

Dear Friends,

Sweet potatoes used to be my favorite. Since being diagnosed, they just don't work for me. The math doesn't math. Which is a strange thing to say about a vegetable—but that's how type 1 diabetes works.

A few weeks ago, I was sitting at dinner with my friends. Everyone else was deciding what they wanted to eat. I was doing something a little different. I was calculating what would happen.

How many carbs are in this?  
How quickly will it hit my system?  
Am I already trending high?  
Will I still be okay an hour from now?

It probably looked like I was just taking a minute to decide. But before I do anything, I have to think about it. And sometimes I wonder how many of the decisions I make are actually my preference— and how many are just the most diabetes-friendly option.

Before I eat.  
Before I go to sleep.  
Before I exercise.

Some of you may know me from my yoga ambassador baskets over the years—or as a bit of a Yonder Yoga regular. Like most things in my life, my yoga hobby isn't random—it's part of how I manage my type one. Exercise isn't something I just decide to do. It's something I plan for, adjust for, and manage the entire time I'm doing it.

From the outside, things look more advanced than ever—and that's because of research funded by people like you. I wear devices that track my blood sugar in real time and deliver insulin automatically. But even with all of that, nothing is automatic.

Every number still requires a decision.  
Every decision carries a consequence.

And that mental load doesn't just belong to me. It belongs to my family, too. They check in, follow numbers, and step in when something doesn't look right. They carry this with me in ways most people never have to think about for someone they love.

As I get ready to leave for college next year, I've started to realize how precious my time with my family is— and how much of it diabetes has taken from us. How many times have I sent a picture of a ripped-off pump instead of a selfie trying on a homecoming dress?

We have made real progress. But we haven't solved the problem. A cure would.

A cure would mean going to sleep without wondering what will happen overnight.

It would mean my family doesn't have to carry this with me every day.

It would mean that my life—and theirs—can finally run on something other than constant calculation.



So I'm asking you to be part of that.

To invest in the research that moves us closer to a cure.

To help take this burden off families like mine.

To help make a life without type 1 diabetes possible.

To Fund A Cure.

Presence at the Hope Gala is meaningful, but progress depends on participation beyond the ballroom. Even if you can't be at the gala with us on May 2, you're still part of this effort! Your support fuels the research that changes what's possible – for me, and for every family living with type 1 diabetes!

Sincerely,

*Connelly Hockin*

Connelly Hockin  
2026 Fund A Cure Speaker

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### DONATE TODAY!

Fund A Cure donations are 100% tax deductible and may be made via the QR code, online at [bit.ly/2026HopeGala](https://bit.ly/2026HopeGala), through a donor advised fund, stock transfer, or check made out to Breakthrough T1D mailed to:

**Breakthrough T1D Georgia Chapter**  
**PO Box 1551**  
**Hagerstown, MD 21741-1551**



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There's still time to join us! Visit [bit.ly/2026HopeGala](https://bit.ly/2026HopeGala) for more information.