

Happy Harper

Grandpa Comes Home



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Illustrated by Fathima Hakkim

Harper wished she could
shrink the world.



She wanted to make it **smaller**
so her grandpa would live closer.

Sharing phone calls and photos with Grandpa was **fun**.
But Harper wanted to see his dark brown eyes **twinkle**
— and to giggle when he made
his bushy eyebrows **dance**.



"I want Grandpa here with us,"
Harper often told her parents.

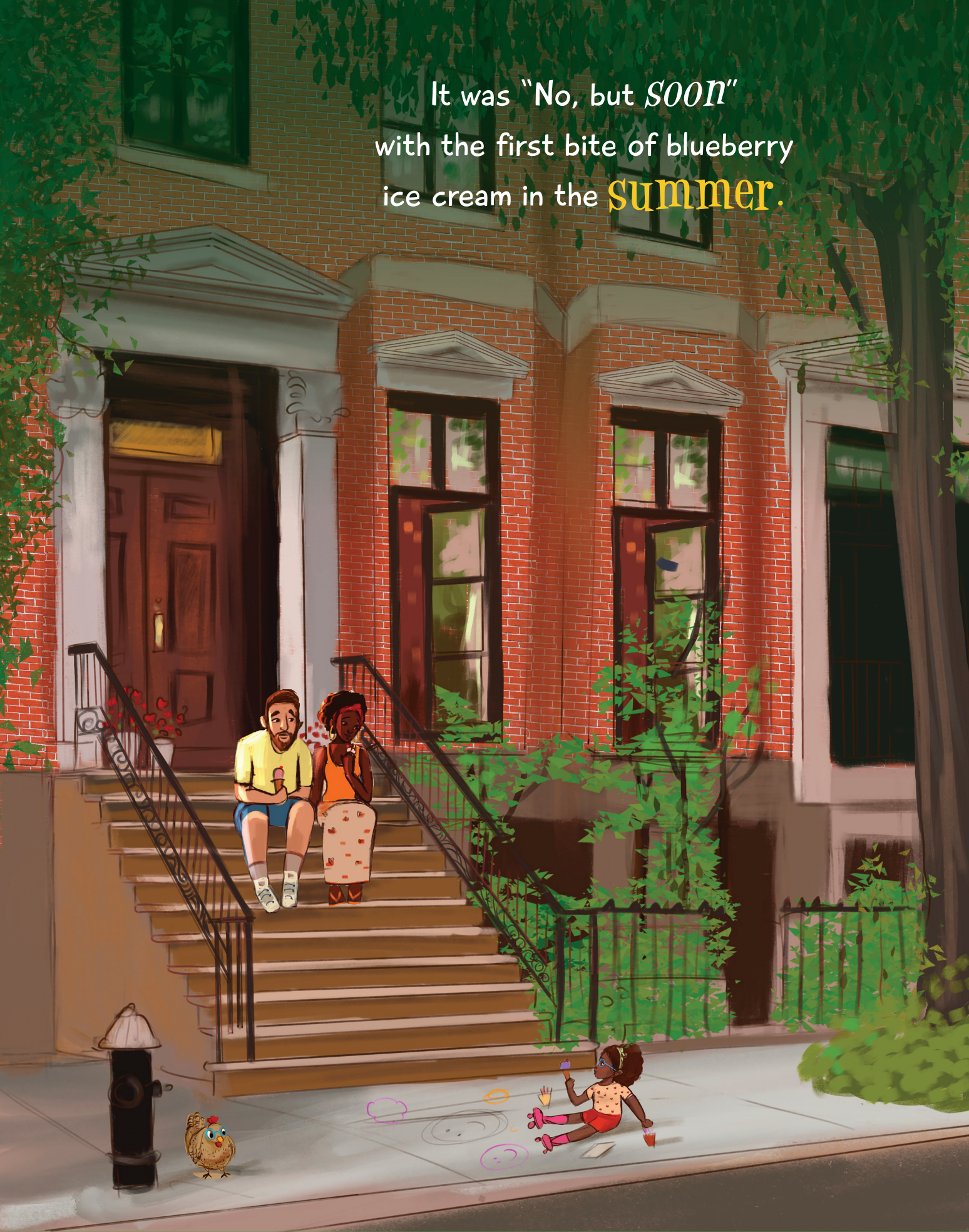


"Is Grandpa coming today?"
she asked almost every day.

The answer was "No, not yet"
when Harper picked dogwoods
with her parents in the **spring**.



It was "No, but *SOON*"
with the first bite of blueberry
ice cream in the **summer**.



It was “No, but don’t worry” when
the three of them splashed through
puddles in the **fall**.



And it was “No, but any day now” when
they tossed snowballs in the **winter**.





With each passing season,
Harper **dreamed** of the day
she would hug her grandpa.

This love story is a heartfelt thank you to my grandpa, Calixte, and to all the fathers, grandfathers, and father figures who sacrifice every day for their families. This is especially for those who are overlooked, disrespected, and disregarded by a world that measures a person's value by their net worth.

The world can never see their true value, but we do. It's in the way they provide stability, care, and comfort—even from a distance.

Happy Harper Grandpa Comes Home is dedicated to them: The immigrants, the "boat people," the janitors, the cab drivers, the cafeteria workers, the school bus drivers, the day laborers...to all of the ones who work hard, day in and day out, to invest in a better future for their children and grandchildren.

We see you.

We appreciate you.

We love you.