



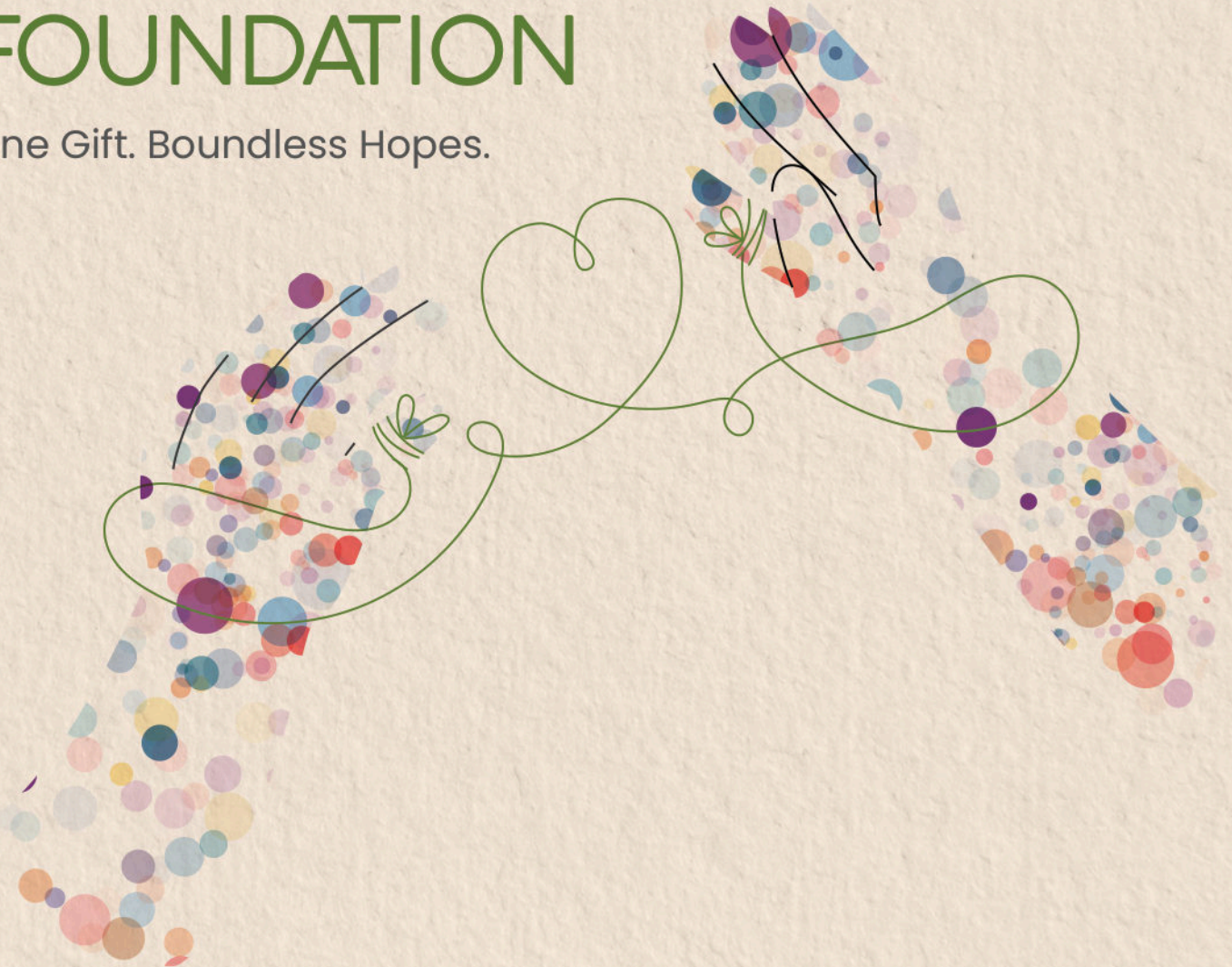
ETERNAL GIFT
— FOUNDATION —

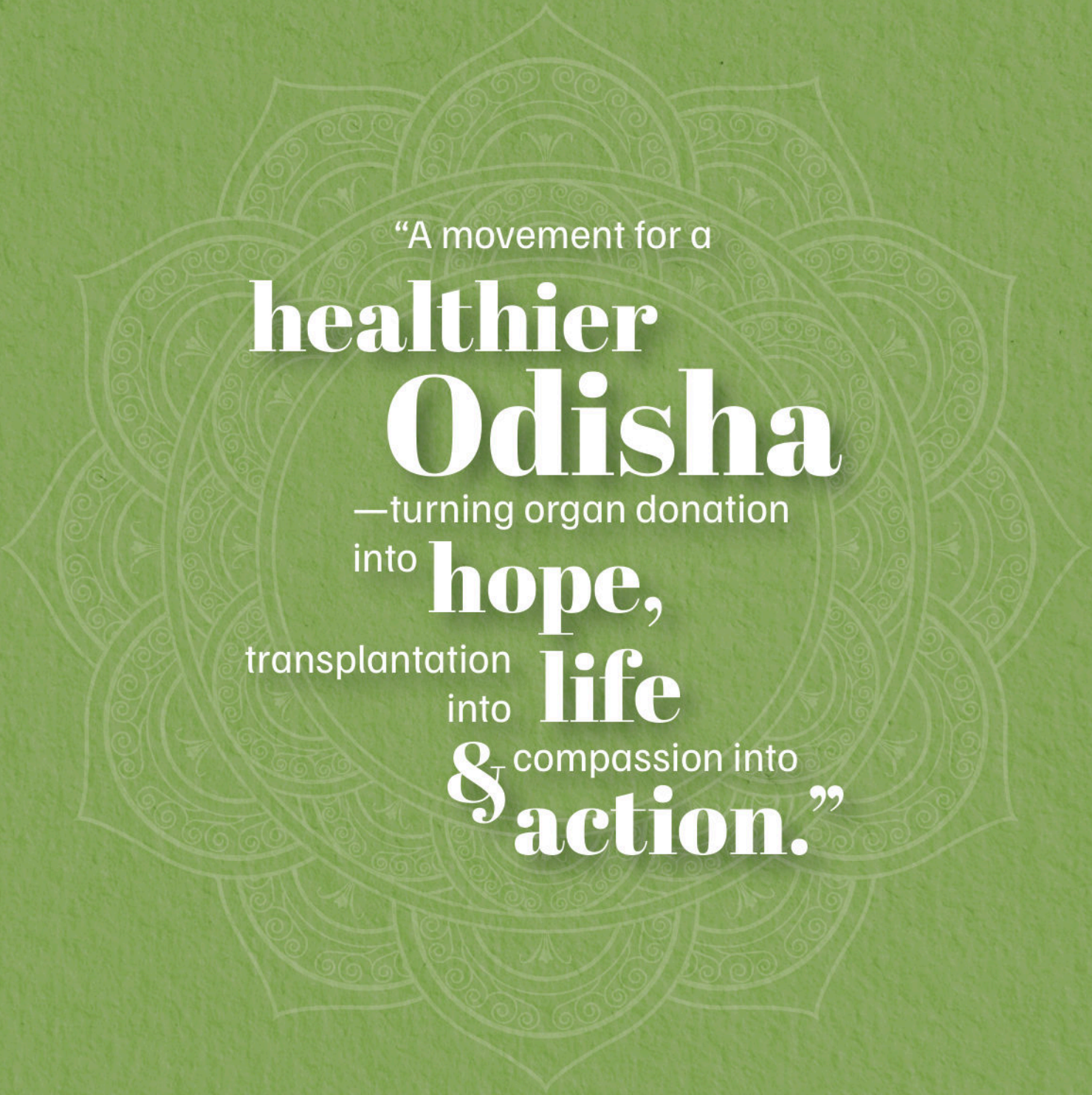
• ONE GIFT, BOUNDLESS HOPE •

Eternal Gift

FOUNDATION

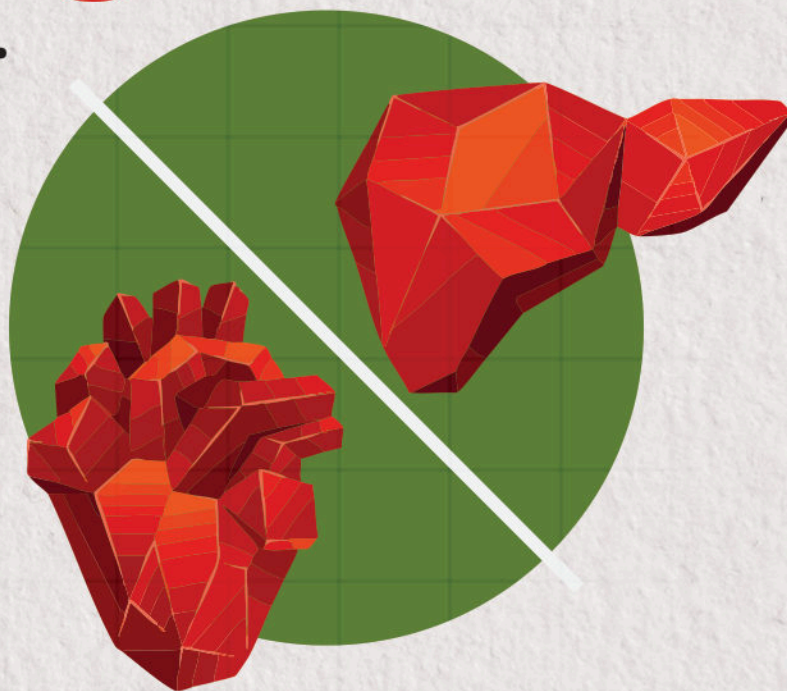
One Gift. Boundless Hopes.





“A movement for a
healthier
Odisha
—turning organ donation
into **hope,**
transplantation into **life**
& compassion into
action.”

When an
Organ fails,
a **life hangs**
in balance.



“ For families facing organ failure, a transplant isn't just a treatment—it's a second chance at life itself.”

Yet thousands of patients wait—
for treatment,
for support,
for chance,
for an organ.

And sometimes, they simply run out of time.

Every number is a **story** to tell.



A **child waiting**
to return to school.

A **mother hoping**
to see her children grow.



A **father waiting**
to return to work.



