T1Zine Support

DHF

Emma C

Welcome!

to the second edition of T1Zine!

Around the time of my 27th diaversary, a diabuddy suggested the theme for this zine: support. This theme was fitting, as I had been reflecting a lot on my diagnosis.

Sometimes, I get into a bit of a funk when I realize that chronic illnesses like diabetes don't go away. I know that is a given but it can be a **h e a v y** feeling. Having a solid support system and relationship with yourself, heck, even a good immune system, is essential to managing life with diabetes.

Support can come in many forms, and this zine beautifully showcases that sentiment. We are observant, we show up for ourselves, and we need others to step up in certain situations. Those who get it, get it (and thank you for all the unconditional love and support).

Thank you to all the diabuddies who helped put this zine together! I appreciate you and your stories!

To everyone reading this, may you get flowers on your diaversary, have someone accompany you on a walk when your numbers are spiking, remove your pump tubing from a door knob like a meet-cute in a rom-com, or experience whatever your love language is!

Sincerely,
Rav,
Zine Editor

Thank you!

to our talented *(and supportive)* contributors!

Aastha Relan

Abbi Cloth

Athina Woldemichael

Emily Seabrook

Emma Cloutier

Heather Janine

Kieran Thordarson

Mikaela Williams

Nathaniel Kinghan

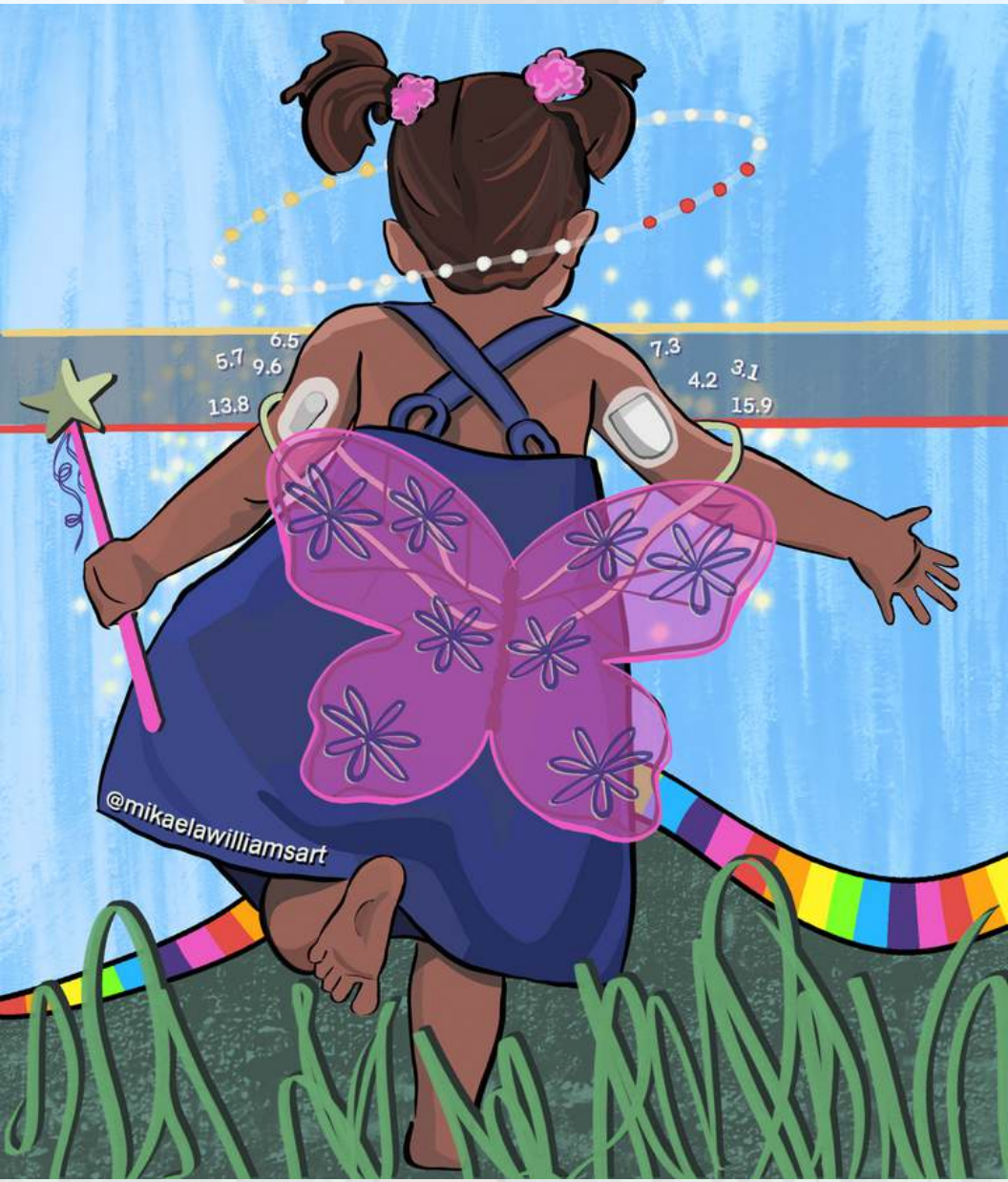
Rav Samra

Vivian Bruce

Back of My Mind

T1D is always the first priority in my mind, no matter what else is going on around me. The reality of having fun experiences while also feeling slightly stressed due to all of the additional things us T1Ds have to take into account.

Heather Janine



Mikaela Williams

Little Superhero Wings

