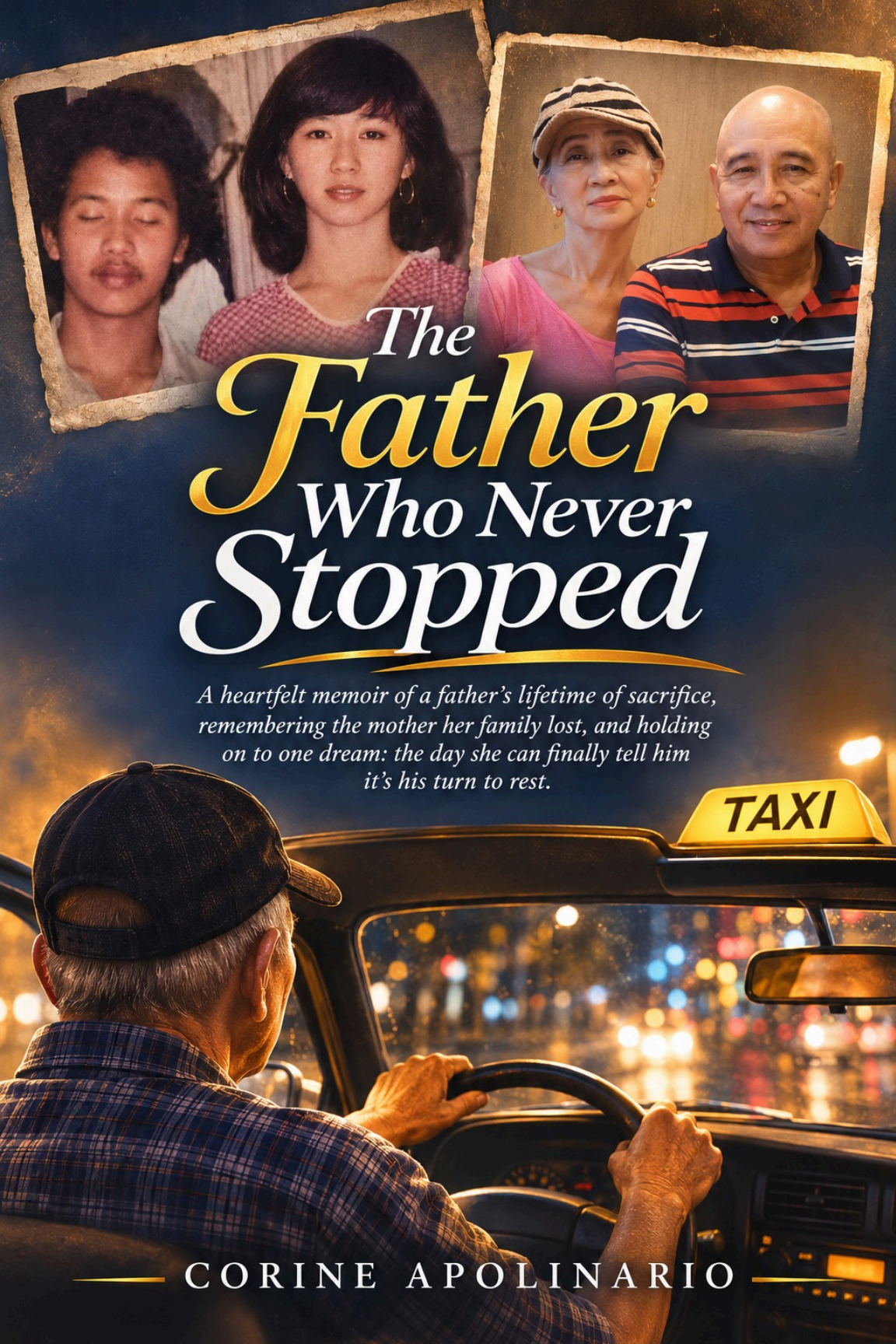

The
Father
Who Never
Stopped
A heartfelt memoir of a father's lifetime of sacrifice, remembering the mother her family lost, and holding on to one dream: the day she can finally tell him it's his turn to rest.
TAXI
CORINE APOLINARIO

THE FATHER WHO NEVER STOPPED



A Daughter's Love, a Father's Sacrifice, and the Rest I Hope to Give Him

CORINE APOLINARIO

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This memoir reflects the author's personal memories, thoughts, and feelings about her father. It is told from her perspective as his daughter.

First Edition, 2026

Dedication



To my Daddy,

The man who keeps working even as the years grow longer. *The man who keeps going when I wish he could finally set his burdens down and rest*.

