

# REMEMBERING ALICE

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 2010

Eleven-thirty AM



**ALICE WAGSTAFF VEROSTKO**

Born March 27, 1919, Louisville, KY

Died December 7, 2009, Minneapolis, MN

○

**American Association of University Women**

**The Gale Mansion**

2115 Stevens Avenue South

Minneapolis • Minnesota



jewelweed blooms

Jewelweed is one of Alice's favorites

●

photo of Alice, 1941



This 12 Dove Rainbow Tapestry measuring about 6 feet was hung above Alice's ashes in the Gale Mansion auditorium. This tapestry was woven by Marika McFadden Molnar for this occasion.

Marika likened Alice to a rainbow in springtime promising us that all will be well again. She experienced Alice's healing light in her own life and wrote a poem that ended with this line:

*While we mourn the loss of a love, we praise  
the experience of her light in us and carry  
that with us as the memory of a rainbow.*

- Marika, Uniontown PA, April, 2010

Alice's ashes were present in a small box draped with several Chinese silk fabrics that we brought home with us from the silk market in Hangzhou. The woven pouch on top was Alice's "kangaroo pouch". Hand woven in Africa this pouch held her cell phone and wipes and could be hung around her neck. In the nursing home her regular aids knew her handy "kangaroo pouch" and it stayed with her to the end.

- Roman



## PROGRAM - REMEMBERING ALICE

Alice Wagstaff Verostko

March 27 1919 – December 7, 2009

### Prelude, Guitar

Welcome, Roman Verostko, Spouse

Reading from H.D. Thoreau, Susan Wilburn, First Cousin

“Alice as Silversmith”, Sharon Muret-Wagstaff, Cousin

“Alice Ken”, Mary Walton Mayshark, First Cousin

### Guitar interlude

Tribute, Saint Vincent Communities, Latrobe, PA  
Douglas Nowicki, Archabbot

“Story”, Betty Bone Scheiss, First Cousin

“Two Fish”, Roman Verostko, Spouse

### Guitar interlude

“Ginny on Alice”, Virginia Jacobson, Friend & Colleague

Attendee’s memories are invited here

My Old Kentucky Home, Sing-a-long

### Guitar Postlude

RECEPTION BUFFET (Upstairs)

### Representations:

AAUW, Minneapolis, Carolyn Humphrey, President

Minneapolis College Art & Design, Jay Coogan, President

Saint Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, PA, Douglas Nowicki, Archabbot  
Spalding University, Bobbie Rafferty, Advancement & Philanthropy

**Credits:**

Michael Hauser, Guitar • Eugene Allred, Piano • Marika McFadden, Twelve Dove Tapestry



Alice dressed as Little Bo Peep ca 1930. She posed in the back yard of their Louisville home at 4623 South First Street. The dog is unknown to me. - Roman

## Alice the Silversmith: *Remembering Alice*

by  
Sharon Muret-Wagstaff



Alice and Sherry (Sharon) ca 2004

This framed image measures about 4” by 4”. Alice treasured it and kept it in our living area from the time it had been mounted for her by Sherry.

