

*I would just like to say a few things. When I found out about Dr. Royer I was shocked. She was my advisor and always made sure that I knew how important it was to get my education done. I was always pleased to talk with her and she made me always feel that I was making the correct decision with sociology as my major. When I took my first class with her I knew that I was exactly what I wanted. She had such a passion for what she was teaching and made me want to learn so much of what she already knew. I was very fortunate to meet and have her as a professor. May her memory live on in all the people that she touched.*

*Emilio Zapata  
Sociology Major  
Master Production Scheduler  
Wieland Designs Inc.*

## **Remembrances of my friend, Ariela Benzion Royer**

**By Elfriede Wedam**

**29 March 2006**

**Chicago**

**Beginning in the fall of 1979, Ariela and I shared offices with four other graduate student teaching assistants at the University of Illinois at Chicago. I can't recall exactly how we first met because we never really introduced ourselves, at least not in any way that got through the blur that was my typical state of mind in those early graduate school years. Not that that has changed enormously since then, but I do remember how often a flaming head of red hair would rush past my desk as its owner prepared out loud for leading the discussion section in one of the classes she was ever valiantly trying to meet on time. One day when she was TAing the Sociology of Human Sexuality course, she paced up and down the office muttering out loud to no one in particular about what she could possibly talk about to the students that day. Well, she said in a deadpan voice and thick but oddly un-identifiable accent, " I could talk about my sex life; that would use up about five minutes."**

**Who will ever forget how funny she was, how quick-witted, how much she loved to talk, and her excitement about any project she undertook, including teaching. Ariela was a most excitable person. One of our grad student friends was quite worried about Ariela's excitability when driving. Our friend always made a point of looking straight ahead when she was in the passenger seat so Ariela would likewise keep her eyes on the road and not lose track of the wheel during the course of some engrossing conversation.**

**Who can forget Ariela's love of conversation and her ability to tell a good story? I always regretted she could not write down events from her interesting growing up life during those shadowy, uncertain years in Europe and the Middle East on the eve of World War II. Her obituary said she was born in Tel Aviv, but we all know it was Palestine in 1936. She once told me her father, who was born in Russia, got into some kind of problem when she was small, business-related I think, and headed for Istanbul where he had family. It took a while for her and her mother, who was born in Vienna, to get out of Palestine, something having to do with valid papers. Sounds like the opening pages of a spy novel.**

**A Jewish girl, she was taught by French Catholic nuns in a private boarding school in Istanbul. She came to New York when she was 20. She had a head for business and design. But she actually found it boring after a time. She fell in love, married, and moved to Chicago. Her mother hated that she left and Ariela never stopped missing her after she died. Ariela felt we were meant to be friends because her mother and my daughter both had the same first name (Sabine). Ariela always understood the meaning of independence. After raising her family, she determined to study, develop a career, and make a larger contribution.**

**While I envied Ariela's quick wit and sense of style, I remember her most for her fundamental sociability. I didn't always understand or appreciate it. As we prepared for and took our Ph.D. qualifying exams, it was Ariela who had the energy and presence of mind to boost the rest of us during despairing moments. While we slogged our way through the dissertation, Ariela found ways of talking about how to stick with it despite our collective discouragement. When she landed that enviable tenure-track job at IU-South Bend, her focus was always on who helped her get there, never on her own skills or gifts. And when she received tenure, she constantly referred to the great people who wrote such wonderful letters on her behalf.**

**If she had lived longer, Ariela would have written about her new insights into the sick role as she experienced it during this latest hospitalization, surgery, and treatment. She would also have developed her ideas in the sociology of friendship, something she knew a lot about and collected data on with a number of students. I learned rather later in our friendship that her sociability overcame many obstacles, including some that I put in the way. But she was never interested in nursing little grievances; she was, instead, wholly forgiving and focused on the present.**

**In addition to forgiving, Ariela was uncommonly encouraging, never sentimental, and interested in solving the problem. I remember how she once helped me write a letter apologizing for inadvertently embarrassing a former professor of ours we both respected and admired. It was one of those indeterminate occasions where risking saying nothing might be too great, yet saying something wrong might create a worse embarrassment. She knew what to say to get both of us off the hook. But her interest was not just in problem-solving; it was in ethical resolution as well.**

**Ariela believed in face-saving but didn't mind zinging people just a little either. In fact, when her ire was piqued, she could be pretty merciless. And you know who you are.**