I wish I could give you everything you need. I wish I could lift your worries, carry your load, and *give you the freedom to enjoy your days without working so hard*.

If I had the means, I would tell you to stay home, take care of yourself, and *let me worry about the things you have worried about for so many years*.

I cannot give you all of that today. But I hope that *one day I will look into your eyes* and say:

"Daddy, you have worked hard enough. It's time for you to rest. Let me take care of you now."

Until that day comes, I hope these pages remind you that your sacrifices are seen, your hard work is treasured, and *your daughter loves you more than words can hold*.

You have spent so much of your life working. *My greatest wish is that you will have more time to simply live.*

With all my love,
Your daughter, Corine

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INTRODUCTION

The Father Behind the Wheel



Some people measure a life by its milestones: a career, a house, the things they manage to own. When I think about my Daddy, *I measure his life by the work of his hands and the family those hands helped raise.*

Daddy is in his seventies, and he still drives a cab for more than eight hours a day. Before the cab, he was a family driver. He worked in our family business. He sold fruits. He helped run our small carinderia. *Every one of those jobs was a way to keep food on our table.*

My Mommy and Daddy raised four children, two girls and two boys. *Money was often short, but they never stopped trying.* My sister and I went to private school. My two brothers went to public school and finished their studies. All four of us grew up with parents who wanted us to have an education and a better chance in life.

There were times my parents had to borrow money to get us through. *They always paid it back.* I did not understand the weight of that as a child. I understand it now.

I am writing this book to honor the man behind the steering wheel. I want to remember the years of work that came before the cab, the love he shared with my mother, and the reasons I dream of giving him rest. I do not claim to know every thought he has carried. This is simply my story as his daughter: what I remember, what I have seen, and what I long to give back.

PART I

The Man Behind the Work



This first part of the book is about Daddy and the work that shaped his life. His job today is only the most recent chapter. Behind it are decades of different roles, **each one taken on for the same reason: his family needed him.**

These are ordinary experiences from one ordinary family. But they taught me what perseverance looks like, what an education costs, and **what it means to carry responsibility when there is never quite enough.**

CHAPTER 1

The Man Who Never Stopped



When I was young, I knew Daddy as the one who went to work. Work was simply part of family life. I did not yet understand *what it meant to keep earning a living year after year, with no end in sight.*

Now he is in his seventies, still driving a cab for more than eight hours a day, and *I see that routine with different eyes.*

Out on the street, Daddy is a friendly driver. He chats with his passengers and makes easy conversation with strangers who climb into his back seat. For the length of a ride, they get a little of his warmth. I like to think *some of them step out of his cab feeling a bit lighter than when they got in.*

But his days are long, and sometimes his nights are even longer. There are times he keeps driving until four in the morning. On those nights, I lie awake anxious and worried, picturing him alone on dark

roads, tired, while the rest of the city sleeps. *I cannot fully rest until I know he is safely home.*

Long hours on the road demand patience and focus. They leave little time for sleep. I worry about him. Not because I am ashamed of what he does, but because *I want his later years to be gentler than his earlier ones.*

It is easy to think of a parent as someone who will always keep going. Daddy has been dependable for so much of my life that I sometimes forget he can grow tired too. Getting older myself has reminded me that our parents need care as well. *Their strength does not mean they are made of stone.*

I do not know whether Daddy would want to stop working altogether. He is an independent man, and I want to respect that. What I hope for is that he will have enough security to choose how much he works, *instead of driving because he feels he has no choice.*

Watching him now has changed how I think about time. I do not want to wait until I have reached every goal before I tell him how much he matters. *I want him to know it now.*

CHAPTER 2

Every Job, Every Effort



Daddy has worked many kinds of jobs. When we were small, he was a family driver. Later, he worked in our family business. He sold fruits. He helped run our little carinderia. Eventually, he became a cab driver. The work was different each time, but *the purpose never changed: to provide for us.*

Raising four children on that kind of income took courage. Even when money was tight, my parents put our education first. Sending my sister and me to private school was not easy for them. My brothers studied in public school and finished, too. I see now that our diplomas were not only our achievement. *They were also our parents' sacrifice.*

Some days, Daddy came home from long hours in the cab with very little to show for it. When what he earned was not enough, my parents borrowed money. And every time, they made sure it was paid back. They never took borrowing lightly. To them, *help from others was a trust, and a trust had to be honored.*

I did not see all of this as a child. I see it clearly now. *A small amount of money in Daddy's hand stood for a whole day on the road.* A loan could bridge a hard week, but repaying it meant carrying that weight into the weeks that followed.

