



# JEREMY'S

## VIRTUAL UNITY PROJECT

### Jeremy's Journal: A Journey of Insight

Welcome to Jeremy'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 to 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.

### Blessings from Rosie Lastra

Founder, Jeremy's Unity Flight  
In memory of Jeremy Lastra (1987–2024)  
"Unity saves lives. This is sacred work."

JEREMY'S JOURNAL



# Jeremy's Legacy

## 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.

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# Dreams & Divine Messages

### **Journal 2. Jeremy Lastra A Devine Farewell**

**Sunrise: April 14, 1987**

**Sunset: September 15, 2025 — 3:00 PM, The Divine Hour**

**On Sunday, September 15, 2025, 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 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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# Healing Letters

### Journal 3. 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.

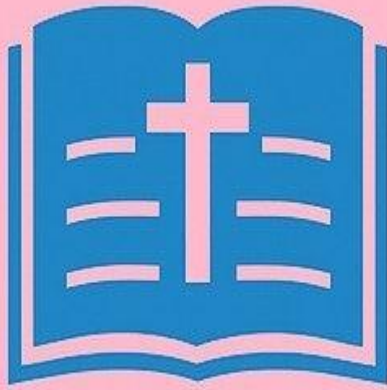
Love, always,

Mama

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# Wisdom & Wellness

### **Journal 4: 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.

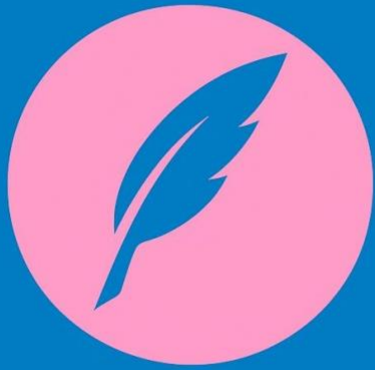
They recounted, with eyes welling up, how the very atmosphere of the room shifted, filled with an undeniable holiness. Kristy and Flora fell to their knees. Rosa began speaking in tongues. And, as if by divine orchestration, "10,000 Reasons" began playing on Flora's phone, untouched.

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

### **Blessings from Rosie Lastra**

Founder, Jeremy's Unity Flight  
In memory of Jeremy Lastra (1987–2024)



# Reader Reflections + Prompts

## Journal 5: 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.

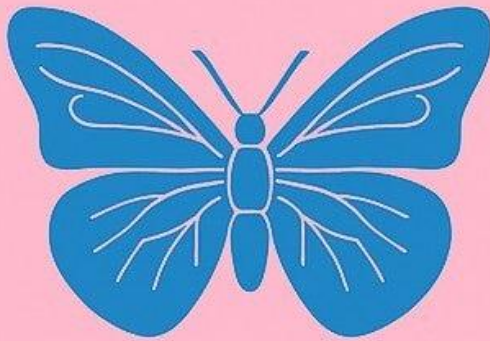
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# Dreams & Divine Messages

### Journal 6: 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 into the song I heard today, 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.