**There were times when she drove me crazy by not letting me get a word in edgewise, being opinionated about every topic under the sun, and badgering me to visit her little house on the river. Now, of course, she's gone and I will miss those conversations and those visits to the little house on the river. And I will miss those long rambling messages she would leave on my answering machine: "So, okay, I just wanted to let you know that I'm thinking of you (pronounced tinkering) and I'm coming into Chicago next weekend and I'm tinkering about maybe we you and Toni and I should get together. It's been a while and I'm tinkering it might be nice to see you and I'm wondering how your family is. I'm hoping everybody is all right. So let me know what you want to do and I will call Toni. It's been a while since you've seen Toni, you know I know she wants to see you so I tink it would be nice to get together. So, okay, then let me know and we'll get together, okay? I'm tinkering of you. So, okay, good-bye."**

**Yes, Ariela, you were always tinkering of us. And now we have to say good-bye. I will always tink of you, and I hope you will keep tinkering of us from your special place.**

*Let me grow lovely, growing old -  
So many fine things do;  
Laces and ivory, and gold,  
And silks need not be new;  
And there is healing in old trees,  
Old streets a glamour hold;  
Why may not I, as well as these,  
Grow lovely, growing old?*

*Karle Wilson Baker*

This poem reminded me of Dr. Royer when I read it several years ago. In her demeanor, her appearance and her many classroom discussions on aging, I sensed that no matter what age she would be, her age would not be apparent. What I remember the most about her is the first discussions we had about my career choice as a drug and alcohol counselor. This is what I wanted to do for so many years. She said to me, "You should look into gerontology. People are living longer and there will be a job market in this field." Since she was my advisor, I decided to take one of her classes. I found it to be interesting, and so I took another. Before I realized it, she had persuaded me to minor in gerontology. There was always that part of me that wondered if I would be happy in this field and if maybe I should have followed my original plan.

I decided to volunteer to be a guardianship advocate for a 96 year old woman who had no family and had been in a nursing home for many years. The first day I met her, I told her that I would be visiting her and making sure that she was getting the help she needed to make her life better. She grabbed my hand, and said to me, "I'm so happy that you will be visiting me. I have been so lonely." Well, I knew that very moment that I had found my calling in life. Thank you Dr. Royer. Because of your passion for gerontology, I found the passion to help the elderly leave this world knowing that their life meant something.

Elida Matovina '06

The one instance out of many that comes to mind concerning Ariela Royer was when I was taking my final in my senior year after "surviving" another of her classes. She was one of the most demanding professors' with some of the hardest classes you would ever take at IUSB. When she would see me walk in she would say "back for some more?"

I had a hard time writing my "critical thoughts" on paper in a concise clear informative manner. Ariela would help me as much as possible taxing "the five W's, who, what, where, when and why. After four years, finally In my last class with her, she leaned over and whispered "Cathy I have watched you develop over the last 4 years...you are finally ready for Grad school..when you are ready to apply let me know...I will help you...congratulations you have made it!"

I never thought I could feel pride but I did that day. She raised my self-esteem and quenched that fear and insecurity that enveloped me and took four years to reach the peak. Professors' like Ariela Royer are few and far between. Without college I never would have had my life enriched by this dynamic woman. She is and will be greatly missed.

Catherine Romano-Orth  
2001 Graduate

## Remembering Ariela Royer

I cannot help but smile when I think of Ariela Royer. She is such a vital force. I am lucky to have had Ariela as my student, and both as an undergraduate and a graduate. She was in the first or second sociology of religion class I ever taught. I think it was in 1978 or 1979. Having been trained as a sociological theorist, not a sociologist of religion, I didn't have much knowledge to impart to the students. Ariela made that class a lot easier for me and a lot more interesting for everyone by speaking her mind and embodying-as a Catholic-educated Jew who grew up in a Muslim country-an extreme case of the rich religious diversity I would be encountering at UIC. Ariela made us all see that religion is part of who we are but also that religion is not something we have to tiptoe around. In retrospect, I know that I learned this lesson from Ariela: When it came to sociology of religion at UIC, I had more to learn from the students than they from me. The contributions I have made to my research field over the past two decades are deeply indebted to Ariela and the students who followed her.

Toward the end of Ariela's years as a graduate student, we had the other student/teacher relationship that stands out in my memory. My colleague Rue Bucher, Ariela's mentor in medical sociology and field methods, passed away in 1985, leaving many fond memories but also leaving Ariela with a stack of interview transcripts on the experience of chronic illness that still needed to be shaped into a dissertation. As one of her professors in qualitative methods, I took on the task of helping Ariela analyze these rich data. Sitting down with Ariela and her transcripts taught me three more lessons when I was still a relatively young professor: I saw what a really fine interview looks like when it is the result of cooperation between a sympathetic and skilled interviewer like Ariela and her well-chosen informants. I learned how these informants experienced life under their particular conditions-cancer, asthma, arthritis, and the like-typically "normalizing" their circumstances even as they developed ways of coping with those circumstances. And I learned how rewarding it is for a professor to work so closely with a smart and passionate graduate student on the student's research, especially when the topic of the research comes so close to the student's own experience.

