



Two Stars for Papa

A Gentle Story About Love,
Loss, and Remembering

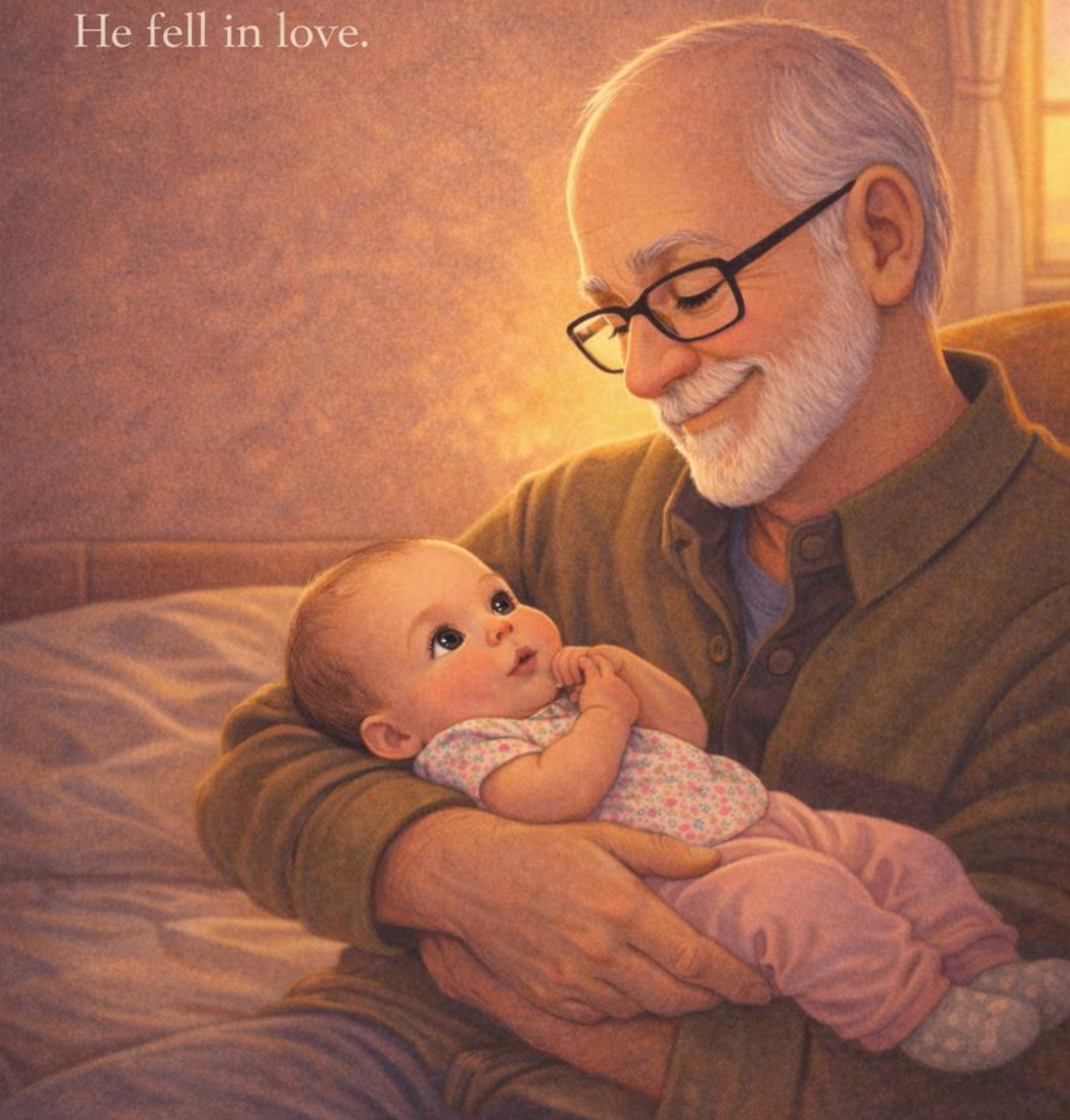