This digital painting was inspired by a little girl I used to babysit a couple years ago named Minty. Living with type 1 diabetes, she had the Dexcom on one arm, the Omnipod on the other. She loved running and rolling down hills, swimming in the lake, and basically everything else she saw her older brother do (which was always full of adventure). Her parents explained to me their struggle of keeping the technology on as she played and how they finally had to turn to wrapping her arms in layers of rainbow duct tape - it was the only thing that worked. She called them her superhero wings because “they’re what keep me strong and healthy so I don’t have to stop my awesomeness as much.”

In this artwork, the butterfly wings slipping off her shoulders reflect the delicate balance between childhood freedom and the responsibility of managing an invisible condition like type 1 diabetes. The hovering circle above her symbolizes the constant presence of diabetes in her life, always in the background, even when she’s lost in moments of imagination and play.

The rainbow duct tape represents support: from the technology that gave her more freedom to enjoy her childhood, to her parents and healthcare team who were by her side every step of the way. It symbolizes the creativity, resilience, and love that held everything together, allowing Minty to focus on what she loved most: being a kid.

Mikaela Williams

The TID community I've met along the way

Supported Until I Was 5

A switch flipped, and all of a sudden, my T cells didn't recognize my Beta cells anymore. I imagine it happened like this:

One day, my T cells, big brawny guys all named Tee, were marching up and down my immune system as always, when they noticed an unfamiliar cell coming over. The stranger smiled at the Tees the way a coworker does, not a care in the world.

"Hey guys," it said. "Working hard or hardly workin'?"

Then it laughed and tried to get into the immune system. One Tee stopped it.

"Who are you?" it demanded.

The stranger looked surprised. "Are you kidding? It's me, Beta!"

Tee exchanged glances with the other Tees, who all shook their heads and shrugged. None of them had ever seen Beta before. They all frowned and barricaded the entrance to the immune system together. Whoever it claimed to be, Beta must have been a virus.

Beta looked confused now, and a bit annoyed. “Guys, come on. This isn’t funny.”

