



THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF
RABBI MOSHE HAUER, זצוק"ל

BALTIMORE COMMUNITY TRIBUTE

A special supplement dedicated to the memory of Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

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SPECIAL THANKS TO JEFF COHN PHOTOGRAPHY

DESIGN BY AMF CREATIVE

DEAR READERS,

It is with heartfelt respect, gratitude, and a deep sense of communal responsibility that we share this special forty-page tribute in memory of Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל.

Rabbi Hauer's passing leaves a void that words can hardly describe. His presence as a rof, mentor, teacher, and voice of truth lit up our city and inspired so many far beyond it. He was a leader who carried our community on his shoulders with warmth, humility, and an unwavering sense of purpose.

As Baltimore's home for community news and information, we felt a responsibility—and a privilege—to create a space where his legacy could be remembered not just through stories and milestones but through the people who were shaped by his life and example.

Within these pages are heartfelt tributes from rabbonim, students, and friends, each one offering a glimpse into the greatness of a man whose clarity, strength, and sincerity defined a generation of Torah leadership.

May these words serve as both remembrance and inspiration, a reminder of how one person's devotion to Torah and love for Klal Yisrael can uplift an entire community and leave an everlasting imprint on our hearts.

יהי זכרו ברוך

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Due to divrei Torah contained herein this supplement should be treated appropriately when being discarded.

Processing Our Loss, Together

RABBI DANIEL ROSE

As our loss begins to sink in, we are still reeling from disbelief. For so many of us, Rabbi Hauer was our most important teacher. For so many of us, Rabbi Hauer was like a father. For so many of us, Rabbi Hauer was our personal gadol, the greatest person with whom we have had the good fortune to create a relationship. And now, we are left to find the way forward.

Aveilus proceeds in stages, and we, in our own way, are experiencing a kind of shiva this week. We need to talk, to reflect, to remember; we need to begin to grasp how we will absorb the lessons he taught us and how we will continue to grow with strength and with emunah.

It often happens that when a family sits shiva, r"l, Shabbos during shiva provides a unique opportunity for healing. Without the restrictions of aveilus or the distraction of visitors, the family can spend time together, remembering, sharing memories both sweet and bittersweet.

I hope that this Shabbos, during our shul's shiva, we will come together to do the same. We will daven, we will sing, we will remember, and we will talk about what has happened and how we will carry forward the responsibility Rabbi Hauer has left us.

In the coming days, I plan to send out a link to my calendar so that you can reserve a personal appointment, if you wish, to share your own feelings and to process this together. Rabbi Hauer so loved each and every one of you, and this is a personal loss for all of us. I want to be available to each of you as best I can.

I want to thank the many people who have inquired about how they can help the Hauer family. They deeply appreciate the outpouring of support. We will post updated shiva times when they are available.

The email address Rabbihauermemories@gmail.com has been established to allow the community, near and far, to send memories, letters of tanchumin, and stories to be shared directly with the family of Rabbi Hauer, זצוק"ל.

occupied with arranging logistics and planning with the family. But when I came to shul at 6:00 AM the next morning, the whole shul had been set up: there were chairs from front to back, there were speakers in the lobby and outside, there was a team of ushers ready to go, there were shifts of people who did shemirah in the funeral home. I had nothing to do with any of it and it all happened at a moment's notice. I have seen more than ever in these last few days how much Hashem loves our shul, and this is surely one of the reasons why.

I want to start by quoting a line that Rabbi Hauer said often in recent years: I am going to speak today for a little longer than Rabbi Rose usually does on Shabbos morning.

There is a phrase that one finds sometimes in Torah literature: וְה' הַטּוֹב יְכַפֵּר בְּעַד, Hashem, who is good, will forgive for this. It comes from a story about Chizkiyahu Hamelech, from a time when he did something for Bnai Yisrael that was innovative. When you do something new, even as you are doing it for the right reasons and it feels like the proper thing to do, it is inevitable that you might not get the nuances correct. And so Chizkiyahu expressed that he was doing what he thought was the will of Hashem and asked for forgiveness for the details he might get wrong.

