

Arthur Donald Cordova Jr.



On the Fly to Charismatic Leader

by

Oscar S. Ramirez, PhD

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Founder & Chairman of the Board

of

ADC LTD NM

“On-the-Fly to Charismatic Leader”

His Personality, Beliefs and Expectations

That Brought Achievement and Progress

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How a Charismatic Approach, Insight, Courage and Ambition
led to the development of one of the Largest Private Securities
Companies in the United States

authored by

Oscar S. Ramirez, PhD

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Dedication

To my wife Kathleen M. Cordova and family

With all of my love and affection,

Arthur Donald Cordova Jr.

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Introduction

This is not solely a biography of Arthur Donald Cordova Jr. who refused to be relegated to a marginal position within our society or imprisoned by what people think. This book is an insight into his thinking processes, how he grew up in Jarales, New Mexico, how his indwelling values, indomitable guts (Elan Vital), panache and passion set him apart from others to found, develop and lead one of the largest security companies in the United States. Without doubt, he has stood the test of time! He proved himself to be strong and vital not only in defying all challenges but succeeded as a business entrepreneur, family man and community leader. He has well represented the spirit-of-time, that is, what it takes to be human!

The generations that observed him mature and develop could not but be affected by the aura and character of this man who believed in taking care of the weak and pushing the strong. Could he have been an iron-fisted pied piper who drew attention to tasks at hand? Perhaps, it is not uncommon to find that strong leaders do such, as they give rise to their own ideas and visions on the way to making them a reality. They generally are leaders with the mindset that only losers like to lose. It is with that in mind, the author finds sufficient material to accord Arthur Donald Cordova Jr. a salutary earmark for his contribution to the world of business and family life.

His life story has been told many times but to understand the inner-makings of his character and compassion one must, in a sense, “peel-the-onion” to its core.

He was born on December 10, 1935, in rural Jarales, New Mexico among the cottonwoods, by the red flowing sandy waters of the Rio

Grande and was graced by the blue Manzano Mountains that lie to the east. Yes, he was born and reared in the land of his ancestors where he roamed joyfully along those silent river banks, though when dark clouds unveiled their souls the river's stream became portentous as a big bend in the Mississippi River.

He is one of fourteen children, born to Arturo Octavio Cordova, whose Bible worn-pages of the Scripture furlled his own devotion to God and to Viviana Sanchez whose religious devotion was indicative of a loving and pious woman, a saintly Catholic no less. One might have said her rosary ivory beads were dressed in pearl white with their crosses extended toward Heaven.

There were no oracles or special expectations in such a large family, fourteen siblings, two who passed-on in infancy, but many passions, hopes and fears did dwell in the parent's minds that each child would one day contemplate a joyous and successful future. Without doubt some muted memorials did lie in the parent's minds that their family must commit to hard work and basic principle that one only gets out of life what one puts into it. That thinking brought in much free labor to the flour mill for the hardworking father. In a sense, the flour mill and farm were the cornerstone for Art and his siblings as they learned to allow their virtues room to grow and not let any ill-deeds make life dark.

Commitment and achievement were reinforced by the family's notion of hard-work and strong principles of morality that pertained to right and wrong conduct, obligations for a responsible life style and service to God which meant service to the community and others. Each was taught they should use whatever gift they had received to serve others as faithful stewards of God's grace.

Without doubt, Art's philosophy of life was predicated in a good setting, one entwined with a strong Catholic religious foundation where love, devotion, honor and respect were instilled. Home was the place where morals and values were taught and valued. It was there, where he learned that life revolved around work. Interestingly, in some way, his developing years did not lend to the balancing of work and play. Jarales was the place where he and other young dreamers learned to invest in the world, studied the competition, learned to stay ahead of the action and understood not to ever lose contact with the customer. Without trepidation, there was the influence of his abuelo, Don Jose Dolores Cordova and abuela Dona Josephita Cordova Lopez who played a major role in his family life.

That idea of hard-work remains engrained in Art's life. His son Arthur Jerome Cordova clearly states, "He was an extremely hard worker who often said, 'I eat seven days a week so I need to work seven days a week.' He has never seen a task that could not be completed. The bigger the challenges, the harder he would work and will work to overcome each task successfully. He taught us the value of hard-work and pointed to the rewards of our efforts."

Idealistic motivations were evident and characteristically typical in Art from early childhood. He had the propensity to put every striking idea and desire into meaningful practice. This was done with charm, input, tolerance of other's opinions and with a uniformity that wove into the fabric of his own intrinsic values. That thinking was never lost in uncertainty or protective egotism as he was and continues to be his own man. What you see is what you get in Art! In simple terms, he never professed ideas the world would end if he stopped thinking and doing for a moment. Such reasoning and action continue to validate

his life. But if change is still needed, he will bring it!

Art often speaks of the hard times, of his deeper moments and exciting ones. He has been a wonderer-from-birth ready to challenge the status quo with a curiosity and freshness of mind. From the beginning, Art was judicious in the nurturing of his ideas.. Nothing was ever going to hold him back. To this day his decisions are prophetic, not sporadic loose stones, that is, without careful thought. He who saw the plowed fields as they lay fallowed under that unworn sunshine had an early fire in his belly. Never to be confused by the signs of the time, the future lent him a bright light that was to come through hard work, perseverance, good times and hard ones.

Art's drive has always been for a bigger piece of the action with the benefit it would provide a better living condition for his family. He has always understood that the struggle for survival becomes more intense and competitive but it offers more opportunities. That is often described as the choice between Heaven and Hell! Yes, he has thatumph—resilience and has won it big! He understood from his early days that the devil is in the details so he mastered the logic of the argument and defined the conditions in his own terms. He understood few saw that, hence it looked rosy on the outside. But he was paying attention to the fine print and vague interpretations for the definition of the purpose he sought. Clarity and meaning were always in his mind. Yes, he dreamed like the west-wind of warm colors that were to become the sole spring of his life!

Who would have considered that such a compassionate, astute and humble man who at one time worked in the cellars of his father's "Jarales Roller Mill" would one day single-handedly found one of the largest private security companies in the United States? This is a

"rags-to-riches" story of how this man of high intelligence, foresight and drive overcame all challenges and succeeded in the mainstream of American Business and Society. He unlike any other entrepreneur pulled himself up by his own boot straps. He never let the horizon fade. No one ever cut a new way for him. His story must be told and recorded for posterity.

OSR

Preface

This is the story of Arthur Donald Cordova Jr's life; his exceptional thinking; his dreams rooted in ambition, of a man driven by determination; of one who thought outside-the-box; of his fortitude; integrity and personality all of which have become part-and-parcel of an idealized portrait of a man who has been blessed with self-reliance, tremendous honesty, courage and humility. It was all a struggle for a destined space and connections by a man who lived life in the shadow of uncertainty and always at the risk of being upset by any and all unpredictable events. He is the one who toiled perpetually and spun his own scheme in life. As he grew older his "super-human dreams" allow him to enjoy the full unity of his life and presence of a spiritual virtue. Wholly with intelligent success, he passes that unto his children.

The aim of this biography is to show the significance of Arthur's life, his hard-work-ethic, passion, certitude and business acumen and how his claim to success has been in his honesty, courage and tenacity overcoming adversity. His personal integrity remains an inestimable model for others to follow. Rarely has anyone defied the odds of time with such determination, confidence and realized such success. He has defied the pedagogy of an Ivy League Business School as he scripted his own management design. It was his discipline, ingenuity and level-headedness that set him afire! Then with a deliberateness that would have surprised any one, he set out to remake the world.

It is without doubt that Art stands out as an exceptional and distinctive leader because of his drive, temperament and acute thinking. Why would anyone be interested in the grass roots of such man and his evolution? The answer: Simply because everyone must be curious

about how he started businesses “on-the-fly.” With no experience or financial backing, he has been immensely successful in his mission, as a family-man, as a person of sincere faith and benefactor to the community. He indeed has been the master of his life and business accomplishments. In so doing he “turned lemons into lemonade.”

He is a rarity in the leadership world because in his-own-right defined his own narrative, overcame difficulties and unselfishly attained the highest sense of personal fulfillment and success!

No one, I suppose, will want to argue the astonishing successes of this man. The obvious good in his life was not to be simply satisfied with his desires, he wanted to realize them in fact. This stubborn independently minded man believed God stood by his side so failure was not in the deck of cards. How could anyone beat that!

The compelling reason for Art’s success lies in his humility, charisma, courage and that fierce intent to succeed. This sets him apart, even from those who do excel in the business world. Living in the light without blemish rarely happens in our day. W. B. Yeats in one of his poems tells one that “a man must choose perfection of life or work.” While there is some truth to such thinking, Art challenged the paradox and undertook both options. Nothing was going to curtail his love-of-life and work. He saw them as an inseparable-condition that he would master. Thus, he became the paradigm, itself, that successfully blends life and work. The soul of his frame has never been shaken as he sees the whole of a thousand glimpses as one and if there are pieces, he will pacify them into harmony. In a breathless quietude, his pondering continues to dream of new challenges to overcome.

It is important to note that his vision, much like other men who have succeeded, did not manifest until about his mid-twenties. Such

a notion is not uncommon as the genius of doers and shakers. It takes much blood, sweat and tears for that to happen.

In Art’s case, his early achievements quickly went beyond the scope of predictability. What expectations his high school teachers may have held of him were shallow of his future’s success. True to nature his tenacity, ambition and plain old smarts slowly molded him into that humble and gracious Conquistador who never forgot his roots. To-date he maintains the crafty and triumphant creativity as he charms others to follow-through with their dreams. His eyes still see the rhapsody of spring and the fire in his eyes wonders what new challenges await. In retrospect, it is hardly expected that one man, however visionary, would transform his dreams into a reality against all odds. It happened!

The author is aware of the delicate nature he has assumed in writing this biography. Its nature has been written in such manner as to not curtail its length, limit it in scope or reduce its substance and stature. This has been a collaborative effort with the principals and other contributors. The burden has been relieved by remarkable input, inclusions and excisions of material, pertinent or not pertinent to the matter-at-hand. The author is indebted to Ms. Dorothy Herrera for her dutiful effort in organizing interviews, recording information, transcribing, editing and frankly assisting in the leg-work that went into of the compiling the material. In addition, this biography could not have been written without contributions from family and friends. I am indebted to all!

Oscar S. Ramirez, PhD

CHAPTER I

The Making of the Man!



Original Cordova Family homestead in Jarales, NM

Art's life rests as an open book not riddled by worldly complications. His early childhood development is not unusual and appears to have been influenced by his early acceptance that destiny would be of his own making. He enjoyed family tradition and that of the people from the village of Jarales, New Mexico whose lives presented him a vivid picture of the social conditions needing attention. That formulated his early moral conviction and resolve of one day bringing help to the community. The time came when he extended that loyalty to the village, family, friends and into the social life that surrounded him. He, like imaginative men, was privileged to come up with thoughts, elaborate purposes, emotions and put them into practice for the benefit of those in need. Without a word and without a tear, his tranquil life has never been a lonely or idle

place! He has always listened to his heart.

Art can never truly be separated from his early experiences. Like any serious man of faith, he cannot disregard others. His life's aim has been in the creation of a real world within his real-world experience. He grew from life to illuminate it. His primary impulse may be said to have come from his moral, ethical and religious backgrounds along with his desire to transmit his vision to where it becomes rallied. It is simply amazing what the creative mind can do!

Art's assistance in compiling material for this biography has been invaluable as the author has been showered by his endless charisma, endless history and willingness to help. On the whole, practicality of time set things into motion and limits. Plainness and clarity without shadows have been followed closely in recording his life's adventure. The same heart that beats in him beats in every human but he felt the ruin of others in his own. It is without doubt how boundless his horizon turned out to be. The role in his transition from youth, to responsible family man, to community leader, to citizen exemplar and founder of ADC LTD NM are of worthy note!

Have his accomplishments been extraordinary? By all means! They all came from his intensity, ability to focus on the future, his seminal energy and profound self-confidence. He did lack the selfish sense of who he wanted to be and what he wanted to accomplish. But he knew he would succeed! In hindsight, piecing together his successful business, "On the Fly," endorses him into the league of visionary leaders in our country. Leaders are of two kinds: Those whose creative work is a process of self-realization and who proceed from an inner impulse working through their personal experience. Their work is personal and dynamic often

derived from personal necessity. The other are men of talent, like Art, have been able to share their values with the society in which they were reared. This seems to be Art's take: a visionary leader with an intensity of creative spirit and a commitment to the betterment of life for all. He is at home and completely willing to extend himself for the betterment of society. Most men, like Art, are led by sincere interest and love of his fellowman while those who are not redress the general sin.

Arthur Donald Cordova, known as Art or Junior to family, colleagues and friends was born on December 10, 1935 in Jarales, New Mexico to Arturo Octavio Cordova and Viviana Sanchez Cordova. He was born in the glistens of the night in a farm village as the sun rose over the Manzano Mountains and bestowed its grandeur upon the meandering silt-filled waters of El Rio Grande. Admittedly, if any winter clouds could have unloaded their souls onto the current it could have become portentous as any bend on the Mississippi river. Without doubt the El Rio Grande waters brimming with joy would in time rivet Art's eyes upon its flow much as his mind would one day mesmerize everyone's thinking. He was an answer to his mother's prayers with the expectation he would survive healthy and bloom.

He was born into a Catholic family of fourteen siblings, ninth in line, including two who passed-on in infancy. A hush for tears of sadness filled the hearts of the parents and surviving children over their loss of two. Tears poured with wail as the young departing souls looked into their parent's eyes and searched their hearts. Then in their committed endless and mysterious eternity that stretches like the west-wind floating through Heaven, the young souls rested.

It is against that background that one must contemplate the life

of Art. His father, Arturo Octavio Cordova, was a quiet hardworking man who personified that strict and wonderful cocoon of knowledge, thoughts and judgments about how things should be. He was a realist! The buck stopped with him while he held to the idea that one got out of life only what one put into it. No more, no less! He had that wonderful attitude that every man must carry himself and that concealing oneself from others, even from himself was a deplorable thing to do. Honesty and honor were his prime foundations in life. His Bible readings were a slight inhale from his hand.

Art's father was a product of Saint Michael's College, a luxury education that no one else from Jarales could afford. He came from a family of means. He returned home after a period of study. There was no fiction about who he was and he was ready to take over the management of the flour mill. He was a workaholic compelled to work to support his large family. The mill was for all practical purposes the sole industry in the small community of Jarales. Generations of family members from the village worked in it as did Dona Manuelita Castillo's sons.

Arturo Octavio, a dapper young man, had been smitten by the beautiful Viviana Sanchez, daughter of Nicolas and Maria Olimpia Marina Sanchez. He returned from college to marry her. That he did. They were like two peas in a pod ready to usher their way into life by that silent dusty road and in that same old house that awaited the march of time. That was where they sought comfort to live with those they loved. Days flew by and their family grew.

Their union unfurled a large family with no special expectations where Catholic passions, hopes and fears ever dwelled in the minds of the parents. Without doubt muted memorials did rest in the parent's

thinking regarding their children's futures. There would be time for that! The couple did share deeply in the valued importance of the existence of the soul and reverence to God. Viviana was the rose in the garden, the hand-of-love, the hope and mediation in life for she truly understood the way and work of God and so she counseled her children wisely. She was the "mother within" who conveyed affection, love and was the mediator of the Catholic experience whereby life acquired its true meaning.

She was a saint-like-caring-mother who held the inner-strength to accept a God-given sacredness personified in her own convictions. It was common knowledge, she without question, accepted that the "Son" was born of the Virgin Mary, had his beginning in Heaven, had come in an Act of God's incarnation (in Man) and returned to Heaven to sit at the right hand of God. That acceptance and the lifting of the chalice in preparation for the spiritualizing of the wine was for her a true invocation of the Holy Ghost. That raised her love and affection for her family and friends to the highest of spiritual devotion. It was enunciated by her daughter Ruth who said, "She gave us the greatest gift, the gift of life!" Without doubt, Art's foundation was set at home as he was schooled by a mother he revered.