Ariela's research and her example were close to my thoughts when I was diagnosed with cancer four years ago. Never far removed from her own experience with chronic illness, she encouraged me to keep a diary of my experiences, and she buoyed my spirits with her thoughts and prayers. She assured me that "It will be over soon and you can join the growing number of special and happy people-the cancer survivors." I am honored to be counted among the company of those survivors, to whom she introduced me and whose spirit she embodied for so long.

Steve Warner

(R. Stephen Warner, Professor of Sociology, University of Illinois at Chicago)

March 21, 2006

## *To Ariela's Children*

*Some people's lives follow a straight path. My path has been anything but straight. It branches off like the roots of a tree. I never could have imagined that along one of the branches I would meet my friend Ariela. I cannot begin to tell you what it meant to find Ariela along the road I call life. She was so much more than a professor to me. Ariela was my mentor and sometimes sarrogant Grandmother. I looked to her for wisdom and encouragement and as a young African-American women I discovered that she gave me those things from her heart. My heart will miss her everyday. I will remember how much she believed in me for the rest of my life. I will miss not having her at my graduation and not meeting her this summer for lunch like we had planned. Your mother was an awesome women and God caused her to be on the path that I call life.*

*My last and most fond memory of her was during the early fall of 2005 my daughter had gone to help her clean the leaves in her yard in anticipation of a visit from her friends. My daughter Tiarra enjoyed Mandy and Chiquita and I will always remember having iced tea and talking near the pool with your mom. The hummingbird I saw that day in your mother's backyard reminds me of how strong, beautiful, and full of life Ariela was. God bless you and thank you for sharing your mother with the world.*

*Kristian Y. Lax-Walker*



## In Memory of Dr. Ariela Royer, PhD

As a former student of Dr. Royer, this morning I was shocked & saddened to read of her death in the Elkhart Tribune, where I also live.

About three years ago, during a Summer Session II, I enrolled in her class "Sociology of Mental Illness". I knew it would be valuable to my major, Clinical Psychology. I was correct in my assumption. Dr. Royer taught fast and hard, but well. I learned so much about her area of expertise, as well as about what it takes a woman personally to get where she wants and needs to be in her life. I consider Dr. Royer's contributions to education at IUSB to be invaluable.

I would like to tell an anecdotal story about her if I may. Toward the end of the semester, my vehicle became disabled. Dr. Royer found out about it when I called her to explain I would have trouble attending her class and was desperate not to miss my Final Exams. She would not have it. She said to me that she also lived in Elkhart "not that far from you" and would not only pick me up but return me to my home afterward. I later found out she lived so far across town from me, she might as well have been in the next town, not Elkhart. This fine woman went out of her way to make sure I had the chance I needed. I got a very good grade in a class that initially seemed impossible to me. Dr. Royer was the contributing factor to my success. She inspired me not only academically, but personally as well. Her loss will be incalculable to the staff at IUSB. It is also a great loss to me personally.

I wanted to express my sympathies to all who loved and respected Dr. Ariela Royer, especially her loved ones, and put forward the thought that Heaven will be better with her in it.

Sincerely, with deepest gratitude for having had the chance to know such a fine woman,

Anita D. Archie IUSB LAS Psychology major (senior).

Early in her time here, while still a visitor, Ariela bought and fixed up a place on the river on the edge of Elkhart. Later on she bought an old pontoon boat from a neighbor. Ariela was always very generous in sharing her Elkhart home (as she was with her place in Chicago). She frequently suggested her place for gatherings for the department faculty as well as get-togethers with the student club. Even though it was a bit of a drive, her home was always a favorite with its riverside location and retreat-like atmosphere. She loved to host potlucks and always cooked quite a bit herself. Her apple coffeecake was especially famous in the department. At one gathering with faculty and students, Ariela offered to take everyone out in the pontoon boat. It was a sunny afternoon and she had many enthusiastic takers on this offer, filling - probably overfilling - the boat. The area of river by her house also has some quite large sandbars to be avoided. After welcoming everyone who wanted to try to get aboard, she set off, telling stories about the neighborhood as she went. Her animated storytelling was always welcomed, except that it tended to distract her from her navigating. As we roared up the river at full speed we "found" more than one of these large sandbars. The crowd on the boat would have to all move to one side until the boat started to tilt precariously and lift off of the sand. After several of these readjustments, we seem to have mis-distributed our weight so that at full speed (Ariela always went at full speed) generous amounts of water started coming over the front of the boat and further threatened to swamp us. Fortunately, we made it back to her dock only a little lower in the water than when we started. While many enjoyed stories of other adventures with Ariela's "talking and driving" we also thoroughly enjoyed her ever-generous hospitality, enthusiasm for people, and her love of that riverfront location.