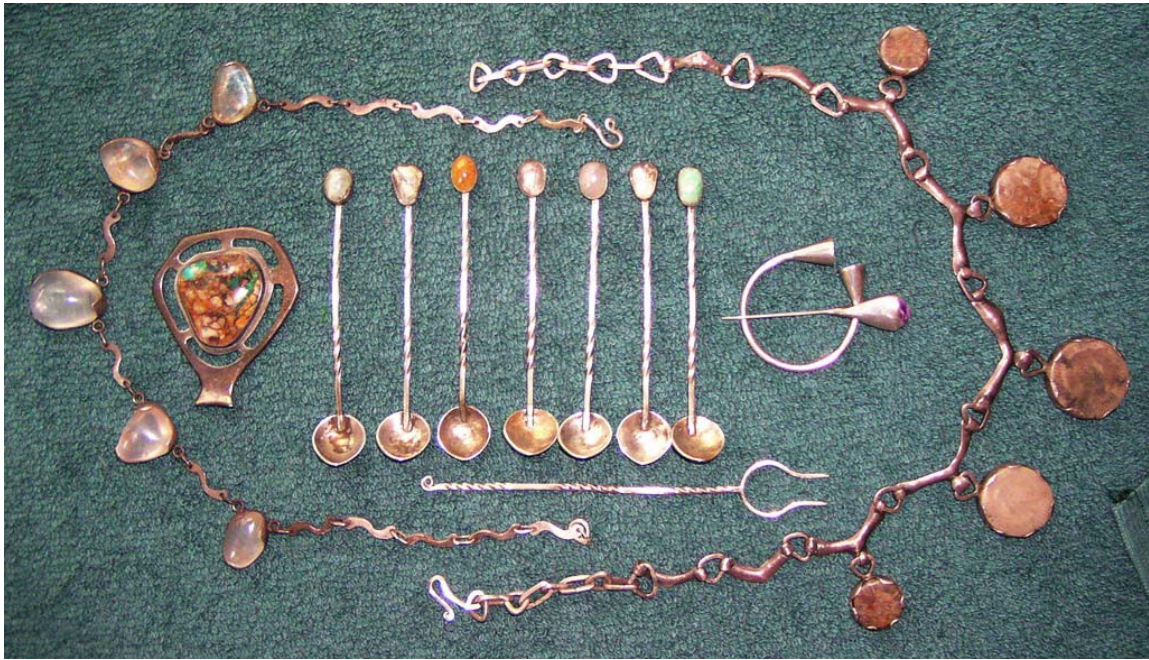
During her last year in the nursing home I kept it close by her in her room. Alice and Sherry were able to meet via phone frequently and Sherry’s healing presence helped her during difficult moments. - Roman

Thank you to Roman, members of the American Association of University Women, and the musicians, storytellers, songstresses, artists, and poets among Alice's family and friends who have created this day, *Remembering Alice*.

My memories of Alice span many years, beginning with Alice's years as a graduate student in psychology at the University of Chicago. As a child subject, I was thrilled that I got to sit alone with Alice in the back bedroom with the door closed and take as long as I wanted to tell her stories about the pictures she showed me. Later, we spent more than 30 years together when we both lived here in Minneapolis. Then, during the past decade, we traded visits between Minneapolis and Boston.

We all knew Alice in many different ways. I'd like to tell you three thoughts about Alice the Silversmith.





Above: Silverwork crafted by Alice. Seven of her demitasse spoons are shown in the center.

## The Spoon

Alice the Silversmith crafted beautiful, tiny demitasse spoons while she was in graduate school. We used them after dinner when we'd have coffee in the living room in Minneapolis and I marveled at her artistic talent. Alice was a master at turning a piece of metal into a useful object--especially one for feeding your body, mind, and soul. Silver spoons, candlesticks, place settings--these were always in abundance every time that she brought people together to share breakfast at sunrise on the deck; to drink Carl Rogers Punch, which would knock you off your feet; to sip Uncle Joe's Eggnog from silver julep cups; or to enjoy Alice's Rice, my children's favorite.

## The Butterfly

The last postcard that I wrote to Alice pictured a butterfly in flight. Alice was in awe of the transformation stories around us: a cocoon bursts open to reveal a wet monarch butterfly; a perfect orchid emerges from the dried stick in the windowsill.

Alice's mentor at the University of Chicago, Carl Rogers, revolutionized psychology with client-centered therapy, which includes an active listening approach based on a profound belief in the transformative power within each person.

*Carl Rogers invented it, but Alice embodied it!*

It was Alice's belief in me that encouraged and sustained me, a single mother of four children, throughout graduate school and my professional life. When I looked around in my first graduate course in Organization Management, I thought, "Wow! Everybody in this room is half as old and twice as smart as I am." But Alice's take on it was different.