A **young lady hoping**
the dreams to come true.



Organ failure isn't just a health issue—it's a human crisis that fractures families, livelihoods, and hope.

Disease

affects more than
the patient.

The cost of organ failure is measured
not only in hospital bills.
It is measured in:

LOST INCOME.



BORROWED MONEY.



SOLD BELONGINGS.



MISSED OPPORTUNITIES.



INTERRUPTED EDUCATION.



EXHAUSTED FAMILIES.



A life saving transplant should depend on
medicine, not money-no family should ever be
forced to choose between the financial ruind and
a loved one's survival



The Birthday Gift

Every year, Neha's father celebrated her birthday with her favourite chocolate cake.

Then, at twenty-five, she was gone.

The first birthday without her, he stood outside the bakery for nearly an hour, unable to make his feet cross the threshold. The smell of chocolate drifted through the open door, carrying him back to all the birthdays he could no longer touch. He went home empty-handed.

The next year, he tore the date from the calendar before he could see it again.

After that, birthdays became days he endured in silence. He stopped answering calls. He kept Neha's photographs facedown, because even her smile felt like a wound. At night, he sometimes found himself listening for her key in the lock, only to remember that the house would never fill with her footsteps again.

Then, one morning, a letter arrived.

It was from Kavita, a woman who had received Neha's heart.

She wrote about years spent fighting severe heart disease, about hospital rooms and breathless nights, and about the fear that she would never live long enough to watch

her daughter grow up.