By Louis Iuppa

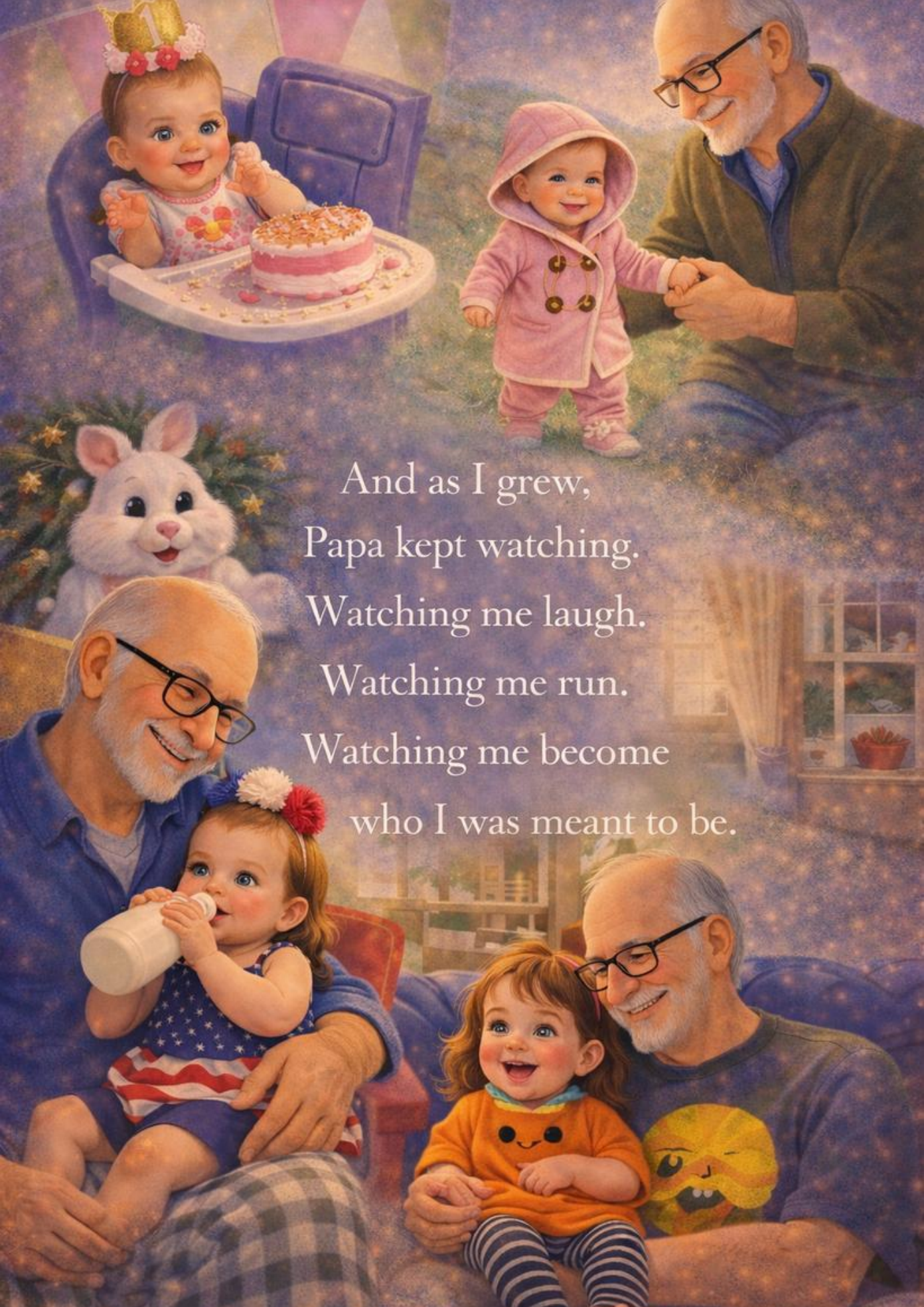
From the very first day I was born,
Papa was there.

