



OUR LADY OF MEDJUGORJE

RAINBOW LIGHTHOUSE



Roisin's Easter Retreat 2022

A journey of love in remembrance of our body of Christ.

Hello to all hearts that read the Rainbow blackbird's journey.

Monday 11th of April

Opening of the retreat – a powerful on line transmission was felt by all. Jesus was calling and we were listening. The Blackbirds were starting to open their wings to remember their truth.

I had been having many experiences since early November when preparing for my Easter retreat in Medjugorje. Each day I had a sense of deadness, giving up, no point, a sense of something within me was dying. I was going between feelings of disconnected and emptiness of spirit and also at the same time feeling connected and guided that I was being prepared for a new me. I was learning to live in a new reality. I felt I was living and dead at the same time. I felt this is what the normal everyday person feels and how they live their lives.

Living but spiritually dead, all at the same time. I felt the opposite. Dead emotionally and mentally, but felt spiritually alive and very distanced from my everyday life.

This was an unusual experience for me as I would feel the Divine energies quite profoundly in my daily living.

I was asking Spirit did they want me to change how I was working?

I kept hearing death. Death. A completion. It is over, it is over. Repeating every few minutes intensely for the last five and a half months. I also experienced human anger, a numbness to life, deprived of feeling my spirit as it flowed through my body.



I felt hurt and lonely and rejected and forgotten. I felt not seen or acknowledged or loved. I knew spiritually this was a very unusual and extremely strange, how intense in so many ways.



In my daily life I am constantly dealing with very strong emotions, mentally and physically symptoms after symptoms from customers, people, friends and family. I am always in a clearing energy vibration.

I felt there must be a family member who is suffering in silence. I processed and cleared every day to get some relief, but I would only get temporary relief and then each experience would come back. I thought this must be me – I am dying and being reborn. My worry was how much longer would it take. I was being taken over and had no control; I had to accept and trust. I thought was God testing me? remoulding me? or saying my work as visionary was finished.

In the 12 days leading up to the retreat I experienced a deep thirst that I could not explain on a human level. No matter how much water I consumed, no relief was experienced. My body felt parched and drained of all its fluid, oil, a feeling of being sucked dry, an inner desert of dryness and thirst beyond my control.

I was somewhere in a dimensional space that I had never experienced before. I knew Roisin Eve is dying, who am I becoming? I felt something is happening at an extreme level of my being something I had never experienced before. I didn't know where to find the answer, but knew I had to have faith.

Easter time is the greatest moment for Christ and believers of Christ to renew the faith, find faith and deepen our faith. The Easter story takes us into a deeper experience of the profound sacrifice our Lord, as a human being, gave to free us from our ego based Identities.

Jesus and Our Lady guided me to bring my gold crucifix. The gold cross I was guided to buy for Saint Brigid's day in February which did not have a crown. Jesus said 'I will release your suffering'. I was also asked to bring five Brigid's crosses, intertwined with Saint Patrick, that I recently had made and also to buy three single roses and

three pomegranates. These gifts would be placed, at special times, when the group was together.

Tuesday 12th April – Blackbirds Fly

As the Rainbow Lighthouse blackbirds flew to Split on the journey to meet with our Swiss blackbirds, excitement was in the air. We travelled in our luxury coach from Pax Travel to the Medjugorje Hotel & Spa – our home for the Easter week. As the days grew closer to Good Friday I started to experience deep mourning and sadness – a heaviness in my soul and in my heart.

I was in an emptiness and a deep sense of loss, it was so extreme, and on another level I was expressing so much light energy to the group to activate their transformations. I felt so much and yet also a nothingness. I just kept trusting and surrendering.

I witnessed the group starting to enter their illuminating process to penetrate the old egos of self to feel the love that wanted to flow.