Then came the final line:

"This year, I celebrated my daughter's birthday with her."

Neha's father read it once.

Then again.

He pressed the letter to his chest, and the grief he had held so tightly for years finally broke through. He wept for the birthdays he had lost, for the future Neha would never have. But beneath that pain there was trembling warmth.

That evening, after years of silence, he walked into the same bakery.

The bell above the door chimed softly. For a moment, he nearly turned around. Then he took a breath.

"Chocolate cake," he said. "Her favourite."

For the first time, he wasn't buying a cake only to remember his daughter.

He was buying one to celebrate the life her heart had made possible—and the love that had survived her death.

Some gifts are wrapped in love. Others are carried by a beating heart.

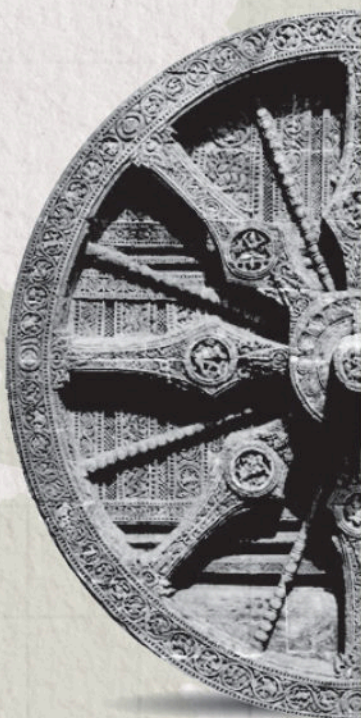


We are extremely sorry for the *story break*

The **need** is here. The **opportunity** is here.

Odisha has talent, infrastructure and the expertise.

Now, we need to connect them with a stronger transplant **ecosystem**.



It needs:

Awareness. Access. Affordability.

Organs. Opportunity.

Treatment. Recovery.

Care. Continuity.

Because a transplant is more than a promise of a fresh start

This is where **Eternal Gift Foundation** begins.

The Eternal Gift Foundation connects **patients, healthcare providers, donors, and community partners** to deliver urgent aid to those most in need



It aims:

Mobilising resources.

Creating access.

Giving lives another chance.

**Because when society comes together,
hope can reach where it is needed most.**

**No deserving
patient should
lose the opportunity**

**for life-saving
transplantation
because help
was beyond reach.**



| We aim to support patients through the journey—
| **from diagnosis to transplantation,**
| **from transplantation to recovery,**
| **from recovery back to life.**

| Because saving a life does not end in the operating theatre.

| **It begins there.**



The Light in the Window

That evening, rain whispered against the window, tracing silver paths down the glass. Mr. Das switched on the small lamp beside it, as he had done every night.

The doorbell rang.

He opened the door—and froze.

For one breath, he could not move. His knees weakened. She was there.

His wife, standing before him, home at last after a successful liver transplant. A broken sound escaped him—half sob, half laugh—as he reached for her. He held her gently, trembling, almost afraid that embracing her too tightly might break the miracle he had waited months for.

He helped her settle into her favourite chair by the window. For a few moments, neither of them spoke. They simply sat together, listening to the soft drumming on the roof. After months of hospital corridors, antiseptic air, waiting rooms and whispered prayers, the silence of their own home felt almost unreal.

Then she noticed that little lamp glowing beside the window.

“Why do you keep this light on?” she asked.

His eyes filled with tears. He looked down at their joined hands, at the thin hospital bracelet still circling her wrist, and swallowed hard.

“Because I kept waiting for you to come home...” His voice broke. “Even when everyone had begun losing hope.”

She tightened her fingers around his.

Then she looked towards the hospital, its distant windows blurred by rain.

“Someone else’s family,” she whispered, “gave us the light to come home.”

He glanced at the lamp. Neither of them spoke again. They did not need to.

Sometimes, in the darkest moment of one family’s life, another family’s greatest act of love becomes someone else’s dawn.