"Hmm," she said, "maybe you'll be the next Commissioner of Health for the State of Minnesota!" I never became a commissioner of health, but I did finally finish my dissertation.

## The Polishing Cloth

Alice the Silversmith lovingly polished each piece of silver before putting it away. Those conversations in the kitchen with dishtowel in hand were the best times after a dinner party. When I arrived at the house on Thursday night, I found that all of Alice's cousins and all of my cousins had just lovingly polished each piece of silver.

Alice polished each one of us, too. She was a one-woman fan club who encouraged you to be your best. Alice was a baseball fan, and I once gave her a Minnesota Twins T-shirt autographed by Herbie Puckett, which she proudly wore. Alice rooted for each one of us with the same gusto that she rooted for Herbie to hit a homer.

When you leave today, think of the spoon, the butterfly, and the polishing cloth. If you feel a gentle rubbing on the back of your neck, look up--it's Alice. Alice the Silversmith is polishing that silver halo that she placed above your head, reminding you to be your best. Alice the Silversmith is saying that she's not quite done with you yet.





## Tribute to Alice Wagstaff Verostko

Presented by Douglas Nowicki, Archabbot, St. Vincent Communities, Latrobe, PA



Douglas Nowicki and Alice Verostko share a relaxing moment.

*Photo by RV, 2003*

Dear Roman,

Thank you for your friendship and, in a special way today, thank you for the love and friendship which Alice and you extended to me and to so many members of the Saint Vincent Community over the years as well as to all who join today in expressing our gratitude for the energizing presence of Alice in our lives.

To you, Roman, and to all of Alice's family, friends and colleagues who join in this day of gratitude and remembrance for the many ways in which Alice's love transformed our lives, I extend the heartfelt condolences of the Saint Vincent Archabbey, College and Seminary communities.

In the mid 1960's, Alice began the transformation of the educational experience of the students of Saint Vincent Seminary when she became the first woman in over 130 years to teach on the Seminary faculty. The friendship which was engendered in those first years continued throughout her life. All of us at Saint Vincent are grateful for Alice and Roman including us as part of their extended family.





Fairview of the Saint Vincent Basilica, Monastery, College and Seminary campus, Latrobe, PA.

In reflecting on the meaning of “Alice” as a gift in our lives, Martin Buber’s insight into the way we humans relate to one another comes to mind. We relate to each other in terms of the function we perform for each other, an “*I - It*” relationship. In terms of performing a function, of course, each of us is replaceable by anyone who can perform the required function. The other possibility is what Buber called the “*I-Thou*” relationship. In this relationship, we experience the other as an irreplaceable person, who may be replaceable in terms of function performed, but irreplaceable as a one-and-only “*Thou*”. It is only in the experience of the relation of “*I - Thou*” that one becomes a person – thus satisfying the deepest human desire for ultimate meaning and well-being.

Alice was a person who was able to convey to each person she encountered that he or she was a person – unique and irreplaceable. In that lies the ultimate healing of the narcissistic illness that we are so prone to fall into. I recall, at a dinner with Alice and Roman at Saint Vincent. I was conscious that Alice, more by her body language and tone of voice than by what she said, was able somehow to convey to the waitress who was serving us that, for Alice, she had a meaning and a value that far transcended the service she was performing. For that brief time, she, as a person, was unique and irreplaceable. You could see it in the smile on her face.

Alice loved life and her presence was life-giving. It’s a life-giving presence that lives on in Roman and in each of us, because love knows no limits, and love alone can transform that final and most impregnable fortress – the human heart.

At the end of his novel *A Farewell to Arms*, Ernest Hemingway wrote: “in the end, life breaks everyone. Some grow stronger at the broken places.” The final months of Alice’s life were a struggle for her physically. Like all of us, Alice was afflicted by the challenges of the human condition and our vulnerable human nature. She found great strength and her hope was renewed daily by the love she shared with Roman. Both Alice and Roman grew in their love for one another in new ways during her final months.