He watched my tiny fingers curl around his.

He whispered my name.

He fell in love.





And as I grew,
Papa kept watching.
Watching me laugh.
Watching me run.
Watching me become
who I was meant to be.



There were movies and ice cream,
Recitals and birthday candles.
Halloween costumes and pajamas for Christmas,
Lake days, Beach sunsets,
Galaxy games and family dinners,
And sleepovers at Nana and Papa's house!

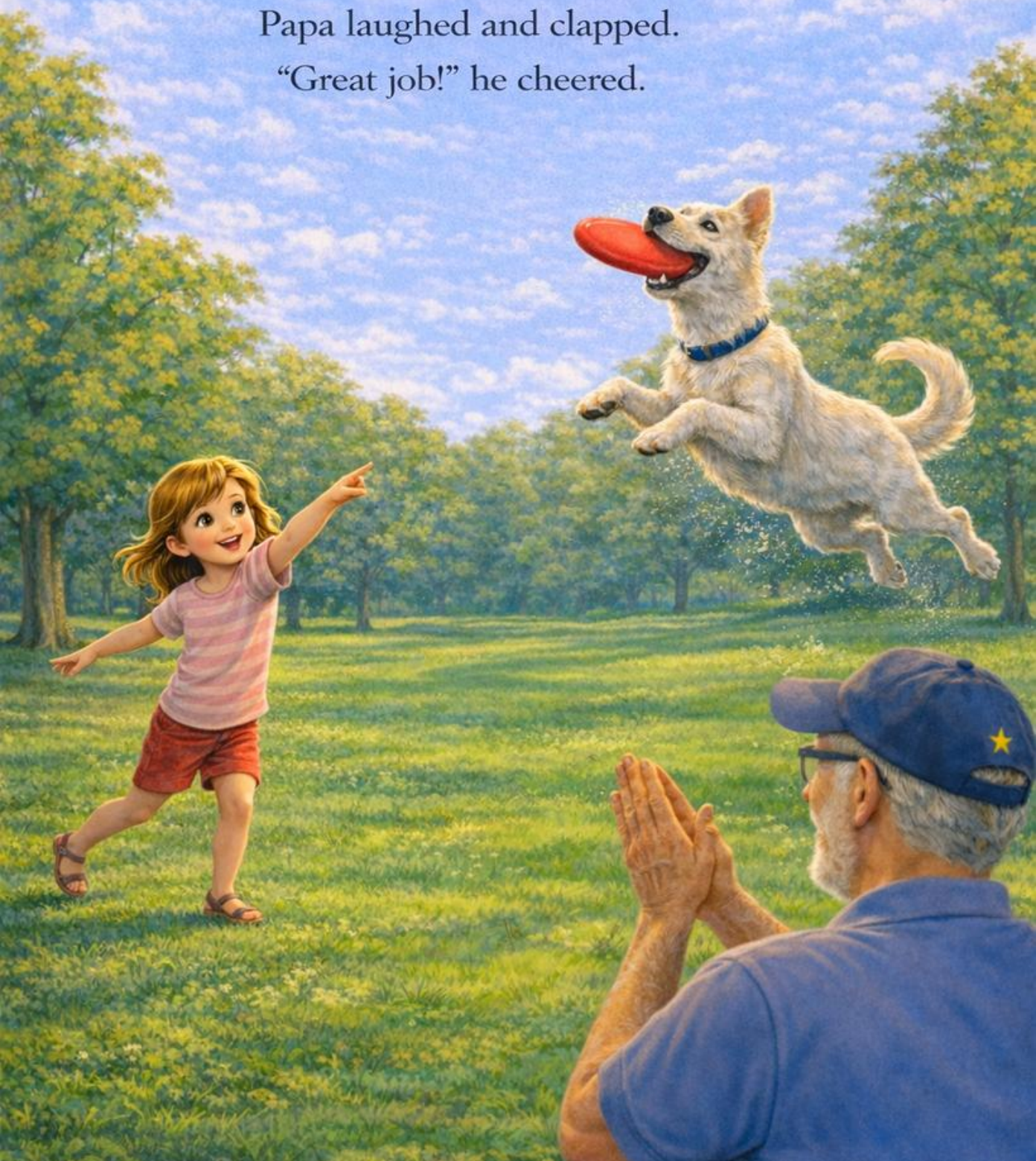
One day at the park,
Papa helped me throw the frisbee.

