

Dedication, Shmuel Reiser, z"l

By: THE REISER FAMILY



Shmuel (Sam) Reiser
 ר' שמואל יוסף בן ר' משה, ז"ל

ר' שמואל יוסף בן ר' משה, ז"ל, Sam Reiser, was *niftar* on *erev Shabbos*, the 16th of Shevat 5784 (January 26, 2024).

An attorney by profession, Sam engaged in a wide range of intellectual pursuits, but his primary passion was *limud haTorah* in all its forms: from the daily in-depth Gemara study with his *chavrusa* of 48 years, to *sedarim* in *dafyomi*, *halachah*, and Jewish philosophy. He was a logical and clear thinker who questioned, analyzed, and argued with the goal of seeking and finding the absolute *emes* in all things.

Sam was born in Brooklyn, New York, but was reborn in Baltimore, Maryland, where he studied in Yeshivas Ner Yisroel from high school through *beis midrash*. In Ner Yisroel he developed his love of *limud haTorah*

and his *mabalach* in learning, which he carried forth through the years. His revered teachers were Rav Yaakov Yitzchak Ruderman, Rav Dovid Kronglass, and Rav Yaakov Moshe Kulefsky, ז"ל, whose lessons continued to inspire him throughout his lifetime. His year of learning in Yeshivas Mir in Yerushalayim under Rav Nachum Partzovitz, ז"ל, strengthened his commitment to *limud haTorah* and to Eretz Yisrael.

Sam was a devoted member of the weekly Shabbos *chaburah* study group which comprised accomplished scholars, including several members of the *Hakirah* editorial board. During these sessions, articles considered for publication in *Hakirah* were frequently discussed, analyzed, and vetted. He actively contributed to these discussions and derived tremendous *hana'ah* from them.

An accomplished attorney, Sam dedicated his career to vigorously advocating for his clients. Additionally, he quietly and discreetly applied his legal expertise and talents to resolve various communal matters, and advise and assist individuals in the community, often *pro bono*.

He had a great sense of humor and sharp wit, and enjoyed the friendship and fellowship of people from many different walks of life.

His love for his family knew no bounds. He will be sorely missed by all. Sam is survived by his wife, Dvorah, his four sons, Ari, Binyomin, Yaakov, and Avi, his daughter, Bruriah Moskowitz, his sister, Miriam David, and numerous grandchildren. יהי זכרו ברוך. ❧

A personal note from Heshey Zelcer...

I was in Israel when I was confronted with the bitter news of Sam's passing. I was not then among my Flatbush friends and so we could not console and comfort each other. I wept, and for days, I could not get the tragic loss out of my mind.

Sam was a great person. He had a warm personality and a constant smile or grin on his face. He was educated, knowledgeable, and a great *talmid hakham*. Getting to know Sam I understood why Ner Yisroel graduates are held in such high esteem.

For years, we were both part of the *Hakirah haburah* on Shabbos afternoons, led by Benny Buchman. When Sam had an idea, an insight into what we were learning, I listened attentively. His comments and his questions were always to the point, informed by his vast knowledge of the world and of Jewish sources.

Before our Shabbos *haburah* became a mainstay of my life, and even after I had moved out of Flatbush, Sam was my friend, lawyer, and confidant. It was to him that I turned for advice and for all my legal

transactions—whether personal or business. Sam’s approach was to get the deal or the transaction done. Of course, he needed to “dot all the i’s” and protect my interests in every possible way, but he knew what was important and worth fighting for, and what not. He knew how to wrap up a deal—quickly and efficiently—without needless billing hours. He was a dear friend—honest, competent, and smart.

Sam was part of the religious, Torah-informed, and pro-Israel community in Flatbush. The norm among our peers was a right-wing attitude toward American foreign policy and, of course, staunch unwavering support for the State of Israel. Republican policies were by default the correct ones, left wing-liberal policies—evil. Sam’s thinking, however, was more nuanced. It was not the source of the idea that mattered to him, but its correctness: Did it represent *yashrut*, and were its ramifications beneficial and ethical? Sam was not afraid to voice his opinion even when it did not conform to expected norms. Perhaps it need not be said, but while we were in Sam’s presence, we knew that we dare not even hint at any remotely racist idea.

I felt fortunate that I was able to attend Sam’s *kevrab* in Beit Shemesh to say goodbye to my dear friend. Burial in Israel is very different from what I was accustomed to in the United States. It is much starker, more real. His body, waiting to be interred, was wrapped in a white sheet; the body’s outline—head and feet—very visible. As I watched the *kevrab* the pain was raw and brutal, his loss unbearable.

I miss you, Sam—your friendship, our conversations, your smile, and your keen advice. May your memory always be a blessing. ❧