We are extremely sorry for the *story break*

Turning **compassion** into action.



Support

deserving patients who cannot afford transplantation.



Create awareness

so that organ donation becomes a social responsibility.



Navigate

helping families understand and access the transplant pathway.



Strengthen

transplant infrastructure, counselling and capacity.



Support children

so that financial hardship never steals a child's future.



Promote prevention

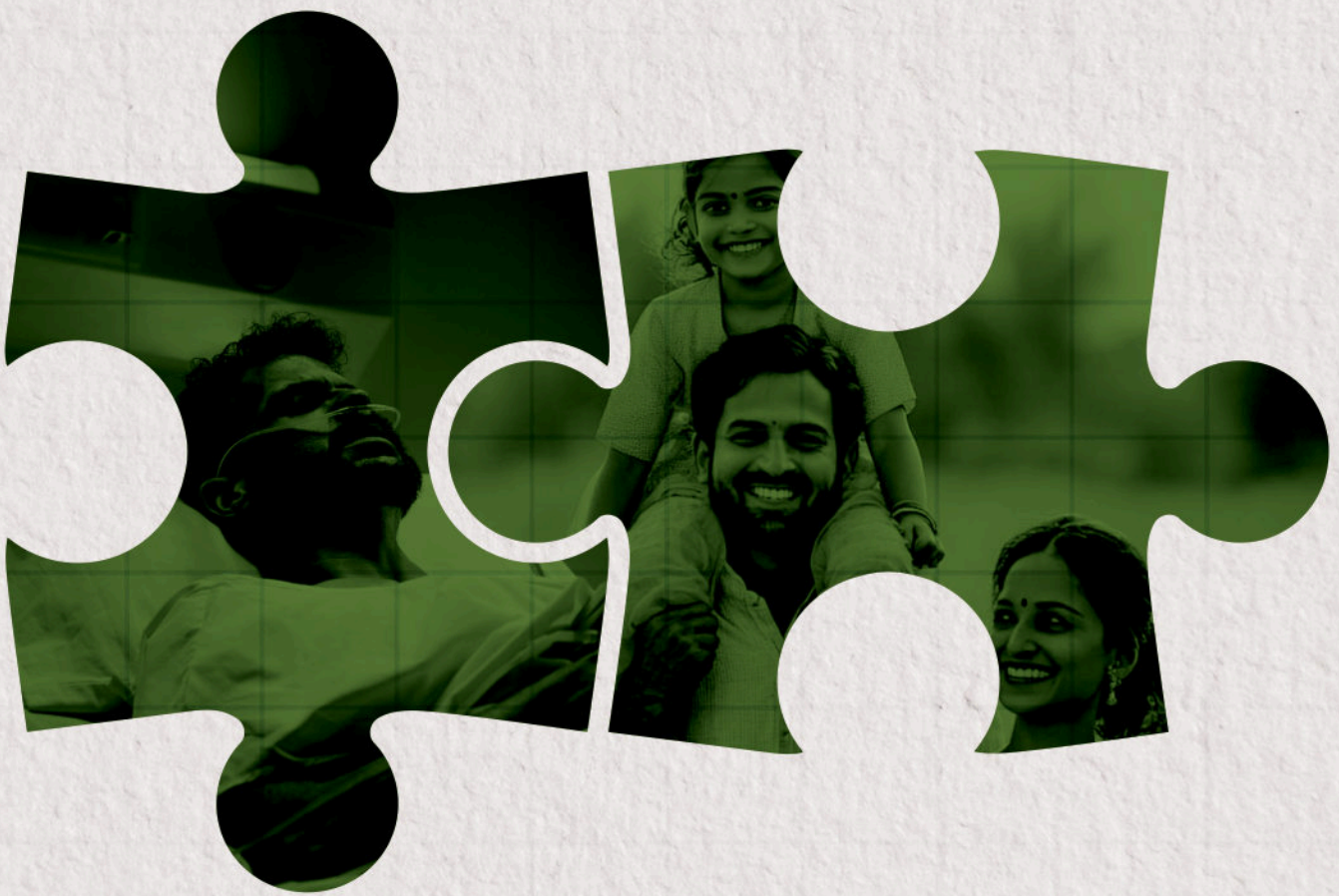
because preventing organ failure is better than treating it.