On the one hand, we are not allowed to be maspid, not allowed to say a eulogy, on Shabbos. We may not bring ourselves to tears – we are only human, and tears will come, but we may not bring them on intentionally, and we may not try to bring others to tears. But on the other hand, how can we not talk about what has happened to us? Rabbi Hauer always taught us his first rule of giving drashos: when something is happening that is on everyone's mind, it is your job to talk about it. So we are going to try to do this in the right way, to get the balance

Nothing in the world brought him more joy and fulfillment than seeing us do what he taught us to do – to love each other, to dance with each other, to love and cherish the Torah, to sing and give thanks to Hashem for his kindness, to see children and parents and grandparents and great-grandparents all united together in simcha and commitment and achdus.

Rabbi Daniel Rose's Drasha For BJSZ - Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

RABBI DANIEL ROSE

At the outset, I want to say thank you to everyone here. Thank you for coming together on this most difficult but meaningful Shabbos, for coming to be with each other and to remember Rabbi Hauer. Thank you for your encouragement to me, for your care and support for the Hauer family. And thank you to the many, many people who have worked so hard in these last few days. On Motzaei Yom Tov, I was completely

and nuances correct in doing what we must do today. **וזה הטוב יכפר בעד.**

My intention today is not to tell stories about Rabbi Hauer. There will be time for that in the weeks and months and years ahead. What I want to do is to speak b'ruchho, in his spirit. I want to speak, as I think he would have, about what has happened, about where we are and where we need to go from here.

To start, I want to share with you a little more about what transpired over this past yom tov. Most of it I will keep with me forever. But there are some things that I want you, who he loved so very much, to understand.

On the morning of Shemini Atzeres, I was sitting on my couch with my five-year-old son, when, at 7:45, there was a knock on my front door. That in itself is not unusual in my line of work; I thought it might be someone with a question about how to make their yom tov coffee. But I went to look through the peephole and saw that it was a member of Rabbi Hauer's family. That was indeed unusual.

I will skip over the details, but he came inside and told me what had happened, and by 8:00, I was walking quickly toward the Hauers' home. On my way, as you can imagine, there were a hundred half-coherent feelings and thoughts whizzing around my mind. But

there was one that was particularly pressing:

Shacharis is in less than an hour. The whole shul is going to be full of people.

What on earth am I going to do?

But after I spoke with the family, it was absolutely clear that we had to try to do everything we could to keep this terrible news from spreading. For one thing, they did not want to ruin everyone's yom tov if we could avoid it, when there was nothing for people to do in any case. But by far the most important reason was that there were family members across the country and the world who had no idea what had happened. We desperately wanted to make sure that they would not, chas v'shalom, find out in the wrong way, before they could be reached sensitively by their own family. There was no question that this is what we needed to do, even if we had only a chance of succeeding.

I made a few more surreptitious visits to the Hauer home over yom tov, and we were astonished that the secret had held. It is a miracle that it did. But with Hashem's kindness, even as

I was being bombarded with messages on

Motzaei Yom Tov, all the family members were informed only in the proper way.

But after I left their house – my memory is a little blurry, but it might have been while I walked, or maybe at some point before Hallel – I realized that this was the right thing for a different reason. We had to have

a full yom tov of Shemini Atzeres and Simchas Torah in shul.

It is extremely important to me that you understand this clearly. Why was it the right thing? Not simply because the show must go on. Not even because there are halachos of how one must daven and celebrate simchas yom tov even when it is difficult. It is because nothing in the world made Rabbi Hauer happier. Nothing in the world brought him more joy and fulfillment than seeing us do what he taught us to do – to love each other, to dance with each other, to love and cherish the Torah, to sing and give thanks to Hashem for his kindness, to see children and parents and grandparents and great-grandparents all united together in simcha and commitment and achdus. There was nothing in the world that he would have rather seen. It would have made him so proud.

