



Thank you all who helped me...

When we were small, my sister, Judy, and I had a story read to us every night. This is one of those stories, and I still love it.

It is like an illustration of our life on Earth. None of us can fly very high by ourselves. We all need an eagle. We need the help of other people as we struggle upward. I have been very fortunate in my life. I have been helped by many, many people: wonderful friends; the students who help collect the information about chimpanzees; the supporters who help to carry out our various projects and those who help us to raise the money for them, particularly the staff and volunteers of the different Jane Goodall Institutes. And I was so blessed by having such a supportive family. In particular I am grateful for all that my mother did for me, providing wise guidance and support during the most difficult times.

I like to think of all these people as the feathers on my eagle. Each one has played an important role. Some of them are big and strong. My mother was like the center tail feather, helping to steer me in the right direction. Then there are those who are like the great wing feathers, keeping me airborne, and others are the soft downy feathers that nestle round you when you are tired. Each one is special and each one is valued.

And what about the eagle? I suppose we all have different eagles. But I know that my eagle is part of the great spirit power that is all around us, from which we can draw strength and energy when most we need it. I thank my eagle for carrying me so high.

JANE GOODALL