Scott Sernau

Department of Sociology and Anthropology

Dear Children of Ariela,

Your mother was one of the first faculty members I met when I began at IU South Bend in July 1993. She gave me a big hug of welcome and told me she was intrigued by my last name, which is Greek. She laughed when I told her I had a short Italian maiden name that people misspelled and mispronounced, and that I kept my ex-husband's name for a variety of reasons. One of those reasons was to give people an alphabet review! Whenever your mother and I encountered one another, it seemed to me we smiled and laughed. She was witty and smart and funny; I admired those traits in her. Her heart was big and it was apparent she loved her family, friends, and her work with students and colleagues.

One day Ariela and I went out to lunch together. She told me about her Russian background, her early years, and how she wound up getting her Ph.D. I admit I was mesmerized by what she said; she was a great storyteller. Her life had been a rich, full one, and she certainly did not have to pursue further academic work, or continue with real estate, but she did. What struck me about Ariela were her varied interests and her zest for life. She lived with brio, and she sparkled. Even now as I write this, I am smiling because I can see her before me with her artsy clothing, chunky, fashionable jewelry, relating a humorous tale of what had happened that day.

It seems cruel that cancer tried to conquer your mother because I do not believe that it did. What the illness did was transport her to another place where she is sharing her effervescent self. I believe Ariela is looking down on us now, laughing her full-bodied laugh, and embracing us in one of her tremendous hugs.

It was nothing short of a privilege to have known Ariela. It must indeed be a great gift to be counted as her children. I applaud you.

Sincerely,

Mary Anna C. Violi Dimitrakopoulos

*To family and friends of Ariela:*

Ariela Royer was a member of my graduate thesis committee. She was very supportive of my work and kindly gave of her time for discussing its progress.

However, I knew Ariela before this when she taught at IUSB's <?xml:namespace prefix = st1 ns = "urn:schemas-microsoft-com:office:smarts" />Elkhart Center. I saw her there on a regular basis and always enjoyed talking to her. She was friendly, smiling, and so very easy to talk to. We had many fun discussions and found common ground in our life experiences.

Later, whenever I ran into her, we greeted one another with laughter. The last time I spoke with her, she said she continued to teach and spoke of her latest sociological work-in-progress.

I want to extend my deepest sympathy to her family and pray that you may find solace in knowing that Ariela made a difference in the lives of many people. She will be missed.

Gwen McLean  
Instructor  
School of the Arts

*My fondest memory of Ariela can be summed up in just a few words: her famous apple cake. No department function was complete without it. And no other apple cake I've ever eaten comes close to matching it.*

*Betsy Lucal*

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*Ariela was such fun and so passionate: that's what I liked best about her. She was never afraid to try new things and was so well-traveled. She hated George Bush and spoke out about it, too, no matter who she was with. We had many discussions about diabetes and doctors especially since she knew I also went to Barbara Williams and then Jerome Skelly. Her life ended before she accomplished everything she wanted to do but I think that would be the case no matter how long she lived.*

*I will miss her.*

*Karen  
Karen LaMar-Clark  
Coordinator of LAS Student Services  
DW3300A  
IUSB  
(574) 520-4214*

Thank you for giving those of us who knew and loved Ariella another chance to express our gratitude for having had her in our lives.

I was new to IUSB when I met Ariella through the Women's Studies Committee. She was such a warm and caring presence that I gravitated toward her. Her research into patients suffering from chronic illness was very important. It also gave me insights into my own family as I watched older relatives struggle with diabetes.

Over the next few years we became friends, and my husband became her rabbi. We enjoyed having Ariella to our home for Seder and delighted in eating her spinach casserole (well, it's really cheese with a little bit of spinach). She graciously shared the recipe with me and it is now a traditional holiday dish in our home.

Ariella generously allowed us to use her pied a terre in Chicago, giving Morley and me a chance to get away to the big city and to partake in the cultural activities that Ariella also enjoyed. She was often torn between her symphony tickets and events at the synagogue. Both places nurtured her soul.

When we left South Bend, we were sad to say goodbye to Ariella, but we were pleased to know that we had introduced her into a new community at Temple Beth-El. She quickly became a leader there and inspired many with her intellect and her spirit.

The last time I saw Ariella was at the end of September 2005. She was awaiting discharge from the hospital that very day, and I was lucky enough to see her as I passed through town. Although I know that she had been through a lot by that point, she seemed the same in so many ways. She was smiling and warm, beautiful and cultured. A gracious lady. May she be remembered for a blessing.

