!”—Makenah Alexandra, our eight-year-old daughter, and Nicholas Adam, our three-year-old son. Alenah WenYing, our 21-month-old special-needs daughter whom we had just adopted in January, had a caught-off-guard expression on her face, as if she sensed she had just missed out on an important vote.

I also deciphered an enthusiastic grunting yell of approval from Zachary Seth, who was diagnosed with Down syndrome the day after his birth nearly six years earlier. He had a cleft palate, so he had a very limited spoken vocabulary.

Melissa wanted to feed Alenah and bake one of her scrumptious tomato, pepperoni, and mushroom pizzas while we were gone. So I packed our three oldest children into the van and drove to the local grocery store to pick up a few necessities and rent a couple of movies.

When we returned home, the fabulous fragrance of homemade pizza greeted us at the door.

“Hooray!” Melissa cheered as we piled into the kitchen.

My wife had been a cheerleader in high school and was still a perpetual encourager to others—always bubbly and cheerful wherever she went. Her radiant, captivating smile had captured my heart more than 13 years earlier at a sidewalk café in downtown Boston, Massachusetts.

I helped our oldest children wash their hands, and they took their spot on the white bedsheet that Melissa had spread out on the floor in front of the television. Melissa settled Alenah in her high

chair where she could munch on pizza bites without being pestered by the boys.

“Let’s pray!” I said.

Prayer time and talking to Jesus was as normal for us as breathing. Melissa and I made a conscious effort to show our relationship with God to our children every day, not just relegate it to once a week on Sunday mornings. We would often say “Thank You, Jesus,” for simple little things around the house or surprises along the way. We would frequently pray out loud for somebody’s ouchie or for an ambulance that went by.

We held hands and said our standard mealtime prayer, ending with a strong *Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa-men!*

All our children, especially Zachary, would chime in loudly on the “Amen,” not just with their voices, but also with their hands using sign language. It was our trademark punctuation on the prayer, but it was also a release word: Now it was okay to dive into dinner!

After pizza, a bag of popcorn, and two short episodes of *Scooby-Doo*, it was getting late.

“Okay—time for bed!” I announced as I turned off the TV.

“Aaaawwwwww!” Makenah whined.

None of us wanted the fun part of the evening to be over so soon, but Saturday was a big day. We would be driving 200 miles to Wichita, Kansas, for Melissa’s Uncle Mark’s wedding. Still, I couldn’t resist sneaking in a little bit of music time around my grandmother’s Steinway baby-grand piano before heading to bed. I started playing a ragtime piece, and Makenah threw the cushions from the sofa onto the floor so that she and the others could bounce up and down.

This was the kind of night we loved—just us and our kids enjoying genuine fun and laughter together. I played two more

songs, and then we ushered all four children upstairs to get them ready for bed.

Our bedtime ritual included prayer and Scripture memorization. Years before, we had heeded the advice we heard from Dr. Joe White on a Focus on the Family radio broadcast to teach your children Scripture every night before going to sleep.

Melissa and I took turns tucking each child into bed. Before I slipped out of Makenah's room, I placed my hand on her forehead and said, "May the Lord bless you, heal you, keep you, and protect you. May He make His face shine upon you and give you peace and favor all the days of your life. In Jesus' name, Amen."

It was a blessing I gave to all our children almost every night.

With the kids in bed, Melissa and I prepared all the necessities for the long trip awaiting us in the morning: diaper bags, snacks, toys, tapes of Focus on the Family's *Adventures in Odyssey*, extra clothes, pillows, and blankets for the ride home. We wrapped the wedding presents and packed the van as best we could until morning.

We were ready to call it a night, but not before Melissa and I each had a bowl of ice cream as we sat on the couch, taking time to talk about our day. When it was time for bed, we headed to the living room, where we'd set up our bed while we were remodeling our upstairs bedroom.

"I love you," I said, like every other night, kissing Melissa gently on the lips.

"I love you, too," she replied, after returning my peck.

We drifted off into a deep sleep and didn't stir until the alarm clock woke us the next morning.