Alice confronted her own physical limitations not as a curse, but as an opportunity and a choice. She did not curse what she could not fully understand, but she trusted in the mystery and power of love in the context of a future she could not predict or see.

Alice was a healer. She gave life, hope, meaning to all who experienced the brokenness of the human condition – inwardly and outwardly. Spiritually, emotionally, physically, Alice was a healer. She gave meaning, perspective, hope. She loved life – all of life. She did not pick out just the good times and curse the difficult and painful times.



*The Fred Rogers Center at St Vincent College, Latrobe, PA, August 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2008.*

*Alice speaks at the dedication of the Upsidedown Book & the Upsidedown Mural. Her experience, working with children, contributed to the creative process that brought this project to fruition.*

*Photo by Alan Bland, 2008*

Alice was grateful for all life. Her life was a constant expression of gratitude: gratitude for Roman, her family, her friends, for the gift of each of you in her life; and, in your own uniqueness, she was able to say “Thank you!” Thank you in a way that gave meaning and transformed the core of our own being. She respected mystery – the unfathomable.

Today, we join together in saying “Thank you” to Alice. Alice, thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

## TWO FISH: *Remembering Alice*, by Roman Verostko

Let me begin by thanking Marika Molnar McFadden for her beautiful hand-woven “Twelve Dove” tapestry. Marika’s poem for this tapestry ended with this line: “*while we mourn the loss of a love we praise the experience of her light in us.*” This line identifies an experience we all share: the presence of Alice’s light in us. It also identifies why we are here today: to celebrate our memory of Alice: *her loving light*, unique and personal to each of us.



Alice & Roman, June 17<sup>th</sup> 2006, dedication event for the new Guthrie Theater. Photo by Jeremy Verostko

### SHARING LIFE WITH ALICE

I met Alice around 1966 when she chaired the graduate School of Psychology at Duquesne University in Pittsburgh. She earned her doctorate at the University of Chicago as a graduate assistant to Carl Rogers and was a first generation pioneer of “client-centered” therapy that now dominates mental health practice in the western world.

She traveled nationally with Duquesne’s *Institute of Man* helping to introduce client-centered counseling in colleges, monasteries, convents and seminaries. I was invited to meet her and sit in on one of her seminars. We became friends and were married in 1968. In the course of the past 42 years living with her I became a partner in “*the world according to Alice*”. As I reflect on the very many unique experiences with Alice I have come to realize that she was way ahead of her time on so many counts. Let me illustrate:



## On ecology & nature.

On Nature and ecology let me speak first to her experience as a girl scout:

*On October 11, 1936, at the 23<sup>rd</sup> National Girl Scout convention in Cincinnati, Alice was pinned with the Golden Eaglet by the former First Lady, Lou Henry Hoover. When they came to Alice's turn they could not find Alice's pin. Immediately Lou Hoover took her own Golden Eaglet and pinned it on Alice. (Aside note: Lou Hoover held a degree in Geology, was athletic, and very interested in nature).*



**Above:** Alice's Golden Eaglet pinned by Lou Hoover in 1936 and the medallions sewn on her Girl Scout uniform.

Alice held many medallions for her scout achievements but her greatest achievement was a lifelong caring concern for the natural world around her. As a girl scout at an early age she learned about pollution and preserving natural resources. She had already achieved a fairly educated ecological ethic 25 years before Rachel Carson published "Silent Spring" in 1962. She valued gardens, nature centers and parks with an understanding of what it takes to preserve them.

Alice led me to care very deeply about our Minnesota State Parks, our Hennepin County Nature Preserves (now called Three Rivers), our University of Minnesota Landscape Arboretum, the Eloise Butler Wildflower Garden, and the Como Conservatory. She taught me the value of nature trails and made sure that we earned our annual fall hiking medallions by walking trails in the "Three Rivers Nature Preserves". For the year 2008 I asked friends like Bonnie Karlen to walk in her stead and for 2009 she managed to get in the car and travel to the trails. We drove to the entrance of four of the trails to earn her 2009 medallion. She was able to reach the path of the Carver County trail with her "walker" and the others we managed with her wheelchair.