In shalom,  
Margarete Myers Feinstein

I took my first Sociology course from Dr. Royer just a couple of summers ago. As an "older" student, when she walked in and started talking, my first thought was "I am NEVER going to survive a summer semester with this woman's accent!" It didn't take long for me, however, to realize that this professor was different. She had a sense of humor, and an obvious love for her subject, and an even more obvious fondness for her students. Whether you were 18 or 40, if you were in her class, your opinions were valued. Her writing assignments were by no means easy, but they made you think. For a 100-level class, she made it challenging. I envied her intelligence and degree level, and she never acted as though she was "above" the rest of us - she was real - and she spoke with great pride and love of her children and her family. And yes, I was able to finally understand that wonderful accent!

inwood2844@comcast.net

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Dr. Royer will be missed. She was an excellent but demanding instructor who made her classes interesting and informative. I had taken two of her classes and had signed up for two more. We didn't always agree but she gave some excellent advice (career, feminist issues, and otherwise) and had a view of the world that seemed to be based on a harsh reality. She was in the process of advising me on some aspects of my college studies also. Furthermore, she is one few people who has been able to help me have a p-o-s-i-t-i-v-e view of the field of Psychology. That was a feat! I waited several semesters for her to come back...hoping she would get better. I'm sorry that she will not be back. She will be greatly missed by her IUSB family. She can not be replaced. My sincere condolences to all her family members and other friends.

Hilda Harris  
Indiana University at South Bend student

My fondest memories of Ariela Royer are of a woman that was outgoing, flamboyant, (I loved the way she dressed, so mod) and one of the nicest people I have had the pleasure of meeting. I came to this university in July of 1993 but I didn't meet Ariela until later, perhaps early 1994. I have a friend, Kathi Piekarski, who is the Sociology secretary and I believe she introduced me to her. Whenever I would see Ariela she always stopped to talk to me as a friend and peer, and always invited me to come to her house for a visit. I am sorry to say I never made it there. I was moved to the Administration Bldg from Northside Hall in August of 1996 and whenever Ariela came in she would always stop and chat, woman talk and sometimes little secrets and sometimes things in general, and always inviting me to her home. I do know she had mastectomies, she told me as much and was just too full of life to let anything get her down so I was astounded when I found out how sick she had gotten. I know she put up a valiant fight, she was one strong willed lady. I just can't seem to put into words how much I liked her, I just felt this wonderful connection with her even though I was not counted among her best friends, she was just that type of person that had a certain charisma about her that just made one feel as if you'd known her all your life. I am very fortunate to say I have known this lovely, outgoing, worldly, cool, yes cool Ariela and know she is in a wonderful peaceful place looking down on all of us that had that pleasure of sharing some stories, jokes and time with her.

Barb Kruszewski  
IUSB Employee



I still find it hard to believe that Ariela is not going to come rushing into her office one morning, say "Hi Mike," share a few moments of disgust and disbelief at the most recent follies of George Bush, and then just as quickly scamper off to class. Each day I come in, I look across my desk at the closed door to her office, which is still adorned with the bumper sticker, "NO ONE IS FREE WHEN OTHERS ARE OPPRESSED."

Ariela was passionately concerned about the welfare and well-being of others. She had a strong personality and was one of the most outspoken and straight-forward persons I have ever met. I appreciated that honesty and openness. She didn't suffer fools lightly. She would go out of her way to help a person in need, especially her students. Over the years, Ariela helped raise money for students who were sick, hired students who were in need of a little cash, and spent countless hours listening to, counseling, advising, and mentoring an endless stream of students who traipsed into her office.

Ariela was a perfectionist when it came to her scholarship. I remember her telling me that her graduate advisor Steve Warner almost literally had to rip her dissertation from her arms so that she could complete her PhD. She also told me she was grateful for his careful mentoring while she was in graduate school, as well as for his continuing collegial friendship ever afterwards. We had to practically do the same thing with Ariela's book, *Living with Chronic Illness*. She always felt there was just one more little thing she could do to make it better. Finally, the tenure clock convinced Ariela it was time to let her intellectual baby go forth, and to good acclaim. Commented one reviewer in the *Journal of Social Science and Medicine*, "Her study is widely documented and the book is strongly structured. Yet, she succeeds in conveying the simple and ongoing feeling that life is indeed her one concern." Said another in *The Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease*, "Royer's book is refreshing for taking us outside our professionalism. I liked it so much that I read it twice....I strongly recommend this book to the mental health community."

Apple Cake!!! Every time I invited Ariela over to my house for a dinner or a reception, she always showed up just a little late, because of course, she had to pull her famous apple cake out of the oven at the last moment so it would still be warm when she arrived. Just a couple of weeks before she passed, my wife Gabrielle and I asked if we could visit her one Saturday afternoon, to offer her some company and perhaps take her out to lunch. When we walked through the marbled entrance to her house, we were both greeted with a big hug and the spicy warmth of apple cake. True to her character, Ariela spent the afternoon taking care of us when we should have been comforting her. This was the last occasion we had an opportunity to spend time with her. And, that was Ariela.