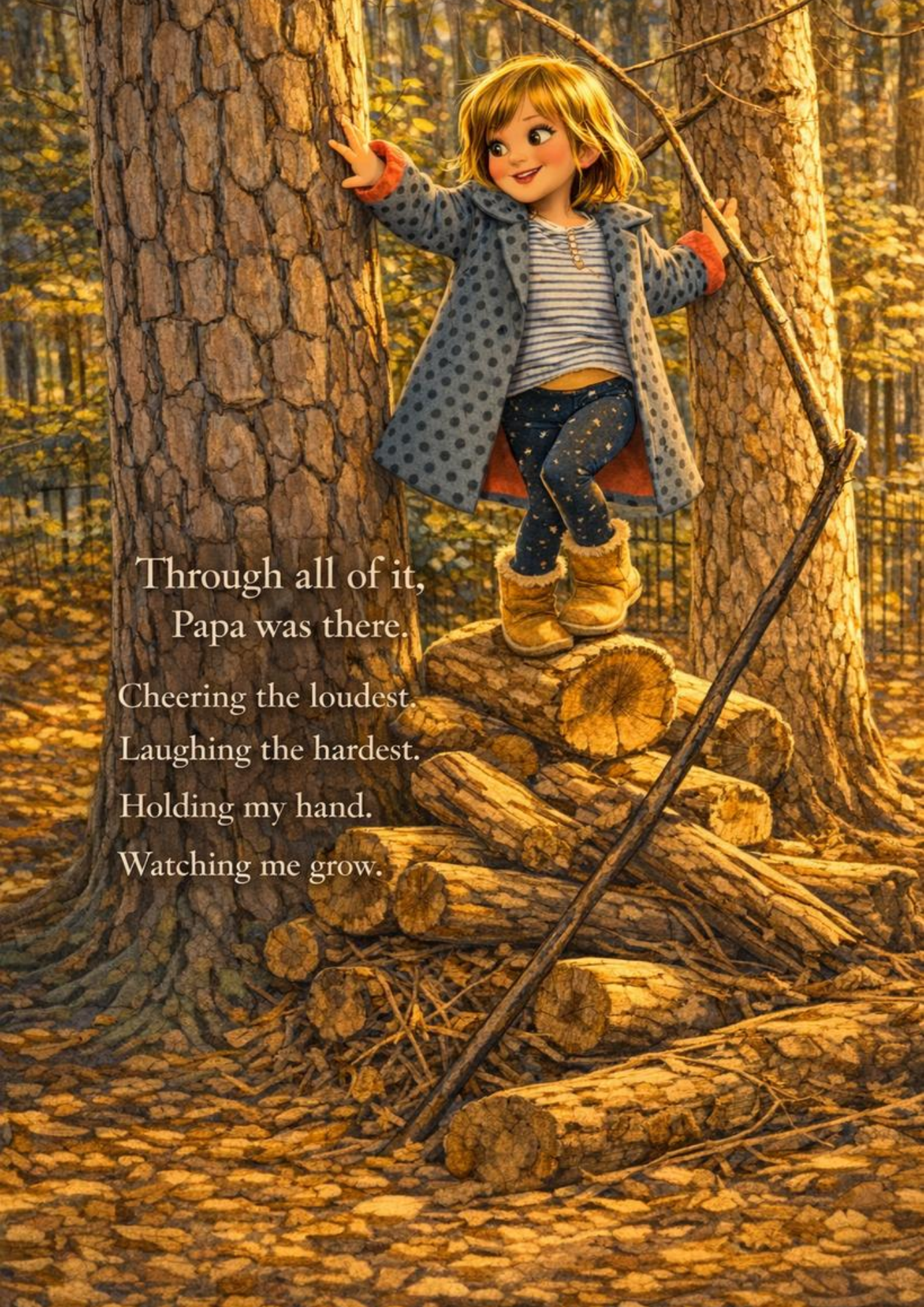
I tossed it up high.