Was it hard for me? That is a rhetorical question. Simchas Torah was not even the hardest part. Someday, maybe, I will tell you more, but certainly not on Shabbos. But I had no doubt that we were doing exactly the right thing, exactly what he would have wanted. And that made our decision simple.

I had many, many thoughts I yearned to share with you over this past yom tov. Most of them are definitely not appropriate for Shabbos. But I want to share a few that are.

One of the gedolei yisrael from the last century who Rabbi Hauer particularly admired was Rav Meir Shapira, the founder of Yeshivas Chachmei Lublin and the originator of Daf Yomi. If you had asked me a week ago, I would have said that the similarities between them were intriguing. If you ask me today, I would say that they are eerie.

Rav Meir Shapira was a gadol batorah who was innovative, courageous, charismatic, thinking outside the box and always ready to challenge the status quo.



Do you know how much Rabbi Hauer loved you? Really and truly loved you?

He was beloved by gedolim and leaders of his time who were far senior to him in both age and position. He thought on the scale of klal yisrael and loved achieving things people thought were impossible. He wanted to change the world and he did what he could to accomplish that.

Does that sound familiar?

But now there is more.

Rav Meir Shapira passed away at only 46 years old. In his last few hours, as it was clear that the end was near, he insisted that everyone around him would only express feelings of simcha.

As some of his talmidim from the yeshiva came to be near him, he commanded them, Tantz a rikud'! – make a little dance! They obeyed, dancing next to his bedside, chassidishe bachurim dancing in the chassidishe way. And when he noticed some of his students starting to crack and beginning to sob, even as he was struggling to draw breath, he admonished them, nor b'simcha! Only with joy!

Those were the last words he ever spoke.

It is hard for me to believe. But that is what we did for Rabbi Hauer. In those hours after his passing, when his neshama was between this world and the next, as the Gemara teaches us, you danced a rikud'! – fourteen of them, to be precise. You sang Simchas Torah songs, the most joyous songs we have. You were nor b'simcha, completely and wholly with joy.

You did not, of course, realize what you were doing. But you did it, for him.

Nothing about what happened over these past few days is in any way typical. And it is astonishing to see how Hashem orchestrated this part of it, too.

On Shemini Atzeres morning, I gave a drasha. I spoke in that drasha about what happened, though of course you did not know what I was talking about. I was hoping it would prepare you for what was to come. I want to repeat now one part of what I said then.

We said that sefarim tell us that when tzaddikim would dance in front of the Torah on Simchas Torah, they would do so **בכח כחם**, with all their strength. The halacha says that when we take the sifrei Torah out of the aron kodesh, we do not just take out one, or three. We take out every sefer Torah in the aron because we want to show ourselves that we are doing this with everything we have, leaving nothing behind.

Why?

Because **בכח כחם** does not just mean that we dance with every bit of physical energy, though it does mean that, too. It means that we take all our experiences, all our feelings, the good and the bad, the wonderful and the difficult, and wrap them into our connection with the Torah. It means that we take everything life has given us and dance with it before Hashem, with Hashem, with joy for our relationship with Him and the Torah He gave us.

I do not know, I said, why Shemini Atzeres became such a complicated day for us, a day of the greatest joy but also a day to remember the tragedies two years ago. But what do we do when we don't have the answers to our questions? We hold the Torah close to us. We hold Hashem close to our heart. And we keep Him there. We dance with Him, knowing that only by keeping Him close will we find our way forward, that by keeping Him in our heart, He will stay with us long after Simchas Torah has ended.

All this is what we spoke about on Shemini Atzeres. And this is exactly what we did. With the sadness and questions that you did not yet know were coming, you held Hashem and His Torah close to

your hearts. You danced with him with perfect emunah, with all your koach. We will keep Him with us in these difficult days and weeks ahead. And He will stay with us forever.