Mike Keen  
March 29, 2006

Ariela Royer was a great woman who was my dear colleague at IUSB. From the very first time we met, she went out of her way to support my efforts in Women's Studies. She always took time after a difficult meeting to tell me how well I had handled the situation. And she often extended such kindness to all Women's Studies faculty by opening her homes in Elkhart and Chicago to them. Ariela's intellectual passion was medical sociology and she brought her mentor, Steve Warner, from the University of Illinois, Chicago to speak on our campus. Her knowledge of the field of medical sociology and her personal lengthy battle with cancer enabled her to write her book on chronic illness. Ultimately, this intellectual passion led her to building a program in gerontology at IUSB. Some of her students have risen to leadership positions in the field in our local Michiana community. After Ariela contacted Hospice, she took me out to lunch and courageously spoke of her imminent death and recalled her years at IUSB, especially the joys and achievements. She was very grateful for all the support she received from her sociology department. The next day she was off to be with her children. I will miss her kindness and courage.

Patricia McNeal Professor, Women's Studies

**ARIELA ROYER: A TRIBUTE and REMEMBRANCE**

**Ariela Royer, Associate Professor of Sociology, died on January 25,**

**2006. She was 69 and succumbed to cancer after months of chemotherapy and surgery.**

**Ariela was a classic non-traditional student, faculty member, and scholar. She was 39 when she started her higher education at a Junior College in Chicago. I met her in 1991, when she interviewed for the position of Visiting Assistant Professor in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology here at IU South Bend. Two years later, after a national search, Ariela was hired as a full time tenure track member of the department.**

**During her fifteen years as a faculty member at IU South Bend, Ariela was a formidable contributor to sociological research, to teaching, and to her many students, friends, and colleagues whose lives were touched by her humor, her insight, and her wide-ranging curiosity. Ariela knew the literature in health and illness and in social psychology. She was grounded in the University of Chicago tradition of qualitative field research.**

**Her book Life with Chronic Illness: Social and Psychological Dimensions which was published by Praeger in 1998 is an expression of the Chicago sociological tradition. In this book, Ariela wrote movingly of the contradictions in which many chronically ill persons are caught: on the one hand, they must make unavoidable adaptations to their illness; but on the other hand (and this was a surprising finding) they expend just as much energy in "normalization" as in "adaptation".**

**The strength of this work and articles such as "Uncertainty: A Key Characteristic of Chronic Illness and a Major Problem for Managed Care" and "Living with Chronic Illness" both of which were published in the prestigious journal, *Research in the Sociology of Health Care*, are many. Rather than querying chronically ill persons from the point of view of medical professionals, Ariela interviewed chronically ill people in their home. Rather than asking whether they were coping with prescribed regimens, she asked them what problems they faced (which turned out to be as much social isolation as physical and financial pain). She found that people went to great lengths to convince themselves and others that their circumstances did not require drastic changes in their lives. They wanted to be the same person after as before they became ill. Ariela told us that the ill**

were caught between the adaptive need to effect the necessary adjustments in their lives to cope with their illness and the normalizing need to maintain their life styles and self-concepts.

Toward the end of her own life, Ariela dealt with the regimes of chemotherapy, blood tests, x-rays, surgeries, and re-hydration and blood transfusions. She was worried about the quality of life. She was adapting and trying to normalize her life, but she also talked about the ways her work on chronic illness did not fit the circumstances of a cancer patient. This capacity to critically examine her assumptions marked Ariela's scholarship and her conversation. She read widely. Everything and every occasion were subject to analysis. It was fun having dinner together at our favorite Chinese restaurant where I ordered number 63, the Szechwan string beans, Ariela ordered either number 45 or 46, the Mongolian beef or empress chicken and we had hot and sour soup and look forward to our fortunes. At these meals and on many other occasions, I watched the movements of Ariela's mind. There would be a quick turn of phrase, the lifting of the conversation, the long pause that ended in a sly dip at the end. You were never bored in Ariela's company, be it at dinner, the opera, symphony, an art show or in the back yard looking at the river. At dinner one night, I wish that she had gotten my fortune, "You will have a long and happy life" rather than "You will be unusually successful in business".

She was born in British occupied Palestine in 1936. Her mother was born in Vienna and her father in Istanbul. Because of wartime circumstances, she did not meet her father until she was four years old. The family lived in various parts of Turkey, mostly Istanbul, for 18 years. War time made life difficult, but Ariela said that she and her sister Hannah were happy because they were all together as a family. At this time, the family secretly listened to BBC every evening. As you know, Turkey after initially supporting Germany in WWII switched sides and joined the Allies before the end of war. Then the family was safe.