**Wednesday 13th
April – Morning Has
Broken.
Our Lady and laying
the first cross.**

We woke to the glorious sun of Medjugorje shining through the valleys upon the coral rocks held in the gracefully mantle of pale blue skies The Divine Mercy was present. We entered a deep purification in the opening meditation, our souls were opening like a spiritual butterfly.

Arriving to Mass as Father Leon greeted each heart with joy, smiles and laughter. He spoke about the importance of our own spiritual healing through prayer and penance – it is better to do your own praying to God, talking to Him on your own, instead of asking others to pray for you.

Walking through the village of Medjugorje meeting many pilgrims searching for the

truth, we headed onwards, leaving the village hustle and entering into the rustic landscape, through the fields of the vineyards and the pomegranate trees, greeting the locals selling their handmade tablecloths and tapestries to the pilgrims on their journey to Apparition Hill and Blue Cross grotto. I removed my sandals to walk barefoot up the rocky pathway to meet Our Lady, as one heart, one breath, we walked stepping through our own pain talking to Our Lady; our hearts were elevated in every step through Apparition Hill.

The sweet smell of roses was experienced by some members in the group and the yellow butterfly that circled the cross and also circled the group a powerful symbol of what we all were going to experience in our inner work, as deep transformations would take place on many levels.

We offered the rosary as each Rainbow Blackbird held the

Saint Brigid’s and Saint Patrick’s cross in silent prayer. I laid our first cross at Our Lady’s feet. We were in the process of Divine integration, as disciples of service illuminating our light body, facing our shadows and owning our light of Christ.

I experienced many white crosses along our path. Orbs of angels and guides were showing up in our photographs as we walked along the streets of Medjugorje talking, singing, sharing our feelings. The group became stronger and stronger in expressing joy and sorrow without fear.

Many symbols, signs and messengers crossed our path. The symbols of the graceful ducks gliding through the turquoise waters doing all the hard work underneath to move onwards. We in our third dimensional consciousness, unaware of the deep work we were doing underneath in our physical body and light body.

The bright yellow butterflies signifying our soul, light, faith and transformation. Tears of remembrance flowed in laughter and sorrow.





Holy Thursday – Saint Francis’s Garden

On the journey to the Saint Francis of Assisi’s gardens the birds sang as we rested in the sunlight in peace and tranquillity, in deep meditation. After our energy shift I played the song Jesus had picked for the group – *Child of Light!*

We silently walked as deep inner reflections were taking place in the energies of the garden. An opening was occurring within every heart.

We shared many beautiful times together in the grace of the Holy Eucharist in the Adoration Chapel besides Saint James’s Church – the experience of God and how we are His was truly beautiful.

We shared our evenings together, experiencing each other and triggering what needed to be triggered for our Divine healing to occur.



Good Friday – Cross Mountain ... the Ascent

At the summit I placed three pomegranates and Saint Brigid and Patrick’s cross at the foot of the White Cross on the top of Cross Mountain.

We walked as a river of sorrow through the many hundreds of pilgrims, passing each station of the cross, stepping through the crowded pathway of coral stones. Jesus expressed the walking as one flow of light.

The beating sun penetrated our minds and bodies. I was experiencing a burning cross within my body too. The rainbows supporting me by carrying my bags. I felt, ‘will I make it?’

The burning became more intense as I stepped through the stations leading to the death of Jesus.

Arriving at the mountain top, kneeling at the foot of the enormous white cross, we prayed in silence to Jesus thanking him for the sacrifice He made for us.

We gathered together under the pomegranate trees to shade from the powerful rays and rest.

As the Good Friday sun shone upon the mountain an old friend that we met four years previously; the gentle dog greeted us as if to say “I

was waiting for you". He sat with us as another dog joined us. This dog was pressing me for water and I then realised he was symbolizing the thirst that I had been experiencing as a symbol of Jesus on the cross and the thirst Jesus experienced when dying for us.

Two bottles of water it took until the dog eased away into the crowd of resting pilgrims.