On this last fall excursion, as she struggled in and out of the car, her love for nature trumped her pain. As we approached her favorite preserves her glowing presence drew me more deeply into her peaceful world nourished by "other life".

Alice revealed a reverential approach to "other life" by relocating floundering spiders, rescuing dying plants and lavishing daily care on her house plants. She talked to them regularly letting them know she cared. For all my skepticism, I must confess, she succeeded. She turned the living areas in our home into a jungle (almost).





**Above:** Our walking sticks with medallions earned for walking the nature preserve hiking trails in the fall.  
The Bottom one belongs to Alice. Hers came from Mt. Zermot in Switzerland and mine came from St. Vincent.

When I became a short term Dean at MCAD in 1975 Alice suggested that I install a metal hanging bar on the large East window of my office. Soon baskets with hanging plants and vines screened the morning sun and provided a green presence through all seasons. Jean Anderson, who was my secretary then and is here today, will recall watering the plants. The idea was to set a model for using solar energy for the plants as a form of air conditioning and air purification.

When President Carter's energy bill was introduced and Carter installed solar panels on the white house Alice did her homework and gave strong economic and ecological reasons why we should do the same. And we did. She encouraged our own energy conservation by pressing me to reduce my driving speed, improve our temperature controls, and improve the insulation in our attic. Always conscious of life cycles and our human role in the process, she introduced me to the advantages and the methods we came to use for composting garden and kitchen waste.

## Client-centered therapy.

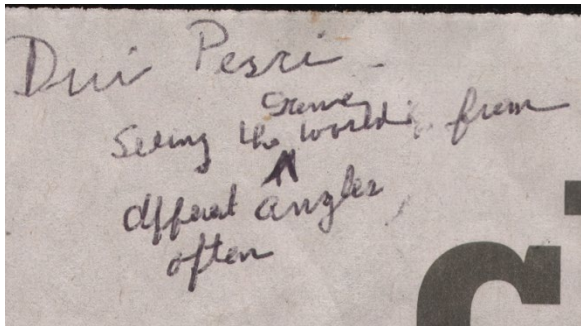
Let us turn now to another leadership role: Alice as one of the pioneers of "client Centered Therapy.

In the early 1960's, besides serving as Department Chair, teaching courses, counseling students, and serving as team member of the "Institute of Man", Alice established a model counseling center at Duquesne University and guided her graduate students in the practice of therapy. Within a decade, following her leadership and that of her colleagues, similar mental health centers were introduced in communities, schools, colleges and churches. What, you may wonder, lay at the core of Alice's practice?

To answer this question let me first recall one of my great moments with Alice in the course of the past year.

Following her hip replacement surgery in September of 2008 she suffered a global cognitive impairment that made even simple tasks difficult. When she was first able to speak, following her critical ordeal, she revealed to me how difficult it was for her to find the words she needed to express herself. For her especially this was excruciating. She was a punster who loved ambiguities, metaphors and double meanings. She loved word play and enjoyed working with the 17 syllable Haiku format. In recent years she would write a Haiku for my birthday but her critical condition in 2008 prevented that. While I

encouraged her to write Haiku she never could quite get around to it. Writing was laborious, slow, uncertain and apparently very frustrating for her.



Detail of Alice's Haiku written on Tribune News margin September 12, 2009.

Yet I (we) received a profoundly moving reward from her this last year on my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, September 12<sup>th</sup>. I was able to have her home. From her wheelchair on our deck overlooking Diamond Lake she wrote a Haiku on the upper left corner of a page from the Star & Tribune. By writing this Haiku Alice revealed a vibrant inner life underneath the mask of her handicap. She struggled with each word and each pen stroke - but she achieved it!