In 1957, after years of trying to bribe the Turkish government officials, Ariela, her mother, and sister were able to come to the United States under their mother's name on a Polish pass port. The three of them arrived in New York shortly after Ariela's twenty-first birthday. Ariela said that they had few possessions and \$50. The Turkish authorities thought that they were going on a holiday to visit relatives in Paris. A year later, her father was able to join the family but he too had to leave everything behind in Turkey.

Her first job in America was working on a conveyor belt line in a perfume factory. She made \$36 a week. She said that from the first moment that she set foot in America, she felt fortunate, that things kept getting better: Better included her three children Lydia, Bryan, and Chrissy. It included Kristen and Greg and her grandchildren: Eryn, Anna, and Wynne. It included her chance to earn a B.A. and a Ph.D. degree from the University of Illinois, Circle campus. It included teaching at IU South Bend, Northeastern Illinois University, Governor's State University, and the University of Illinois, Circle.

Whatever Ariela did, be it working the perfume line, interior decorating, teaching, baking apple cake (and she didn't want to be known as a one cake woman!!), or sentence construction, she did with style. Her students, especially her non-traditional students, were appreciative of her considerateness and her critical, yet affectionate, interest in them, in their families, in their work, and careers.

On a more personal note, Ariela became an even closer friend to Bob and to me over the years. Her death closed a door that had happily been open for fifteen years. Where there were conversation and insight, there is now silence. Where there was life, there is now only memory.

Linda Marie Fritschner  
Colleague and Friend

I feel privileged to commemorate the life of a person as praiseworthy as Dr Royer. I am not a speaker and under other circumstances you would find me listening, and not talking, especially in a group this size and in this company. The exception being that I have been given the opportunity to talk about Dr Royer, a person that touched my life and the life of many others at IUSB.

Among the things that were exceptional about Dr Royer was her concern for students, not just the curriculum and the classes' that she taught, but each individual student. Although you would find her at her desk working on papers, when you came in she always stopped to talk to you. She was available not only to talk about the assignments and classes she taught, but about any thing that might prevent us from becoming the student we could be. As a nontraditional student I felt her mission was to me, and the students like me, after all she had been a nontraditional student and knew the challenges and she had overcome them. But she also related to other students, like the single Mother's trying to balance school with children and often work. The encouragement she shared and her strength overflowed to them as well.

She never allowed you to think in terms of impossibilities, and would remind you that it would only seem impossible for the moment. There are some people you encounter that are so focused on their needs, desires and ideas that they miss the opportunity to learn and grow from others life experiences. Not Dr Royer she knew that in each other we would find the answers to the questions, regardless of the question.

One semester in particular I didn't want to be here, burn out might be an under statement. I made the mistake of telling Dr Royer that I was too old for this, oh yes that was indeed a mistake. I can still hear her saying "Brenda, Brenda, what is the matter with you, you can do this, you know you can do this." If she repeated anything twice you knew she meant it, "you have come too far to stop now, come on what is going on with you." That reality check worked, I am still here.

However the hardest time was yet to come as my Mother became increasingly ill I was torn on whether to be here or with her. Dr Royer listened and shared with me how much she missed her Mother and that she understood. She and Dr Griffin always took the time to ask about my Mother, and that helped because I needed to know that someone cared and they did. I got through that time too, and I am still here.

**Dr Royer never allowed you to contemplate failure or giving up, she didn't because that was her life history; she inspired the person that needed inspiration to continue trying and never give up.**

**She also encouraged anyone that she came in contact with to try new things. For instance she would challenge you to read something that you would not ordinarily read or go to a restaurant and try a new dish. I think her favorite was to try a new restaurant or something different on the menu.**

**She also instilled in me that you are never too old to learn, and that once you learn it is your responsibility to pass that knowledge on to others.**

**The last time I saw her was to speak with her about my independent research project, she was full of encouragement as always and she reassured me that I could do this, and do it well. She knew then that she had her own challenges and trials to face, but she took the time to encourage me.**

**Dr Royer is truly missed by those that knew her, and will be missed by those that will never have the opportunity of having her in their life to encourage, motivate and educate the way only she could. For her I will close by saying what she has said too many of us and that is, "life is too short, life is just too short, so try it, you must try it, you can do this, come on, you know you can do this."**

**Presented by Brenda Versmesse, Student**

**As Presented at Dr. Ariela Royer's Memorial Service, 3/29/06**

**I just wanted to say thank you to Dr. Royer.**

**Dear Ariela,**

**Thank you for helping to shape me, and who I am today.**

**Thank you for being my mentor and my friend.**

**Thank you for a sense of direction with sociology, and with helping others, especially older people in gerontology. Thank you for helping me figure out who I am.**