The pulse of the old family house in Jarales holds stories that will never die. It stands, never to be forgotten, with its own life, its own laughter and its cries silently recorded for posterity as every peaceful passion does rest in its own deep eternal sleep. If its death-like stillness could talk then perhaps it could best speak to the life of Art growing up in Jarales.

Art began each day with the glorious hues of the morning, every chord thrilling the thoughts of the large family, the joyous shouts of the children, their father whiffing that last breath of tobacco aroma from his

pipe and his loving mother serving breakfast on that long kitchen table. His mother silently gave thanks to God for her children's safe passage through the night. She was comforted by the thought the family would join her in praying the rosary before bedtime. Lit with rapture, the morning's echo in the house burst into its majestic beauty! There would be a whispering joy of life and piercing screams of children that would awaken anyone from their sheltered sleep. But Art's mother with the patience given by God would point the way to peace for she knew how to rouse their love. Later as the sun set behind the western mesa the glorious hour to nourish their souls with spiritual certitude did come before bedtime.

No one would have wondered who nursed Art? He was fashioned by the same loving soul of a mother who set the foundation so that one day his own heart would chart the requiem of her soul. Never as a child, did he ever pose a thoughtless word, an uncaring smile or forget to offer sympathy. Like dreams in the night, he went and returned. Would the sunlight let him flower and grow? Without doubt, the voice within him would one day tell of his mother's dream because it was of a hope yet to come. But at that moment his mother knew the notes of Art's magic flute would not yet sound a blustery note.

Art's voice was as clear as the evening air in Jarales and he never withheld the love he had for his mother. He idolized her as a "Lady that was a saint" who was lovingly called Hermanita by her father-in-law and her sisters-in-law. Yes, they were the devout ones who also visited the local Catholic Mission to pray the rosary on Fridays. The Lenten time was devoted to praying at the Stations-of-the-Cross, before each station or pictures portraying the Passion of Christ. No eye or patience could have been more taken as Art's own self, a Sacristan, who would be found attired in his red and white square neck surplice. The time would come

when his own love and religious devotion would be passed onto his sons Phillip and Jerome along with his granddaughters Sarah and Lauren, who also served as Sacristanes.

Life was pretty much a routine. Each morning as the sun uncanvassed the village, Art and siblings would leave for the Jarales Elementary School. It was the same building that stood upon the plot of land his paternal grandparents, Don Jose Dolores Cordova and wife Dona Josephita Cordova y Lopez had donated to the village. In fact, his grandfather had been a teacher and superintendent of that school. Never would have their own intentions, those windows of life, have enjoyed a more divine story upon which to dwell. One wonders what nameless and loving feelings may have crossed their hearts about the future of their grandchildren!

That old school building stood like a ghost ship without sails, fluttering not to the breezes as its windows brightened and the sun flowed by. In the winter they stood frozen as icy wings disposed of all reality and shivered in agony. The long hallway often stood lifeless except for the echoes of children's heels. But inside that mammoth of a building, Art studied in grades kindergarten through the eighth grade. He had a thirst for knowledge and had a warm glow that was set in his soul, without end. He was different as he had an unspeakable restlessness that only his heart-beat and mind did know. It would take time for his youthful pulse to speak, blossom and one day he would at last learn the true affinity of his life!

It appears as but a moment, that Art spent time in Jarales where the sun bathed the cloudless sky. Yet at times it seemed to be an endless life, a quiet one where thoughts sank in and his heart cried out unlike the rest. He led a pensive life of hard-work defined life much as the joyless

riding in the rumble seat of a Model-A car. Each day the sun crowned his work in the farm fields and in his father's flour mill. Those times were often neither exciting or kind. It was all work and no play. It was a form of growing old and only those who lived it could speak about it. There were no perfumes to anoint the soul. It was a life where what was meant was said and what they knew they kept. An unutterable spell seemed to cloud life in the community. It was where time tested the spirit to the core and swelled the heart to its fullest.

There were few people in the village who from an early stage in life began to dig out of their heap. In Art's case, he was a mover who considered laying the mortar not one-step-at-a-time but fast toward the future. He was in a hurry and had a hidden-self much like the rare breed of men and women who defy all odds! He was a shaker who thought clearly, felt deeply and dismantled rules with an unseen energy and class. What made him so? Good question; it is not clear how long he dreamed before the sun rose or how he brought clarity to his eyes and mind. But the glow in his thinking held dreams like the west-wind as it imparted new life to the village.

Art worked in that mill from early youth and assisted in the construction of the wheat storage tanks. That was a far cry from shoveling wheat in the mill's cellars. He worked during the week from sunrise till sunset then it was supper at home. There was not much entertainment in Jarales so off to Belen he would go! However, when he went out for the evening the next day's work at the mill was still waiting for him as was the early morning starting of the engine. The starting of the engine had to be done before his father arrived at seven in the next morning. Nothing escaped the strict tutelage of his father. Art would start the 1905 Fairbanks Moore engine, if he was lucky, on the first pull. The one-cylinder

engine would cough, puff and with luck hum. During the high school years Art would rush home from his duties at the Mill, cleaned-up and got ready to catch the morning school bus. That was the routine of his life and without doubt the only life he knew.

High school deafened the mighty sounds of the mill, a source of enjoyment. Coach Sharp recognized Art's athletic ability, was captivated by his height, a rarity in those days among Hispanic male students, and asked him to play basketball for the high school team but Art's father would not allow it. There was work to be done and that was it, no questions asked. So, the work routine continued. The school bus would drop Art off by the flourmill after school. He would then deliver flour to the local grocery stores. He would then return to clean the milling equipment, ready things for the following day and prepped the old engine for the next morning's start. Those were days without pay, perhaps a small allowance! That did not make Heaven hop!

A quote from Art: "Well, I guess it taught us to be good workers and nothing else. Art's brother, David, was involved in farming. Nick, Vivian and I worked in the Mill. We just got used to it. Was it hope that made us endure? Perhaps!" Yet that which stayed with them is a clear impression of how the past slowly dies. Memories just keep on hanging there. Could life have been easier, one of joy and inspiration? Yes, without question! In a way, their lives were like playing to an empty house. It was not a radiance of life but it was where dreams, nightmares and aspirations were born though often without an end. That life could have pointed toward hopeless dreams for Art but he was not going to live like a brute. That was not the plan for his life.

It is important to note that the drive to work and succeed were ingrained in the Cordova children. Their mother, the cradle-of-love, led with compassion and prayer while their hardworking father, honest as the day is long, ruled with a strict eye and firm hand. In all fairness, the father had a large family to support so everyone was expected to pitch-in. Hard-work, sacrifice and accepting responsibility for personal actions were instilled and accepted as character building. Faith in God, family love, compassion and an eye on success never blurred the right with the wrong. As time has told, the parent's voices in time became the inner one voice in the children. With that said, their visions did not vary, fade or lose any appreciation of the greatest gift they ever received, "The gift of life!"

Angelina, Art's eldest sister, or Angie as she was lovingly called, is twelve years older than Art. She left Jarales at about the age of eighteen to work in California. Her love and concern for her family never failed. She often worked over time so as to send a "bit of money" so her mother could afford to buy goodies for her younger brothers and sisters. In her later years Angie developed a successful real estate practice and attained valuable holdings in California. Art has never forgotten her acts of love and compassion. In fact, he describes her as the "image of a loving mother!" He returns his love by calling her each day and visits with her once a month. As per custom, he sends her a check on her birthday equal to her corresponding age. He delivered her a check, for \$100 in the summer of 2022, on her birthday, when she turned one hundred years old.

Frank, Art's oldest brother in the family worked in the mill, left and went to work as an automotive mechanic for Gipson Motors in Belen, New Mexico. He was the admired young man of Jarales as he drove around in his blue Pontiac coup. He married Odilia Eva Garcia, known as Lila,

and about the same time Abelicio Ulibarri married Leonila Olguin. Not long after, both couples convoyed to Barstow, California where Frank secured employment at the Marine Base. In time, he retired, and he and family returned and settled in Jarales.

Raul, Art's brother, was pretty much reared by his grandparents, Don Jose Dolores and Dona Josephita Cordova y Lopez. He assisted in his grandfather's farming operation in Jarales and in his ranching. The ranching often necessitated that Raul spend time in El Rio Puerco Ranch caring for the cattle, helping in rounding them up in the Fall, branding cattle, assisting in the cattle drives and keeping the papalote pumping water during those drought seasons of New Mexico. Like the many young men of Jarales, he also served his time in the Mill. He started driving the company flatbed truck once he was able to reach the clutch and brake pedals. Someone had to bring in the wheat for milling. Was he licensed to drive all over the valley, at the time? That was subject to question!

His glory day was to ride his grandfather's pride and joy mare, "La Negrita." Without doubt he would be wearing his uncle Herman's old U. S. Army Calvary hat. He allowed no one else to try it on or wear it.

Raul came home from the U.S. Army, bought twenty-three acres of land in Jarales and planted wheat which helped supply the Mill. He was later employed by the Belen First National Bank, attended the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, New Mexico and became certified as a Banker. He left the First National Bank to manage the Water Conservancy District and was later elected as Valencia County Treasurer. At the end of his political term, he founded El Valle Bank in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He was a devout Catholic who upon retirement became the early morning bell ringer for "Our Lady of Belen Catholic Church." In

essence, he summoned parishioners to the early Mass. In true tradition of the Cordova's, he worked until he died.

Ruth, Art's sister, was the glue that tied the family together, the matriarch, no less after the passing of their mother. She was self-assured, personable and very bright. She was a Cordova and without doubt had a tinge of strictness leaving little doubt of her position on matters at hand. She had a great faith in the course of humanity and her high aptitude carried her well throughout the course of her life. She served as Commissioner of Education for the State of New Mexico. Her unconditional love, grace and willingness to always seek consensus stood as an exemplary guide for the family to follow. It was she who coined the sentiment that their mother had given them the greatest gift, "The gift of life!"

Nick, Art's brother, named after his maternal grandfather, Nicolas S. Sanchez. He liked working in the mill as did his childhood buddy Silvestre Castillo. It was he who changed the flour label from "Flavor Flour" to "Royal Crust." Later, he worked in developing Job Training Centers that had been funded under government contract to Art. He lived in Jarales and was an active parishioner of the Catholic Church. He and his wife Sally were Mayordomos of the Jarales Mission and during their tenure were effective in leading the campaign that razed the old mission building and constructed a new one. It was no easy task to convince many community members of such change but they did it with the tenacity of the Cordova family.

Edna, Art's sister, grew up in Jarales, attended the elementary school and graduated from Belen High School. One can suspect her father had by that time loosened the tight reins of control as experienced by her older sisters. No dating had been the name of the game. She married and

moved to Los Lunas where she was an active and loving home-maker. At one point she owned and managed a curio business in Los Lunas.

David, Art's brother, named after his uncle David Sanchez, attended the local elementary school, graduated from Belen High School and attended one year at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. Prior to his university experience, he was involved in the family's farming operation that fed well into the milling business. He later owned and managed a clothing store in Belen, New Mexico.

Vivian, Art's brother, named after his mother's brother Vivian Sanchez, was the family's politician. He was a true-blue republican, like his uncle, with a "mesmerizing golden tongue" who talked politics and walked politics. He was elected County Chairman of the Republican Party for Valencia County and later served as Director of Surplus Distribution for the State of New Mexico under Governor Cargo. His political influence and contacts made him a good advocate in Washington, D.C. for matters pertaining to the State of New Mexico. He did well for citizens of New Mexico. He, like other members of the Cordova family, held a strong commitment to helping the community. He was affectionately called "Big V" by family members.

Jose Dolores, Art's brother, known as J.D., attended the Jarales Elementary school, graduated from Belen High School and off he went to "The Little Apple" Manhattan, Kansas, so called, as a play of words on New York City, "The Big Apple." J.D. graduated from Kansas State University with an earned Degree in Milling Engineering. Upon graduating from the University, he was employed as an engineer by 3M, originally called the Minnesota, Mining and Manufacturing Company.

J.D., Art's brother, was a successful engineer working at 3M. His work was his "cup-of-tea" but he felt something was missing by being away from his family. His wife, Kathryn Ann Denison, known as Kathy, felt the same way about being away from her family. Their hearts were telling of an unconquered heartache in which their spirits were dwelling. Would a move be toward the free-lance journalist's way or the engineer's way? A paradox, no less! There stood the Jarales Roller Mill. A family decision was made to locate closer to Jarales and the family moved to Belen. How wonderful it must have been for the Cordova family and Jarales folks to see a direct descendant of Don Jose Dolores Cordova taking over the flour Mill! It was a novel idea for husband and wife to bring new life to the old Mill.

Here were another Cordova and wife, both risk-takers, putting their fortunes on the line. In 1998, J.D. and wife Kathy undertook a major refurbishing of the Mill, the milling equipment and formed the Valencia Flour Mill Ltd. They currently use a craft milling technique with antique equipment from the 1920s to make unbleached pastry flour for sopapillas, fry bread etc. that capture the flavor of New Mexico. They have done Arturo Octavio Cordova and Don Jose Dolores Cordova proud!

Virginia, Art's youngest sister, known as Ginger, or as "Slow Cooker" to family members, followed in the tradition of her siblings. Whether she likes such moniker might be subject to debate but her brother Nick so nicknamed her. She attended the Jarales Elementary School, then graduated from Belen High School. One day in a gaze that no one would have called divine her heart seemed to melt and could not rest. She had raised her eyes, fallen in love and married a wonderful young man from Mexico. That was quite an exciting time for the family and a wonderful

life for Ginger. She along with her other siblings, remain very close to their brother Art, and family.

Michael Dean, Art's youngest sibling, was perhaps best described as a "farmer's farmer." He fit beautifully in a speech Paul Harvey gave in 1978 at the 51st Future Farmers of America (FFA) National Convention in Kansas City, Missouri. Paul stated, "God had to have somebody willing to ride the ruts at double-speed, to get to the hay in ahead of the rain clouds and yet stop in mid-field to race to help when he sees the first smoke from a neighbor's place. So, God made him a farmer."

Michael Dean loved farming and understood that what he was producing directly or indirectly was feeding the nation. He was aware of the risks and gains involved. He faced the challenge because he erred not in what he dreamed. His son Casey Alan Cordova is now following in his father's footsteps.

This snapshot of the Cordova family is important if one is to understand what power rested in Art's motivation. Some power existed that was his and he would mingle it with his dreams until he ruled over them. There was also a common cloth of success engrained in all the children. Each member appeared to have awakened each morning with the idea of chasing dreams-of-the-day and fulfilling destiny. That was a creditable value as folks tend to generally awaken and roll over for more sleep. But in the Cordova family one finds no indication of anyone wasting life. So, what is the fire within them? Is there a deeper meaning they have sought? Or, has it always been as simple as never depending on the dole system but instead holding firm to the idea that one gets out of life only what one puts into it? Perhaps the generational and astute blending of their ancestral bloods were well melded in them.

Could it have been that early on fate foresaw that Art had an extraordinary haunting sense that he had not accomplished what life has in store? There is an old saying, “The poet that sings may die.” But this quiet and humble young man was not about to sing! Perhaps, his thousand gifts to the world would come to fruition after his high school years. At early age, he was chuck-full with the outspreads of Jarales, early mornings, darkening of the day, farm work, laboring at the flour mill and duties as called upon by his father. The perfumes of life were not yet to come his way, as he had to work at the mill. For that moment his eyes could not see.

