

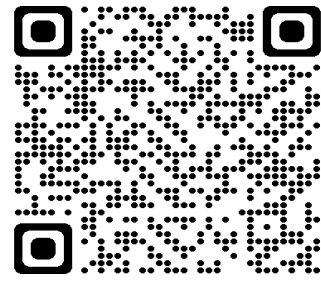
GENETIC TEST REPORT		
PHYSICIAN	PATIENT	SAMPLE
Account #: ZK188	Name: JACOBS, Linde DOB: 5/8/1988 Submitter ID(s): 13-012-004, 10714396	GeneDx Accession: 2326150 Date Collected: 8/13/2021 Date Received: 8/14/2021 Date Started: 8/16/2021 Date Reported: 9/2/2021 Source: OraCollect Buccal
TEST(S) REQUESTED		
MAPT Gene / Targeted Variant Testing		
CLINICAL INDICATIONS		
This individual's relative is reported to be heterozygous for the c.915+16 C>T variant in the MAPT gene. This individual is reported to be unaffected.		
RESULT(S): POSITIVE		
Gene	Mode of Inheritance	Variant
MAPT	Autosomal dominant	c.915+16 C>T p.S
Reference Sequence	Classification	Result
NM_005910.5	Pathogenic Variant	Heterozygous

INHERITING A LEGACY:

SOME LEGACIES ARE INHERITED; OTHERS ARE DEFINED BY HOW WE CHOOSE TO RESPOND

Author: Linde Jacobs, RN

lindejlee@gmail.com | www.CureMAPTFTD.org



INHERITING A LEGACY

In 2021, I was offered the voluntary opportunity to undergo genetic testing for the MAPT mutation that had devastated the lives of my mother and grandmother beginning in their 50s, as well my aunt and uncles. In September of 2021, just four weeks after my mom passed away, I received my own genetic test results — POSITIVE—confirming that I, too, inherited the legacy. I was absolutely gutted with the knowledge that my future would be robbed of FTD- just like my mom- the story of losing her legacy, will be my future. The trauma of watching my mother fade — of losing her piece by piece — suddenly shifted onto me. And all I could think about were my daughters...

Would they one day have to watch *me* disappear the same way I lost my mom? How could I do that to them? How could I protect them from something written into our DNA? But I made the decision — that if this disease was going to be part of my story, I was going to make it *mean* something. I wanted to start **Living a Legacy-creating something more to leave behind by how I choose to respond as opposed to what was inherited.**

RESPONDING TO THE LEGACY

For so long, I saw FTD only through a lens of loss. But after receiving my results, I realized how little I understood— even after living alongside FTD for most of my life. When my mother was sick, I didn’t care about science. I just wanted her back. But after my results, I began to hunger for knowledge — for any understanding that could help me forgive, prepare, or maybe even change the course of my story. By learning the science and the cause of her symptoms— for the first time, I started to be able to forgive her and myself for her journey. I also realized: If I wanted even the slightest chance for a different ending, I needed to be *part of the science* by immersing myself in research, giving my blood, my spinal fluid, my imaging data, my family history — whatever I could help move the field forward. Science, to me, isn’t cold or distant. It's a way to turn grief into understanding and purpose. People often tell me my family’s story is tragic. And I guess it is. But it’s also beautiful. It’s inspiring. And it’s mine. I wouldn’t be who I am today without having had FTD shape my life — without the lessons of love, loss, and resilience I was forced to learn. For that, I choose **gratitude**. And I choose **hope**. Because hope, for me, isn’t passive. **Hope is the fight — the relentless push forward until there is nothing left to give.**