**Thank you, Ariela, for being there for me when times were tough, and when times were good.**

**You watched me grow as a person, a student, and as a mother. You watched me as I raised my own children.**

**You gave me hope, wisdom, and strength to keep my head up and fight for my dreams and goals.**

**Some of the things you have said to me still echo in my ears to this day.**

**I feel great in knowing that I got to meet and know such a wonderful person.**

**Thank you for sharing so much of yourself, your life, and your family. I have learned a lot, and not just from the books.**

**I have learned a lot about life and how to think in terms of sociology.**

**My only regret is not stopping my busy life to take a second and say hello, to let you know how truly wonderful you are. I appreciate you.**

**You have touched a lot of lives and hearts, and will be greatly missed.**

**And again, I thank you.**

**Love,**

**Sandra Sprunger**



## My Memories of Ariela Royer

Ariela came to IU South Bend, in part, because she and I shared the same dissertation committee member, Steve Warner from University of Illinois, Chicago. Although I attended a different university, Steve was a key member of my dissertation committee. When we were seeking a visiting professor in the early 1990s the department members were asked to contact people in our professional networks to locate candidates. I contacted Steve, and Steve apparently contacted Ariela. I don't remember the entire circumstance, but I ended up getting a voice mail message from someone who said her name was something like "Ariel Arroyo," or at least that is what it sounded like to me. I couldn't guess at her ethnic/national background. "Arroyo" sounded Hispanic but Ariel sounded like Hebrew, but masculine, and the voice on the phone was definitely feminine. Of course, Ariela turned out to be one of those people that you couldn't easily fit into your preconceived categories. She was who she was, not a member of a category.

Ariela was always one with strong opinions. Some students were attracted to her because they found in her a valiant champion for their own causes and concerns. As a result many students became very devoted to her and took every class that she taught. Some of these students would, I think, gladly have come and cleaned her house had she asked them. In fact, I think some of them did help out in personal ways during her more difficult times in the two years prior to her death. Of course, her passionate opinions also distanced her from other students with whom she didn't agree. And when Ariela was convinced of the rightness of her position, she was not one to back down. Thus students seldom were neutral or lukewarm about Ariela. Her passion forced you to take a side.

Ariela loved teaching. In the fall of 2004, her cancer forced her to leave teaching and it appeared that she might never teach again. After the first week of her return to teaching in the fall of 2005, Ariela came into my office to talk to me because I had just become the chair of the department. She wanted to tell me how good it felt for her to be back in the classroom, how energizing it was, and how much she was looking forward to new possibilities for her classes and her students. She said she realized again how much she really loved being in the classroom and the excitement of

helping to open students' minds to new possibilities. Thus it was with great sadness that Ariela called me from the emergency room only a few weeks later to tell me that she couldn't continue teaching.

But the Ariela that I knew was not someone to mope. When I visited her in her hospital room a few days later during her recovery from another surgery, she was telling people about a new article she was planning in her head, one that would have the title "Death is not the worst thing that could happen." That title could mean many things, but to me it was an example of how she was not cowed by her cancer. She was too passionate about life to quit living before she died.

I will miss Ariela and so will many others at IU South Bend.

Dan Olson

Chair, Department of Sociology and Anthropology.

To Ariela's family:

You already know how special your mother was. I've been sitting for several days now trying to think about what to say to you. Remembering Ariela has been hard because I've not wanted to admit she is gone.

I remember her warmth. Her laughter – she was always laughing. Her presence – she filled the room when she entered it and made you notice her. Ariela reminded me of the people I had gotten to know while living and doing research in Israel. That was our connection – I understood something about her heritage and we could talk together about it comfortably. She was supposed to visit me when she came to Israel because I was there, but didn't feel that she had the time because the tour was so intense. I've regretted not being able to show her the Israel I had come to know – we would have had a blast together.

I will never forget her generosity. When my husband got a job in Arlington Heights in Chicago and needed to have a place to live there because it was too far for him to commute every day, Ariela generously offered to let him stay during the week in her apartment until he could find a place of his own. It gave him the time and space he needed to make a good choice about where to live. It's not easy opening your own home space to people you only sort of know – but she did not think twice. She made it possible for him to take that job.

I also remember parties at her house on the river. The beauty she had surrounded herself with – which inspired me. We shared a love of jewelry – I would always admire hers and she encouraged me to keep making mine.

The other thing I loved about Ariela was that she, too, was a dreamer and was not afraid to think big. And she made things happen. She was practical as well and I could always rely on her to point out the practical aspects of planning things or to tell me the things I needed to hear.

She'll live on in my heart and my memories.

Becky Torstrick

