

## *John Agnew 1950-2011*

When a local farmer sporting a pony tail came to see me for some guidance, little did I realise that it be the beginning of a friendship that would last many, many years, and provide me with so many memories. John (or Sir John as he disliked being addressed) was a larger than life character, with a profound knowledge of matters esoteric and megalithic.

He was incredibly well read, with a deep love of history, and especially old vehicles and aeroplanes, as anyone attending one of the many Rougham Air shows he organised on his estate would know.

His occasional blustery nature concealed a deeply sensitive and kind man, who would always help if he could. When I seriously injured my back some years ago he was one of the first across the threshold to see how I was doing, complete with zimmer frame in case I needed it!

John supported the many workshops I held in his barn at Lawney's Farm, and he recently sought to share his enthusiasm for the occult in his 'Stars and Stones' conferences at Rougham. He could briefly be infuriating, but always sought to apologise if he thought he had offended.

A very effective healer and a member of the Fellowship, he was the last of the hippies, a rebel, eccentric good friend who loved a party, decent food and a beer or two!

I remember travelling with him along the A14 in his converted old bus, which boasted beds and a log-fired stove complete with chimney. It was so old that he no longer had to display road tax, and we trundled along from Bury to Newmarket like two ageing New Age Travellers, suspiciously eyed by the police and fellow motorists. Upon our arrival at Newmarket we parked up, he lit the stove and offered me a drink! He certainly had a unique style.

He bore his last illness with great courage and privacy as was his way; he will be sorely missed by me and many others.

In the words of the comedian Max Miller—'there will never be another!'

*Paul Lambillion*