She wrote "two fish" in Italian spelling "two" as "Dui" rather than "Due". This yielded the 17 syllable Haiku format she wanted. Let me read it as posted on her web page:



This image was composed from a 1964 painting that Alice painted several years before we met.

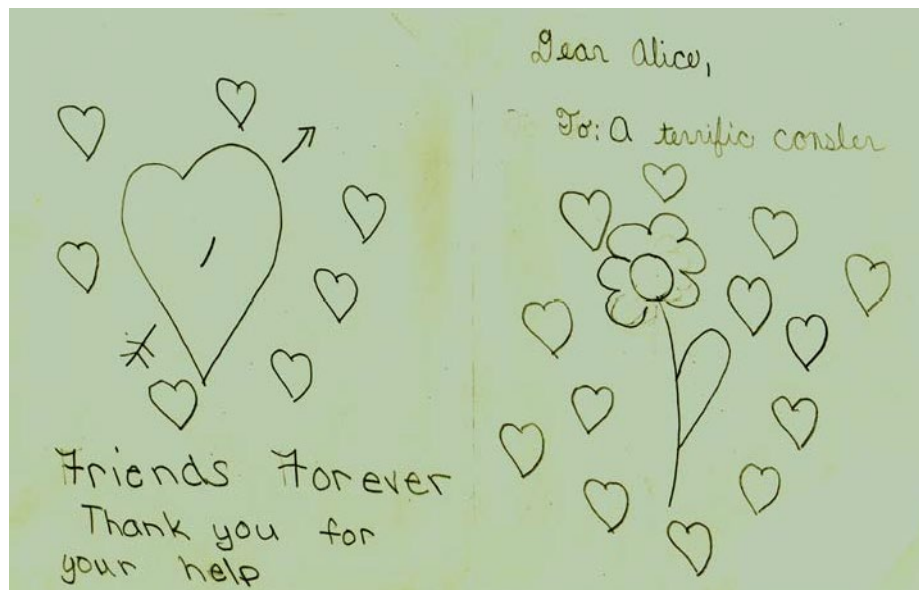
Yes, we are Two Fish "viewing the same world from different angles, often". One way to get the view from the "other" fish's angle is to "listen".

The key to Alice's therapy was the art of "listening". If I were to summarize Alice's teaching it would be, above all else, "listen to the other person".

*(Aside) By the way, while Alice, in the course of the past 42 years taught me a lot about attending to the dynamics of dialogue, she never quite succeeded in teaching me "to listen". I still find myself wondering off on one of my monologues. That's when friends interrupt and say, excuse me, "I'm late for an appointment".*

Alice's "listening" was complemented with her wisdom, her wicked humor, and her wonderful smile. But underneath all this was her caring attention to learn what was going

on inside the other, the other person in her presence. In family counseling she listened to children with the same caring attention she lavished on her adult clients.



Above: Note from a child confirms how Alice reached the hearts of children and helped them.

Alice listened in many ways: with her eyes observing body language - gesture, facial expression, eye movement, posture – and - with her ears attending to signals of, fear, anxiety, doubt, or confidence. She listened with a compassionate heart reaching out to show understanding and help in any way she could. This, of course, is “client-centered” therapy. It pays attention, in a very deep way, to the on-going experience of the client. And the therapist, to be effective, must learn deep down the art of “listening” and its many obstacles. Alice guided her graduate students in researching body language and understanding how the noise of our own perspectives can corrupt the message.

Yes, in every dialogue we have, we are “*two fish viewing the same world from different angles often.*” This perspective recalls an expression that I introduced some years ago, an expression that Alice welcomed; one we shared commonly and often when we found ourselves in disagreement: “*Just because you’re right, doesn’t make you right*”. Of course, this was an expression that I had proudly introduced, *or so it seemed to me*. Yet, in hind sight, I now know that Alice, in her wisdom, led me to see that this is always, indeed, the case. The expression easily entered our daily life. Yes, it was “*ours*”, a seamless entry into our everyday world, “*The World According to Alice*”; “*Just because you’re right doesn’t make you right*”.