It is within this line of thinking that one must accept this consideration: Art understood what hard work entailed, its results and so he defied convention. He learned that to get ahead one must make sacrifices in life, one must endure and that there was a better life to be enjoyed. One might say with confidence, he had the impetuous heart of youth. He wondered what the future had in store for him. Fate was not going to ruin his life and drag him into ruins for he was the master of his life and alone he would do it if need be. Thus, he was forming a mind-set, the belief that what he learned and the life he lived were not cast in stone and that he could and would change it all through hard work and effort. That is called “true grit”. It is that passion and perseverance that separates those who succeed from those who do not. While others were dreaming about the future, Art was laying the foundation with a calculated intensity. The clarity of his purpose was yet to come! It can be said his spirit would find new roads and he would be tilling the fire so it did not perish of cold.

One can think of no more felicitous fusion of Art’s personal and important thinking that kindled the excellence of his character as he was raptured by the eyes of the wise whose lives brought to him the emotions

and beauty of life. It is without doubt that from early childhood he learned to live with a heart that allowed him to feel and enjoy the surroundings all of which to date are in conformity with the uprightness he enjoys. Those experiences contributed vitally to his relationships, successes in life and at some point, everything became the vision of his motive in itself.

CHAPTER II

Life in Jarales



Young Arthur

Art graduated from Belen High School in 1953 and remained in Jarales the land of his ancestors, the place where the morning sun opened its windows, where the window glass never vaped, where voices of the villagers were distinctly heard and embraces were sincerely felt. With no doubt, from an early age, he felt the dirt upon their feet was part of him. It would have been inglorious to have felt differently. It was where the world awakened him, where the dew drops from the alfalfa blossoms folded into purple in the early morning and where he dreamed until God ate away his time under that laboring sun. It was the place he would love with his last breath.

Art was vigorously working hard. He knew of the unspoken struggles of the village folks and understood their empty hearts with a wisdom he has carried throughout his life. He heard the pitiful cries of those in need and heard the old men say, "In time everything goes away." There were times for laughter and those that would break his heart in two. Jarales ran in his veins and so did the mill. He was from the village and he bid its call.

Every young man from the village, at one time or another worked in the Mill and one can suppose the walls still have secrets to reveal about the sweat, blood and tears, perhaps even of the Lord's sweet libation. Art recalled those days when respite from the Mill meant prospecting for gold with his father and Luis Peralta, a big rancher whose holdings were along the San Mateo Mountains. Trenching along those canyons, finding out-of-place-color in stream bed gravel and quartz were sure to bring some excitement! The rule of thumb was to find the black sand as gold often comes with it. Sadly, the many claims along the Ladron Mountains and prospecting pillars laying claim to gold deposits still yearn for that bliss found only in the hearts of men and in testaments of those who so believed.

One can suspect Art became weary of the sun, rocks and dry holes so dreams of buying a car went by the way-side as no gold was discovered. In time Art did purchase an old Mercury Monterey four door sedan. His fascination with it pulsed the sap in his veins! He had an unimaginable treasure! Sunday afternoons were reserved for washing and polishing it. He did "the spit shine!" On occasion, his brother J.D. would borrow the car but with the strict admonition that there was to be "no drinking with your friends as long as you are driving."

The breath of May came, Art had graduated from high school, work at the flour mill assured no golden cup and his future was palled with uncertainty but a magical fever was in his blood. His heart beat was not light or gentle for a youthful girl who could cure him of his malady and only love or death could solace his despair. He knew well the Catholic girl, Tommie, who hurried into his dreams and gave him that fevered pain. One day he drove her to Jarales in his four door Mercury Monterey sedan not to show her golden bracelets but to do the funny-unusual. He stopped the car, waved his outstretched hands toward the green fields and allowing no fear to enter said, "All of that is mine." The soul of the young man was breathing greatness! Oh, what unknown sweet perfume must have played with his mind! His spirit nearly knocked the socks off Tommie. She was awed!

The day came when his young heart was swelling with fire like the sun setting over the mesa. His spirit was rocking so that ambitious, uncommon and tireless young man drove to Belen on Valentine's Day with a box of chocolates, picked up his youthful girlfriend and as his heart thumped a thousand heart-beats he asked her to open the box. Then as his heart flushed and hormones became super-charged, he was ready to make a change in his life! She opened the box. Her lips and eyelids broke open at the sight of a ring. He proposed! She said yes! It is amazing what the honey-colored moon will often do to people.

In 1956, Art and Tommie, with consent of their families and tended by their youthful vigor entered into Holy Matrimony in Our Lady of Belen Catholic Church, followed by a family reception held in the Gil's Bakery of Belen. The music of harps blew away any dark clouds and wrapped the couple in glee though their youthful days would be

living-on-a-shoe string. Only fate would remain to see what would lie ahead.

The newlyweds moved in, by invitation, with Art's widowed grandfather, Don Jose Dolores Cordova. The house was spacious and as tranquil as any place could be found. The aging grandfather would no longer be alone and his grandson's young bride would take over the domestic duties. Art was but a stone's throw away from the mill. In a sense, Art was in his glory, milking cows, feeding chickens and tending to his grandfather's garden en El Rincon. In no way would time take Art away from the farm! As destiny would have it, Art and Tommie lived three years in that house. One evening a lament, like the west-wind wailing, announced the birth of Judy, their older daughter. Once more an unconquered joy lent music to the house! Judy was later to learn how to eat with a butter knife much as her great grandfather would do, wash her hands in the old washbasin that stood next to the kitchen door and once in a while take a puff from his pipe. That must have been Heaven at its best!

The old Halama and Enderstine store building had changed hands and had been put up for sale by the owner, Eustaquio Ulibarri. Art saw an opportunity, borrowed money with intent to purchase. The amazing thing was that he was working seven days a week in the flour mill and could still commit time to running a new business. He was a risk-taker who saw set-backs as minor obstacles in life. He worked hard and did not dwell on mistakes. He was disinvesting, for lack of a better word, was squeezing each dollar as the prospect for a better future. Much like those who succeed in business, he had a numerical objective to fulfill but while that was in the present there was a future. One of the striking aspects about him is that he worked best under pressure so the

test of his ideas was how well they worked not how comfortable they were. He purchased the building that included living quarters attached to the rear of the building and opened the Midway Market in the front part.



Midway Grocery, Art's first business in Jarales, NM

Art opened the neighborhood store not solely intending upon getting satisfied customers but loyal ones who would bring in other customers. In-fact, knowing the community was often short on cash he incorporated a bartering system—the exchange of store goods and gasoline from the pump for goods grown by the farmers. Fascinating idea, to say the least and one can suppose Art knew its limitations. But he held no limitations when it came to helping family and community. By all indications he held his mother's love, peace and compassion for others. Without any doubt, his reverential affection toward her was also lovingly bestowed upon him. Whatever is the secret that molds mankind is a mystery. Art recognized those rich qualities in his mother and affectionately referred to her as, "The Lady of Gold!" The inter-

esting point is that Art took what were motherly intriguing intentions, let them abound his own thinking and endorsed them as part of his own convictions. It is to her impulses that Art awakens each day as her unforgotten voice whispers from that eternal mystery.

Art and Tommie were at one time mayordomos of Our Lady of Belen Catholic Church but were also involved when the Jarales San Francisco Xavier Mission building needed major restoration. They and Art's father, traditionalists, were in favor of restoring the original building. The restoration of the old mission was not a novel idea and one that continues as a tradition followed in New Mexico. Nick and Sally Cordova's, mayordomos, campaign for a new building prevailed.

Art inherited a keenness of mind, not uncommon to his father and paternal grandfather, of ways to change the system. At least a tweaking to improve it. The flour mill was producing the finest product in the State of New Mexico but the retailing was missing. Art stepped in and developed a marketing approach for selling and distributing flour which in a short time brought immediate increase in sales. His father was an excellent miller but not a salesman. Art persuaded him the flour mill needed a distribution place, that turned out to be a warehouse closer to the retailing stores, in order for them to respond to immediate consumer merchandize demands. He rented a place in Albuquerque and kept it well supplied with "Royal Crust" flour. The location allowed for rapid distribution to the stores in Albuquerque. In a short time, non-clients of the Jarales Roller Mill Company joined existing clients in ordering flour from the warehouse. The flour sales increased as did the sale of feed products, a new line Art introduced. The warehouse proved to be a big success! That caught the attention of Lee

Francis who later became Lieutenant Governor of the State of New Mexico, where it certainly helped the business.

Art enjoyed the marketing and selling aspects of the business! The flour sales in El Paso, Texas came by accident according to Art. He was in the area trying to expand the flour sales or anything else as a matter of fact. He stopped by the Tidwell Fuel and Feed Store and announced he was selling flour. He was asked how many bags he had and the price. It did not take Art long to unload twenty of his one-hundred-pound sacks. That was the beginning of Jarales Roller Mills business in El Paso, Texas.

Increased sales meant Art was on the road in that big red International truck delivering flour throughout the New Mexico and into El Paso, Texas. He quickly found out that returning with an empty truck was not profitable so he started "Back Hauling" products. At one time he even went into Juarez, Mexico so as to return to Belen with a load of a sand-type composition for the attorney, Filo Sedillo.

Art was always quick to seize the moment: When flour sales slacked a bit in Albuquerque, he joined Dealer's Association and sales took a jump. True to his thinking, he kept in mind that price was meaningless unless he provided product quality, excellent service, transparency, familiarity with the product and conveying to each customer that he/she was dealing with an honorable seller of goods. In retrospect, He still feels, "It was a simple life and maybe we shouldn't have changed it. I don't know but we grew up and here I am now with this company that I passed on to my kids. I feel very fortunate the way it turned out."

It did not take long for Art, the man with the "golden gloves," to see his store business was flourishing and how the gas pump was

bringing in more paying customers so he opened a used car business. There was no doubt Art still loved the farm but had just become a car dealer. In all fairness, one must admit he had help. His wife and children were often running the store, pumping gas and washing and selling cars. They also helped with the digging of ditches, bailing hay and caring for farm animals. That was life in Jarales where their work ethic was instilled. The family by then included four children whose parents shared a boundless hope they would one day go to college and triumph. In no way were the years of toil to be melted away in Jarales. In time each child grew up and set his/her own high-water mark and met their parent's dreams!

His son Phillip perhaps said it better regarding his father, "All in all, how did the farm and ADC mold him, my father? I really don't think they molded him. I truly believe he molded the farm and ADC along with the community and everyone he knew. He instilled the idea of hard work in us, our family and pushed education on all of us. We always knew and still to this day know that if we need anything he is always the first person there. He gives the true meaning to family and father. I am not sure if it was my grandpa that instilled the idea of hard constant work into him or he was born that way but I truly don't know anyone with a more directed hard-work attitude than my dad. He still remembers the bell that would ring when a car would come up to the gas pump. It was time for someone to pump gas, check the oil and check the tires, even repair flat tires."

The store generally opened between 6:00 am and 7:00 am in the morning (Sunday thru Saturday) but that was often moot for those working out in the fields or those without watches. Art came up with a novel idea to alert the community, that the store was open for business.

He burned the trash in the early morning so in that way folks would know he was up and the store was open. It worked! Without doubt the front porch of the store was populated with old timers' stories, escapades, what was wrong in the world and often confirming rumors from the night before. That was a way of considering what chaos may have existed and at least giving it a mental exercise! There were times when practical problems in the village were brought to some resolution.

Services were held each month with some regularity in the Catholic Mission of San Francisco Xavier. After the Sunday Masses were over old men, in particular, would often congregate in the porch of what they called "Jr.'s Store". Those were delightful moments when even the young heard how God's Will helped the poor, about the Almighty Order, how the world was a Divine Mystery. They always stayed away from the profane so as not to throb or tighten the temples of the young ones listening. There were also mundane discussions about how Arturo's alfalfa stack had burned, how no one came to put out the smoldering bales and how the Belen Fire Department refused to service Jarales. They often spoke with reverence and through thick tears about those who passed on, especially when Nicanor Romero's hearse would pass by or of the sadness seen the last velorio held in the village. Moments of silence came upon those men as they mourned the dead long before the sun cast its shadow upon the old trastienda wall and the west-wind shut its door. Then each one would leave before the moon's vapors slanted between the leaves of Abel Romero's cottonwood tree. It was time for Junior to close the store and for them to let their own memories slumber in the darkness of the night.

Art became the conscience of the village as he truly heard the old men. It was not long before he “grabbed the bull by the horns.” He formed a committee of locally concerned citizens that included Remigio Baldonado, Bert Griego and others. They approached the Belen Fire Department with a plan for serving Jarales, which was ultimately rejected. Art then went to Santa Fe where he had an appointment. His sole purpose was to procure State funds for developing a Jarales and Bosque Fire Department. Mr. Aldridge approved funding.

The village fire department in Jarales was established in 1969 primarily to “prevent the loss of alfalfa bales due to fires” and fighting home and field fires in Bosque. One instance that supported the need for a local fire department was when Arturo Octavio Cordova had sold and had been paid two thousand dollars for the bales of hay. The alfalfa had been purchased by a feed store in Los Lunas. One night after the sale and before the bales were removed from Arturo’s property, someone set fire to them. The telling tale was a set of cowboy boot imprints found in the vicinity of the fire. Everyone one knew the old cowboy who purchased the hay wore boots so it was easy to point the finger and say, “That old cowboy set them on fire to collect insurance.” Of-course that was speculation but it offered support for a Firehouse building and a place to store a fire engine. Once funded the building was built on the southeast intersection of Cordova Loop and Jarales Road, in-fact, it is still located on the former Jarales Elementary School Grounds. In due time, a fire engine was purchased from the town of Mountainair.

There was a need for the temporary Fire Department headquarters before the new station was constructed so Art rented “La Trastienda”

from Don Dolores Cordova. The building had been vacant and he was able to rent it for the sum of ten dollars per month. That placed the headquarters in the adobe building that had been built by Art’s uncle, Jesus Olguin, for the purpose of Nicolas Sanchez, maternal grandparent of Art, and Adolfo Sanchez, a pariente, to run a bar and card room. It was a convenient location as it was next to Art’s grocery store. It is worth mentioning the fire department was composed of volunteers and the first service staff member was Tommie Cordova who summoned the volunteer firemen when a fire was reported.

Art seemed to have his fingers in every pot! Following the fire department project came the Grandparent Program. He tapped into government funding for some of the Los Lunas Hospital and Training School Programs. In this case, senior citizens were paid to work with adults and children who had intellectual and developmental disabilities. This not only benefited those in the school but allowed the senior citizens to participate in meaningful activities, got them out their homes, gave them a sense of belonging and they earned a few dollars. Without doubt, it was Art’s compassion and sense of civic responsibility that were gripped by the plight of those adults and children in the school so he stepped in and did something about it.

The common expression is: If you want something done you ask a busy person to do it. Art has been such a busy person! At one point, he became concerned about the lack of low-cost housing and the bad conditions of the old houses in Valencia and nearby counties. The poor people who were earning less than thirty percent of the local median were in trouble and could not afford to repair their houses. He became chairman of the Board of Midwest Cap, a government funded program formed to provide low-cost housing in Valencia, Socorro,

McKinley and Catron counties. He made it a point from the beginning and said, "We will play by the rules." He was never one to cast aspersions on any board member, in particular, but a priest on the Board wanted to deviate from the mission of the organization. Art said, "no." In-fact he said, "Father, you need to be in the Mass and not here on the Board because you are screwing it up." The effect of such directive is not known however, it appeared the priest did not feel a calling to solve the practical needs of that time. Art was not into a homey and wild imagination associated with spiritual folklore, he wanted action.

Midwest Cap was administered through a system of managers in each county. Art kept a close watch on the ethical behavior of the organization. Example: He fired an employee because he was messing around with the staff. He said to him, "It won't happen during my watch." In another case, he had a chairman in the Socorro Project "who put his teeth" into his wife and when Art found out about it made him pay for the injurious act with money not earned from the government funds.

Silvestre Castillo was the Director of the Four-County Housing Improvement Program that employed many carpenters, plumbers, electricians and laborers. In speaking with him he stated that approximately eighty low-cost houses that needed major repairs were brought up to livable standards. While the Industry asserted it could not be done, he proved them wrong. He did an admirable job and allowed no "hanky-panky."