This is not a story of sudden success. *It is a story of steady effort*: finding work, meeting needs as best they could, and getting four children through school. That is what I want to remember when I think of everything my parents gave us.

CHAPTER 3

The Dignity of Honest Work



A person's worth is not measured by a job title, an income, or an age. *Driving a cab is honest work*, and there is no shame in Daddy still doing it in his seventies.

My worry is something else. I fear he keeps working long hours because the money is needed, not because he wants to. *I want him to have a real choice.* If he enjoys driving and wants to stay active, I will respect that. If he wants to slow down, I hope he can do it without fear of falling short.

People who see an older man behind the wheel may form opinions without knowing his story. They cannot see the decades of work behind him, or *the family he carried on his shoulders.*

Grown children are judged too, when they cannot yet give their parents everything they wish to give. But *love and money are not the same thing.* A daughter can love her father with her whole heart and still be working toward the means to help him.

So I choose to write about this without shame. No shame about Daddy's work, and no shame about where I am today. His work deserves respect. *My wish to support him is not a measure of my love.* It is a goal I am still working toward.

CHAPTER 4

From Family Driver to Cab Driver



The jobs Daddy held tell the story of our family. Family driver. Our family business. Selling fruits. Our small carinderia. And finally, the cab.

I do not know every reason behind each change, and I will not invent one. What I know is that whenever one door closed, Daddy looked for another way to earn a living. *He kept moving forward.*

A working life is rarely a straight road. A job lasts for a season, then gives way to another. A family business becomes one chapter, and something new becomes necessary in the next. Daddy's life has been a series of these turns, *each one taken for us.*

Driving a cab is the work that carried him into his later years. When I see him heading out for another long day, I think of every job that came before it. His routine today did not appear out of nowhere. It is *the latest page in a lifetime of providing for his family.*

Daddy is more than a list of occupations. *Behind every job was a man answering what life asked of him.* That deserves to be remembered with respect.

PART II

The Daughter Who Wishes She Could Do More



This part of the book turns from Daddy's story to mine. I love him, and I want to make his life easier. But **wanting to help and being able to help are not always the same.**

It is also where I write about losing my mother. Her illness and her passing changed our family, and **they changed the life she and Daddy had built together.**

I cannot control aging, grief, or money. What I can do is be honest about the worries I carry and ask what I can do today. These chapters hold that tension **without pretending that love alone can solve every problem.**

CHAPTER 5

When Love Is Not Enough to Pay the Bills



One of the hardest truths about loving a parent is that *love cannot always fix a practical problem.* I can want Daddy to rest. I can worry about his long hours. I can wish things were different. None of those feelings pay for his daily needs.

I grew up knowing what it meant to have too little. I watched my parents stretch small earnings across food, school, and debts that still had to be repaid. *Working hard did not always mean there would be enough.*

That history shapes how I see Daddy today. I want to help him, but I do not have unlimited resources. I am building my own stability, and I have to be honest about what I can give right now. *A promise I cannot keep would not help him.* It would only add to his worries.

So I am learning to separate love from the impossible expectation that I should fix everything at once. *Love gives me the reason to keep going.* Careful planning is how I will turn that love into help he can count on.

CHAPTER 6

The Weight of Other People's Opinions



I sometimes worry about what people think when they see Daddy still working in his seventies. Why is he still driving a cab? *Why haven't his children made it possible for him to retire?*

Those questions can sting, because *they leave out the whole story*. People see his age and his job. They do not see four children raised through lean years, or debts that were always paid back.

I cannot control what others assume. I can only hold on to what I know is true: Daddy's work is nothing to be ashamed of, and *my present limits do not mean I care about him any less.*

I also have to be careful not to let imagined criticism take over. The questions that matter most are not about what strangers think. They are about *what Daddy wants, what he needs, and what I can realistically do.*

I hope to grow stronger financially. But *I will not measure my worth as a daughter by other people's assumptions.* I would rather spend that energy building a better future and treating Daddy with love today.

CHAPTER 7

The Many Ifs in My Heart



My wish for Daddy often begins with *two small words: if only*. If only I earned more. If only I had enough saved. If only I could cover his needs so he would not have to work such long days.

Those thoughts come from love. But *they grow heavy when all I can see is what I cannot do yet*. My situation will not change overnight, and I cannot promise when I will get where I want to be.

