

**Submitted to IDB by Dorothy Sorden**

**Letter #1**

**November 2010**

**Dear Sirs:**

**Here is the answer to your request to send you the story of my “seeing” life.**

**When attending grade school, I knew I was not able to see what was written on the blackboard from my desk. As there was no money to obtain eyeglasses for me, and I’m sure my teachers realized this, I was permitted to walk to the blackboard and copy the information and test questions. As I read well, and learn easily there was never any problem of being able to “make” my grades.**

**When I was about high school age, one time when standing at the back of a church, I tried on another girl’s glasses. I was able to read the attendance chart hanging in the front of the church. That was the first that I realized what I should be able to see that I couldn’t see.**

**After finishing school, I obtained a paying job. It was then that I had my eyes tested and obtained glasses. My eyes changed very little over the years, and I did not have to have new lenses very often. I continued in this way until about ten years ago when I was diagnosed as having macular degeneration.**

**Eventually, my eyeglasses did not help me see, so I could no longer pass my driving test. By now I was a widow, living alone doing my own work. This created a problem for my family and neighbors. So at age 94, I have moved to an assisted living apartment that is attached to a care center. Here, the cleaning of heavy laundry and two meals a day are taken care of, and we are invited to attend the activities that are provided in the care center.**

**At some time, while I was living alone, someone must have given your organization my name, because a young lady who represented you called on me, giving me information and answering my questions. She provided me with the white cane and the machine that reads "book tapes" to me. Also, through the University of Iowa eye clinic, I purchased a T.V. sized reading light that enables me to read, write letters, take care of my own business, and to even do a little sewing by hand.**

**Could I make a suggestion? I know that the lights are expensive, but if your commission could in some way help persons who need them to obtain one, it would be a wonderful thing for that person.**

**I hear well, am in excellent physical health and feel that I am more or less mentally alert. Seeing colors is a problem, but if someone hangs my clothes together that are to be worn together, I can manage. I appreciate the fact that you choose and send me the tapes that I read.**

**For exercise I walk daily outside when the weather is good, and in our hall when it isn't. I enjoy listening to the radio (especially the Iowa football games), have a good family and enjoy people, like to play cards and I do have a few T.V. programs that I like.**

**Sincerely,**

**Dorothy Sorden**

**P.S. – When you asked for a letter you didn't know that I was going to write a book, did you? Also, most of all, I am thankful to the Lord for all the good things He has provided in my life.**

**Submitted to IDB by Dorothy Sorden  
Letter #2  
November 2010**

**Dear --,**

**I enjoyed sharing my “seeing” experiences with you. The services we received from your commission are most gratefully received.**

**I think I told you most of the things I remember. Did I tell you that I enjoy my white cane for several reasons? I know that the people I meet see it and realize that I do not see well. Also I carry it to help maintain my balance at curbs and when liking on surfaces that e not level. I do not know what the white stick is for. If I asked, I do not remember that answer.**

**Also, I did not tell you the circumstances under which I bought my first glasses because I knew I had done wrong. Anyway, I was driving home from a city one-hundred miles distant from where I loved, two young women accompanied me. We were all married to U.S. Navy Sailors, who were away on a cruise. It was one-thirty in the morning, in a residential area about three blocks from my home. I was tired and did not stop my car at a boulevard stop sign (not a red light). Unfortunately, there was a cop, with a ticket in his hand, lurking in the area. I did not have a driver’s license and knew that I could not pass the test for one without glasses. So, I acquired eyeglasses, took the test and**

**received a valid license before the date that I was to appear in court with the ticket. Never was I asked about a driver's license, and never did I volunteer any information.**

**That is the only brush I have had with the law except for a citation (not a ticket) that I received years later for driving too fast on a rural highway. Thankfully, I drove from the time I was eighteen years old until I had to stop without ever being involved in an accident.**

**Again, Sincerely,**

**Dorothy Sorden**