

# RED AMARYLLIS

DENISE E. JACOBS



“If you don’t believe in an afterlife or higher purpose then Red Amaryllis will make you think again.” – **Reader’s Digest**

“Red Amaryllis offers an unforgettable, heart-wrenching story of struggle and adversity underpinned by one ordinary woman’s extraordinary calling.” – **The Scotsman**

“A clarion call for peace, love and understanding but, more importantly, a convincing entreaty for us all to act before it’s too late.” – **Female First**

“If you have any concerns about where the world is heading then you have to read this book.”  
– **The Yorkshire Post**

“After reading this book, even the hardest sceptic would be hard-pressed to deny that Denise E. Jacobs has an uncanny ability to call the future with unnerving accuracy.”  
– **Bucks Herald**

“I was left stunned by what I read in Red Amaryllis. While the rational part of me says it can’t possibly be true, the evidence is just too compelling to ignore.”  
– **Hastings Observer**

“Everyone will be rewarded by reading this unforgettable book, but it’s our world leaders who must read it... for all our sakes.” – **Lancashire Evening Post**

“Unless we demand that those with power change direction, Jacobs’ foreseen horrors will become known to us all” – **Soul & Spirit**

“Red Amaryllis is an astonishing true story of one woman’s victory against a financial giant, and the greater battle to come in convincing the world that catastrophe is approaching unless we act now.” – **Sheffield Telegraph**

“Memoirs are usually the preserve of the rich and famous, but author Denise E. Jacobs has led such a remarkable life that her true story deserves to be told –and read.” –  
**Derbyshire Times**

“As her sensational true life story attests, author Denise E. Jacobs is a survivor. Now she wants all of humanity to survive by coming together to avert an impending nuclear Armageddon.” – **Bedford Today**

“David vs Goliath has nothing on the legal fight that Denise E. Jacobs and her husband took on against a multi-national financial company, which ended in miraculous circumstances.” – **Coleraine Times**

“Why the title ‘Red Amaryllis’? It turns out that this was the author’s favourite birthday present from her parents. In writing this stirring memoir, Denise is now passing that gift on to us all.” – **Eastbourne Herald**

“The one thing you quickly learn by reading Red Amaryllis is not to bet against author Denise E. Jacobs. A multi-national financial firm did, and failed. Now Denise is warning that our world is in peril. Dare we not listen?”  
– **The News**

# RED AMARYLLIS

DENISE E. JACOBS

First published in Great Britain as a softback original in 2021

Copyright © Denise E. Jacobs

The moral right of this author has been asserted.

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

Published by: Red Amaryllis

Address: PO Box No 1223

Uxbridge Sorting Office

Cowley Road

Uxbridge

Middlesex

UB8 9GN

website: [www.redamaryllis.org](http://www.redamaryllis.org)

Twitter: [@TheRedAmaryllis](https://twitter.com/TheRedAmaryllis)

Book cover design by Ivica Jandrijevic

Cover illustration by Henry Relf

Typesetting by UK Book Publishing

[www.ukbookpublishing.com](http://www.ukbookpublishing.com)

ISBN: 978-1838321505

*For Michael and Daniel.*

*My gratitude to my knight in shining armour,  
Grahame Sutton, without whose help this  
book would never have been written.*

*The only way of discovering the limits of the possible is to venture a little way past them into the impossible*

**– Arthur C Clark**

*Everything in this story is true and can be confirmed by witness statements, contemporaneous notes, emails, parliamentary records, court pleadings, sworn affidavits, court transcripts and personal diaries.*

*The symbolic Doomsday Clock, introduced in 1947, was designed to show how close mankind is to the destruction of our planet by the abuse and misuse of dangerous technologies of our own making.*

## **FOREWORD**

Okay ... okay ... I understand. You have read the back cover and have seen that this book's protagonist claims to be able to see the future.

Depending on your level of cynicism, you might even have rolled your eyes.

I understand; I really do because I was just the same as you.

However, I can promise you that the stories printed on these pages will captivate and amaze even the biggest cynics. If, however, the evidence fails to convince you then, at the very least, it is still a great read about a modern-day 'David versus Goliath' court case, with one woman risking everything to challenge one of the world's largest financial institutions. Who knows, it might even make you question your beliefs along the way.