Since neither of us were "morning" people, Melissa and I would typically hit the snooze cycle on the alarm clock. But not this morn-

ing. The wedding was at 1:00 in Wichita, a good three-hour drive from Kansas City. Because I was an usher for the wedding, we had to arrive by 11:30 A.M. We also wanted to allow time to change our kids’ clothes and give Matt, Melissa’s brother, time to change into the suit Melissa had just bought for him.

Even though we would be somewhat crunched for time, I still wanted to cook “Daddy’s Famous Flapjacks” for breakfast. Our kids loved pancakes, and this was a tradition we kept alive nearly every Saturday morning at home.

“Who wants to help Daddy make pancakes?” I asked.

“Meeee!” Nicholas volunteered.

I loved involving the children in anything I was doing, whether it was a trip to the hardware store, changing the oil, or, in this case, making pancakes. We finished stirring the batter, and I started making the pancakes. Melissa had Makenah and Zachary help set the table. We always preferred to have our kids help as much as possible with the meal preparations so they didn’t get used to us just “waiting” on them.

While the last batch cooked, I sat down so we could say our mealtime prayer. I closed our prayer with a short postscript that my father had taught me years before as he prayed over our family of 10—Mom, Dad, and eight children, with me as the youngest—whenever we went on family vacations:

“Jesus, please grant that we may have a safe journey today, with no mishaps whatsoever, involving us or other people, our vehicle or the vehicles of others, our property or the property of others. We ask this in Your holy name so that we and others may always and better serve in Your holy name and for Your greater honor and glory. Your kingdom come, Your will be done. In Jesus’ name, Amen.”

We dove into breakfast, passing the syrup, cutting our children's pancakes, passing and spreading the butter. We chatted and laughed as we did every Saturday morning.

Time was short, so we cleaned up the kitchen and changed everyone into his or her traveling clothes. We knew better than to dress in our wedding clothes so many hours before the main event. Then we piled everyone into the van. Melissa wanted to drive first; she was usually the best one at getting us somewhere safely and in a hurry. But halfway down the street, we realized that we had forgotten the wedding presents!

"Arghhhh. I can't stand that!" Melissa groaned in frustration.

She spun us around and zipped back home. I ran in through the garage door, grabbed the presents, and gave the kitchen one last look. I didn't spot a small backpack just beyond the step into the family room. I returned to the van with the gifts.

"Got 'em. Let's go."

Rain fell steadily the entire drive to Wichita, but it was not enough to slow us down significantly. Melissa and I switched places about halfway, near Emporia, Kansas. Once we reached Wichita, we found the church on Woodlawn Avenue in plenty of time.

"Here we are, you guys!" I announced to everyone in the van as we arrived.

Melissa hopped out into the now pouring rain and rolled open the sliding door. I grabbed the umbrella and ran inside to find Matt and give him his suit. We were both ushers and needed to learn the seating instructions for the guests. When I returned to the van, Melissa had a frustrated look on her face.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Anything I can do to help?"

"Oh, I'm so mad. I can't find the boys' bag of socks and spare

clothes. I know I packed them, but I can’t find them anywhere. I can’t send our kids into the wedding in their nice clothes without socks! I bet we forgot the bag.”

“We had a million and one details to remember. So what if they don’t have socks. They’re kids!”

Melissa was nevertheless agitated and frustrated with herself. She had a degree in interior design. The meticulous nature that flourished in design work could be a burden for her in other areas of her life. She liked everything to be just right.

The mini-crisis behind us, we finished juggling umbrellas, diapers, clothes, and children, and we all made our way through the rain into the church. After ushering guests to their seats, I joined my family in a row near the back. When the wedding ended, we filed out of the sanctuary and headed over to the church’s reception hall. Cake, peanuts, and finger foods filled the tables. We gathered around a big table, along with Grandpa Jere, Melissa’s dad, and Grandma Judy, Melissa’s stepmom, plus Matt and his wife and four children. Many friends and relatives came up to meet our growing family and catch up on the latest developments.