Art has always been a visionary, a change-agent! His sense of community, that is, his proclivity to help those in need has ever been in his mind. Example: He became aware of the sub-par academic learning

skills being attained by multi-lingual children in the New Mexico schools and it festered in his mind. In particular, the National statistics indicated that the learning success of minority group students in New Mexico was well below the National average. So, he took action and filed for federal and state monies and with the funding from those agencies developed the Head Start Programs in Valencia, Catron, McKinley and Socorro Counties. The basic idea was to provide uninterrupted support to families and children during their childhood developmental period. That was the benefit key for the physical, social, emotional, and cognitive development of each child.

In essence, Art has always been like a father to communities. He has given and done what needed to be accomplished and has been there for everyone and the church. He puts out his hands to help whenever anyone was in need even if someone just needed basic advice or information. From the very onset he has cultivated an atmosphere in which he expressed the sober truth about life and what it has meant to him. The everyday way in which he expresses himself has been natural, simple and conscious of others. There are no hidden agendas in his life and with that he passes an exuberance of life itself. Often Art bestows an unexpected and refreshing glimpse into his soul.

Art is a realist and remains as such about the world we live in. He has never indulged in complicated ventures he could not solve. He accepts life's blessings as the wonderful gift of life which he internalizes into his own inner and external experience. That is the measure by which he feeds the light of hope. He has always been endowed with an incredible intuition that in time did become the backbone of his personal life and business success. He has a continuing life about which there is much to tell because he has succeeded as the architect of his

own destiny and allowed his moral character to blend into his inner life and accomplishments.

Now more of Art's realism: No sooner had Art ended his work on the learning situation for minority group children then he went after the school high dropout problem in Valencia, Catron, McKinley and Socorro Counties and created the GED Program. He was convinced the lack of diplomas was holding back people from getting good jobs. He felt that completing the GED would fuel the dreams of many! His effort was a success! In a matter of time, he turned the program over for administration by the local high schools.

Art's days at the flour mill were in reality coming to an end just like the old flour mill engine wishing for someone to end its torment. The engine's anguish was dying and as in Art's case it was time for a major change. It was time to move on. Time was leaving nothing to happy memories and the fire in Art's belly was getting harder to maintain. True to form, little stays with one. While the tired little flour mill engine was signing off, Art saw the world as his bread basket to attain and the prime of his youth was carrying him and turning his eyes in every direction. His aspirations were boundless but a different cadence had been beating in his father's design for his son's future but he understood the day would come when Art would leave. He knew those eyes that saw another time and the dice in hand with which they played.

It is without doubt Art's father had given much thought to the idea Art would one day take over the flour mill. But, knowing Art was leaving after working at the mill for ten years presented a voice of fear, as though, death might be embracing his own father's legacy. Would a blaze in the sunset melt away the corporation established on Decem-

ber 12, 1913? What would happen to the birthright set by Jose Dolores Cordova, J.M. Garcia and Ignacio B. Garcia? The Jarales Trading Company established for purposes of running a mill, a store, the buying and selling of goods, running a slaughter shop, borrowing money, conducting mortgage and real estate services etc. could not go into a restful lot.

For a moment Art's father felt at a loss as his dreams of what would come to pass, went and passed like the cold west wind. His emotions were not flowering at that moment, then the thought came. Perhaps his milling engineer son who carried the name Jose Dolores Cordova would be the one to solve his dilemma! Perhaps! A holier thought could not have been most welcomed!

Art's father considered an era was coming to an end and it could neither be defined or stopped. At times it appeared to be an endless process of death for the Mill. One moment appeared to be annihilating the other. And if so, was the Mill's joy of life all but a fantasy? That was not a problem with which to be indulged but it needed solving. The worst of circumstances: Did closing the doors of the Mill mean its complete isolation and a loss to him and family? Or could there be a safe transition to another person who would give it a new life? Everything was lost in a flurry of questions without answers. One idea existed, life would continue with or without the Mill. But what did that really mean? Perhaps Jarales would remain as it was or would never be the same?

CHAPTER III

New Ventures



Arthur Cordova CEO

Art's ten years of successfully leading the marketing effort of the flour mill had proven a success and without doubt proved that dedication, confidence, innate ability and calm dignity triumph in one's efforts. Simply stated, he set a high benchmark for others to emulate. More so, an ideal definition of him best indicated he was never satisfied, always risk-taking, curious, courageous and honest in conducting his work. No matter what obstacles prevailed, certitude-of-self and dignity would always be the key to his success.

Art had always been ready to create new roads in life so he left the mill but kept the store and his farm his holdings. He had reached the point where he thought he needed to do something different and an

opening came up to manage a Job Corp Center in Mountainair, New Mexico. He got the job and that was where he learned how to audit such centers. He was in! It was with good fortune Vivian, his brother, was Director of State Surpluses under Governor David F. Cargo but more so that he had political clout in Washington, D.C. Was it serendipity, intuitiveness or timely planning that pressed Art to secure a contractor's license that permitted him to conduct business with the government? Whatever the case, he had seen the light!

Those were the days when Art was so poor that when going to Washington, D.C. to meet with government agencies often meant sleeping in a car. He could not afford lodging so he did it on-the-fly but his persistence paid off. It must have been his stylistic youthfulness that equipped him to speak with eloquence and draw attention to his early proposals! Little did anyone know the young man had less in hand than his held dreams!

Art's fortunes were changing! He had been employed to operate a warehouse at the old Job Training Center in Mountainair, New Mexico. Though the median household income and work-skills of young folks in the area were sub-par, the ranchers gave the proposed Center a thumbs down thus rejected a program under the auspices of the U.S. Department of Labor that would have continued to provide free education and vocational training for men and women between the ages of 16 and 24. The basic idea was to have trainees spend one-half of their time improving federal parks and forests and the other half improving their educational basic skills. In this case, unused federal funding balances were reappropriated to an area near Notre Dame, Indiana. The loss did not dull Art's vision to help those mired in life.

Art responded to a Federal RFP, a Request for Proposal, that called

for providing services to the Indigenous populations. He was awarded a contract that called for inventorying Bureau of Indigenous Affairs schools across the country. The head office was in Albuquerque and was staffed with three persons, plus Art. That small work-force conducted audits of the need-areas then documented its findings. The audit reports were then submitted to the Bureau of Indian Affairs for allocation of funding in keeping with tribal needs.

Art faced expected stumbling blocks in forming his business but he did not ever see his effort as a loss. Nothing could quench the fire in him. He knew that without some pain there would be no success. The contract to provide job training for the Indigenous tribes in Alaska was a sign of progress and well received as were other programs.

One day as he baled hay in Jarales the thought struck him that the federal funds for training program in North Dakota had not come in. He needed the allotment so he got off the tractor and drove to the First National Bank in Belen, which had not yet opened, so he waited. Once open Art headed for Smiley, a bank employee.

Art said, "I came to see what is going on with the loan. I have a contract and I am going to have to meet payroll."

Smiley responded, "Junior, this account has been taken away from me. You will have to talk to 'the gringo.'" So off went Art to his office and waited. Once he entered his office, Art said "I hear you are now my banker."

He answered, "Yes, I am. Your loan has not been approved."

Art asked, "What do you mean not approved?"

He said, "You need proof all of the federal money has all been approved to back the loan."

Art said, "Let me talk with Jim Foley, the bank president."

As Jim Foley came in Art asked, "What's this bullshit? I was told you moved my account to this other guy. You put that guy in charge. You can send him to the Ladrone Mountain." Jim, asked, "Why is that so, Junior?"

Art responded, "He treated me like shit. Jim, you need to approve this loan."

Jim responded, "Junior, you are worth more in fence posts, than the money you are borrowing."

Art said, "Well you need to tell them that because they don't know me. I don't know them and I don't want to know them. Either you go with me or I will go to Jesus Sanchez at Rancher's State Bank. Henry Jaramillo will lend me the money. My grandfather banked with you, as did my father and now I am asking you. I am the third-generation banking with you. I am asking for a \$20,000.00 loan."

Jim responded, "Now Junior, listen. We don't want to lose you."

Art said, "Look, I do not want to go to that guy again. I felt he was racist towards me." Art true to form spoke his piece.

He refused to accept the idea that someone would try to gaslight him into thinking he was less than an equal. Down deep he knew racism existed and he was not going to allow further perpetuation. He knew what he wanted from the bank, so he stayed focused on the issue and refused to accept the bank's atmosphere as it would derail him from his mission. The federal office paid him right away. The very tenacious Art did get the loan and paid it off ahead of time. From that day he never owed anyone else a penny.

As any reader can readily tell from the previous dialog: Art has never been afraid to express his feelings, never violated honesty in dealing with friends, foes, co-workers and has always felt comfortable in his own skin. His greatest strength has been not being afraid to work, knowing he could do it and doing it better than anyone else. It has been interesting to hear how he describes it all: "By instinct I could smell it and breathe it. I could put myself in any situation and succeed."

Art was burning the candle at both ends as he developed one project after the other. Example: Saint Anthony's Orphanage in Albuquerque advertised one of its large buildings for sale. It meant a loss of real estate capital for the orphanage but Art came to the rescue and secured federal funding. He supported a Job Corp Training Center in the building and it was successful. He later returned the building to the orphanage, free of charge. Without doubt, he has always known what to do and has been quick at sizing any situation then taking action to correct or improve it.

There were exciting times with a twist for Art! Example: The services in the Job Training Centers were not being filled, that is, young men, young women and mature women were not signing up for train-

ing. Reason: The Centers were too distant for the poor trainees so he under the Nixon Administration, developed residential centers. That put vocational training right in the communities with the full support of Bill Hagen, program administrator.

At one point the Employment and Training Administration (ETA) funding simply went into a hiatus and Art submitted his resignation to Bill Hagen. He simply needed a time-out to spend with his family. It came first! But after a brief interval from any work Art started looking for one and so did his brother Nick. Art applied for a job with the intent of having Navajo Freight Lines hire Nick but the company wanted him instead. Art dug his heels and made sure Nick was hired by Yellow Freight Lines. Both got jobs!

Art worked three years delivering freight but was seriously injured when he was trapped between two semi-trailers as one rolled into the other. He was in the Presbyterian Hospital for about eight months and was not expected to ever walk again. It took months of physical rehabilitation, standing and falling, before he was released to once more walk. He never returned to the Navajo Freight Lines.

He called Bill Hagen who stated, "I heard about your accident." Art responded, "Yea but I can work. I can drive pretty good." Bill Hagen responded, "Art, we have a big job in Arizona. Can you handle it?"

Art responded, "Yea, send me the stuff."

It was just a matter of time before Art was back in his old workplace, auditing training centers, as a matter of fact, two big centers. It was back to a Monday through Friday work schedule. To quote Art, "I was poco loco, maybe!"

Then a big opportunity came up in Alaska! A big meeting was held

with all center leaders in that state. Art found himself working under a supervisor who was coming on too strong in the minds of Indigenous groups being served. The supervisor talked down to them so they rejected him. Art who understood the art of politics found himself being asked to take over the leadership. He was being handed lemons that he turned into lemonade. As said before, Art was always quick to grasp the essence of any situation. It was rare one found someone like him who could keep his eye on the cue ball and its collision. It was at this point, Art knew he was ready to have his own company. He knew he could make it. Going in would be tough and he would need some support.

It was on the flight from Alaska and while changing flights in Seattle, Washington so as to board for Salt Lake City that he met H. R. Fine, Inspector General for the Department of Labor and Energy. That chance meeting proved to be a game-changer for ADC LTD NM. He had met a government official who conducted audits and investigations of programs and operations under the auspices the Department of Labor. They flew to Salt Lake City and upon arrival found the next leg of the flight to Albuquerque had been cancelled so they rented a car. They continued to their destination which gave them ample time to get to know each other. It was evident Art had impressed H. R. Fine because by the time they parted he had offered to employ him to conduct background investigations. They parted in Albuquerque with the proviso Art was to meet with Wayne Tucker of the Albuquerque office.

Art met with Wayne Tucker, Inspector General for the Department of Labor, who managed personnel and system resources for the U.S. Department of Labor. He had oversight of programs, performed au-

aits that strengthened the integrity and efficiency of criminal investigative processes. H.R. Fine, though braggadocio, had referred Art to the right person. Tucker referred Art to Orlando Silva, a Small Business Administration employee, who was in charge of certifying prospective employees who needed to be cleared to conduct background investigations. The certification period normally took ninety days but Art was certified almost immediately. That quick clearance enabled ADC LTD NM to receive federal funding, employ investigators and begin training them to conduct background investigations.

The big break came when H.R. Fine and Wayne Tucker encouraged Art to apply for federal funding through the 8A Set-Aside monies of the Small Business Bureau. That reduced the bureaucracy of competing with large business applicants--an obvious plus for any new and small venture. Art was on a roll! He landed the needed funding and got his first federal contract. He would continue with his own Job Training Centers in Alaska. It is often said, the path of life is dizzy and perilous all the way.

The Request For Proposal (RFP) that set the springboard for ADC LTD NM originated in Art's bedroom in Jarales. There was no going back to the days he earned \$35.00 a week while working at the mill. He would never have to ask for a pay-raise and feel the rejection of not getting it. He was on the way to honing ADC LTD NM. Without a doubt one day it would be one of the top largest Private Security Corporation in the United States. There was no bogus badge that could suffocate Art's ability to think and create. He had fulfilled his brother David's measure of him as being very smart and that he should have been a lawyer. That estimation did not enter Art's mind but he was on the way to one day hiring someone to do the lawyering for him!

Art was different from an early age. He was smart, perceptive and

determined. He saw, gave meaning to life and understood there was a logical purpose in everything. He eliminated nonessential barriers and focused on simplifying opportunities. He lived each day by such principle. The least understood were those thoughts that took place as they set fire to his thinking. Mingling in his day dreams was impossible as he was always in a hurry. Did he ever rest? No! He was always busy and had no time to deal with his night dreams. The important thing was that he understood what was essential in the day, and so took action. Perhaps that was what set the path for his long-term success!

ADC transformed from Art's birthplace in Jarales to the current headquarters, a full campus located near the Albuquerque International Airport and supported by over 2000 employees and contractors. This became a reality with endless hours of work and with the commitment and dedication of incredible staff and contract investigators.

Art's venture into government contracting providing services for the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) and Los Alamos National Laboratories (LANL) required his full attention. It was at this time he realized the commitment to the company would take everything he had and as he often said, he was married to the company. He moved from his home in Jarales to Albuquerque where he ran the business from a small building off of Madera Street. During this time, he slept on the floor every night. He awoke every morning got cleaned and dressed and had a fresh pot of coffee prepared before his staff arrived.

As the company grew, additional office space was needed. He then purchased the Al Hurricane recording studio on San Mateo Blvd. and retrofitted it into office space along with an apartment, which he lived in for many years alongside his wife, Kathy. At this point ADC was providing adjudicative services for the Department of Energy (DOE),

Security Escorting for Sandia National Laboratories (SNL) and background investigations for Department of Defense (DOD) and physical security and custodial services for the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA). The company continued to expand. Under Phillip's direction, ADC LTD NM provided security services to various State and City customers.

With Art at the helm, the company out-grew the San Mateo office and relocated to the Albuquerque Professional Building on Virginia Street. The company continued to grow, prosper, and expand. Under Jerome's direction, ADC secured armed guard contracts to protect air traffic controllers for 18 FAA sites throughout the central part of the United States.

As ADC outgrew the small business requirements, we secured a contract providing armed security services for the 36 FAA sites on the East Coast.

With direction from Art, Judy and Brenda, the background investigation division expanded to include services to the Department of Homeland Security components. This division evolved from paper and pen era to electronic systems that eventually evolved into ADC's copyrighted RoadRunner Tracking System.