Rocky jumped and caught it!

Papa laughed and clapped.

“Great job!” he cheered.





Through all of it,
Papa was there.
Cheering the loudest.
Laughing the hardest.
Holding my hand.
Watching me grow.

One day, something sad happened.
Rocky wasn't here anymore.
I asked, "Where did Rocky go?"





Papa held my hand.

“Rocky didn’t just disappear,” he said.

“Everything that lives is part of something big.

When bodies stop working, they change.

They are still here — just in a new way.

I thought about Rocky running and playing.
I could almost see him.



I looked at Papa and felt my heart squeeze.
“But what will I do when you’re not here?”
I asked.



Like Rocky, I'll be part of everything,
My love will be with you forever.
And you will be okay.



And when you are missing me,
go outside at night and pick two stars.
Those will be my eyes looking back at you.





One night, Papa went away.
I felt very sad.
I didn't know where he was.
I asked, "Where's Papa?"




I remembered what Papa said.



I looked up to pick two stars.

But something amazing happened.

The stars begin to glow brighter.

An illustration of an elderly man with white hair, a beard, and glasses, smiling and looking towards a young girl. The girl has brown curly hair and is wearing a blue and white striped shirt. She is standing with her arms outstretched, looking up at the stars. The background is a deep blue night sky filled with numerous bright, golden-yellow stars of varying sizes, creating a magical and dreamlike atmosphere.

For one tiny moment, I saw ALL the stars.
They were everywhere!

Above me.

Around me.

Even shining in my eyes.



It felt like the whole universe
was giving me a hug.



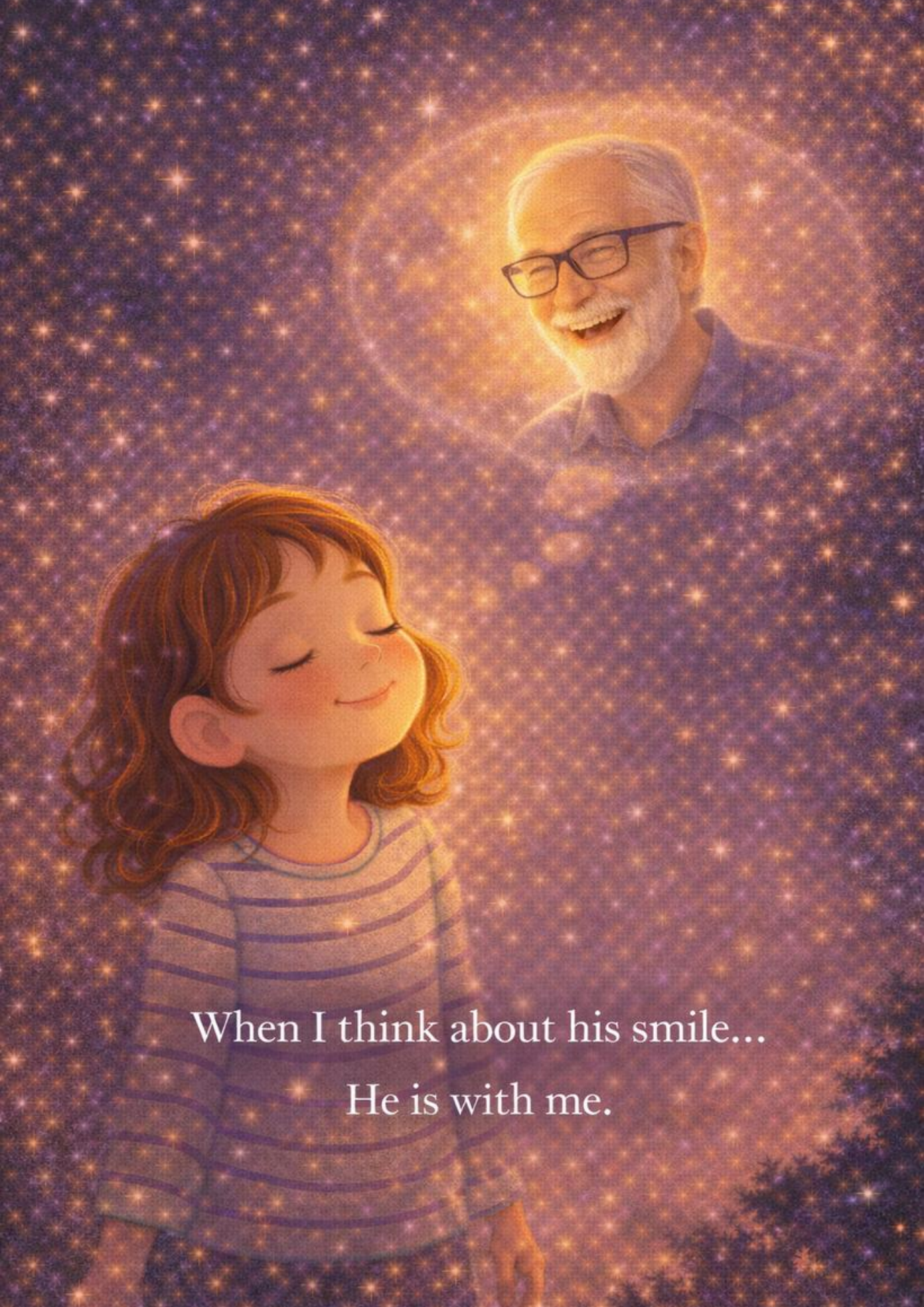
And then I understood.
Papa wasn't just two stars.

