Dear Recipient,

My name is Samantha. I'm Dorsey's daughter. I have a sister named Ashlee, and our mom is Nicole. I don't know your name, and I don't know anything about you, but I know something incredibly important about you now—you carry a piece of my dad with you.

My dad, Dorsey, was only 50 years old when we lost him.

He passed away on June 29th, 2026, at 10:08 PM

I still struggle to write those words.

My dad was a firefighter. He was also a social worker in a nursing home. He spent his life helping people. Whether it was running toward someone else's emergency, sitting beside someone who needed compassion, or simply being the person his family could count on, helping people was a part of who he was.

And somehow, even after his life ended, he was still helping someone.

That someone is you.

I want you to know how unbelievably strange and beautiful it feels to think about that.

On June 28th, just one day before he died, my dad and my mom, Nicole, were at Walmart together. And honestly, that alone makes me smile because Walmart was not exactly my dad's favorite place. He was a HUGE online shopper. If he could order something from his phone and have it show up at his house, he was probably going to do that instead.

But that day, he went to Walmart because he needed a coffee pot for his office. He didn't like the coffee at work, so apparently a new coffee pot was important enough to actually make him leave the house and go shopping.

It was such an ordinary day.

My mom was there with him.

They were just shopping.

None of us knew that it would be the last normal day we would ever have with him.

While they were there, my dad suddenly collapsed.

He was taken to the hospital, and that's when our entire world changed.

We found out that he had something called an aortic dissection. It caused a stroke, and the damage to his arteries was too severe for the doctors to repair.

We wanted them to fix him.

We wanted our dad back.

We wanted my mom to be able to take him home.

We wanted my sister and me to get more time with our dad.

But we couldn't.

On June 29th at 10:08 PM my dad died.

There is no way to explain what it feels like to lose your father unexpectedly. One moment you're worrying about something as ordinary as a coffee pot, and the next you're trying to understand how the person who has always existed in your life is suddenly gone.

My sister Ashlee and I lost our dad.

My mom lost her husband; they were each other's first boyfriend and girlfriend. Their 30th wedding anniversary is in October.

Our family lost someone who can never be replaced.

But then we were told that my dad had the opportunity to be an organ and tissue donor.

And somehow, in the middle of the worst thing that has ever happened to our family, there was a small piece of light.

My dad's corneas were donated.

They went to you.

I don't know what your life looked like before receiving them. I don't know if you struggled to see the faces of the people you love, if you couldn't see clearly, or what this gift means to you personally.

But I hope you know this:

Those eyes belonged to a man who spent his life helping people.

A firefighter.

A social worker.

A husband.

A father.

A friend.

A man who apparently couldn't stand his workplace coffee enough to make a special trip to Walmart for a coffee pot.

A man who had no idea, when we walked into Walmart that day, that he would soon be giving someone the ability to see.

My dad never got to know you.

He never got to know that a part of him would continue on in someone else's life.

But I get to know that now.

And that means more to me than I can put into words.

Sometimes I wonder what it would be like if you could see the world through his eyes.

Maybe you'll see a beautiful sunrise.

Maybe you'll look at the people you love.

Maybe you'll see something completely ordinary—a cup of coffee, a Walmart parking lot, a family sitting around a table—and you'll never know that somewhere inside that moment is a piece of my dad.

And maybe that's the part of this that brings me comfort.

Because I can't see my dad anymore.

I can't call him.

I can't hear his voice.

I can't watch him walk through the door.

I can't make another memory with him.

But you can see.

And because of him, you can see.

I hope you live a beautiful life.

I hope you see things that take your breath away.

I hope you look at the people you love and never take their faces for granted.

I hope you see sunsets, Christmas lights, little moments, big moments, and all the ordinary things that we don't realize are precious until they're gone.

And when you do, I hope you remember that somewhere behind that gift is a 50-year-old man named Dorsey who loved his family, served other people, fought fires, cared for people in a nursing home, hated his work's coffee, and went to Walmart one ordinary day with my mom to buy a coffee pot.

That ordinary day became the last day of his life.

But it didn't become the end of his ability to help people.

Because my dad gave you something.

He gave you sight.

And as his daughter, I want to say something that I never got the chance to say to him:

I'm proud of you, Dad.

Even in death, you found a way to help someone.

So please, take care of the gift he left you.

Use it to see the world.

Use it to see the people you love.

Use it to experience every beautiful thing you possibly can.

Because every time you open your eyes, there is a little piece of Dorsey still seeing the world with you.

And for a daughter who would give anything to have her dad back, knowing that part of him is still here—still helping, still giving, still allowing someone to see—is something I will carry with me for the rest of my life.

And I want you to know something else.

There is absolutely no pressure for you to write back to us. You don't owe my family a response, an explanation, or anything at all. If you choose to write, we would be grateful to hear from you, but if you don't, we completely understand.

There is no bitterness in our hearts. We don't look at you and see someone who took something from us. We see someone who was given a part of our dad—a gift he chose to leave behind.

If anything, we hope knowing that his corneas helped you brings you the same comfort that it brings us.

You may never know me.

You may never know Ashlee or my mom Nicole.

But we'll always know you.

Because you are now a part of my dad's story.

And my dad is a part of yours.

With love,

Samantha, Nicole and Ashlee