Melissa seemed to glow. She was beaming from ear to ear, so happy with life and proud of our family of six. Many of our relatives had not yet met Alenah. Our children were busy playing hide-and-seek with their cousins, running around, and snatching snacks off the banquet tables. Zachary, who rarely wore shoes inside our home or outside in the backyard, had quickly discarded them and was running around barefoot.

We started taking portraits of various families in front of the food table. When it was our family’s turn, we passed our camera around to relatives to capture the moment. Melissa, true to her daily

mantra, wanted to “make a memory.” She stood in front of the table with Makenah and Nicholas—one at each side, one in each arm. I snatched up Zachary and Alenah before they darted off again.

I knelt on my right knee and propped Zachary up on my left knee. He still had no shoes or socks on. I pulled Alenah in close to me and cupped her tiny tummy with my right hand. With my fingertips now under her arms, I squeezed and wiggled them ever so slightly to induce a smile for the picture. It worked, just as it had so many times in the past.

Amazingly, the picture turned out perfect: all six of us looking straight at the camera and smiling. That’s a rare occurrence, as anyone with four small children knows.

It was 3:00 P.M.—almost time to bid the bride and groom farewell. But first we had to “dress” their car. Several of the men, including Melissa’s dad and brother and me, went outside to complete the task. I brought Makenah along to witness the fun. She and I were on balloon duty, blowing them up and stuffing them into the car, while others draped streamers across the car and wrote “Just Married!” on the windows with soap. When we had all finished our handiwork, somebody drove the car around to the covered breeze-way in anticipation of the newlyweds’ departure.

We helped usher the bride and groom to their car in a flurry of laughs and cheers. They pulled balloons out of the way so they could climb in, and then they sped off. The kids played with the balloons for a while, and we took a few more photos. Then we brought our van around and loaded up the many presents that had piled up for the bride and groom. We followed the caravan of vehicles to the couple’s house and carried the gifts into the living room.

After drying off and visiting for a few minutes around the

kitchen table, we asked, “Who wants to go have some ice cream with us at Braum’s?”

Grandma and Grandpa, who typically jumped at any chance to have ice cream, gracefully declined so they could get back home at a decent time. But Melissa’s brother, Matt, and his family accepted. We gave them directions to the store on Rock Road and agreed to meet there. We took our umbrellas and kids in hand and braved the rain.

By then, it was pouring again.

## Epilogue

*The names on the tombstones at Grandview Cemetery are hard to read now, after more than a century of exposure to the weather on the Kansas prairie. When the wind blows—and it almost always does in the Flint Hills—the rippling grass resembles gentle waves of a vast sea.*

*Robert Rogers traced the names of Martha and Edna May Jacobs with his fingers and felt a deep connection to them. They were killed in a flash flood at Jacob Creek in 1886, and Robert's wife and four children died in a flash flood at the same creek more than a century later.*

*Robert had visited the cemetery before, but this time he brought someone along: Inga, the waitress he first met only a few months after the tragedy. Nearly two years after first meeting, their friendship gradually blossomed into romance, and she wanted to learn more about his family and where they had been lost.*

*They walked along miles of Jacob Creek for hours, retracing his steps on that dreadful night and placing a rose for each member of his family at the precise location where they had been found by the search parties.*

*Robert and Inga exchanged marriage vows on May 20, 2006, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. As they travel the world together, telling this amazing testimony of faith, Inga embraces the place Melissa, Makenah, Zachary, Nicholas, and Alenah have in Robert's life.*

*"They will always be a part of him," she has said. "The more I know about them, the more I learn about Robert."*

*Robert is at peace. "Inga is truly a gift—heaven-sent."*

*As Romans 8:28 assures us, God can indeed bring good out of bad. He can redeem tragedy with new life . . . and new love.*

*"I am living proof," Robert says. "God is still a God of happy endings."*

# Notes

## Prologue

1. *Chase County Leader*, May 13, 1886.
2. The Chase County Historical Society, comp., “The Cloudburst of May 6, 1886,” *Chase County Historical Sketches*, vol. 2 (Cottonwood Falls, KS: Chase County Historical Society, 1948).