Papa was in ALL the stars.



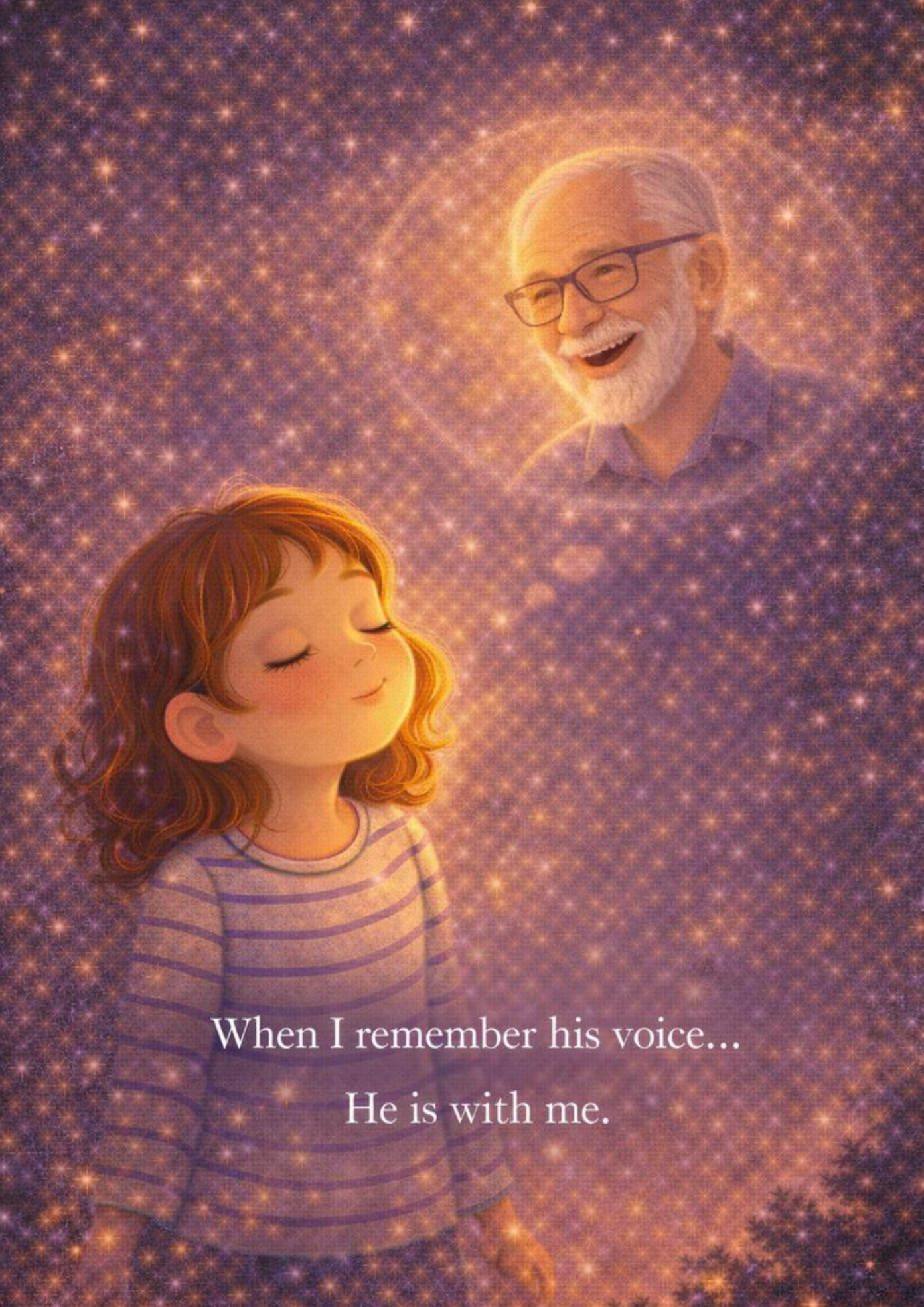


Papa was in the air I breathed.



When I think about his smile...