**Dan Jacobs**

## DEAR READER,

How would the people of the world react if they were given proof that those in the next dimension to ours can see our past, present, and future?

Would the world accept it, or turn a blind eye?

Would the leaders of the world try to prove it was a lie?

Would they try to deny it, or ignore it?

Those with a hunger for power will always attempt to cover up the truth.

But what if the key to proving the truth is in this book? What if you, the people of the world, could make up your own minds about the biggest question facing humankind?

It's time to make up your mind.

Are you ready?

What you will learn from this book will change forever the way you see this world... and the next.

And if you're ready to discover the truth from this book, then let me tell you that

there is a great and powerful good to be served, in which you have a vital part to play.

Each one of us must play our part, if we are to save this world of ours.

And time is running out.

Only we can decide our future.

**Denise**

**PROLOGUE**  
**THE MUSHROOM CLOUD**

August 28th, 1985

Darlington, Co Durham, England

'Look out of the window.'

Who spoke? I was in the kitchen with my baby son. No-one else there. But I heard a woman's voice, right beside me.

I turned towards the window and froze.

It was a sunny day and the sky outside had been clear blue all morning, but nothing could prepare me for the unimaginable nightmare that was unfolding.

There was a blinding flash of light followed by a deafening boom so loud my eardrums felt as if they'd shattered. I could feel blood ooze from them, my eyes felt swollen and weeping blisters appeared on my body. I put my hands over my face in a futile attempt to stop the excruciating agony. I watched the sky grow dark as the sun was obliterated by a vast, billowing mushroom cloud that rose thousands of feet as it expanded



into a mass of smoke and flames and darkness that filled the horizon until it was all I could see; silent, ominous and terrifying.

I was paralysed with terror; I could only watch as men, women, children and babies evaporated before me. Others screamed with the hell of being set on fire. Many turned to ash, while those who survived, desperate for water, turned their open mouths to the sky as large drops of poisonous black rain fell on them. The more they swallowed, the more intense their thirst became. I felt bile rising in my throat as I tried to assimilate the horror of what I had witnessed.

“What is this?” I whispered.

As fast as it had appeared, the view outside my window became clear and sunny once more. Shaken and dazed, it was a moment before I remembered my son, Daniel. He had been strangely quiet and now he sat motionless in his highchair, his eyes fixed on me.

I felt sick. I knew I had just been shown something momentous and utterly terrifying.

Then I heard her voice again.

“You are looking at the future. Nuclear war is coming if the world does not change the course it is on, and it will affect every single person on the planet as well as those who are to come in future generations. From where I am, we can see the past, the present and the future, but we can’t change what is coming; we can only warn you. We need you to help us get this message through to the people of the world because only they can demand peace, and put an end to the madness of power-hungry leaders who think that war is the answer. Your journey will be long and difficult, but we will be here to help you.”

What was she talking about? Me? Help stop nuclear war?

The whole thing sounded crazy. All I knew was that I would never, ever forget the sight of that terrible mushroom cloud; it would haunt me for as long as I lived.

In contrast to the happy soul I was moments earlier, I felt as though the weight of the world was now on my shoulders. Was the unthinkable going to happen? Or was this all just a monstrous vision? I was confused, scared and eaten up with worry at what I had seen, and I couldn’t get the images out of my head.

That day marked a defining moment. My life had been changed forever, and deep down I knew it. I didn’t want to see the destruction of our world, or to have to spend my life working to prevent it. I didn’t want to be chosen for a task that seemed enormous and impossible.

The trouble was – I knew that I had no choice.

1947

## 7 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT

Initial setting of the Doomsday Clock

Estimated number of nuclear  
warheads worldwide:

13



## CHAPTER ONE

### THE FLOWER SELLER

November 12th, 2013

The Flower Stall, Uxbridge  
Underground Station, London

The flower seller was walking away, but then stopped in his tracks before turning towards the corner of his stall, where he reached down and scooped two large bunches of blooms from a bucket. Deftly, he wrapped them and walked over to me and put the flowers into my arms.