So I am learning to turn my ifs into questions. What skills can I build? What money decisions can I make more wisely? What can I give now without putting my own needs at risk? And most important: *what does Daddy actually want for his future?*

Those questions do not make the dream smaller. *They give it a path.* My limits today are not proof that I have failed. They are simply the road I have to walk, one step at a time.

I still hope to give Daddy the chance to rest. But *I do not want the future to keep me from being a loving daughter today*. My love can reach him now through honest talks, time together, and help that is real, even if it is small.

CHAPTER 8

The Day Our Family Lost Her



My mother fought cancer for several years. She passed away on January 22, 2023. Her illness lived with our family for a long time, and *losing her changed us in ways words cannot fully hold.*

When someone you love is sick, life pulls you in two directions at once. There is the fear about their health and the future. And there are the everyday responsibilities that do not stop, even when *every heart in the house is turned toward the one who is suffering.*

I remember Mommy as a woman whose life was woven into our family. She and Daddy raised four children together through years when money was rarely enough. Their life together was made of work, of school fees and sacrifices, and of *the quiet decision to keep going.*

Her death was my loss as her daughter. It was Daddy's loss as her husband. I cannot speak for everything he felt, but *I know he loved her deeply.* And I know the life they built together could not go on the same way without her.

Writing about Mommy reminds me that this book is not only about work or money. It is about love, illness, and grief. And it is about *honoring the people who shape our lives while we still have the chance.*

PART III

The Dream of Giving Back



Gratitude stays a feeling until we find a way to show it. *For a long time, my wish to help Daddy came with guilt. In these final chapters, I want to turn that wish into something I can actually do.*

That means remembering the love that held our family together, listening to what Daddy wants, and building a plan I can keep, while **showing him my gratitude now instead of someday**.

CHAPTER 9

The Husband Who Never Stopped Loving Her



My parents built a life together and raised four children. Their road was not easy, but *they walked it side by side*. When I think of their marriage, I see love living right alongside the ordinary pressures of bills, children, and hard work.

Daddy loved Mommy very much. Since she passed, *he has not looked for another woman*. To me, that says something about the place she still holds in his heart.

I cannot know every thought he has carried since losing her, and grief does not look the same for everyone. His choice is his own. I only want to honor it as one of the ways I see *how deeply he still loves her*.

Their marriage belongs to them, and a daughter can only see part of it. What I can say is that their years together shaped our whole family, and *their love is part of the story I carry with me*.

CHAPTER 10

A Father's Love After Loss



After Mommy died, Daddy had to keep living in a world that had changed. *Grief does not cancel the bills or the daily routine.* People find their own ways to carry loss while life goes on around them.

I cannot know exactly what Daddy feels or how he holds each memory of her. I only know she was his wife and he loved her. I want to *leave room for his grief* without pretending I understand all of it.

As his daughter, I want to support him in ways that respect his independence. I can make time for him. I can listen if he wants to talk about Mommy. I can ask what would make his days easier, and *let him tell me in his own time.*

His work is one part of his life now, but *it is not all of who he is.* He has memories, likes, and a life beyond the cab. I hope the years ahead give him connection and rest, not only obligations.

I cannot take away his loss. But I can make sure he knows *his family is still here*, and that I want to understand how best to love him through it.

CHAPTER 11

Learning to Give Back Before It Is Too Late



Giving back can feel far away when the help I want to give costs more than I have. I have often pictured a future where Daddy no longer works long hours. But *a wish only becomes useful once I understand what it will take.*

The first step is to talk with Daddy and listen. I may imagine that stopping work would make him happiest, but his wishes matter more than my picture. He may want shorter days, more breaks, or a different kind of work. *I want to give him choices, not make choices for him.*

The second step is a realistic plan. I need to keep building my own stability, know what I can afford, and promise only what I can keep. *Steady help, even if it starts small, is worth more than a grand promise* that leaves us both unsure.

The third step is to remember that money is not the only gift. I can spend time with Daddy, ask about his day, listen to his stories, and tell him plainly that I am grateful. These things do not replace financial help, but they mean *my gratitude does not have to wait.*

I also remind myself that *giving back is not a debt with an exact amount.* My parents raised us because they were our parents, not because they expected to be repaid. I want to help Daddy out of love and respect, not because I must erase every hardship he ever faced.

That is the work ahead of me: listen, plan, and follow through within my means. I cannot change everything at once. *But I can begin.*

CHAPTER 12

A Daughter's Promise



I cannot promise Daddy that every hardship will disappear, or that I can give him everything he needs right away. What I can promise is to *keep working toward it with care, patience, and honesty*.