The signs were starting to appear as we rested together as many pilgrims gather on White Cross Mountain in reflective prayer and conversations. Our view was glorious looking over the valley of Medjugorje as we listened to the bells of Saint James's church ringing below.

As I was in resting, reflecting on the walk through the stations and the burning cross I felt suddenly a resting pilgrim family who was close to our group. A man stood up and turned to offer me a small glass of red wine – I was so honoured. He explained that he and his family have been climbing Cross Mountain for 18 years every Good Friday to celebrate Jesus's cross with bread and wine as the Last Supper.

He then shared his wine with all the group. I felt so much grace of the receiving wine of Christ – so amazing an experience and a powerful moment for the group.



The three pomegranates were laid upon the coral scarf. The first symbolising the suffering of Christ for Humanity, the second would symbolize the death of Christ and the third, Resurrection. Placed beside them was Saints Brigid's and Patrick's intertwined cross.

As I sliced the first pomegranate it was completely rotten to the core – our suffering. The second pomegranate was pale red – the life force and death.

The third was rich red – the new life, the resurrection.

Jesus had expressed to me the group had transformed many shadows through their faith to Him.



My thirst left and I felt honoured as Jesus expressed “the T in Thirst is the physical symbol of my Cross on which I suffered and died.

“This would become the Thirst that humanity would experience physically, mentally, emotionally as humans who deny me as the Saviour of the world.”

No earthly form will ever quench our thirst – we must each come to the inner realisation that returning to the love of Christ is the Divine transformation of our earthly Thirst. The physical cross in the T in Thirst is transformed through acknowledging our Creator in Christ.

Jesus had expressed to me the group had transformed many shadows through their faith in Him – the Thirst left me and I felt honoured.

Holy Saturday – Tihaljina ... the third cross and the first rose.

The third cross to be placed at the church at Tihaljina, at the shrine of Our Lady of Graces. As we held Our Lady’s hand and felt her love, feeling her sorrow and the emptiness of the church – and in our bodies, the emptiness of Christ’s presence that was felt among us; we were in the centre of the mourning.

As we meditated, a vision appeared to me of a thin, dark coloured young man’s body resting; as if he were sleeping on a slab of limestone, like a statue with a small robe-like waist cloth over him – his eyes were shut and his eye lashes were so very long and thick black.

I knew he wasn’t dead – just resting. I then heard the young man’s voice so gentle in my ear. He said “I am waiting for my glory”. I could feel he was smiling as he repeated, “I am not dead, I am waiting for my glory”.

I shared this with the retreat group, explaining how



amazing Jesus was – waiting and I felt an excitement from Him in a very calm way, and at the same time another part of my being was still experiencing feelings of loneliness – a sense of being lost, abandoned, hurt and unloved.



I then came to a Divine realisation that I was experiencing on a minute level of my human being. The human Jesus and the spiritual Jesus was waiting to be our resurrected Christ.

This was profound beyond my imagination; I was humbled almost in disbelief that I could experience these extreme feelings on so many levels for five months. I felt so blessed and just as Jesus said he was waiting. I realised I also was waiting from that moment as I prepared myself for this retreat back in in November 2021.

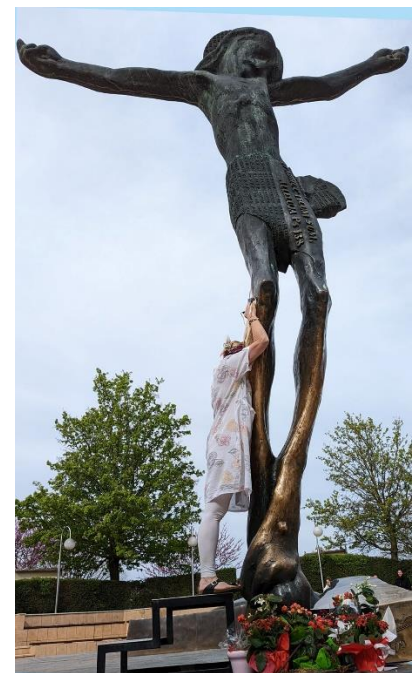
When I had opened my energy field into the vibration of our Lord's death and rising, my being projected ahead of time to Easter in Medjugorje and back in time to the real event in Jerusalem. I was in preparation of Jesus' death. All the symptoms I experienced were a small burden compared to what Jesus had to experience. A human being to enter into such a gruesome initiation on