To quote Art's son, Phillip Cordova, regarding his father: "He built ADC LTD NM as his baby from the ground up and raised it into a very successful large business. He put his heart and soul into the company working literally 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. He has always been a people person and could sell ice to the Eskimos. He could show those in the market that ADC LTD NM was the company for them simply because he put his whole person into the company. As for employees, he would hire anyone from the highly educated to the

least educated, earnestly making them feel important and got them to give their all to their jobs. He continues to teach them to this day. I sit and wonder how he got some employees to turn into great employees!"

The summation of how his businesses began marvels one's imagination! As it happened, Art's son Phillip returned to the Jarales family store, from New Mexico State University and became available for other work just about the time his father had been granted a government contract to perform work with the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The contract mandated auditing of the Indian Schools nationwide. The workforce began with Art Cordova, Art's son Phillip Cordova and Art's brothers; Frank Cordova, Nick Cordova and Michael Dean Cordova. This company, as known, would measure physical facilities, assess existing inventory of the Indian Schools in the United States, collect the information then would take it to the office in Albuquerque where it was manually inputted into their computer database. Once completed the information was submitted to the Bureau of Indian Affairs for appropriate funding of each location.

Art always had a knack for hands-on-management. He was quick and always understood what needed to be done and did it efficiently and successfully. His type of decisive action impressed Bill Hagen. It certainly added to the trust he had of Art and his work. He knew Art was honest and loved challenges so he cut him loose with full confidence he would never cut a check unless he could back it. Without doubt, as the rooster was going through his morning celebration Art would be at work. It was work, work until his shirt buttons would fall asleep and then he sewed them in his sleep! Then it was breaktime though it was brief!

Art's affirmation that honesty must be the foundation of all work

and services inspired funding agencies and employees. His security business began to flourish as did the work-environment where every employee became part of the work family. Art's soft approach to management and cutting the reins loose so employees could maximize their potential, improved production and in the long run encouraged employees to enjoy long term employment with ADC LTD NM. The path set by Art was always bright but there were occasions that demanded sacrifice.

To quote Art: "I knew each person could do the job and they all knew my door was always open." In keeping with Art's thinking, he who has fit harmoniously within his soul brings in those who also fit well with theirs. So, they are bound by a common root.

In retrospect, Art did not want the type of work environment where employees felt "they just worked here, or were not involved in giving meaningful input" as he was committed to the idea that each employee's purpose and vision must be congruent with the business. He wanted a culture that empowered individuals. However, the challenge was to enable them to take initiative and responsibility at all levels. At the beginning the idea was foreign to the employees so he rolled up his sleeves and worked directly with them. In no time, so to speak, they began to capture his energy, their ability to do the work and their realization of personal goals. He also understood the success of the organization depended on how well he integrated his employee's vision, values, goals. With good fortune his moral fabric and know-how brought to mind that by improving his own interpersonal communication there would be improved job performance. It worked!

Art understood managing involved more than an inherent skill. It demanded time in the trenches with employees if his organization was

going to enjoy a significant and successful difference in comparison to other companies. By his own experiences the development of any viable workforce needed to take place in a natural work environment as learned new skills really did not take place until they were put to use. His success in building his workforce was most likely attributable to a careful sense of timing and intelligent monitoring of employee skill levels at entry levels and before he moved them into other positions. Without doubt, there were some knocks and bruises but the value was in bringing into the forefront the importance of ethics and values into the workplace.

By gaining such perspective, employees learned the relevance of their work and how they directly enhanced the value of the company. In a general sense, Art instilled a moral plane which brought about transformations that fit with his own way of thinking thus creating a life space that emulated his own dedication to the company. That is called, buying in! It was not by chance ADC LTD NM became a thriving business where employees are coworkers and members of the "Company Family."

CHAPTER IV

A Man of Conscience



Arthur Cordova

There can be no translation or rephrasing of Art's unblemished character that can capture his nature better than by letting him speak directly. In his confident and charming way, he tells it like it was of a youth hindered, how in time he brought an anxious life into the brightness of the day and of a frankness that would kill the unfired bloom of any rose. He is confident, self-assured and comfortable as any joy could ever find! It is often said that passion soothes any man's soul until for its sake he moves it ahead and that is called ambition. In Art's case, it was self-directed chance that appeared to have turned his early life's dreams into a wholesome reality.

This accounting is far from any attempt at an exhaustive evaluation of him but it allows one to understand the vitality and wisdom of this man. Though there were often times of struggle, there were also victories that allowed him to address the conditions of the time with his splendid honesty and so he built a new world around the one he knew with the personal impulse and passion he possessed. But who is he? By what tasks in his real life did he conjure the successful path he enjoys? Was it natural instinct, good influences or diligence that set him on the path of who he wanted to be? Or was it his ability to endure the hardships and distress that often accompany one in life?

One can surmise he understood his own trust and kept on his aim. He did not lie in wait but took action with a calmness and with his mind's eye saw what he foresaw—sweet images of his future as all obscurity faded. He then played the game of life in which he assured himself of having a winning hand. There was no other thought in his mind but to persevere as his confidence showered him the truth. Here was a man who felt his soul climb within him through the hardest of social times. Let the onion unpeel itself!

Art speaks: "Without God you don't have anything. We were taught the 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary' by my mother. I guess looking back it was maybe through that I got real-tight with the Catholic religion. I don't believe in everything we do but it's better than anything else we know. Well, my mother was a very pure woman. How she put up with my dad's drinking, I don't know. I found it interesting the way she brought us up. We had to clean up and then go to pray the rosary, every night. It was stuff like that she instilled in us. So, I guess all of my upbringing goes back to those roots that I have from my mother. Things have not changed that much up until the Covid-19 pandemic in 2020, Kathy and

I used to go to Mass on Sundays. Since then, we do it in front of the TV. We pray the rosary, at 87 years old, not on my knees anymore but while sitting down on a chair."

Art was divorced as was Kathy. He said, "We were married in Belen after a long courtship. Nothing elaborate so to speak. I called Judy and Brenda and told them. They said, you kind of kept it quiet. I said, yes. I did not want to be branded again. I feel they accepted Kathy very well and everyone loves her. I hit a homerun marrying her."

To speak about Art is to speak about Kathy. At this point license is taken. They had known each other for many years. Both had married and gone about their separate ways. Years later to hear it said, Art would go to the County Court House on business and would run into Kathy, who was employed in the building. One day he invited her to have lunch and she accepted. That led to other invitations even lunch at the "Circle T" hamburger restaurant in Belen. In time she thought, "Oh man, I like this man. He made me fall in love with him. Then came the Governor's Ball and that was exciting! He was an excellent dancer. Our long-time friendship was a great way to start."

They lived as a couple for about ten years and one Christmas Eve Art suggested they go out for dinner. During a short interlude he pulled a small box out of his coat pocket and asked Kathy to open it. She did and there was a ring! She asked, "What is this? There is a ring. What is this?"

Art asked, "Well, don't you want to get married? I got you!"

Kathy said, "Yeah! Ten years together was a long time! I was comfortable with the relationship we had. We shared common values, beliefs in religion and all of those things that reinforced our lives." Writer's com-

ment: “Is it not amazing what Art, as by magic, has been able to pull out little boxes from which rings appeared?”

Art’s favorite motto: “Haces bien y no acates a quien, (Do well but do not belittle anyone). I believe that way of thinking has helped me out and every time I bid on something I win. I think God says, “Thank you for doing what you have done!” I have helped families and I think that is what Christ looks at, I don’t know. I think that way, maybe I am wrong? I don’t keep score and stuff like that. I think they appreciated it.”

Art continued, “I think my mother probably passed that on to us and I got it. Those that didn’t get it, just didn’t get it. Well, that is the way I see it. Every time we put in a bid, we won so I said, ‘God is thanking me this way. Our competition has been tough. We are dealing with the big boys of the world. I am not scared of them. I tell my four kids, don’t be scared of them, you can do better than they can.’ That’s the attitude they have in their minds. They have cultivated that saying, ‘Haces bien y no acates a quien.’ Our secret is that ADC LTD NM is a reliable company.”

I have been asked how do you measure success? “I don’t know if it is my effort. I have brought in more contacts and still don’t know where the finish line is? Where does one cut the line? Saying one is successful is one thing because I don’t know if God ever gave me a line or goal to meet. I felt that maybe I should’ve tried a little harder on some of the bids or something like that. I am sure, I am satisfied with what I have made but I’m not sure if that was the goal.

I don’t know if they were my goals, God’s goals or someone else’s goals but I tried hard when we bid. Sometimes it was easy and sometimes not. I don’t know. I was kind of diversified in my thinking probably from early in my life. I came from Jarales, then worked a bit as a sup-

ply sergeant for the New Mexico National Guard. I worked with Tony Sanchez at the Guard. There were many opportunities and breaks that came because of my good relationship with Tony Sanchez and Colonel Richard Gilbert, the Guard Commander. I saw a strength of character in Tony and the Commander!”

He continued, “while serving in the National Guard, a convoy had arrived from Fort Bliss, Texas and the Colonel in Belen asked for a briefing. Someone said, ‘We had a few Mexicans driving. They were not too bad.’ Colonel Gilbert, who was not an Anglo, asked the captain of the group to repeat what he had said. Once repeated, he ordered the captain to apologize for his insensitivity. The Colonel really jumped on the captain’s butt as he had degraded those of Mexican ancestry.

Regarding discrimination, we went through it and we are still going through it in some ways, however not as much, it is camouflaged. I consider myself an average guy who was at the right place, at the right time and hit a home run when I put in our bids. We now have technical writers. I didn’t have that when I first started. Though my experience in writing proposals was not very good, I learned and started winning bids that carried me to the next level.

“For reasons unknown to me the next level went smoother and easier. I then opened an office in the Washington, D.C. area, in fact it was in Falls Church, Virginia. We did well with big contracts through the FAA and Background Investigations. In time, I centralized the office business to Albuquerque with the desire to provide career opportunities to fellow New Mexicans”

My daughter Brenda now heads the company. “She has the mind, stamina, vision and runs the business like a clock. But I have reminded

her that payroll is sacred, and be sure that you do not tarnish our reputation. I think I made the right selection in having her run the company although I think my other children could run it just as well. The company is in their good hands. I feel proud and feel good my four kids are running the company. Anyone of them could step in and run it.

My children are very bright. The business has been more successful now that I am out of there. I can see it. I can see the growth in the company and the betterment that I brought to them. Since I gave them the company and it has grown, it is healthy and strong. We have come a long way from when I started the company. I can see where the growing pains still are and will continue to be as it continues to grow.

Brenda has developed a good relationship with the government contacting officers. She has a good idea where the company is going and keeps in contact with them on what is going on or happening. She is fair with everyone across the board.

I chose Brenda because I thought that a woman should be running the business. Times have changed and it was time to give her the proper and earned recognition she deserves. We need more women business leaders. She has proved she can do it and compete with others.

I knew where the trends were going and understood that what I was doing was going to happen. I made it happen and I had the support of all my children. They contributed to its' success. My family was united in what we did. We worked hard and put it all together."

I say to my children, "Don't be scared. Roll up your sleeves, go to work, be willing to work 15, 16 hours a day. If you do not have that stamina then you don't have that work ethic. Don't get into it because

that's what it's going to take. You 'gotta' have trust and you 'gotta' have faith. That is what it takes."

Art continues: "You know, sometimes I asked why in Hell did I get involved with all of this when I could have been taking a vacation? I have never had a vacation. If I did travel, I would be working during that time. So, I never really ever had a vacation.

Others knew of my work and knew I was honest. I never cut a check that bounced! We have had good finance directors and attorneys. We also have fine dedicated people like Dorothy Herrera and Maria Martinez, who has been with me for over twenty years.

Art continued, "As I look back in time, I feel good about what I accomplished. Maybe I should have done a few things a little different but the SBA taught me well. Getting the 8A program was a good thing and I took advantage of it and here we are now. We have grown larger than I ever thought we would. Well as a businessman, I hope my children continue at the pace it was when I turned it over to them. I think they will. Brenda will be taking ADC LTD NM to the next level.

I think I have been successful considering my limited education. I don't have a formal education beyond high school. Most of my learning came through hard work and experience. I know I broke through the "Glass Ceiling" but there were a lot of people that helped me. There were people like H. R. Fine, Wayne Tucker and Bill Hagen who knew I was honest so they trusted me. They challenged me to succeed and I did not bat an eye. I did what had to be done and you see the results today. I remember their advice. Hire the best GAO (General Accounting Office) person and they gave me names of the best ones in the market like Nick Geiorgiero from California and Ed Hessiks from Denver. I did that

and ended with a well experienced crew. They knew what was to be done as they were retired from government service. They knew how to write reports. Starting business with such experienced persons allowed the business to jump-start at a fast pace. We hit the ground running! I had a pipeline to the Washington, D.C. offices that could provide funding for the business I was in.

It seems that I opened the door, went in and never got out. My life has taken many interesting turns. I have met many wonderful people. I never looked for the shadowy gray of life but for the warm glows. I looked for every bridge to cross, never lost sight of my heritage and never lost my concern for human life. I suppose much of my thinking goes back to my mother's thinking. My lovely wife Kathy and my mother Viviana have been a great influence on me."

With all that said, "I cannot not dismiss the past. I still have dreams of that day, look ahead and hope to God some banker is going to support ADC LTD NM when it submits an RFP bid and when it is awarded." I was very fortunate because my banker always believed in me and supported me. One has to have a good banker behind one's effort. That takes me back to the days I needed money just to make sure I could meet payroll and how I went to the First National Bank in Belen to borrow money only to find out my loan had not been approved. I ended up getting the loan but the moments that followed were lonely. I had a friend who believed in me and made it happen. That was a long time ago.

Today, ADC LTD NM continues to be a privately owned company with the expectation it will not ever go public. I have seen it pass from my generation to the next. It takes hard work to run such a company but it has developed a reputation of integrity and reliability in its follow-

through. The proposals are the best but there is always the element of chance, plus a lot of hard-work. It is like a horse race. You have got to have the ponies behind you to support the winning horse.

My destiny was to start a company, own it and be able to pass it on to my kids. I want them to enjoy and see the fruit of all the hard work that has come to pass. I realize that sometimes things didn't work out exactly the way I wanted it and I accept that. I know it is easy to see where I am today. In the years past, I took the wins and put the losses behind and patted myself on my back and said to myself, Art, you gave it your best shot!"

In hindsight, "I could have stayed in Jarales, continued to run the grocery store. My only competition was my uncle Frank Tabet on River Road and Pat Griego in Belen. Maybe my life would have been simpler, perhaps more peaceful but I don't think that was what I had in my mind. I wanted the whole pie, I worked for it and got it!"

In retrospect, "I have put myself many times in the shoes of others and was able to see and feel how they truly felt when they made those hard decisions. I more so now, understand the conditions my own father faced in running the flour mill in order to support a large family and understand the moral support he got from my mother. All of those things remain embedded in the walls of my mind and heart, even those moments when I entertained or argued with someone. When all is said and done, I have experienced the unconquered joy in which God has stood by my side and together we opened the doors to success."

I have been asked, "How did the young man from Jarales do it? My responses have always been. How hard are you willing to work? How much support do you have from your partner? How passionate are you,

that is, how much fire is in your belly? What is your funding source? Do you have a good banker? Are your ducks lined up in order? If so, give it a try. Life is about risk-taking. Be the architect of your own life. It can be a lonely and challenging road.”

All in all, “I have learned to love deeply, to respect life to its full extent and with the help of others have been the architect of my own destiny. I have followed the unwritten chart and steered my voyage to the end. Some end is always there!”