I promise to keep improving my circumstances. I will make realistic plans, keep the commitments I can afford, and adjust when life changes. *I will not let my wish to help him become a promise I cannot keep.*

I promise not to wait for success before I show him my gratitude. I can tell Daddy what he means to me today. I can spend time with him, listen to what he wants, and respect his choices.

And if the day comes when I can help him work fewer hours, *I want that help to give him freedom*, not take decisions out of his hands. He deserves to decide for himself what rest and work look like in his life.

This is my promise: I will keep building a future in which I can help him more. And I will remember that being his daughter is not a debt to repay. *It is a relationship to honor, with love and with practical care.*

CONCLUSION

What I Hope My Daddy Knows



Daddy, I want you to know that I see more than the long hours you spend behind the wheel. I see a father who worked job after job to raise four children. I see the man who still greets strangers with a friendly word. And I see the nights you drive until four in the morning, and I want you to know that *I worry, because I love you.*

I remember how you and Mommy gave us everything you could, even when there was not enough. You sent us to school. You borrowed when you had to, and *you always paid it back*. Those details matter to me, because they show me how much you carried.

I remember the love you shared with Mommy, and the day our family lost her. I cannot speak for all your feelings, but I want you to know that *her place in our story will never be forgotten.*

I wish I could give you enough to stop working such long hours, if that is what you want. I am not there yet, and I will not pretend otherwise. But I am working toward it, and *I hope you can feel my love in the ways I show it now.*

You do not have to prove your worth by working without end. You are my Daddy, and I value you far beyond what you earn or what you do for anyone else. I hope the years ahead bring you more choices, more comfort, and more time to live the way you wish.

EPILOGUE

The Day I Tell Daddy to Rest



Sometimes I imagine a quiet conversation. I sit beside Daddy and tell him, "Daddy, if you want to rest, I can help make that happen." And in my imagination, those words are *backed by a real plan, not only by hope.*

I do not know when that day will come. I am still working toward the stability that would let me give more. And I know the decision to keep working or to stop will always be his. *My part is to create options, not to decide his future for him.*

If I reach that day, I hope it means no more drives until four in the morning, and *no more nights of me waiting to hear that he is home.* I hope it means he can choose how to spend his time without money pushing him. He might rest more. He might work fewer hours. He might keep driving in a way that suits him. What matters most is that the choice is truly his.

Until then, I will show my love through honest conversations, real support, and *gratitude that does not wait for a milestone.*

The scene I imagine is simple. I tell Daddy that I love him, that I am grateful for everything he has done, and that *I want to carry some of life's weight for him now*. One day, I hope to say it with confidence. Until then, my promise is not that I can do everything today. It is that I will keep working toward a future where he has more peace, and more choice.

Acknowledgments

This book belongs first to my Daddy, *whose hard work inspired every page.*

It also carries the memory of my Mommy, who fought cancer with courage and passed away on January 22, 2023. Her place in Daddy's life, and in our family's story, *lives in these pages.*

Writing about someone you love is not always easy. Some feelings are hard to explain, and some wishes are hard to say out loud. Sometimes *the most meaningful words are the ones we have carried in our hearts for years* without knowing how to speak them.

Daddy, thank you for being part of my life, and for teaching me *what hard work, responsibility, and love really mean.*

I may not always say everything I feel, but I hope these pages tell you how much you mean to me. *I see your effort.* I admire your determination. And I wish for a future where life is easier for you.

To my family, thank you for being part of *the story that continues to shape who I am.*

And to every daughter or son who wishes they could do more for a parent: this book is for you, too. *Money troubles do not erase love*, and gratitude can begin today, even while you are still working toward a better tomorrow.

May we all learn to see the people we love, honor their sacrifices, and *thank them while we still can.*

About the Author

Corine Apolinario is a daughter, a mother, and a working professional who believes that *some of life's most important stories are found in the everyday lives of ordinary people.*

In this memoir, she reflects on her father's dedication to work well into his seventies, and on *her heartfelt wish to give him the comfort and freedom he deserves.*

Her writing explores family, sacrifice, gratitude, and *the hope of giving back to the people who shaped us.*

The Father Who Never Stopped is her love letter to her father, and to the day she can finally tell him, with confidence, that *it is his turn to rest.*

“Daddy, you have worked hard enough.
It’s time for you to rest.
Let me take care of you now.”



A daughter’s heartfelt memoir about a father in his seventies who still drives a cab through the night, the mother the family lost, and the hope of one day giving him the rest he has earned.

CORINE APOLINARIO

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