the cross of humanity's sins, to become our Saviour. At that moment my inner visions opened in so many ways all at the same time, totally incredible experiences and profound deep awakenings were taking place in so many of my bodies. Between matter and Light, affecting all hearts and minds in the group to surrender more of what was not serving them in their life.

As we left the church and entered the courtyard we had a light conversation with a priest and he shared with us that he had been a priest in Ireland for some time and he returned to Medjugorje due to heart issues. I was guided to take off Our Lady's Droplet of Grace necklace and place it in his hands as a gift for his healing – he said "I will give it to Our Lady" and I laughed and said "This Droplet is Our Lady of Grace!"

As the group sat in silence filling up on the energy I sat with one of the members and

a beautiful yellow butterfly flew around us – we knew the signs were all around us. The first Rose was placed at the Statue of the Weeping Jesus, sacred grace fell gently from the right knee as drops of cleansing love from the bronze statue were gathered into tissues to keep for healing. The winds of change echoing all around, we felt blessed as we recited the rosary. We then entered into the candle area in Saint James's church to light blessings and healings. This was followed with a lovely dinner at the beautiful family owned Garden restaurant.



Left: Restaurant at Kocusa. Above: Tear from Weeping Christ. Top: Roisin at Weeping Christ Statue



Easter Sunday – Hallelujah

We experienced a profound early morning meditation in the beautiful chapel at our hotel as the presence of our risen Christ flowed through the group. Some members were feeling drunk with the energy – the online participants were feeling extremely emotional and open.

All my symptoms left, completely dissolved and I was in a space of complete oneness of Divine light. I felt elated honoured, humbled and emotional, all at the same time. An incredible feeling. The group’s energy entered a new level of consciousness of awareness.

As we walked to Easter Sunday Mass while waiting outside a young boy arrived with his mother and he turned to look at me – his long dark eye lashes awakened to the risen Jesus. Keeping me aware that Jesus is ever present in all life because of his death and rising.

We entered for the English mass, as the Polish mass was ending the Polish priest was overjoyed singing repeatedly “Hallelujah” – I was experiencing the intense illumination of Christ. I was guided to look at a photograph of Pope John Paul on the wall. He kept smiling at me and nodding his head I wondered what was unfolding with his message. Father Leon arrived and shared the glory of the risen Christ.

The group hearts were lighter and minds freer – we all joined hands together, singing “Give me joy in my heart”.

After our return visit to Apparition Hill we visited the Adoration Chapel at Saint James’ Church to meditate at the Eucharist and place a beautiful red Bromeliad plant in the Adoration Chapel, which earlier at our morning transmission had been held by each member of the group. The plant remains in the Adoration Chapel and represents Psalm 91.14 – (“Because he loves me,” says the LORD, “I will rescue him I

will protect him, for he acknowledges my name”)



Easter Monday – Divine Mercy ... the fourth cross.

The second Rose and fourth Cross were placed together at the Altar of the Divine Mercy Church in Surmanci, about 10k from Medjugorje.

On the morning meditation in the beautiful chapel in our hotel in Medjugorje, Pope John Paul entered the process with the same smile and nod that I had seen the day before and also Saint Faustina, and Saint Anthony and Our Lady. They expressed that they would be guiding us to the Divine Mercy Chapel and as we were to discover, they were waiting for us.

