

JEREMY'S & ROSIE'S JOURNAL

God, Grief, Signs, and the Woman I Am Becoming

Created in Honor of Jeremy Lastra

1987-2024

Volume One

Journals 1-10

A Journey of Insight

Welcome to Jeremy's & Rosie's Journal, this space was created in honor of my son Jeremy Lastra, who passed on September 15, 2024. Since his divine departure, I have been walking a spiritual path inspired by a dream God gave me on January 9, 2015, a calling to bring unity through health, faith, and humanity.

These reflections are my way of keeping Jeremy's spirit alive in the mission. I invite you to read, share, and let this space speak healing over your own life.

“Unity saves lives. This is sacred work.”

JOURNAL 1

The Dream That Changed Everything

Jan 9, 2015

God came to me in a dream. He told me, "It's time for unity. In everything. In health, in the church, in humanity."

He said my son Jeremy would play a big role.

I woke up shaken, but deeply sure. And since that moment, God has been unfolding the truth of that dream. It led me here. To this space. To you. To healing.

Blessings from Rosie Lastra

Founder, Jeremy's Unity Flight

In memory of Jeremy Lastra (1987-2024)

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Jeremy Lastra A Divine Farewell

Sunrise: April 14, 1987

Sunset: September 15, 2024 — 3:00 PM, The Divine Hour.

On Sunday, September 15, 2024, at exactly 3:00 PM, Jeremy Lastra peacefully stepped into eternity.

That weekend, he was surrounded by family at the hospice center. Though doctors believed, and told us, we had more time, Jeremy had already made his

decision. His wife and I briefly stepped out, just once during his entire stay. She had to take care of something she couldn't avoid, and I went to make him a

healing smoothie. He waited for that moment. Only his brother Frankie remained, the one person he trusted to witness his final breath. As Frankie called for

help, everything changed. Flora, Rosa, and Kristy rushed in. Flora and Kristy dropped to their knees. Rosa prayed in tongues. And without anyone touching it,

Flora's phone began to play "10,000 Reasons." The room was filled with prayer, worship, and tears. It was more than peaceful; it was holy.

We share it now as a testament to God's perfect timing, Jeremy's quiet strength, and the divine beauty of his farewell.

I knew he was part of God's plan, but I didn't expect that his passing would unlock this mission.

His memory is now a flame. Everything I write, create, and teach in this mission is because of him.

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Dear Jeremy — A Letter from Mama

My sweet son,

You may no longer be in this world, but you live in my breath. I feel you with me when I type these words, when I pray for a stranger's healing, when I light a candle in your honor.

You were not taken. You were returned.

I promise to keep building your legacy. Thank you for teaching me how to turn grief into grace.

Love, always,

Mama

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The Room Where Heaven Touched Earth

Jeremy's Page – September 15, 2024

Jeremy, in his final moments, spared his wife and me the pain of witnessing his last breath. Yet, through the tearful accounts of Frankie, Kristy, Rosa, Flora, and Sue, we not only learned what transpired but felt its profound impact.

They recounted, with eyes welling up, how the very atmosphere of the room shifted, filled with an undeniable holiness. Kristy and Flora fell to their knees. Rosa

began speaking in tongues. And, as if by divine orchestration, "10,000 Reasons" began playing on Flora's phone, untouched.

They had witnessed a sacred intervention.

Though absent for that exact instant, I felt it the moment I crossed the threshold. The pervasive peace, the palpable presence, the undeniable power. The room had become hallowed ground, still enfolding us in Jeremy's lingering spirit.

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Finding Light in the Deepest Shadow

The most profound and agonizing pain I have ever endured was the loss of my 37-year-old son. There is no sorrow more crushing, no wound deeper, than that of a mother watching as her son is turned to ashes. It shattered my heart into fragments I truly believed could never be pieced back together.

For eight months, I drowned in that grief.

My world shrank to the confines of my room, cluttered with the remnants of a life I no longer recognized, the television a constant, numbing companion. I retreated, gaining nearly 100 pounds as the weight of my sorrow consumed me.

