

(Note from Gail: An elevator is one of the toughest “sells” in non-profit fund raising; donors don’t tend to find the need compelling. The following mini-stories were meant to change their minds.)

Precious Cargo

A frail grandmother scheduled for open heart surgery takes the elevator to her cardiologist’s office on the second floor at 2340 Clay Street.

A blind man with a cane finds his way up to Ophthalmology to learn whether an operation might change his life.

A weary mother wheeling an oxygen cart carries her asthmatic baby up to Pediatrics on the third floor.

A woman worn down by years of kidney disease pays a hopeful visit to Transplant Services on the fourth floor.

An athlete on crutches, with both knees in casts, goes up to see his orthopedic surgeon.

A technician in a hurry carries a perishable package of human tissue up to the transplant bank.

More than 60,000 patients visit the eight-story building at 2340 Clay Street in a given year. Here they share just one elevator, first installed in the 1920s, and, despite upgrades, inclined to break down. When the elevator does arrive, it’s often full. To patients who are weak or in pain, even a three-minute wait (the average) feels like an eternity. Please help us ease their journey, with your gift for a second elevator....