Support recovery

medicines, follow-up, rehabilitation and life after transplantation.

One donor
can become another
family's
tomorrow.



| Organ donation is not the end of a life.
| It is the continuation of life in another.
| One decision can create infinite tomorrows.

From
saving lives
to changing the
system.



We envision an Odisha where:

More patients reach transplantation.

More families understand organ donation.

More children get a second chance.

More patients receive lifelong support.

More transplant talents grow within Odisha.

Fewer families are forced to leave the state in search of hope.

*"From patients to systems.
From individual lives to a healthier Odisha."*



The Photograph

Every family photograph had one person missing.

After losing their daughter, the Roy family stopped taking pictures. Birthdays passed. Festivals came and went. The camera remained forgotten inside a drawer.

Five years later, they attended a gathering of children who had received organ transplants—children living because someone, somewhere, had given them the gift of life.

They watched the children laugh and run beside their parents.

Then a little girl's mother gently approached Mrs. Roy.

"Ma'am, shall we take a photograph together?"

Mrs. Roy looked at the child and whispered,
"My daughter should have been here."

The mother held her hand.

"Maybe she is... in a way. Because someone like her gave my daughter this life."

Mrs. Roy's eyes filled with tears.

After a long silence, she smiled.

"Yes. Let's take one."

The camera clicked.

That evening, Mr. Roy took their old camera out of the drawer and placed it on the table.

For the first time in five years, the camera was ready to capture a new memory.

Some lives leave us too soon. But the love they leave behind can become someone else's tomorrow.



We are extremely sorry for the *story break*

Our vision is bigger than the transplant.



Our work will extend to organ-health awareness, chronic disease prevention, rural outreach, rehabilitation, research, education of health care professionals and other life-saving healthcare initiatives.

Because every life deserves care—not only when it is critically ill, but long before.

Every **transplant** **carries** two stories.

One Heart
Rests.



Another
Heart Beats.

