



Rupert Cordova

December 10, 1951 - October 14, 2022

Center resident Rupert Cordova, 70, was called home on October 14, 2022. He passed away at St. Anthony Hospital in Lakewood with his loving family by his side. Born on December 10, 1951 in Pueblo, Colorado, the son of Encarnacion Pedro Cordova and Esperanza Montoya Cordova. After graduating high school, he went on to work doing road construction.

He will live on through his sons Tony (Candice) Cordova, Gabe (Tawnee) Cordova both of Nevada, grandchildren Rider Cordova, Cadance Cordova, Corbin Cordova, sister Clarissa (Ken) Boucher of Heber, AR; brothers Bob (Barbara) Cordova of Hookstown, PA; Chris Cordova of Denver, CO; Mike (Tammy) Cordova of South Fork, CO; Ray (Aurora) Cordova of Denver, CO; sister-in-law Eileen Cordova of Rifle, CO; He is also survived by many nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Rupert was preceded in death by his parents Encarnacion and Esperanza Cordova, one son Brian Cordova and Art Cordova.

A Funeral Service will be held on Tuesday, October 25, 2022 at 10:00 AM at the Church of Living God in Hooper. Burial will follow at the La Florida Cemetery. To leave online condolences please visit romerofuneralhomes.com. The care of arrangements has been entrusted to Romero Funeral Home of Alamosa.

Cemetery Details

Lobatos/La Florida Cemetery

Events

Details are pending.

Tribute Wall



“ Rupert Cordova

January 29, 2023 at 07:44 AM



“ Rupert, RIP dear cuz
Love, Taryn Montoya

Cloud Fishing

*To fish from a cloud in the sky
You must find a comfortable spot,
Spend a day looking down
Patiently, clear-sighted.*

*Peer at your ceiling:
Where a light dangles, hook & line
Could be slipping through.*

*Under the hull of a boat
A fish will see things this way,*

Looking up while swimming by—

*A wavering pole's refraction
Catching its eye.*

*What will you catch?
With what sort of bait?
Take care or you'll catch yourself,*

*A fish might say,
As inescapable skeins of shadow
Scatter a net
Over the face of the deep.*

-Phillis Levin

Taryn Montoya - October 20, 2022 at 05:59 PM

LC

*I counted dollars,
While HE counted crosses.
I counted gain while HE counted losses.
I counted my worth
By THINGS gained in store.
HE sized me up by the scares that I bore.
I coveted honors and
Sought for degrees.
But HE wept as HE counted the hours on my knees.
I never till one day by the grave,
How vain are the THINGS we spend life to save.
I never knew till my brother
Rupert went up above.
THAT RICHES IS HE WHO IS RICH IN GOD'S LOVE!!*

My brother Rupert was a gentle soul.

Lawrence Ray Cordova - October 22, 2022 at 08:06 PM