So now what? Where do we go from here?

I know that we all have some questions we would like to ask Hashem about this. I do too.

My question is: Ribono shel olam, how can it be that this world does not need Rabbi Hauer in it? Which of his qualities do we not need in heaping measure? Does this world not need more Torah? Do we need less compassion? Do fewer people need to be noticed and uplifted? Do we need less understanding, less listening, less respect, less love, less bridge-building, less appreciation for each other, less striving, less spiritual ambition? Ribono shel olam, what is Your plan for a world without all that Rabbi Hauer was giving to it?

I hope it is not presumptuous of me, but there is only one answer that I can possibly think of.

Chazal teach us that **גדולים צדיקים במיתתן יותר מבחייהם**, tzaddikim are greater in their death than in their lifetime. Setting aside any kind of spiritual or esoteric explanation, the pshat is that when a tzaddik lives among us, there are many distractions and barriers that stop us from learning from them as we should. There are so many silly things that prevent us from appreciating who they are and understanding what they are trying to teach us. But when tzaddikim leave us, all the minutiae fall away and everything becomes so clear. We see exactly what they were teaching us, exactly the values they wanted us to have above all others, exactly what was important to them and what they wanted us to become. I have never felt the truth of this Gemara as I have in

these last few days. Who he was and what he wanted is so clear now.

And if that is the case, then I can think of only one thing that Hashem wants from a world without Rabbi Hauer. What was done by Rabbi Hauer must now be done by all of us. What we will never replace in quality, we must try to replace in quantity. What this one man did must now be undertaken by many. And if anyone is going to do that, then who should do it be more than me and you? Who should do his work more than us, who watched him and learned from him, who sat at his feet as he taught Torah and united our heart with his as he davened, who watched him touch people and warm their neshamos with his smile and his kindness? It is our job now. The world needed him. Now it needs us.

A few years ago, I shared a dvar Torah during a drasha which Rabbi Hauer complimented. I confess that this did not happen very often – he never, ever critiqued me, but we did often think differently, which just shows you his tolerance and humility in listening to me speak so many times. But this is one he liked. It happens to be a drasha I gave one Shemini Atzeres. And it happens to be a dvar Torah about Parshas Bereishis. It went like this:

On Shemini Atzeres, we have a unique tefillah, and as it happens, it is one in which we will forever hear Rabbi Hauer's voice and nusach. It is the tefillah for geshem. But the month of Tishrei is jam-packed full of days of tefillah. Why do we save geshem for this last day? Why not Aseres Yemei Teshuvah or Yom Kippur or Hoshana Rabba?

The answer is that the Torah tells us that there is something unique about rain. On the sixth day of creation, everything in the world had already been created. But the plants and trees and grass, although they had been created on the third day, were **עומדים על פתח הקרקע**, waiting at the surface of the earth, not fully emerged. Why? Because there was no rain yet. And

why was there no rain? **אדם אין לעבוד** **את האדמה**, there was no man yet who would daven for the rain. Rain requires tefillah, and tefillah requires an adam.

Every year on Rosh Hashanah, we are born again for a new year. But we are still babies; we are still raw and undeveloped. We have to experience ten days of teshuva, Yom Kippur, four days after that, and the yom tov of Succos, each day adding something to who we are and reconstructing our spiritual makeup. And when we finally come to Shemini Atzeres, we are whole; we are fully built. We are an adam. And only then can we say **אדם יש לעבוד את האדמה**, now, as fully formed people, we can daven for rain.

He liked this thought. But now consider what happened this year.

Think about when Hashem took Rabbi Hauer from us. It was the day when he was a fully formed adam, when he had completely built himself once again for a new year, at the height of his spiritual power. He went to the next world as a complete person.