“Here you go love, have some flowers on me.”

As I looked down at the flowers, I heard my father’s voice, just behind me.

“Happy Birthday, Denise. These are for you, with love from Dad and Mum.”

“Thank you so much,” I said to the flower seller. The flowers were wrapped up so tightly that I couldn’t see what they were.

“What are they?” I asked.

“Amaryllises,” he replied, “otherwise known in Latin as *Hippeastrum*. In Greek it means ‘to sparkle.’”

He leaned closer to me and whispered. “To be honest, this is a first. If I gave every customer free flowers I’d go bust, so this is between you and me, okay love?”

“Of course,” I said. My throat felt so constricted that I was sure my voice must sound odd. “Can I ask, are they... red?”

“Yes, matter of fact they are,” he grinned.

His words faded as I heard my father’s voice again. I repeated what he was saying to me. “There weren’t any white ones at the wholesalers this morning, only red.”

The flower seller looked dumbfounded. “That’s right; how the heck did you know that?” He leaned towards me, looking concerned. “Are you alright? You look a bit pale.”

I stood rooted to the spot, staring at the stems that I knew would open into the stunning rich red of the amaryllis blooms I loved so much, struggling to take in what was happening.

I looked up at him.

“It’s my birthday today, and it was a birthday tradition that my parents gave me red amaryllises every year. It started when I was young, but I didn’t think it would be remotely possible for it to happen this year.”

“Why not?” he asked.

“Because both my parents died in the last month, within days of one another. This morning I thought of them and wondered whether they knew what day it was.

Now I know they do.”

\*\*\*\*\*

As my husband, Michael drove me home, tears rolled down my cheeks. Finally, after all the years that had passed and all the heartache, loss and grief I had been through, everything fell into place. My parents’ gift to me was the final confirmation I needed – it was like the last piece in a huge jigsaw. They had reached the world that I knew to be inter-connected with this one, and they had sent me a powerful message. In life, they had sometimes doubted me, but now they were telling me that they knew the truth and they wanted me to act.

When we got home, I put the amaryllises into a large vase in the middle of our dining table. As I looked at them, I understood that it made sense to prove it to me this way, with a tender, loving gesture to let me know that, like the other souls in the next dimension, my parents wanted to warn us that we are heading towards a terrifying future.

A future that is individually and collectively in our power to change.

For 30 years, since I first saw that first extraordinary image of a nuclear explosion, I had been given signs, messages and warnings. I had been told of tasks that I had to complete, and sent along a path that appeared to be uncertain and filled with hardship. Many times I had doubted, or felt that I couldn’t go on. But whenever I did, I was directed towards my next step. Sometimes I had been given messages that took my breath away and proved to me yet again, beyond doubt, that those in the next dimension knew what I did not, and that I had to trust in them and carry on.

Along the way I was able to help many other people, enabling them to connect with those they had lost and to make life-changing decisions. I came to understand that every single piece of information I was given, no matter how

minor or how unconnected it might appear, was for one single purpose – to help me to find a way to prevent the nuclear Armageddon looming ahead of us.

Since World War Two, bigger and bigger nuclear devices had been developed, hundreds of times more powerful than the bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima in 1945. By the time my parents sent me the amaryllises for my birthday, in 2013, there were thousands of these enormous nuclear weapons pointing at every one of us in this beautiful world of ours. It would only take one egotistical man or woman with an itchy trigger finger to start the countdown to extinction. The clock was ticking, and I knew it was time to act.

Before I explain what lies ahead for us all if we don't stop the nuclear war that is coming in just a few years' time, let me first go back to the beginning of what has been an extraordinary journey. I want to tell you the tale of what happened to me and how it happened, because the story is so much a part of the message.

I'd always thought that people who were psychic knew it from early childhood. I'd read stories of 'gifted' youngsters who 'knew' things they couldn't have known, or who received 'special' messages from voices they alone could hear.

Well, that wasn't me. I was an ordinary girl from Darlington, a small town in the north-east of England. I was quiet and shy and happy to go through life blending in with the crowd. So when, in my twenties, my life started to change in extraordinary ways, I felt as though I'd somehow got onto a merry-go-round that was spinning faster and faster, with no way to get off.