That is why organ donation is more than donation

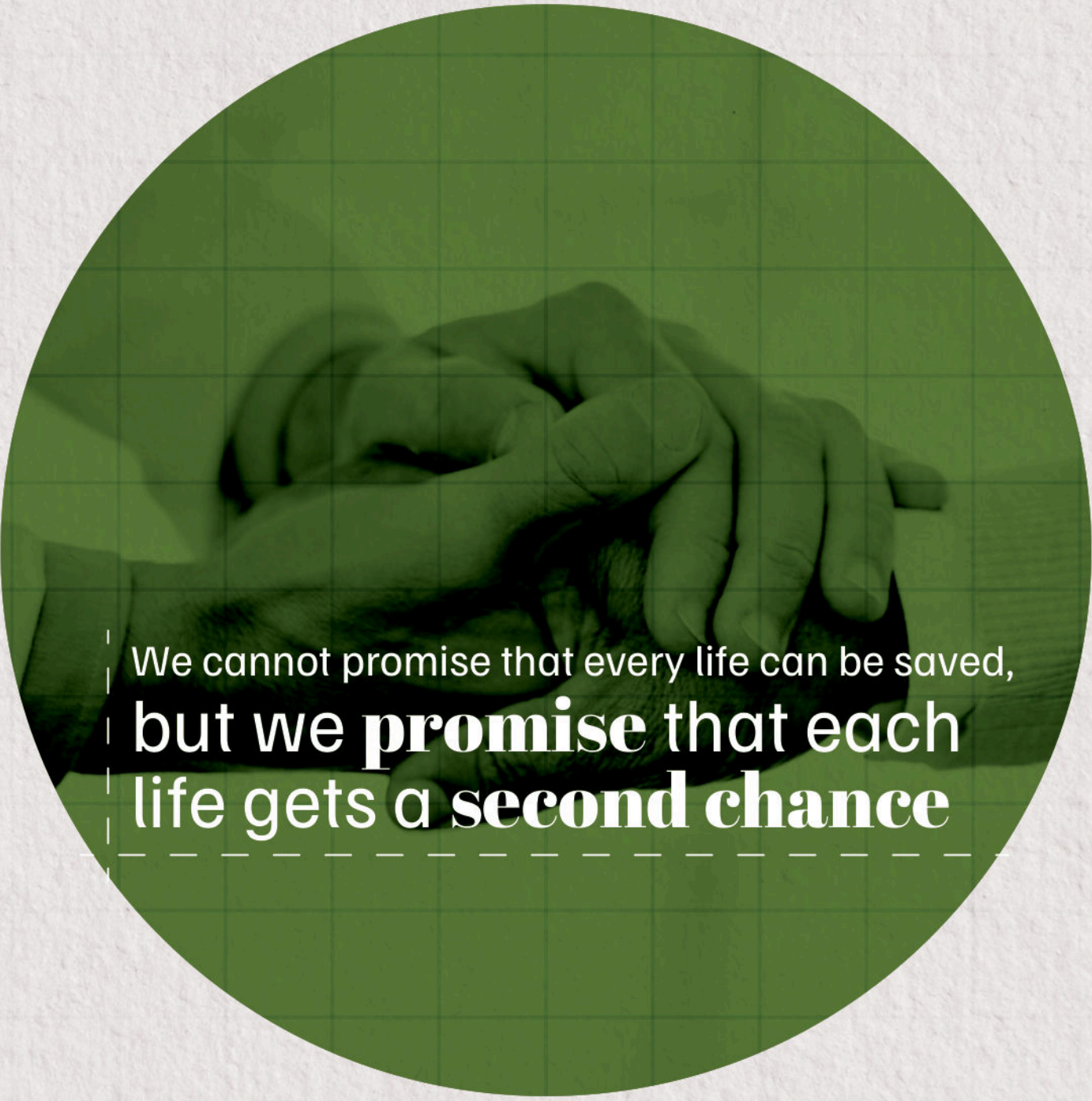
It is compassion.

It is continuity.

It is legacy.

It is hope.**

*And it is perhaps the greatest gift
one human being can leave behind.*



We cannot promise that every life can be saved,
but we **promise** that each
life gets a **second chance**



Miles to Go

The village road was almost empty.

A few scooters passed by, raising little clouds of dust. Riya sat quietly by the roadside, staring at the long road disappearing into the distance.

Her mother came and sat beside her.

“What happened, Riya? Why are you worried?”

Riya remained silent for a moment. Then she asked the question she had been asking for the last four years.

“Mama... who gave me the liver? Who saved me? And why did he or she save me?”

Her mother was speechless once again.

“We may never know, my child. Maybe God... or perhaps an angel... came that night and saved five lives.”

Her eyes filled with tears.

But she soon returned to reality, gently held Riya’s hand and said, “Come home. I have to make food.”

Riya suddenly pulled her hand away.

“I want to go to school.”

Her mother looked at her, astonished.

“What?”

“Yes, Mama. You heard me right.”

Riya looked down the long road.

“Maybe it was God’s wish... or that angel’s wish.”

She smiled.

“I have to go. I still have miles to go.”

She was given an organ. But what she received was much more—a second chance, a dream, and miles yet to go.



We are extremely sorry for the *story break*



One Life. **Another Chance.**

| But we can promise that we will ensure that no deserving life
| is lost simply because help was beyond reach.

A child returning to school.

A mother returning home.

A father returning to work.

A family celebrating again.

A Dream Continuing.

This is what a gift of life can mean.

Eternal Gift Foundation

One Gift. Boundless Hope.



ETERNAL GIFT
— FOUNDATION —
• ONE GIFT, BOUNDLESS HOPE •

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