*(Aside) As the years slid by Alice’s wisdom seeped in. Often she pointed out for me the common flaw she perceived in misunderstandings that cropped up in every day circumstances: the misunderstanding between two people: man & wife, brother & sister, two friends; and, yes, misunderstandings between political parties and nations. Yes, we are “two fish viewing the same world from different angles often”. Yes, “just because we’re right doesn’t make us right.”*

With this in mind let us ponder the significant others in our lives while Michael Hauser provides us with an interlude.





Campion Gavaler & Alice, St Vincent Archabbey, near Leander Hall, 2007.

Campion, a Benedictine monk & priest, my classmate and close friend, was the theologian who led the way in bringing Alice (Dr. Wagstaff) to teach at the St. Vincent Seminary. He had introduced us to each other and remained our close friend, especially during the last months of Alice's life. - Roman



Alice, August 11, 1972.

This picture was taken in our home garden by Diamond Lake. Most probably this would have been our first garden season following our move to our Clinton Avenue home.

On this day we were celebrating our wedding anniversary. And she had gathered some fresh squash and herbs for the table.



## More Memories, Quotes & Poems



**Alice smiles with a tree, Mount Hood, Oregon, Spring 2004.**

“We need the tonic of wildness, to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. . . We can never have enough of nature . . . We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander”.

- quoted from Henry David Thoreau, *Walden Pond*, 1854



**Above:** Excerpt from Susan Wilburn’s reading of a classical passage on wilderness from Thoreau’s *Walden Pond*. Susan Wilburn’s choice of this passage, reveals the deep love for nature that she shared with Alice.

Susan Wilburn was the first of Alice’s cousins I met in Louisville. She welcomed us in her home, shared family holidays with us, and contributed greatly to the richness of our life together. Like Susan, Alice would smile and be thankful for this reading.

**Left:** Susan smiles, family event in her home, 2001.



**MARY WALTON MAYSHARK (b. 1918).**

“Walt” (Mary Walton), cousin, in her memorial reflections, shared childhood memories growing up with Alice Ken (Alice). We caught the flavor of their fun growing up together when “Walt” recited one of their favorites. Their word-play improvised from private personal experiences, nonsense, and Barney Google with his Googly eyes, a popular comic strip introduced in the early 1920’s. \*

Their fun with word play stayed with them in their adult life as shown in this picture of her taken at a 2001 family event in Louisville.

Alice’s childhood home was located at 4623 South First Street, Louisville, KY.

**BELOW:** A favorite that “Walt” recited:

“Pop, whop, bang;  
 Put your money up;  
 Out goes the candle  
 Swish, swish, swish  
 Barney Google has googly eyes  
 and says Urk”.

\* The GOOGLE search engine name is derived from the 1920’s comic strip, “Barney Google.” His “Goo-Goo-Googly Eyes” were popularized by a 1923 song with lyrics by Billy Rose, a song surely familiar to Walt & Alice.



Alice, as a child, in the early 1920’s and later, at age 14, in the early 1930’s.

Photo taken in back yard of her childhood home, 4623 South First Street, Louisville, KY.



## Alice's Smile

A tribute from Michelle, daughter of Elizabeth & William Verostko.

*“Dear Uncle Roman . . . I’m glad to have known Aunt Alice and to have had such a wonderful person be part of my life. Aunt Alice had a zest for life and people. She was always interested in people, learning something new, and she was, of course, good at listening & observing. I loved to hear her laugh and see her smile. She had such a comforting warmth about her that I often felt as if I had just been hugged after she smiled at me and listened to me. I will miss that sparkle in her eyes . . . Love, - Michelle “*



Alice took this picture of Michelle in 1999 on the occasion of Michelle's parents 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary. Her father, Bill, was 2 years older than I and served as my “Best Man” when Alice and I married in 1968. – Roman, recollection, 2010