He is with me.



When I remember his voice...

He is with me.



When I feel love...

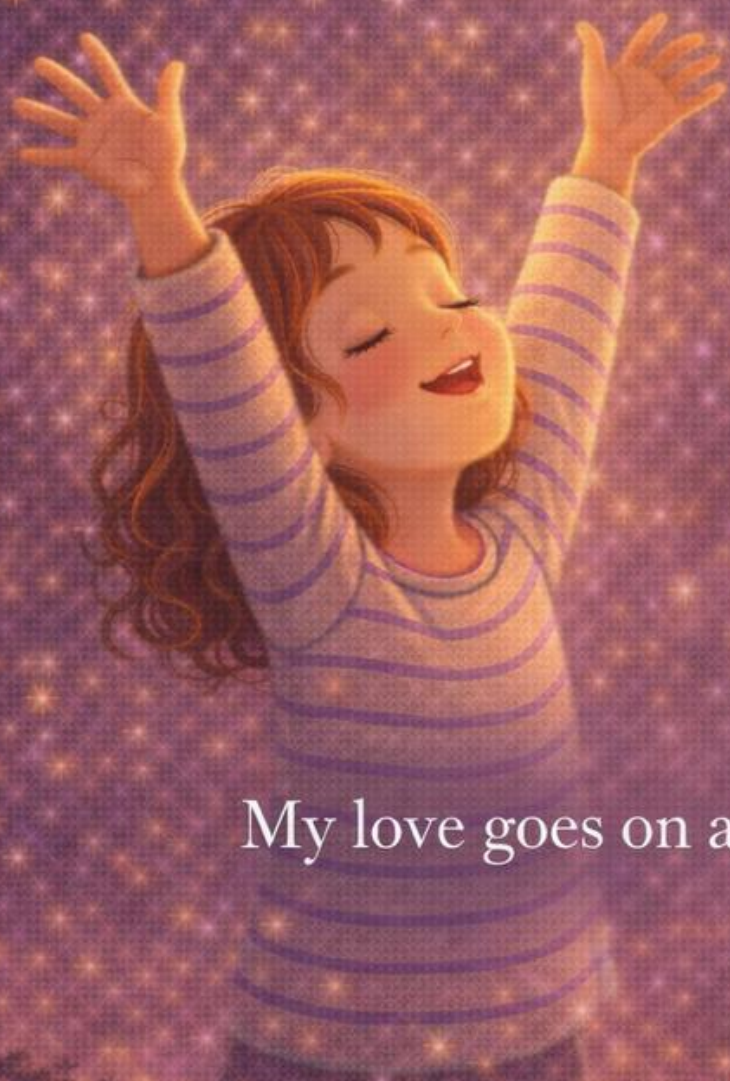
He is with me.