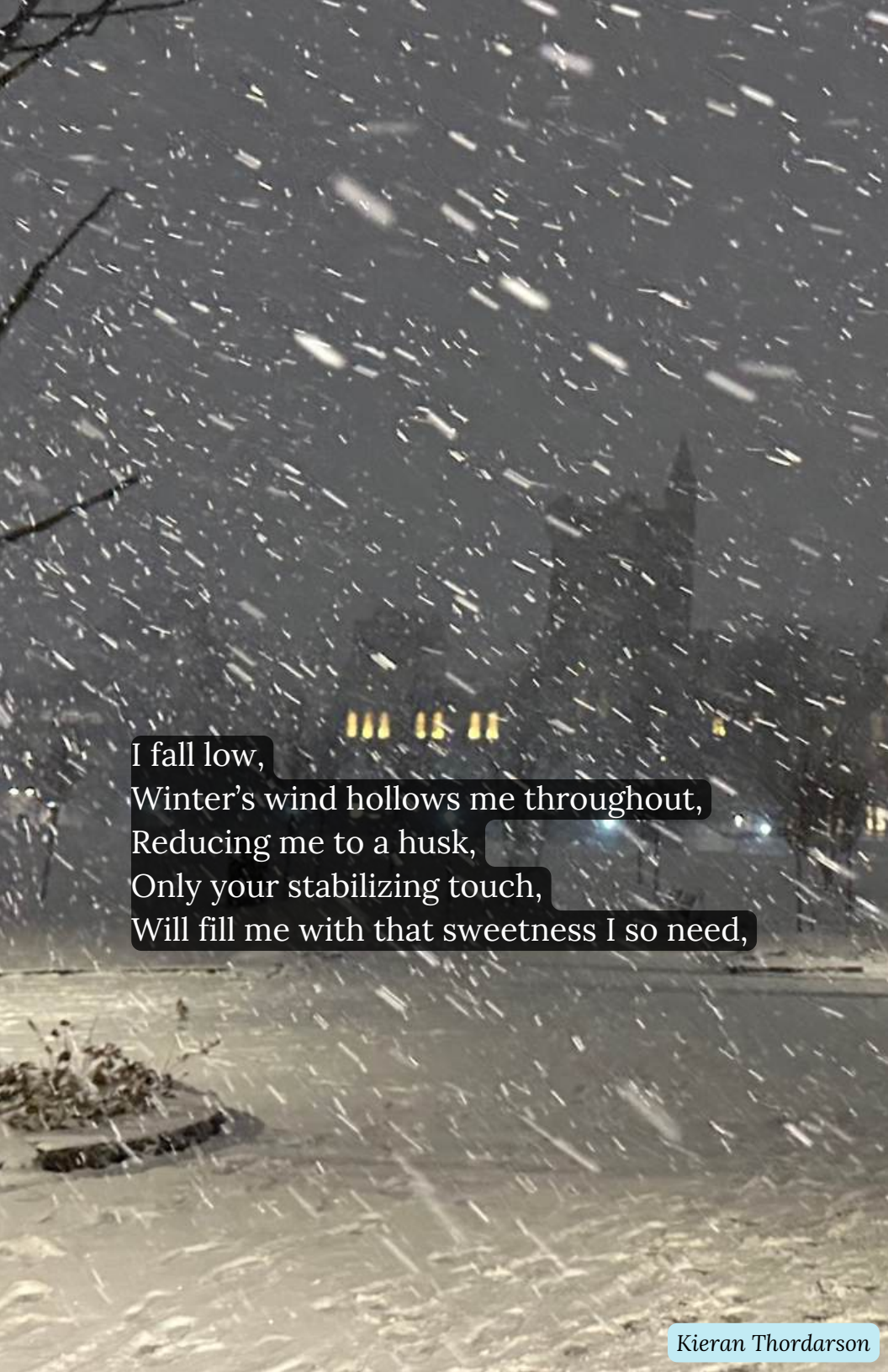
Beta was scared but knew it had a job to do. It and the other Betas had to transport the glucose from the immune system all around the body in the insulinmobile.

“Please, let me in,” Beta begged. “I gotta ship the glucs, or I’ll get fired. Please, I really need this job.” The Tees immediately killed it.

“Phew, that was a close one,” the Tees sighed, relieved.

And then they killed all the other Beta cells, thinking they were saving my life.

However, by “protecting” my body, they were actually destroying it. Maybe they were trying to support me, in their own way. Who knows. All I know is they ruined my life.


I fall low,
Winter's wind hollows me throughout,
Reducing me to a husk,
Only your stabilizing touch,
Will fill me with that sweetness I so need,
Kieran Thordarson

Aastha Relan

Disney Friends Offer Support


Shout out
To My
B
R
o a
s
for housing my pump because I didn't want to be extra and ask for pockets.
Rav Samra

Splenda Cookies

Splenda cookies taste like love
Just-right Not-quite-right
Cool aftertaste
Booty in a red tin treasure chest
Marked not with an X
But with sharpie on white masking tape
2 carbs
Numbers taste like love too

When I was toddler-stumbling
Through teenaged life
With red blood on my fingers
And sharp pens in a blue case
Not-cry crying in restaurants
Overheated with numbers
While my food got cold

Dinners made
For me
1 Cutting board
1 Knife
2 Medium bowls
2 Large pots
1 Spreadsheet
1 Scale
1 Calculator
Tasted like love