CHAPTER V

Thinking Outside the Box



Arthur at ADC Headquarters

Art believes “without God, you don’t have anything,” life is short and one gets out of it only what he/she puts into it. That simple idea made sense then as it has done for the rest of his working and retired life. Even as a young man he was known for thinking outside the box. Perhaps even destroying the box! No wonder the people of Jarales hold him as an icon! Unlike him, many business leaders do not have the boldness to ask: “What would be different if I were to go back and start again?” That is called “unsticking” of the brain--a form of mental gymnastics in solving problems. In retrospect, Art’s actions can only be described as a hunger to succeed. There would be no ADC LTD NM if he had not left the Mill. Yet this humble man seeks not to

define himself. Looking back, he went to Hell and back to accomplish success by taking risks, mortgaging everything he owned, putting long hours, expending much energy and proceeding with a firm conviction he was going to succeed. That was gumption and intellect! Like any winner, he has never liked to lose.

How did it all begin? Let us visit that point. Cordova Support Services Ltd. was founded in 1985, by Art D. Cordova Jr. to provide a variety of support services for government and corporate clients in areas such as administration, auditing and adjudication. It later became known with its present designation as ADC LTD NM. It continues to provide services for governmental agencies and private businesses through contractual agreements. Its services range from physical security services to comprehensive background investigations. It is strategically located to serve agencies throughout the United States. To ask an employee about ADC LTD NM the answer can well be, that is, "Who We Are."

The echoing barrier of the past that reverberated a limited ceiling for minorities was debunked in Art's dream in creating his company. He understood how perverted that ceiling could be and so he asked, how strong are its back and legs? In that moment he foresaw the unjust effects of society as a cause and not the result. Inclusivity became the name of the game as he moved to employ New Mexicans. He proved that given equal opportunity employees will meld around a vision and give birth to a successful company. The opportunity to work in security investigations, as provided by ADC LTD NM, created a culture that ended the narrative of bigotry in his workplace.

The private company grew! It is with certitude that Art's rather soft approach, uncanny ability to lead, and magnetic personality radiated

confidence in his employees. He in keeping with the qualities of other charismatic leaders has understood that the power he enjoyed did come by virtue of his employees. It is with that said, he has stood out because of his unshakeable confidence and ambition though never ascribing hyperbole on himself. How wonderful it has been that he conveyed a clear vision and so set strategies for the future of the company! He has been the moral compass and advocate for ADC LTD NM and Job Corp Training Programs. He set a firm foundation. But there can be a risk in any transmission from a charismatic management style especially when there is a change in leadership. Each style can unwind the previous one, chance is what is fated but the new president has wisely chosen the blossoming apple!

Art's passionate argument about how the Cordova family works until the day it dies is his true certitude. He took that familiar history, created one for himself anew but the function was the same, they do work until they die! He understood from childhood the drama of life, held securely to his vision and anchored it to a myth of his own. His genius about life was saved in part by the vigor of his passion that gave stability to his dreams of a better life for him and family. He understood the problems and struggles he had experienced but had the stamina to vindicate himself from idle dreams and so he held unto that honesty that has never forsaken him. It is with that in mind that one has to address things he holds close to him.

This self-made, hard-driven, soft-spoken and unassuming man has always been cognizant of the challenges of his employees. He has never allowed opinions of others to sway him from those ideals he has considered best for the company. He has been a hands-on-manager often working along-side his employees which allowed him to develop

close relationships with them. It has all been about building trust for them and in Art's dealings with contracting officers and government agencies. In time, ADC LTD NM and its high-quality services have become equally recognizable as Art's name.

The nature of the beast is that in time organizations must and do change. That can be difficult on founders. The acid test for change can have catastrophic effects on management and employees. In Art's case, modern times called for technological changes in doing business at ADC LTD NM. Art was cognizant of the effects change could have on employees so he assured them the company was stable and no reduction in staffing were expected. He endorsed change and articulated his full support for it. Training was provided and he assured his employees the full confidence he had in their work. That clearly symbolized how a stable and down-to-earth management approach can transition a company to meet demands of changing times while empowering employees.

All of the aspects so far written about Art as the founder and manager of ADC LTD NM point to the realization of the enormity he shouldered. It is the sense of his management style that makes one ask questions: What was in himself? How will anyone ever understand the greatness of his management style? How shall one view his long successful career? Understanding his actions through written documents and those wonderful memories hold the key to his life. But to really know him one must enjoy his direct approach and personal touch that have driven his convictions and insatiable hunger to succeed. It is often said the rule of leaders is in seeking and seeing the conditions rather than spending their lives rubber-stamping. The question in the pudding, is how can men so driven ever relinquish the reins? One must

keep in mind how Art began, what deeply-tooted factors fed his pride and how his needs and childhood experiences influenced him. Those points cannot be reduced to causes and circumstances. Those moments in his life will forever be with him for he did lend a new life to those he loves. The conditions that surrounded and penetrated him are unique to him for he has been his own chief architect. It is with admiration of this brilliant and humble man that the author ends with the following questions. Do all influential men dance on deathless feet? Did Art's mother and her sweet saints recognize the fire in his blood that made his dreams move? Perhaps!

CHAPTER VI

Community Philanthropy



ADC Family Campus Ground Breaking

The world in which we live endures hope, effort, affection but nearly wipes out any mundane spectacle of life. It often subdues the energy of poor folks and in a sense even outlives their deaths. The plight of the poor, which is an historic condition, has ever been in Art Cordova's mind and heart. He has never lacked conviction in his passionate effort to help those in need. His concerns continue that our society vaguely understands or considers their precise emotions and uncertainties. Thus, he stresses that community action must be an ongoing effort in addressing the hopeless blank stares of poor children and others.

This short testament to Art's concern is enunciated as follows: It is from time immemorial that he has made donations to the poor. In

addition, during many Thanksgiving Day Holidays he and his children and grandchildren delivered food and articles of clothing to the poor who dwelled in the streets of Albuquerque, New Mexico. These altruistic actions continue to speak of his Christian heart-felt compassion. This epitomizes his concern for others and symbolizes his interest for instilling a compassionate social conscience in his grandchildren.

Such compassion is set in the moral foundation of Art's life. He has always pondered how he might best lend his voice to those in need. He found it through his act of giving. One might say, service to others has always been in his deck of cards. This author does not mean to slander those who have not developed a social conscience but their idea of remaining deaf to the needs of the poor reveals a darkness that befalls the eyes of many. Art is different. So, what is in his nature that unveils his compassion? A query of his background reveals a solid Catholic faith, a sense of social responsibility learned at home and charitable practices of the folks in Jarales, New Mexico, where he was reared. One can conjecture that such background has enabled him to meet adverse situations in life.

Art's history which he inherited from the Cordova and Sanchez sides of his family speaks loudly and clearly of community charitable practices in which mutual exchanges of goods and services took place with regularity. They and other folks from old Jarales simply took action. The men rolled up their sleeves and the women put on their aprons and just stepped in and helped. No one ever asked what was expected. They just did it! Those were grassroots efforts in which shared values such as reciprocity, solidarity, reliance, pooling of resources and social cohesion were part-in-parcel of the fabric that protected and added character to the village. Today it might called the

leveraging of resources in the face of adversity.

Jarales was where Art's life unrolled before him and where his ministrations and comforts were not always a joy. He saw the pains and suffering of the poor and at times may have thought to himself, they are not alone. He could see the ghosts of former days lingering with the tomorrows and no salutary plans for others. He also saw changes in fortunes and unwelcomed circumstances that visited in the human experience. Those were times for serious reflection! It is without doubt, that the little village of Jarales with its parched and dusty road challenged him but it also touched his heart with glee.

The profundity of Art's views on life and perspective he enjoys would pale the imagination of many. His joy is to not make an unmeaningful statement but to enjoy the freedom of his own thinking, to express his humanity to others and to allow his actions to serve others. It is by such thinking that he has gained the admiration of others. The thread of his composite compassion becomes clearer each day as his actions and insights into the human endeavor unveil his desire for a greater unity of kindness, charity and care. That is a notion many do not understand thus the failed unity of society continues.

It is in good stead that Art's life has enabled him to transcend the rigors of the changing society. In that respect it has allowed him to remain in touch with his own basic principles of honesty, compassion and his keen awareness of the needs of others. His altruism is now solidly engrained in the fabric of his children's thinking. ADC LTD NM is taking steps to assist those in need, much as he has done!

The company is involved in a worthy community philanthropic endeavor. Its commitment is to participate in the provision of assistance to those in need through organized giving. It is grassroot development

effort that will assist homeless individuals, families and children in the West-side of Albuquerque. Its voice in community development is creating a civic dialogue about critical issues the city needs to address; encouraging systemic changes in how the citizenry should value diversity; empowering individuals and groups to become active players in problem resolutions and in directing capital to areas of need.

The whole issue might best be defined as a love of mankind where capital should be allocated and distributed with no specific intent of benefit returned to any company. The sole purpose must be to benefit those in need. ADC LTD NM's sole belief is that solutions to problems best come from people whose lives are most impacted.

Article by: "The Albuquerque Journal Business Outlook" January 24, 2022.

Title: "Pitching In"

Homeless Nonprofit Receives \$1 Million Gift

Saranam, a nonprofit working with families experiencing homelessness received a \$1 million dollar gift from a New Mexico based security firm, ADC LTD NM. That will help fund the organization's expansion with a new 3.5-acre campus on Albuquerque's West-side, according to a news release.

Saranam provides families and individuals with a two-year transitional living program that includes housing, education and intensive care management. The new campus will feature 15 two-bedroom houses, 10 four-bedroom houses, playgrounds, a community garden, a family center and parking. "With our existing 20-family capacity, we've been maxed out since 2014," said, Tracy Weaver, Saranam Executive

Director. "This second campus will allow us to more than double our capacity and double our impact."

ADC LTD NM is a family-owned, New Mexico based business providing security to government and private clients. The company's President, Brenda Cordova Busick serves on the Saranam Board of Directors.

"We were raised in a culture of service and came from very modest beginnings," said Brenda Cordova Busick in a statement. Due to tremendous need for support for our families, we on behalf of our ADC family committed to donate \$1 million to Saranam, because we believe in giving back to our community. Our number one metric was a gift needed to make a meaningful impact."

Saranam was started in 2004. It has served 142 families, 164 adults and 298 children, according to the release.

The gift is in keeping with ADC LTD NM's philosophy of addressing the root causes of problems through charitable engagements that maximize assistance to those in need. The company is committed to a selfless devotion that will improve the well-being of those who need assistance. Philippians 2:4, "Let each of you look not only to his own interests but also to the interests of others."

On February 22, 2022 the ground breaking for the "Cordova Family Campus" took place. Those hardhats and golden spades represented the real act of the forthcoming construction that once began in concept. The day's ceremony was a true expression of gratitude to the many who have made a dream come true. It was also a preview of the grand opening of the construction whose expected completion is set for the Fall of 2022.

Brenda Cordova Busick, President of ADC LTD NM and Member of the Saranam Board of Trustees, was the master of the ceremony which was attended by Community Philanthropist Arthur D. Cordova Jr., Tracy Weaver Saranam Executive Director, Carol Pierce Director of the Albuquerque Family and Community Services Department, other local area dignitaries and many supporting citizens interested in the transitional family services provided by Saranam.

The ceremony generated a new buzz about the 9.3million-dollar addition to the current campus and brought out memories of the many years of sweat, blood and tears that went into making the endeavor a reality. This grassroots effort, the private philanthropic support and the City's generous contribution were done with a harsh honesty and humanness geared to assist those in need. The legacy name, "Cordova Family Campus," will continue to pay tribute to the wonderful families that have been served and those who will be served. On this day ADC LTD NM, Civic groups and individuals took one more step in extending a transformative effect in the lives of many folks. In keeping with Art's thinking, the mission remains unchanged, to help those in need.



Philanthropy - Blanket and Sock Drive for the Homeless

ADC's Giving Heart



Art, his children, grandchildren and ADC staff spending the Thanksgiving Holiday giving to the homeless.



Yearly ADC hands out pumpkin pies, blankets, socks and jackets to the homeless.



Leader



Arthur Cordova

Arthur Cordova's thinking, love of people, contributions that colored his life and world of business, philanthropy are more than many realize. Who is this selfless man whose life is indicative of the struggles Hispanics faced in breaking through a social glass ceiling of restrictive thinking that has so embedded New Mexico? The glow that defines him will never leach out! The essence of his struggles and successes lay a road map of what it takes to succeed. Under the tutelage of his parents, he learned that happiness depends not so much on external conditions as in one's personal attitudes toward them. And with that he understood that a person's will and instincts are par-and-parcel of one's spring-of-life! It is rare to find such a humble man who overcame difficulties, defined his own narrative, attained the acclaim of the community, and achieved

personal fulfillment and success. His personal integrity remains an inestimable footprint for others to follow. He continues with that deep religious and authentic life lived within as well as that indispensable concern for the human condition. He was born in Jarales, New Mexico to Arturo and Viviana Sanchez Cordova. He comes from a large and proud Catholic family where integrity, uprightness, reverence and respect were taught and observed. One might say he was fashioned by the soul of his parents and grandparents who were prominent citizens in Jarales and ancestors who immigrated from Espana, settled in Valencia, Tome and Peralta and later resettled in La Plaza Vieja of Albuquerque, Belen and later Jarales.

He attended Jarales Elementary School, graduated from Belen High School and the school of hard knocks in his father's flour mill where he learned that if one eats seven days a week then one works seven days a week. He went to work in the flour mill after graduating from high school, married and he and his wife began rearing their family. He then purchased the old Halama and Enderstine building and opened a grocery store, served as a church lector in the village's Catholic Mission, opened an automobile sales lot and brought about the creation of a Fire House and volunteer battalion to service Jarales, Bosque and Pueblitos.

In a short time, he put the milling operation in the black as a result of his insightful marketing strategies. He developed a distribution center in Albuquerque that allowed for easier access to his products by the local buyers. Then came the distribution route for the flour into El Paso, Texas and Juarez, Mexico. Next came educational centers in Mountainair, Grants and other communities. His federally funded Job Corps contracts by the Department of Labor were so successful that he was employed to manage all projects in the western part of the United

States plus of the Indigenous groups in the State of Alaska. Later came the Grandparents Program in Los Lunas, the Low-Cost Housing Project in Valencia, Socorro, McKinley and Catron Counties, the Head Start Program and GED Program in the same counties, the Residential Education Centers and the Saint Anthony's Center Rescue. His focus has always been to help the poor.

By no stretch of the imagination, he appears to have incubated the idea of founding ADC LTD NM after a chance meeting with a Department of Labor Official. That he did! The Albuquerque company, a family owned one, is one of the largest in the United States. He just seems to have that proclivity to turn lemons into sweet lemonade!

He is very intelligent, compassionate, has a hunger for knowledge and purposeful action. One might say this man with "a golden tongue" has been a mover, not one step at a time but at a fast pace and with an eye toward the future. There has been no hidden-self about him as he defined his purpose in life with that clear understanding that the devil is in the details. Such appears to be the case for those like him who think-outside-the-box as they struggle to define their place through that shadow of uncertainty and hard work. How is it that such man has been gifted with that propensity to put ideas into meaningful practice that successfully challenge the status quo and render decisions that tend to be prophetic, compassionate, non-sporadic or of careless thought as he struggled to survive in a competitive market. Could it be a drive for a bigger piece of the action? What began On-the-Fly, with no experience, no financial backing but with the inborn moral and ethical components, lots of fire in the belly, strong convictions and hard work give one insight of what faces entrepreneurs who think outside the box. As for Arthur, he defied the odds with a clear vision against him like those

who feel deeply and dismantle rules with unseen energy and class. What made him so different? Answer: The love of people! The felicity of this man's humble life and accomplishments have never been vented until now. His work and achievements justify his calling. The strength of his work-ethic, every chance and mischance he took, every risk or peril he faced, added and not subtracted justice to the destiny of his work. He has left his stamp on purpose and success! His experience reminds one that life as it flows is often much wasted, nothing can ever be recovered or truly be possessed. In his case, he sought no image but the continuing vitality of his purposive work, love of God, love of family and helping the community. His honesty, the humanness of his work and love of people are woven into the fabric of this man! But he says, keep it simple!