Below: Divine Mercy Church, Surmanci



to be so in alignment with God's message. And the guidance of all four Divine hearts to be present with us on so many levels. We prayed the Divine Mercy in song with open hearts in gratitude.

I received a deep, profound light cross activation flowing through my whole spine and across my shoulders, Jesus said to me this is to support



The coach journey took 15 minutes across a wilderness of rock and bush whilst we sang in the coach – *'Bridge Over Troubled Waters'* and *'You Know My Name'*. When we arrived outside the Divine Mercy chapel the brown cross above the gable was pointed out to me by one of the group.

Inside the small church were four statues – all the divine four who came into our meditation. We all felt so deeply loved at this moment

our beings in awakening Humanity to the truth of Christ within every form on earth.

Jesus then asked the group to go to Fatima and also asking me to take the gold cross and look at it. As I took the cross out I could see that the right hand of the crucified Jesus had come away – our Lord said "You have let go so much and I am now placed at the right hand of my Father".

Easter Tuesday – Our Lady and the third rose.

The third rose was placed on the last day at Our Lady feet on Apparition Hill.

As we sat in silence, reflecting on our journey and how we had grown, our bodies may have been weary but our hearts were lighter and more present to receive Christ.

As I ascended through the frozen river of rock that is Apparition Hill, I realised I had forgotten my walking stick, which I had been using for the complete journey. I thought to myself it's the last the last day and maybe I'm not meant to have a stick.

As I was walking up Apparition Hill I was drawn to a young girl walking on her own. I was told to watch her closely. This young girl was asking two of the Rainbows for information about the Apparition Hill. I could she was searching deep in her heart for answers. As she walked upwards on the Hill to see Our Lady I was guided to keep watching her as the yellow butterfly flew by her.

Then as I descended down the mountain to return to the hotel I walked slowly barefoot down through the coral rocks, with my head bend down as I placed each foot carefully, a hand came

under my face and a young voice said “I will be your stick”. I lifted my head to see the young girl I had been watching earlier.

As I looked at her she had long dark, thick false eye lashes. I knew Jesus was present within her and needed her to know that. I asked her name she replied, “I am Brigid”. Then she quietly said, “I am 21 years old from London”. I said, “Saint Brigid – how wonderful, please tell me all about you.”

Brigid shared her sadness, suffering and broken heart and talked about her loneliness and confusion. Still holding hands and stepping carefully she shared with me that she was frightened walking down the Hill and when she had seen me, she wanted to hold my hand and talk to somebody and also to help me. She expressed she had nobody to talk to and I said well Our Lady has asked me to listen and talk to you.

Brigid’s heart was so low, she reminded me of when I was a young girl and felt very lonely and lost. I asked Brigid to share all her life with me as we slowly made our way down the rocky Hill, holding hands. She talked openly and the confusion started to leave her being.

I shared my childhood story of my journey. I said I also had no one to talk to as a young girl and God was the only one I could hear and

trust. She smiled and said Our Lady has helped her by meeting me. We rested at the foot of the Apparition Hill and I asked her could I hold her and she said ‘yes please’. I held her as she cried and Our Lady and Jesus poured love through both of our hearts. I took my rosary necklace from my neck, which I had purchased on my first retreat to Medjugorje in 2018, and placed it around her neck. She expressed to me that was the first time she had cried in years.

Brigid was carrying generations of suffering and she was holding the suffering for everyone – her mother; her brother; her father; and the suffering for her own life that she wanted. There was no one available to hold her that she could cry – she was holding everybody together.

me towards my hotel – I wanted to spend as much time with her and give her as much as I could in that moment to support her and to give her guidance and hope.

She turned to me with her thick Jesus eye lashes and said ‘you are the most beautiful person I have ever met’, and proceeded to tell me about a dream that was occurring with her to do with Our Lady of Lourdes.