## Chapter 7

1. Steven Curtis Chapman, “God is God,” *Declaration*, copyright © 2001 by Sparrow Song.

## Chapter 8

1. Horatio Spafford, “It Is Well with My Soul,” copyright © 1873, public domain.

## Chapter 20

1. Families with Children from China (FCC), “Frequently Asked Questions About Adoption from China: General Questions and Dossier Preparation Questions,” March 10, 2002, <http://www.fwcc.org,FAQ.htm>.

## Chapter 25

1. Dr. James and Shirley Dobson, *Night Light: A Devotional for Couples* (Sisters, OR: Multnomah, 2000), 12–13.

## Chapter 27

1. Geron Davis, “We Are Standing (On Holy Ground),” copyright © 1983 by Meadowgreen Music.

## **Into the Deep**

© *Robert T. Rogers, 1994*

Into the Deep, out of the shallow  
Take me into the Light, out of the Shadows  
Into the Deep, where Your river flows  
I'll never know Your perfect will until I'm Into the Deep

Take a chance with the Messiah  
Put His word to the test  
Jump on in and He'll take care of the rest

Take your feet off the solid shore  
Put your life into His hands  
Take a leap of solid faith  
Let His waters of love surround you when you're Into the Deep

## AN INVITATION

If today were your last day on earth, would you have “no regrets” with God? Do you know for sure that you would go to heaven? Living a life of no regrets starts with knowing God personally. God loves you and wants you to have a close relationship with Him now and eternal life with Him in heaven:

“For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.” (John 3:16)

But sin separates us from a holy God. To bridge that divide, God sent His only Son, Jesus Christ, to be the sacrifice for our sins. So choose life. Believe and accept God’s free gift of salvation through His Son. It’s as easy as A-B-C:

*Admit you have sinned and need forgiveness.*

“For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God.” (Romans 3:23)

*Believe that Jesus died for you on the cross and then rose from the grave.*

“But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us.” (Romans 5:8)

*Confess that Jesus Christ is your Lord, now and forevermore.*

“If you confess with your mouth, ‘Jesus is Lord,’ and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved.” (Romans 10:9)

Just say a simple prayer like this:

Dear Jesus, I acknowledge the fact that I’m a sinner. I ask You to please forgive me. I believe You died for my sins and rose from the dead. I now turn away from all my sins and invite You to live in my heart. From this day forward, I want You to be the Lord of my life.

In Jesus’ name. Amen.

If you said this prayer sincerely for the first time, congratulations! Welcome to God’s family! Be sure to tell someone. You can call Focus on the Family at (800) A-FAMILY (232-6459) to share your news and pray with a member of the staff.



"His children will be mighty in the land." Psalm 112

## **Mighty in the Land Ministry**

*Teaching Others to Live a Life of No Regrets*

In response to continuing invitations for Robert to tell his story, he founded Mighty in the Land Ministry to help teach others to "live a life of no regrets" by knowing God personally first. Robert still travels the world and gives his testimony through music, Scripture, and vivid pictures. To order his inspiring music CDs or to schedule a life-changing ministry event, contact him at [www.IntoTheDeep.org](http://www.IntoTheDeep.org) or by phone at 260.515.5158.

## **Mighty in the Land Foundation**

*Dedicated to advance adoption and care for orphans  
and special-needs children worldwide*

"The Christian who is pure and without fault, from God the Father's point of view, is the one who takes care of orphans . . ."  
(James 1:27, TLB)

Robert has been led to do more than simply tell his story. In 2004, he established the Mighty in the Land Foundation to help disadvantaged children. In honor of his five family members, Robert's vision is to sponsor five orphanages in five regions of the world. Each will care for the children's physical, emotional, educational, medical, and spiritual needs. In October 2006, Robert dedicated the first orphanage: the "MELISSA HOME" Family Center in Russia's Vladimir region. A portion of this book's proceeds will help care for these orphans.

For more information on the Mighty in the Land Foundation and different ways you can contribute, visit [www.IntoTheDeep.org](http://www.IntoTheDeep.org) or contact the foundation at:

Mighty in the Land Foundation  
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