## More Smiles



*Alice smiles with her dear friend Lidia Filonowich, South Shore, Lake Superior, 2002.*

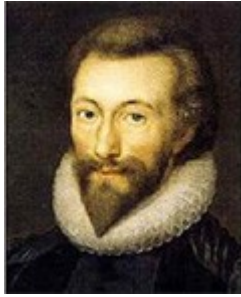
Alice was Lidia's Housemother at the University of Chicago before Lidia met her husband Basil. They reconnected many years later, by chance, at a social gathering in Minneapolis. Since then we have shared our life with them as family. Lidia and Basil were present when Alice wrote the “Two Fish” Haiku on my 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday



“Ginny” (Virginia Jacobson) and Alice enjoy a summer visit on our deck overlooking Diamond Lake. Ginny worked with Alice for 17 years, served with her on the Review Board for a Security Hospital, and revealed all about Alice with her refreshing memorial tribute. This included the true account of Alice's favorite lunch, pickles and sardines.

James White's recollection as tribute from "Jim & Emily".

James White, Roman's teaching colleague, quoted the following poem that came to his mind 42 years ago when he first met Alice:



We understood Her by her sight;  
her pure, and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks,  
and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say, her body thought."

*John Donne (1572-1631)*



**LEFT:**

Alice contemplates an Iris from her garden.

**BELOW:**

"Leaves" refers to the pages of this memorial document

## Leaves for Alice *by Robert Temple*

May these leaves have filled  
for those who linger  
with a hurting space  
where word by word may build,  
a song  
--where else had been but sound--  
a song that reaches through the  
mind  
with an uplifting face--  
hold these pages

--pass the book around--  
as dreams  
in troubled sleep  
find a comfort with a swelling  
theme  
of one remembered  
with a skyward grace  
where words re-echo  
what will not be stilled.

- Tribute from Robert & Mary Temple





JIMMY CARTER

March 31, 2010

To Roman Verostko

Rosalynn and I were saddened to learn of your wife's passing. Please know that you and your family are in our hearts and prayers during this difficult time.

We are grateful for Alice's faith in the work of The Carter Center. Her support will enable us to continue our work to wage peace, fight disease, and build hope to improve the lives of millions of people around the world. A village without Guinea worm, a free and fair election in a struggling country, and a family feeding itself and its neighbors are all living legacies of Alice's benevolence and goodwill. We are proud of the confidence she had in our work.

May you always treasure your memories of your wife and find some comfort in the knowledge that her generosity will give hope to many who would otherwise despair of ever improving their lives.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jimmy Carter". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, prominent "C" for "Carter".

Mr. Roman J. Verostko  
5535 Clinton Avenue South  
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55419



## OBITUARY

Minneapolis Star & Tribune, December 10, 2009

### Alice Wagstaff Verostko (Alice Kennedy Wagstaff)



Daughter & only child of Joseph and Alice Kennedy Wagstaff, born Mar. 27, 1919, Louisville, KY, died of natural causes, age 90, Dec. 7, 2009 at Mt. Olivet Careview Home, Mpls. Without children she is survived by her husband, Roman Joseph Verostko, 5535 Clinton Av. S, Mpls 55419. Spalding U., Louisville KY, BA, 1941; U of Chicago, MA,

Ph.D., 1959; Duquesne U., Pittsburg PA, Faculty, 1960-68; Chair, Dep't Psychology, 1962-68; married Roman in 1968, UM Faculty, 1968-70; Ramsey County Mental Health Clinic, Senior Clinical Psychologist, 1971-1989; Minnesota School for Professional Psychology, graduate seminars, 1988-94; private practice until 2003. A Springtime Memorial Celebration will be announced on her web page: [verostko.com/wagstaff](http://verostko.com/wagstaff) (use lower case letters). No flowers. Memorial gifts to Mpls College of Art & Design, 2501 Stevens Ave., Mpls 55404. (Verostko Scholarship Fund) or your charity of choice.