Arthur continues as a man of conscience. What he sees is where his thoughts have been. He brims with joy at having been born en Rio Abajo where el Rio Grande meanders and brings peace to his heart. But he never forgets the plight of the poor and homeless. The spirit of this man, now in retirement, has found new roads to walk therein.

Oscar S. Ramirez

ADC's Commitment to our Government



ADC understands the importance of their work and is committed to the safety of our country.

Art's testimony in Congress was successful in allowing private companies the ability to conduct Background Investigations, on behalf of the Federal Government.



9/11 Commemoration



The winter after 9/11, Arthur and the ADC team traveled to DC and set up Luminarias at the DIAC Center, in commemoration of 9/11 and the lives that were lost.

The Federal agents were so moved by the display of 9/11 USA in luminarias, they commissioned this poster made to commemorate the event.



ADC's Buildings



ADC's birthplace



ADC's first headquarters

ADC's second headquarters



ADC's third headquarters, which was previously A1 Hurricane Recording Studio

ADC's current headquarters and Art's name in lights



2100 Air Park Road Arthur D Cordova Building Dedication



Art and Kathy



Art and grandchildren during the dedication of the new ADC Building.



The dedication was attended by employees, friends and family

The Lighter Side of ADC



Art's favorite fast food



Sporting the fashion of the day, Art on the way to the farm wearing torn jeans, like ones he gave his grandchildren a hard time for wearing



Art's true essence as "Santa Claus" since he is such a generous man



A break from the serious business to celebrate Halloween with employee's and their children.



Celebrating the ADC's Family



Corporate Mantanza, where ADC owners cook and serve employees and their families, as well as the neighborhood. It's a full day of fun activities including hay rides, face painting, gunny sack races and kiddie rides and jumpers.





ADC FAMILY

This has been an awesome journey! We have been blessed to live with God's love in a country where one is born equal no matter how one looks on the outside. Undeniably, struggles often times appear insurmountable. What matters in life are the intensity, integrity and courage one brings to one's efforts. There may have been times I regretted what occurred but I did not let it pull me down, let it take away my personal satisfaction of what we accomplished.

I wish to convey my deepest appreciation to each and every one who gave me unselfish and distinguished support. I extend an olive-branch hand shake and apologies for the many times I may have been hard, especially when we were on tight project deadlines. You made my life amazing with your dedication and talent. Working with you gave me a sense of pride and joy that is indescribable!

I retired with complete confidence that management and employees are very capable of overcoming any hurdles faced either singularly but more importantly together. I see a growing future for the company!

I could not have imagined thirty years ago that a small cadre of dedicated people would one day develop a small company into a full-blown and modern one that successfully competes nationwide. As the years have passed, I learned that time passes, truly leaves nothing too long but the unclear impressions of one's past. But we still abide by those core values that we practiced. Let me enumerate them: A trust

in God; thinking with vitality, elegance and setting a high bar; keeping in mind that business is a dog-eat-dog situation, we tamed the dog; we have kept that fire in our bellies going; we challenged the status quo; never gave up; invented a better mouse trap; listened to our inner voices; followed our intuitions; challenged convention; weighed advice from others; took calculated risks; did not write checks we could not back and did not compromise our principles. Please continue to break the glass ceiling!

My expectation is that this privately held company will in time be tendered to a future generation of Cordovas. I ask they be greeted with open arms as they will meet the thinking of new times. May ADC LTD NM be the greatest legacy you ever pass onto them! I leave the future of the company in your hands,

Art D. Cordova

ADC LTD NM Family

I extend my gratitude to each and everyone. Your commitment to ADC LTD NM and our nation's security continues to shine through. It is because of your efforts our company is recognized as the "Gold Standard" nationally in the background investigation industry. This has not been an easy feat as our competitors are Fortune 100 Companies.

ADC LTD NM had very humble beginnings. The Cordova family started their business experience in a small grocery store in Jarales, New Mexico. It was there that the foundation of ADC LTD NM, as we currently know it, began. Through example, our founder, Arthur Cordova instilled in his children, its current owners, the importance of hard-work, customer service and service to the community. This continues to be the foundation of our operation today.

In line with our commitment to giving back to our community, ADC LTD NM recently donated \$1,000,000.00 for the development of a new campus to Saranam LLC, a local non-profit that is successfully combatting multi-generational homelessness in families. The campus architecture is being innovatively designed using repurposed and sustainable materials that can be readily duplicated anywhere in the country. This campus will be named the ADC Family Campus!

At this time, year 2023, the entire world is experiencing the consequences of a very deadly pandemic. The past two years have been the most challenging that our company has ever experienced. Other com-

panies have lessened effort, vastly reduced personnel or simply gone out of business. Yet with the strong commitment and dedication of our managers, employees and contract investigators ADC LTD NM has weathered the unprecedented storm and it continues to flourish!

Recently we witnessed the security of our great nation threatened in unimaginable ways that could not have been predicted. I reiterate, your commitment to our Nation's security is appreciated now more than ever before.

Our company's current stable condition and solvency are without doubt stronger as we face the future. I project continued stability, soundness and growth. The market is there for us to attain. Our talented team of managers is developing strategies that will ensure our significant relevance and bearing in the security business for many years to come. The need for services such as our own is expanding exponentially in the national markets. In this case, it will allow us to have an even greater impact in our Nation's security and for certain provide more career growth for our growing ADC LTD NM Family.

I salute you as you have chosen a noble and principled career. I entrust your actions, your expertise, and appreciate your dedication to hard-work and your continued commitment to an excellence that ensures our great Nation's security. Your performance at ADC LTD NM truly makes a difference! Your collaborative input and support cannot but lead our company into unparalleled success. Thank you!

With Heart-felt Gratitude,

Brenda Cordova
President
ADC LTD NM

Testimonials

My father's love is sacrificial, patient, kind, honest, forgiving, faithful and it is constant and unchanging. He has taught me the value of hard-work and serving others. Although he has been extremely successful in his business, it was never for his own personal gain. As he became successful, he shared his success with his family, friends and community. His whole life, he has stood as a pillar of strength, commitment and perseverance. As a father, he placed the world's hopes and dreams upon each of his children and grandchildren.

I thank him for being there every day, for his love and guidance. He taught me the value of family and faith. Growing up, he instilled in me a strong sense of faith and love of God. Proverb 22.6: "Start children off on the way they should go and even when they are old, they will not turn from it."

He has given me the best things life can offer. I will always be grateful that he is my dad.

Judy A. Cordova-Romero / Daughter



There is only one Art! He is as loving toward me and family as he is toward the community, even strangers. He understands the human suffering, reads each wound and steps forward to lend a helping hand. He has that inborn passionate desire to help others. I pray my soul

has become much like his. He is the rock that holds our blended family together. I do not know what other thoughts he may have in mind but his hard-work to help others will never end. His heart has become much as his mother's, full of compassion. He and I were single for many years and then we met. I am very fortunate to have such a loyal and loving husband in my life.

Kathy M. Cordova / Wife



Thank you, Dad, for instilling family and hard-work ethics and teaching us on how to be successful in all the endeavors of our lives. You have been an inspiration to all the communities you have been a part of and treated each and every person in your life with respect and honor. Through the great times and hard times of our lives you have protected and been there for us. Thank you for being my DAD and GRANDFATHER to my kids.

Phillip Cordova / Son



Art, I will always remember your kindness, love of family and respect for others. How could I ever forget when you flew me to Washington, D.C. and the great time we had there while visiting the city and with Jerome.

I have always admired how smart, how humble you are and how sensitive you have been toward the needs of family and others. I will never forget you took our mother to the beauty shop on Saturdays and paying for the visit. That touched her heart as it did our father's.

Thank you for the many Matanzas you hosted in Jarales!

I love you,

Angie Cordova Clark / Sister



My favorite memory/memories with my grandpa come from all the days/nights we spent working at the farm. I will forever cherish all the times we spent driving up and down the ditch banks to the times he taught me how to drive with the standard shift. That was even before I was even old enough to have a learner's permit. There were days I rode on his lap as he drove the tractors. It was a time for learning about the farming equipment, learning what each machine did and to the day I was able to drive a tractor for the first time and on my own. He taught me about working hard, setting goals and that when one wants something bad enough nothing or nobody can stop one from achieving those goals.

I always looked forward to lunch time when I could hear him say his famous lines, "lunch time, lunch time!" We would eat on the back of the truck and talk about anything before going back to work and finishing the day. Looking back on it now, I probably should've been scared to death "1/2" the time with all of the crazy things we were getting into. Surprisingly, he always managed to get us out of everything, always made sure we were safe and had everything we ever needed. There are way too many stories/adventures to recall but I wouldn't trade those memories/days for anything.

Thomas Cordova / Grandson

As a young boy, I remember walking into the store called “Midway Grocery Store” and that Junior Cordova always treated us good. We would collect bottles and take them to Junior, as we called him. He always had time for us. I just remember he was a tall man and he was always kind to everyone in our community of Jarales. He was very generous with his time and treated everyone as though you were his favorite. Many people around here in Jarales would probably say the same thing. I remember going to church. He was a lector and would give readings from the Scripture. I enjoyed listening to him! He seemed to capture the attention of all of us.

I remember his car lot. He would let us check out his cars. That was a big deal for a young boy. He inspired me to start my own auto sales business. He was always very interesting to talk too. He had a way to motivate one to achieve the things in both the car business and family life. The apples don’t fall very far from the tree as his daughters and sons have followed in his footsteps. They have shown me the same kindness that Junior has always shown me.

Raymond T. Chavez / Lifelong Friend and Neighbor



I met Art in March of 2002 when I was interviewed for a clerk’s position. At that time the office building was located off San Mateo Blvd. I was hired. When I started working with Art, he had only a handful of persons in the office but very talented people. He was totally hands-on the work. He worked the cases, assigned them, worked with investigators, auditors and basically single handedly ran the company. If the sinks needed to be fixed, Art fixed them. If the carpet

needed replacing Art hired someone to do the work but he helped replacing it. If he needed to get on the roof, he did that too. Nothing held him back from getting things done, whether it was going to Washington, D.C. to speak with department heads of the agencies or fix the copy machine.

I remember he used to drive a white Chrysler. We teased him because he was always in a rush regardless of where he was going. If he was stopped for speeding, he was able to drive away without a ticket. We would tease him about his lead foot! He finally purchased a new vehicle which he brought to the office the very day he bought it. He allowed all of the employees to drive it around the block. I thought that was amazing! Here he was with a new car and he was letting everyone get behind the wheel and letting them drive it. Material things did not seem to matter to him.

He instilled in me a confidence that I grew into. He made it so that I wanted to be the best I could be. He believed in me long before I believed in myself. He made me feel that I wanted to be loyal to this man! No matter what or how you just did not want to let him down. If at times one did, he would let one know how one could do better the next time. He never made one feel, as if, one’s efforts were wasted.

It is hard to explain how he makes one feel. He sees something in people. He took chances and made employees feel they were part of the team and that we were doing it together. He made it safe to try things, those things we had never done before. We could achieve higher because we knew he believed in us. To me, he made me feel like I was important and that is priceless.

I remember working on projects with Art and he never let me believe the job was done, until it was done. If that meant asking every

hour how things were going, then that is what he would do? I knew he was waiting for the job to be completed. It did not matter how menial or how important the job might have been, he treated each job as important as the last job. He made me excited about the finished product and of my accomplishments. Often, he would assign me a project and let me complete it. It was exciting completing something which at times I did not have experience in doing it.

He made me feel, as well as the other employees, that he believed and cared about everyone without having to express himself. My personal experience was that he not only was concerned about my work but was interested in the welfare of my family. He would give me advice, tell me when I messed up, but never in anger or a judgmental way. It was just a fact and it was the way he saw it. He was usually right so I listened and it worked out much better. Best of all, I recall those moments when he recognized my creativity or innovation by patting me on the back. A compliment from him meant the world!

My personal experience has been: He is kind, generous and caring. All of that comes from his heart! What he gave me is priceless because he believed in me, gave me the opportunity to show what I could do, how to be loyal, strong and never give up just because something appeared hard. That not only helped me in my life's work but in every aspect of my life whether personal, family relations or in dealing with everyday people from the humblest to the highest level. That I value! We all have a story to tell. Each of those we listen too also have their own stories to tell. We must look and listen to them much as Art has always done and for that we will be much better! I love this man more that I can say!

Dorothy Herrera / Employee

Art is a wonderful brother. I have always admired and looked up to him for guidance and advice. We call each other every single morning. That makes my day! He has always been loving and the spokesperson for the family. He keeps tabs on everything that is going on.

He is a very hard worker and has done well. He amazes everyone! I guess he has the smarts! He is just smart and down to earth. He doesn't like confrontation or drama. He always knows there is something you can do better. He has it in him! Our dad used to say, "You will never make any money if you work for someone else." I think that is instilled in Art. He is his own boss.

Virginia "Ginger" Cordova Gomez / Sister



Growing up in Jarales, I looked up to my taller and older brother, Art, Jr. I have fond memories of him driving a big KB-5 International truck loaded with hundred-pound bags of the Jarales Mill flour which he took all the way to El Paso. He also delivered feed and flour products throughout the Middle Rio Grande Valley and East Mountain communities. At the time, I was still in Middle School so I pouted because my main family chore was not to drive big trucks or work mill machines. I was just a lowly farmer hoeing a chile patch that grew too slow.

I was thankful my brother Art owned a 1952 Mercury Monterey that he let me borrow a few times for trips to the Belen Drive-In Theater with my Jarales friends. But every time I borrowed his car, he warned me against drinking! Art must have known his rules on alcohol would make an impression on me because I still remember his counsel.

One of my brother's ongoing virtues that I admire is his generosity toward the family and community. A clear example: "The huge Matanzas he held in November on his Jarales property where he and his family shared food and friendship with the local community!" This annual event drew rural residents together from Valencia County to celebrate their Hispanic heritage with Art and his Cordova family.

Jose Dolores Cordova II / Brother



It is always difficult to find the right words when it comes to those we love so dearly. Oftentimes the feelings of what someone means to us stay locked away. We don't express them because we just don't know how to communicate it, and hope they somehow just know.

My grandfather, Tata, is someone I, like many, have always looked up to and admired. His strength, work ethic, generosity, and love are matched by none. It's fascinating how unknowingly influential one person can be in your life; how you can absorb so much and continue to learn from. I've been fortunate enough to witness first hand his never-ending support for so many. I can't comprehend how he always found the means to support us, in whatever capacity we needed. Our family wouldn't be who and where we are today if it wasn't for his love, his support, his sacrifice. It goes without saying that Tata is a straight shooter. At times that support came in the form of much needed tough love we may not have wanted at the time, but came to appreciate and understand in the long run. Tata has provided us all with opportunities and open doors.

Luckily, I can say some of that "toughness" softened up when

it came to us grandchildren. One could say Tata spoiled us slightly as kids. He bought me my first horse, Orange Feather, when I was about 6 years old. He even let me claim one of his cows, Ice Cream...the name transpiring because Tata would always treat me to an ice cream from the store and let me share it with the cow. My fondest memories always go back to the farm. Sitting with Tata in the tractor plowing the fields and taking a ride in his little blue truck with my uncle Jerome's dog Buffy, in the back. He would even take me to the cattle auctions and to get farm supplies from Ken and Margaret Wright. But it wasn't all work. Our outings always, included a stop at the store to grab our favorite snack: a bottle of coke and ice cream, perfect for a hot summer day. Lunch breaks typically consisted of "Lotaburger" or "Circle T." But they didn't last long with Tata. He holds the record for the fastest eater I know. Getting to be his sidekick at the farm is one of the best highlights of my childhood.