But I think there is something else equally as important. Rabbi Hauer left us when he had done the work of making all of us whole. He gave us everything he had, everything he could think of to build us up. He taught us everything he could. He loved all of us for who we were and what we could do. His son-in-law shared that as he walked back to shul from escorting the aron on Thursday, he wanted to grab each person he passed and say, "Do you know how much Rabbi Hauer loved you? Really and truly loved you?"

He believed in us. He fashioned each of us into an adam. He prepared us. So now we are ready to do what we need to do.

The thing people would say now is that we will "carry on", we will "get through this", we will "move forward". But please hear this loud and clear: did Moreinu V'Rabbeinu, Harav Moshe Yisrael ben

Harav Binyamin, pour so much life into each of us, did he pour his whole chiyus into shaping and teaching us, into loving us and nurturing us, so that we would do something so minimal as just getting through this?

He wanted us to thrive. He wanted us to grow. He wanted us to be bold and creative and innovative and strong like he was. He wanted us to be more today than we were last week, and more next week than we are today. And if we ever wondered if we would, today we know that we must; today we know that we will.

On Simchas Torah, we read about the departure of Moshe Rabbeinu, and this year, we have experienced the departure of our Moshe Rabbeinu. But on Simchas Torah, we don't end the story there. We

He wanted us to be more today than we were last week, and more next week than we are today.

come to the haftarah and we go on to the next chapter in the story of the Torah, from the last perek of the chumash to the first perek of Sefer Yehoshua.

And what happens in the next chapter of the Torah? Hashem tells Yehoshua that **משה עבדי מת**, Moshe, my servant, has died. And then Hashem repeats a phrase over and over and over again. What is it? Yehoshua, I hope you will cope well? Yehoshua, hold it together? Yehoshua, keep up a stiff upper lip and try to move forward?

No.

What Hashem says is **חזק ואמץ! חזק ואמץ! חזק ואמץ!** Be strong! Be courageous! Be bold! Take the people forward. Bring them to the next stage of achievement. Accomplish all the things that I did not let Moshe stay in this world



RABBI PINCHAS GROSS

long enough to do. And Yehoshua does exactly that – he takes us into Eretz Yisrael, settles us there, picks up where Moshe left off, does what Moshe was not granted the ability to finish.

Does any of you doubt for one second that this is what Rabbi Hauer would want us to do?

Neither do I. So that is what we, you and me together, will do.

I am speaking after the haftarah today because I wanted to speak before we say Rosh Chodesh bentching. This one was of his tefilos, one that he loved to daven as the chazzan. Even after he was no longer the active rav, he subtly let me know that he would appreciate continuing to lead birchas hachodesh, and I would have him do it as often as I could without people objecting that I did not do it often enough.

In this tefillah, we are going to ask Hashem for chaim. We are going to ask him for a long life, for a life of bracha, for a life of ahavas Torah and yiras shamayim. What are we asking for? Chaim does not mean that you are walking around this earth, breathing and eating and talking. Chaim means **ואתם הדבקים בה' אלקיכם חיים כולכם היום**. It means you are connected to Hashem, you are close to Hashem and living with Him. That is chaim.

That is the life that Rabbi Hauer had every day on this earth. That is the life he has now. And that is the kind of life we will ask Hashem to give us, too. We

should all merit to have more years in this world than he did. But we should also merit to pack them as full of life as he succeeded in doing.

I have not a shred of doubt that this is what Rabbi Hauer would have wanted me to tell you today.

Thank you for believing in us, in each other, in our shul. Hashem should grant each of us His nechama. And Hashem should help us be the shul that Rabbi Hauer wanted us to be.