Even when I became bionic
Tubes buttons sensors
Small screen dots
Show plunging
Sugars
Beep
Beep beep
Alarming until
With a juice box
Sucked dry in seconds
They climb again to normal

That bun is about 40 carbs
You can guess for the vegetables
They won't be much
That should be about 19
Yes very high, it has molasses
I think this dinner should be about 45?
Spaghetti should be 85 like usual

Love

As I trained in my craft
Skilled Cyborg
Dispatched solo in the field
My eyes could scan
Familiar patterns of carb
The spreadsheets could stay unopened

But Splenda cookies still taste like love

Vivian Bruce

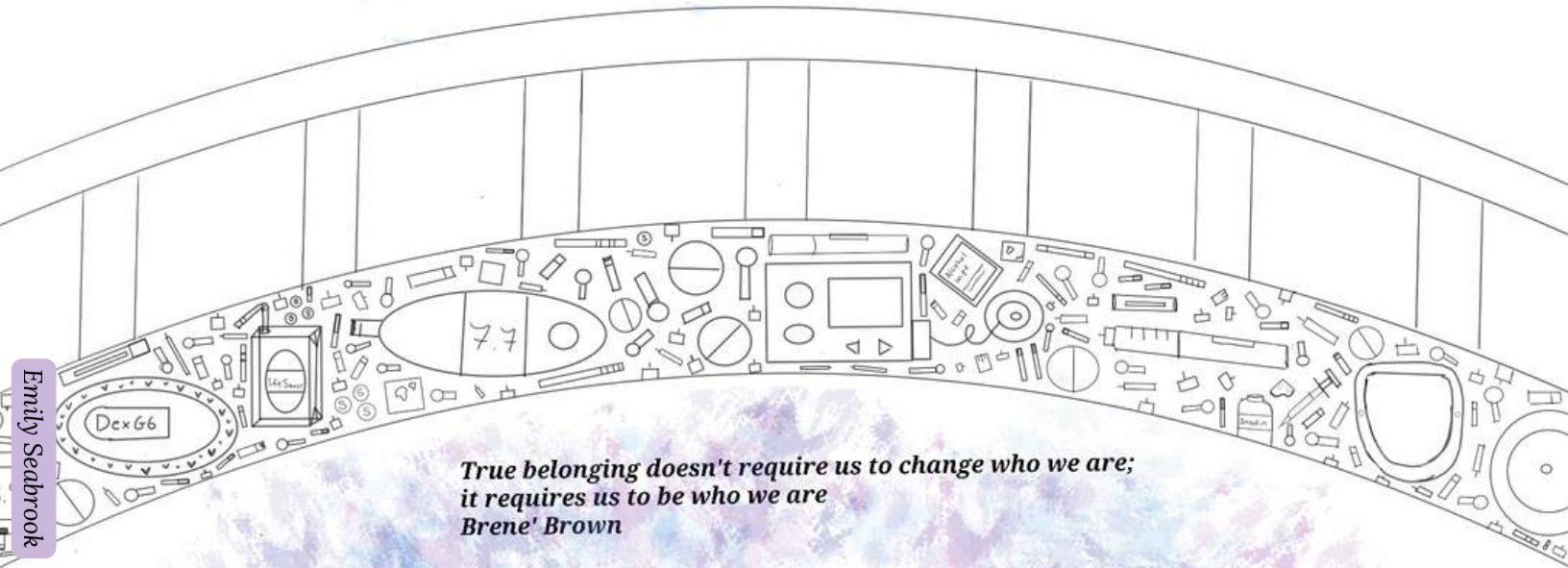
I do not want words,
For they alone cannot lift this life long weight,
Give me your present presence,
Your energy will give me strength,

Kieran Thordarson

POV: YOUR PANCREAS DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE ASSIGNMENT BUT YOU AND YOUR COMMUNITY DO

Aastha Relan

Bridge of Support



True belonging doesn't require us to change who we are;
it requires us to be who we are
Brene' Brown

Emily Seabrook

Before You Leave the House
(a frequent conversation)

Do you have your wallet?
Keys?
Phone?
Presto Card?

Yes, love.

Diabetes?

Always.

Nathaniel Kinghan

DHF DIABETES HOPE FOUNDATION

Transition Resources for Canadian Youth with T1D

www.diabeteshopefoundation.com