It began one day when I started to feel very strange sensations. My heart started racing and I felt detached from

reality, while in my mind's eye I saw an image of a car accident. Simultaneously there was an intense pulsating in my solar plexus; that spot in the centre of the abdomen, between the ribs, and I felt a sense of acute urgency, a bit like the feeling you get when you know something you're cooking is about to burn, and you have to stop what you're doing and run to save it.

The whole experience passed in a flash. It was extraordinary and it left me alarmed and worried because I felt absolutely sure that the car I'd seen was my father's, and that he was going to have a car accident the following day. I phoned to tell him and begged him to be careful, but of course he laughed at the idea that I could know such an event was coming, especially as he was a careful driver and very protective of his car.

"Ring me tomorrow and let me know you're OK, anyway," I said, and he promised he would.

He phoned the next morning to say all was well, then phoned me again several times during the day. "No accident Denise, I'm fine," he said. His last call was at 10pm to say he was going to bed. "Sorry Denise, it didn't happen. Never mind." I was relieved – of course I was – but I was puzzled too because it had seemed so clear. Had I made a mistake?

The following morning Dad phoned me. "You'll never believe this, but at 11.30 last night the police called to say that the alarm was ringing at your mother's hair salon. I had to get out of bed and drive down there to see what was going on. It was a false alarm, but as I was leaving the car park, some idiot reversed into my car."

"What time did it happen, Dad?"

He laughed. "It was just before midnight. So you were right

after all.”

Thankfully, the accident was minor, Dad was fine, and his car could be fixed. But I had accurately predicted the accident. Dad was stunned, and so was I. Michael stuck to his non-believer guns and said, “It was just a lucky guess.” But it was not a guess at all; I had known what would happen. What I didn’t yet understand was why or how I had known.

A few weeks later, my brother Terry and his wife Sandra invited us to dinner with several other couples. We were all sitting around the dining room table after the meal when Terry mentioned that I’d predicted Dad’s car accident. One of the women was intrigued, but her husband scoffed at the idea.

“Prove it to us,” everyone laughingly insisted. And a few moments later I began to have the same strange sensations I’d had when I saw Dad’s car accident. It was as though a different part of my brain took over.

I looked at Terry and blurted out, “You’re having an affair with someone!” Everyone roared with laughter, but Terry looked furious. “Don’t be so bloody ridiculous Denise, of course I’m not. What rubbish!” he responded followed by nervous laughter. My goodness, the next few moments in that room were awkward. He sprang up from the table and marched out of the room. Meanwhile one of the other guests, Pru, took a few large gulps of wine as her chest turned a bright shade of red that gradually spread upward to her face.

I was mortified by what I’d said – it had just popped out before I’d got my brain in gear to stop myself. At least Sandra hadn’t been in the room. I followed Terry, apologising. He turned to me and said loudly, “Well, you didn’t get that one right.” Then he hissed, “You’re right, but you have to stop. I’ll explain it all later.” Those weren’t the only words he said to

me in private, but I dare not print them because they are far too profane!

The party soon broke up, and Michael and I went home. “What were you thinking, coming out with that?” he said.

“I don’t know,” I replied miserably. “I just had this weird sensation and I had to say it.”

Michael laughed. “As if Terry would be having an affair.”

I looked at him. “But he is. He told me later that he was. I shouldn’t have come out with it like that, but it was true.”

The following day, Terry came over to see me. “The honest truth – I don’t know how you knew, but I’ve been seeing Pru for the last few months. She was horrified when you said it – her husband was next to me, laughing. The last thing I want is for him or Sandra to find out.”

I apologised and told Terry I hadn’t meant to upset anyone, although he did need to sort out his private life. Sandra was never very friendly to me, but I was still upset to think that he was seeing someone else behind her back.

After that, I promised myself that I would be careful about what I said in public. The last thing I wanted was to hurt anyone or cause problems. But I couldn’t help being thrilled that I’d been right, although I still wasn’t sure how I’d managed it. Would it happen again? I had no idea.