I never know how Tata has all the energy to go, go, go...but his hard-work ethic and strength is something I've admired my whole life, more so as an adult. Looking back, I wonder how was he able to juggle managing the farm, ADC LTD NM and support his brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews and friends? Only superheroes have that kind of tenacity, right? I continue to be amazed by his intelligence and intuition. He always seems to know what to do, when to do it, how to do it. My Tata is extremely strong willed and will get the job done, even if it means crossing the finish line with a broken leg or a tractor half stuck in the ditch. When I was in college, he let me work on a real estate project with him--one of the most valuable and enjoyable projects I have ever worked on. Watching and learning from him is how we all obtained our business sense and negotiation skills, aka the "gift of gab."

Tata has an enormous heart and is one of the most generous and inspiring people I know. Every Thanksgiving (pre-COVID 19) he would buy hundreds and hundreds of pumpkin pies, whipped cream and socks & gloves. He would rally us up and we would go around Albuquerque to hand out to the homeless. While he taught me how to dream big and work hard for what I want, he also instilled humility. To never forget where I came from and always be there for my family. I am so proud of where I come from, so proud to be part of the Cordova family. I feel truly blessed that God has given me such an amazing and wonderful Grandfather and Godfather.

Sarah Silva / Grandaughter



I feel blessed for having the parents I have been given. I was the second born of Arthur and Tomasita Cordova. With their first-born being Judy (she was born on my dad's birthday December 10th--can't get much better than that!) My parents were wanting a son for a second child, that didn't happen, here I came along.

My Mom knew early on that I preferred to be outdoors more than doing house chores, so I was able to follow my dad around and be his shadow. I still cherish that time as I learned so much from him. I followed him everywhere and was in awe with all he could do. He could do anything from farming to helping a cow give birth, to getting a broken car running. He was and is the biggest, strongest, smartest person I knew and know.

Our parents were able to instill in their children, at a very young age, the importance of hard-work, community service and love of

family. We were regularly sent to our grandparent's homes to help out with chores like cleaning, doing yard-work and to deliver Mom's home cooked meals. We took Mom's homemade meals for lunch and dinner every day to our Great Grandfather, Jose Dolores Cordova (Grandpa JD) until he passed-on. The time with them allowed us the opportunity to get to know our grandparents and to have lifelong relationships with them. I am eternally grateful for such opportunities!

The small rural community of Jarales was a great place to grow up. Our grocery store, the Midway Grocery, was the community gathering place. It was a tightly knitted and nurturing community. Our parents also sent us to take meals and groceries to help out neighbors in need.

My Dad was never satisfied with the status quo and was always looking to improve himself, family and community. He always sought to make a positive difference for himself and others. He loved and still loves farming and was determined to purchase as much land as he could. I learned early on, somehow, that he was able to function on little sleep, perhaps no sleep. To prove the point, he picked up a graveyard job with Navajo Trucking Company as a truck driver. That enabled him to continue with the day operation of the farm and running of the grocery store. It is said that folks often wait for destiny to lend them a hand but in the case of my father he was the creator of his own destiny. His dreams, which he put into action, were his road map for a better life!

It was while working as a truck driver that he suffered an almost fatal injury when he was crushed between a semi-truck and trailer. He was hospitalized for several months. The injury was so serious the last rights of the Catholic Church were administered to him. His doctors

did not expect him to survive and if he did, it was not expected he would ever walk again. His injuries were too severe. It appeared that through sheer will-power, not only did he defy death but also was able to overcome his injuries. The pain of such incident remained as a constant companion. I am amazed how his sheer will and determination have enabled for him to succeed in whatever engagement he has ever undertaken. That is called, pulling oneself by one's boot straps! Our family jokes with reverence about his ability to "Will" anything!

By the time he recovered from the injuries, his children had become sufficiently independent to manage the store and farm. This freed our dad to look into government contracting. He worked for a government contractor for some time. In time he hit the ceiling potential while working for someone else. He decided to start his own company that would provide services to the federal government. That was the birth of ADC LTD NM. The rest as is said, is history!

As an established business owner in investigative services, my dad boldly testified before the United States Congress in which he pleaded on behalf of private security companies. He understood the backlog that was holding investigations in abeyance so he petitioned the federal government to grant permission for privately held companies to provide investigative services for governmental agencies. Up to that point, only the U. S. Government was conducting security investigations. Congress saw the benefits of opening the security industry to the private sector and approved a pilot program which was successful and became the standard practice used by government contractors in conducting background investigations for federal agencies.

Each of my siblings and I had achieved our personal career successes. As ADC LTD NM grew, we all came together to support our

Dad and the company he had created. Each of us has his/her varied expertise areas which added strength and diversity to the company. With our Dad's mentoring, influence, and our inherited strong work ethic, ADC LTD NM continues strong business fortitude and commitment to excellence as intended. We all understand that running the business is not for those faint of heart. With that in mind, it is reassuring to know that we can count on each other, no matter how tough it gets. In the words of John F. Kennedy, "When things get tough, the tough get going."

My Dad has been a trailblazer, a risk-taker, an innovator, a family man and a dreamer for his entire life. He has positively influenced my life, that of my siblings and friends. He is well known through the security business and country. He is a man of integrity who has made personal sacrifices to make our world a better place in which to live. I am honored to call him my father, my mentor and friend!

Respectfully,

Brenda Cordova Busick / Daughter



I have known Arthur Cordova for seventeen years and I cannot say enough about his kindness, generosity and tenacity. He has always been a hard worker, never gives up and is always there for family. When I became his son-in-law, he said to me in no uncertain terms that I better take care of his daughter. I took that to heart! It is with joy that I see he has always treated me as part of the family!

He is always completely focused on what he wants to achieve. I

have found no one who can be more determined than him to get things done. He is an example of a person with a strong moral and upright character. I suppose many of us would dream of being able to emulate his integrity. He loves family and has set a high standard for his children, grandchildren and other family members. He has instilled in all that if one wants something, one has to work hard for it. There are no freebees in life! He is an amazing man and I have been blessed to have him and my wife in my life.

Lauren Romero / Son-in-Law



I became close friends with Phillip Cordova, Art's son, in 2000. I met Art through Phillip and by being a friend of his, it seems that I automatically became friends with Art. What impressed me so much about Art is that after a casual first meeting, he never forgot my name. When we would meet, he always knew exactly who I was and that really impressed me.

In 2006, we became a little bit closer. I married his daughter, Brenda, and not only did I become his son-in-law, emphasis on "son" as he accepted me as a very close part of the family. When Brenda and I got married and while on our honeymoon, our dog was seriously injured. Art who is really not a pet-type person answered to the emergency, took the dog to the emergency vet and had him taken care of. When we got home, we were so happy that the dog was taken care of. Art treated him, as if, the dog was his own.

On another occasion, just before we got married, we were at a family breakfast and new in our dating history when Art looked at me and

stated, "If you don't take good care of my daughter you will have to answer to me." With that said, we have gotten along great!

Art doesn't know what recreation is as he doesn't golf or fish although he does like to go to some football games. He is all business, work, work, work. Art always enjoys the farm as it gives him a chance to get away. That is his recreation!

Art has always treated me like a son and I couldn't ask for anything better!

Bill Busick / Son-in-Law



I first met Art in April of 1997. I had applied for a job as a custodian at the FAA site. The site was located on Paseo Del Norte in Albuquerque. Art held the Cordova Custodial Services contract. Jerome called me 3 days later and hired me. That was when I met Art. He was so kind! I worked at the FAA site for the next 19 years.

In 1997, the operating custodial supervisor of the FAA site was about to retire. Art handed me the beeper and asked me to be the new supervisor at the FAA facility. I said to Art, "I do not know how to speak English." Art said, "You can do it Maria. I believe in you. Think about it for a few days and then let me know." I believe Art had already made up his mind. He had confidence in me and that was why I said, "yes! I will do it!" I was very appreciative that he showed so much confidence in me. I worked under that contract for the next 19 years. The idea that he thought of me for the job made me think of him, his family and of his family as my own.

One year later my husband, Eliseo Martinez, began working for

Cordova Support Services and at the same location. We worked together for the next four years. My husband died in 2001 and I let Jerome know. He then called Art who was in Washington, D.C. Art left Washington, D.C. and came to offer his support when I needed it most. He stayed beside me, came to the funeral and continued to offer his support until my husband was buried. Art said to me in Spanish, “No te preocupes hija. Siempre me llamaba hija! Tu siempre vas a tener trabajo aquí.” I was touched by his sentiment and so he gained my loyalty for the rest of my life.

I have nothing but love and amazing things to say about Art and his company. I will begin by speaking about the Cordova Support Services LTD and now the ADC LTD NM. I am very proud of the success of this company. I have been truly blessed to have had the opportunity to work for such a wonderful family and company. Throughout the years I have had your support and I will always be thankful for that! I have been honored with your trust and so I express my gratitude to all of you as you have seen me through the good and hard times.

I want to thank Mr. Arthur Cordova for all of his support, guidance and assistance. He is, without doubt, one of the best bosses that anyone could ever ask for. It has been an honor to serve him, his company and family for the many years I have served. I am leaving happy, with a full heart of gratitude and not sad because I know all is well. I wish the best for each and every one of you!

With love,

Maria Martinez / Employee

Special Note: Honorable mention to Maria as she faithfully and with distinction served the company the longest of any employee!



A couple of my favorite memories of my Tata would have to be when he would take little Sarah and me shopping and let us pick out Christmas gifts for everyone in our family. During the summer months, when we were in school, we would stay at the little office during the day and he would let us play hide and seek.

Tata passed down many great qualities to me and I am thankful that I got his work ethic and that he taught us to always be generous and help those around us.

Lauren Cordova / Grandaughter



My favorite memory I have of Tata is that every year during Thanksgiving we would go to downtown Albuquerque and hand out pies to the homeless. He always made sure we knew how blessed we were and taught us to help others when we could.

Olivia Cordova / Grandaughter



Throughout my life my Tata, my grandfather, has taught me many valuable lessons. He has been a great example of how one should live. I have been lucky to observe and learn from his many great qualities,

such as work ethic, his caring and his generosity. He is and has always been willing to do whatever is needed of him for his family.

I have also been lucky enough to create many lasting memories with him. One of my favorites is: When I was about 8 years old, he received a new Polaris Ranger, an off-road vehicle for the farm. My Tata was going to take it for a drive and said, "Come on Tristan, let's go." He proceeded to take me for a drive down San Mateo Blvd, a busy 6-lane Boulevard here in Albuquerque. By the time we got to the gas station, which was about one mile down the road, we stopped. I had to call for my uncle to come pick me up because I was scared. This is just one of many memories that I am glad to have and enjoy recollecting.

Thank you,

Tristan Cordova / Grandson



As far back as I can remember, my dad taught us the value of hard-work, where family came first and perseverance. We would work seven days a week. He would always say, "I eat seven days a week and I have to work seven days a week." He instilled in us to produce nothing but the best from each and every one of us. As a matter of fact, he still has that expectation. My dad is very gracious and generous with everything he has, that is, from material things to experience and knowledge. My work ethics are strong but nothing compared to my Dad's own ethics. I hope I can lead and provide for my family as well he has done for his own family.

Arthur Jerome Cordova / Son

Our Man, Our Mentor

We still enjoy those happy memories of our childhoods, how loving, caring and good hearted you have always been and how you continue to make life better for all of us! Growing up with you has given us the best moments of our lives. Your determination to succeed as early as when we lived in Jarales has been a great influence and remain with us forever. It is without doubt that you will continue to be the most astute, attentive and knowledgeable man we know. Your humility represents the kind of person we want to be in our lives. Just think for a moment, your contagious smile and infectious laugh speak of a life well-lived life and one you wish all of us to enjoy!

Some folks were born great, some achieve greatness while others have it thrust upon them. But, in your case, you were born great and have achieved more greatness and through example have shown us how true greatness is achieved and what it really means. You taught us lessons like honesty in our work and with others, respect for others and given us that confidence so important in our beings. You mentored us and provided that stability which is so important in our daily lives. You are the great imprint on our hearts. The kindness, love and sacrifice you have made on our behalf and the whole family will dwell with us forever.

Dad, you have shown us by example how to live well and of our

responsibility in caring for the less fortunate. We know of your love of family, your kindness, your business acumen, philanthropy and distinguished service to the community, beginning with that fire station that still stands in Jarales. Those are acts that epitomize your greatness, that bear out the true and wonderful character of your soul.

You are the man who has always been aware of life's flow and hears the breezes murmur, as you walk across those fields. You have never lost your pulse for those you love, rich or poor and your heart always speaks plainly in what it says and what you know. So, continue to unlock our hearts so we may speak with the eloquence of your being. We salute you and thank you for being such a loving father and that very important part of our lives!

Judy, Brenda, Phillip and Jerome / Art's Children

Epilogue

The felicity of Art's life and his contributions will never be recognized until after the event of his very last achievement. His work and successes alone justify a wonderful destiny. His work leaves a solid stamp of purpose and permanence for the family to follow. His actions touch us all and now that he has retired and his life is complete, his successes have become more than an object of attention but a need of analysis as he has set a high bench-mark for all to follow.

Art's life began with a continuous vitality, action and purposeful design. His energy was held tightly between purpose and instinct, between spiritual commitment and an intellectual exercise that jetted his memories, hopes and his refusal to surrender to the demands of the times. He understood why there is a deep concern between people and their destinies and why we and others leave behind nothing but our destiny. The life he has lived exists for all of us in two realities: the imaginative and the actual. They are both by which his mutual necessity complemented his very existence.

Art's life is an emblem of our very existence, a parable of intellectual and moral responsibility to his fellow man. His professional work and successes have been so compelling that they motivate one toward his idealism, experience and ideas. There is only one Art!

Art's actions supply an explanation. He had the right temperament, risk-lamed the course of time by his constant manipulation of events, his curiosity and struggles for achievement. He knew he had to grow from the passivity of the village so in reality his personal development

and sensible moral growth were critical to his success. To be deprived of such reality would have set a paradox between his real experience and what he was dreaming during the day. Almost by divine design he went through the process of becoming a whole person with actions that have had a real application to family, friends and others. A praise for him is that he loves humanity! That is his hope for all mankind!

Art’s life has been superb. He shows a humility, no flattering of the mind or relating of exaggerated achievements. He never wished for a world in pictures, but in the reality of adobe walls, farm tools and helping those in need. Even in his retirement role he stands to give power to the human struggle and aspirations of the young. He remains one genuine source of energy and fortitude as he still has the power to energize the common man with his incredible energy and savvy.

This man has never been beset by what doubt and inquiry could ever achieve. Even as he closed his door, his thoughts have remained at ease and with joy. He rightfully remains a virtue of confidence, with an unconditional commitment to family and reverence to God.

Contributors

The author is indebted to the following persons. This book could not have been written without their generous information.

Arthur Donald Cordova	Dorothy Herrera
Kathy M. Cordova	Angie Cordova Clark
Judy Cordova Romero	Casey Alan Cordova
Brenda Cordova Busick	David Cordova
Bill Busick	Jose Dolores Cordova
Phillip Cordova	Kenneth Cordova
Jerome Cordova	Tommie Cordova
Sarah Silva	Marshall Aungier
Thomas Cordova	Silvestre Castillo
Lauren Cordova	Virginia Cordova Gomez
Tristen Cordova	Raymond T. Chavez
Oliva Cordova	Lauren Romero



Arthur with his siblings and father.



Art with his children at the ADC Headquarters



About the Author

Oscar S. Ramirez was born in Mexico, reared in Jarales, New Mexico, Earned PhD in Psychology, is a Distinguished Western Hemisphere Scholar, Co-Founder of the Hispanic Institute for Family Development, Psychotherapist, College Vice-President, University Professor and former Trustee Board Member of a Hospital. He is a published writer of prose and poetry. He understands that eyes do not often meet their dreams!

The whole range of his writing is to extol and make visible those whose history has validity and anchor them to the potency of their souls. In this case, the author engages the reader in the intensity of Art's dedication and triumph.

The author and his wife Sue live in El Dorado Hills, California where they enjoy living not far from the open spaces and sun rises that fit an unclear world that is often ill-defined to his old and different eyes.