So where's Papa?



Papa is everywhere.





My love goes on and on, Papa...



He is part of the sky.

Part of the light.

Part of forever.



Now I carry
Papa in my heart.

When someone we love goes away,
they don't disappear.

They become part of everything.

And everything is connected.





And whenever
we remember them...



We touch the
universe together.

So if you ever ask, "Where's Papa?"

Look up.

Take a breath.

Feel the love.

Papa is everywhere.

All at once.



For



With all my love.

Love, _____

Date: _____

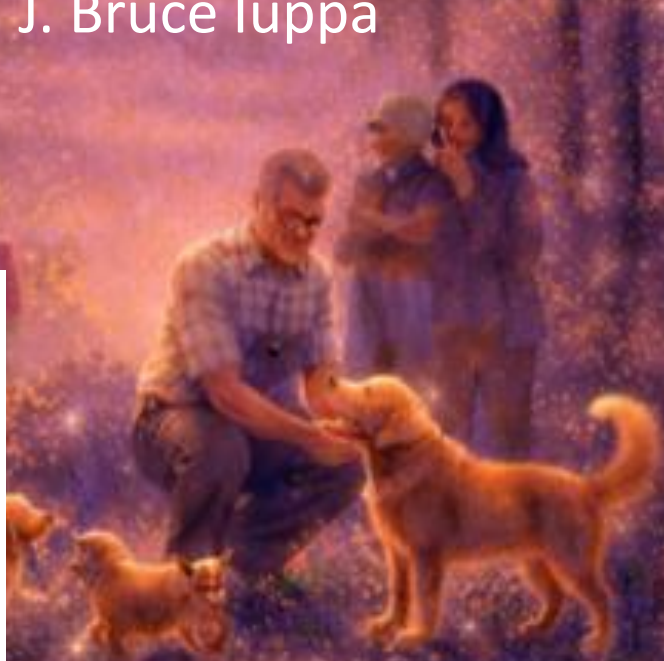


Louis Iuppa is a grandfather, storyteller, and first-time children's book author. *Two Stars for Papa* was written from the heart as a gentle way to help families talk about love, loss, and the special connections that never truly fade. Inspired by his own family, Louis hopes this story brings comfort, warmth, and meaningful conversations to children and the grown-ups who love them.

This is the story of my father's last lesson to me. As it turns out, it was a lesson for all of us...

“When you are missing me, go outside at night and pick two stars. Those will be my eyes looking back at you.”

— Dr. J. Bruce Iuppa



Two Stars for Papa – Why This Story Exists

This story began with my father's final words to me.

"When you are missing me, go outside at night and pick two stars. Those will be my eyes looking back at you."

Twenty-five years later, our granddaughter looked at her Nana and asked, "What will I do when you're gone?"

In that question, I heard the quiet fear so many children carry but don't always know how to express — and I knew this story needed to be written.

Two Stars for Papa was written to answer that question with love, comfort, and hope.

The mission is simple.

To freely share a story that helps children feel safe, remembered, and never alone, even when someone they love is no longer here.

If this story speaks to you, please share it. Only through sharing can it reach the families who need it most.

Together, we can place this story into the hands of children who may be quietly hurting — and remind them that love never truly leaves.

Louis Iuppa

twostarsforpapa.com

info@twostarsforpapa.com