I kept seeing rocks around her head, in a special way, as she was speaking about the vision we turned the corner and she said oh that’s my vision in that garden. I stood and looked at the small shrine in the garden and I said Our Lady has answered your prayers.

We hugged each other and exchanged numbers and I



So young, so pure, so beautiful. Our Lady was healing both of us. I invited Bridget to keep walking with

said that she can call or text me whenever she wants. She turned and holding my face in her small hands, said

“thank you, thank you, thank you. Our Lady says to me that you will have much luck in your visions and happiness in your path” and I said to her ‘my prayers are now confirmed. I will remember our meeting forever, thank you Brigid. I love you’.

The group celebrated each evening with the loaves and the fishes, the wine, with the sacred weaving between each table as our light bodies integrated more of our shadow self.

We enjoyed our daily bread attending the masses in English, Croatian and Polish singing and healing.

For our evening meal we returned to Surmanci and whilst at our table I noticed two men beside our table of 23 souls. In the midst of our laughter and fun I felt these two men were important and I had to acknowledge them and during conversation they told us that they were volunteers with The Order of Malta ambulance service. My sister Yvonne, who was with us, is also a member back home and there was much conversation. Then Jesus guided me to leave the table and ask for their meals to be put on to our bill. On my return to the table the group shared with me an excitement that one of the men’s sons was training to be a priest in Ireland. In that moment I realised that God was saying thank you for fathering this new priest.

When the man realised that the meal had been paid for him he became overwhelmed and asked “Why have I received this honour from you?” I said that the honour is from our Lord to you – be proud of your son and take pride as his father. He became very emotional and began to cry.



Yvonne with the Order of Malta volunteers, of which she is one at home.

Afterwards

I was asked to bring my gold cross on the retreat to the Divine Mercy Chapel after my White Cross initiation through my body. Jesus asked me to take the cross out and his right hand had come off the cross – “another letting go of suffering” he said for all.

As we sat in the airport departure lounge together, Jesus asked me to take the cross out of my haversack and as I took out the cross the robe around Jesus’ waist had disappeared.

“I will release all suffering if you serve me fully in your life.” Jesus expressed to me “don’t give in to the suffering – give it up to me Roisin and

I will release the crosses you carry and those who walk with you and talk with you and sing with you.”



Jesus picked these songs:-

*I AM THE BRIDGE TROUBLED
WATER – I KNOW YOUR NAME
– YOU ARE MY CHILD of LIGHT
– GIVE ME CONTROL and I AM
THE REFINERS FIRE.*

As we continue to grow together our Lord said He will reveal himself more profoundly each time we meet in His name. Our Lord says, “I have many, many blessings and miracles to bestow upon my children who return to me and express me and love me and praise

me, will have many blessings in their lives”.

As I reflect on the retreat, nurturing was the energy that was missing in all who attended. The hurt of loneliness, rejection and not feeling acknowledged by our earthly mothers created fear of living our truth.

As these emotions and mind-sets were being processed, the child within found courage to face what needed to be faced to love themselves.

The Blackbirds wings were mending – spiritual repair was taking place.

Also, I reflect on the daily mass’s and Father Leon, so passionate in his voice of truth, and also the visiting County Down priest with his powerful homily on the Sacrament of Confession, where we have an opportunity to ‘clean our souls’ each time we confess, raising our lower vibration into the light. God is everywhere, in everything.

Mass is a moment of awareness where we can spiritually connect to our truth, bringing us to an awareness that there is more to who I am. There is a greater reason for our life – there is more to us than you can ever imagine.

It is in the mystery of creation when we attend mass that we are making a spiritual statement as a Divine child.

I give thanks and gratitude to my ‘soul sisters’:- Karin for her continuous support, vision and friendship: Alexandra and Orla for their valuable assistance throughout; William for his brilliant organisation in bringing everything together.

I wish to thank everyone who attended their retreat, physically or energetically online, for their truth, awareness and openness in trusting in the Christ journey.

Roisin Eve