Then, after those long months, I heard Jeremy's voice, clear as day, speaking to my soul: "Mom, you have to get over this. I'm good, I'm happy. This isn't you.

Get your behind out of this and start living again. You're not alone. I'm still here."

It was a powerful, loving command from beyond. In that moment, a profound shift occurred. I knew I had to begin moving forward, to embrace the promise

God had already whispered to me in a dream.

It was time to transform Jeremy's memory into something living, something impactful: Jeremy's Unity Flight.

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I Went from Zero to Hero

There was a time, not long ago, when I felt like I had lost everything. My beloved son had just passed away. I was drowning in grief, binge-watching TV just to escape, gaining nearly 100 pounds, and feeling completely disconnected from the world and from myself.

I had gone from being a woman who once guided others to healing to someone who could barely get out of bed. But I didn't stay there.

With time, faith, music, and the right mentorship, I started to awaken. I found someone who saw the light in me when I couldn't see it myself.

Their support, along with divine grace, helped me begin the deep work, spiritually, emotionally, and physically. I opened my heart and my mind. And when I

finally got quiet enough to listen, I heard Jeremy's voice. "Mom, I'm good. I'm happy. This isn't you. Get your behind out there. I'm still with you."

That tied in the song I heard that day, less like me, that moment cracked something open in me. A sacred shift. A whisper of purpose rising through the pain. I released the weight, not just the physical pounds, but the grief, guilt, and heaviness I had been carrying for far too long.

I launched my website. I created healing journals. I built my brand from heartbreak to healing. And most of all, I began leading others again.

I went from being stuck in silence and suffering to standing in purpose and service, grounded in truth, love, and legacy. That's my "Zero to Hero" story.

Not because I became perfect, but because I chose to rise, one sacred, intentional step at a time.

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Dear Mother, I Was,

I see how hard you tried. I see how deeply you loved. I see what you carried.

You were young and full of love. You were playful, gentle, and understanding. You loved without fear, without limits, without conditions.

You dreamed big for your children. You saw them laughing through school halls, building careers, finding love, creating families, living blessed and beautiful lives. Those dreams lived in your heart every single day.

You prayed quietly but fiercely: "God, keep them healthy. Keep them happy. Help them fulfill all their dreams." Those prayers never stopped, even when life got heavy.

You gave up dreams of your own, not because you had to, but because you chose them. You laid down becoming a model,

You laid down becoming a police officer. You chose motherhood, and you never looked back.

You carried pain that changed your body. The first three days with Jason, when they said he wouldn't live. A whole month alone in a foreign place, learning what encephalitis had taken. The pain of divorce. The pain of fighting for Jeremy. The pain of losing him.

You carried it in silence. In your chest. In your breath. In your bones.

You also carried doubt. You questioned yourself for years with Jason, wondering if you had done something wrong. With Jeremy, you blamed yourself for what you didn't know. You punished yourself with guilt no one else could see.

But listen to me now: You did not fail. You did not cause their pain. You did not love wrong.

You loved the only way you knew how, with your whole heart, with your whole life, with everything you had.

You stood when you wanted to fall. You prayed when you were tired. You loved even when it hurt.

I honor you. I forgive you for what you didn't know. I thank you for what you gave.
You are not forgotten. You are the reason I am still standing today.

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Dear Mother, I Am,

I know you are tired sometimes. I know you are brave every day. I want you to know how much I see you.

You are a mother who is still navigating grief, but you refuse to disappear inside it. You choose to lead by helping others, even while you are still healing yourself. You are still loving. Still youthful in spirit. Still protective. Still a mother who loves deeply and unconditionally. Nothing about your love has softened it is still strong, still fierce, still true. You carry two kinds of grief at once: the grief of losing Jeremy, and the grief of watching Jason live with limitations. You hold absence and presence in the same heart and that is not easy. That is sacred work.

You discovered a strength you didn't know you had: the strength to show up even when you are not perfect. The strength to lead while healing. The strength to love without pretending you're not hurting.

Your children still teach you. They teach you that sometimes you have to let go and let God.

They teach you that you don't have to control everything. They teach you that faith is not force it is trust.

So, hear this:

You are doing enough. You are loving well. You are not behind. You are not failing.

You are a mother who keeps showing up. A mother who keeps loving. A mother who keeps believing, even when the road is heavy.

I am proud of you. I honor your heart. I thank you for not quitting.

You are not forgotten.

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Dear Woman Beneath It All,

I see you. Not as a caretaker. Not as a warrior. But as you.

I see you when no one needs you in that moment, a creator of faith and purpose. A woman who builds from the inside out. A soul that still dreams, even after heartbreak.

I see the parts of you that got quiet while you were being strong, the parts that forgot to give themselves grace. The parts that learned to push through, instead of pause and be gentle.

I know what you miss about yourself. You miss being bubbly. You miss being happy all the time. You miss the ease you once carried in your smile.

And I also see what you love about yourself now. Your strength. Your faith. Your heart. Your creativity. The way you can turn pain into purpose and loss into light.

I know what your heart still wants. It wants to live in a full state of joy. Not fake joy. Not forced joy. But real, breathing, peaceful joy.

And I want you to know this: You are allowed to laugh again. You are allowed to feel light again. You are allowed to want more than survival. You are not betraying your past by choosing joy in your future.

I see what you carried. I honor what you lost. You are not forgotten.

Closing Ritual Reflection

What did you carry that deserves honoring? You carried motherhood through miracles and loss. You carried faith through fear. You carried love through heartbreak. You carried purpose through pain.

What did you lose that still deserves tenderness? You lost sons in different ways. You lost ease. You lost innocence. You lost the woman you once were and that deserves gentleness, not judgment.

What part of you is asking to be remembered again? The bubbly part. The joyful part. The woman who laughed easily. The soul who believed happiness could be

simple. She is not gone. She is waiting to be welcomed back.

Final Affirmation

I am not only who I was. I am not only who I am. I am becoming.

I am allowed to grieve. I am allowed to grow. I am allowed to be more than my pain.

I see what I carried. I honor what I lost. I am not forgotten.

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Everybody Is Beautiful

August 13, 2026

I came to a realization today.

I have been thinking about Marilyn and really diving into what I learned from her, how she called every woman “beautiful” and every man “handsome.”

I started studying why people reacted to her the way they did. Whenever Marilyn spoke to someone like that, something changed. You could see it. The people around her became different, and you could tell that her words really, really impacted them.

I learned that when you edify another person—when you speak life into them and make them feel seen—something also happens inside of you. By lifting them, you are lifted too.

And then I realized something about myself.

Since Marilyn, I have started calling every woman “beautiful.” I call people “love” and “baby.” I may not always call every man “handsome,” but I speak to people with love.

Some people may ask, “If you call everybody beautiful, how authentic can you really be? How true can it be if you say it to everyone?”

Well, here is what is so crazy and amazing:

God is so abundant. God is so amazing that when you learn how to see true beauty, you discover that there really is beauty in everybody.

It is so much deeper than what we see on the outside. When you get down into a person’s spirit—when you truly see the beauty within—it is amazing.

God’s creation is beyond incredible.

He made every one of us different. He gave each of us such uniqueness. Our design is so incredible that when you really, really, really see it—when you see people through love—you understand that everybody is beautiful.

Everything is beautiful.

So yes, when I call you beautiful, I am being 100 percent authentic.

It is all love.

It is all amazement.

It is the wonder of who God is and how incredible His creation truly is.

And then, to think that He made us in His image. He made us creators, like Him.

Wow.

Imagine if every day we became just one percent more like Him. How amazing and wonderful could we become? How much more love could we give? How many people could we help remember the beauty God placed inside of them?

It is just beautiful.

And today, I understand why I call everybody beautiful:

Because when I look deeply enough, that is exactly what I see.

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