חזק ואמץ

Rabbi Pinchas Gross: A Tribute to Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

RABBI PINCHAS GROSS

אבן תזעק מקיר, ונבוכה כל העיר, כי
בא השמש בצהריים

על איש מורם מעם, אשר קולו נדם,
עיני עיני ירדה מים

הנהיג בגאון, את קהילת שערי ציון,
ולכל העיר היה לעיניים

ומצודתו היתה פרוסה, על כל המדינה,
וגם לרבות ארץ ציון וירושלים

שימש את החכמים, והשקה לעדרים,
בהלכה ובאגדה ובמה שבינתיים

לפני מלכים התיצב, ומעולם לא אכזב,
כי חשק לקדש שם שמים

על כלל ישראל אהבתו, מחשבתו
ודאגתו, שיתאחדו כמחולת המחניים

וגם אהב את היחיד, ולכל נצרך היה
ידיד, ומשום אדם לא העלים עין

עסק בצחצוח היהלום, של האמת
והשלום, להאיר כאור שבעתים

ויהיה למליץ בעדינו, שיבוא משיחנו,
עם הנידחים בארץ מצרים

הכותב בדמע,
פנחס גרוס

Ashreichem Yisroel — The Greatness of Rav Moshe Hauer, ZTV'L

RABBI MENACHEM GOLDBERGER

I received a call shortly after Simchas Torah from someone who had some news they really did not want to tell me. But they had to. My dear personal friend of 30 years and chaver/colleague in rabbanus, Rav Moshe Hauer, z"l, had passed away suddenly on Shemini Atzeres. I was completely stunned and in shock. I sat in my chair for over an hour, with my wife at my side, unable to speak. We both felt so deeply for his family, which was the dearest thing to him; for his precious Kehilla, Bnai Jacob Shaarei Zion, who were like his family; for our community; for the OU community; and for the worldwide Jewish community.

I listened to the stirring and beautiful, heartfelt hespedim the next day. We were just starting to scratch the surface of this unique man — this great leader in Klal Yisroel, this unique and caring, genuine friend to so many. When I wake up in the morning since then, I still don't really believe that he's not here. How could someone so alive and vibrant no longer be here? So fast. So suddenly. He's not here.

But he's with us. I remember the young Rabbi Moshe Hauer stepping up into rabbanus, taking over for his wonderful, learned, and warm father-in-law, Rabbi Joseph Baumgarten, z"l. When I first came to Baltimore in 1986 at age 28, I was the youngest rabbi in town. Now, eight years later, he was. It was 1994; I was 36, and he was 29. He quickly caught my attention as someone who was wise beyond his years. He was also capable beyond his years. I remember serving on a committee with him and a few rabbonim who were quite a bit older, and we drafted a letter — a statement

about a certain communal matter. He looked it over and wanted to make several corrections! And he was right. And we were okay with that. Because he was right.

We developed a close personal friendship, sharing our backgrounds and our lives, talking fondly about our families, sharing simchas. We shared Torah thoughts and ideas — mine shaped by Chassidus and the Ramchal, his by the Maharal (and countless other sefarim). My relationship with HaRav Shloime Twerski, ztz"l, and his relationship with HaRav Yaakov Weinberg, ztz"l, and the deep impression Rav Naftali Neuberger, ztz"l, made in Rabbi Hauer's life of commitment to community and Klal Yisroel involvement. We spoke about our fathers, zichronam livracha — each one a beloved and respected rabbi in their respective communities, mine in Denver and his in Montreal.

We had a like-minded view when it came to certain communal and Klal Yisroel challenges and how to try and work on them. This bonded us closer — thinking about what to do, how to go about doing it, which experts to consult with, and how to present it to our community to raise awareness in a dignified and educational manner. We worked hard together on the beautiful, uplifting Shabbos rally held outside in the open area of Northwest High School, attended by a few thousand people. I came to realize that he possessed real clarity of vision and a highly creative mind regarding how to implement the vision. Those two skills are often present in two different people — the visionary and the implementer. He was both, in very rare form. He also knew every person to talk to and how to talk with them — all at the same time, with warmth, humor, and seriousness of purpose.

He loved Torah, he loved Yiddishkeit, and he loved teaching it. He was a great teacher. He was a servant of Hashem, and it overflowed from his energetic, purpose-driven personality. Many years

passed. Many projects worked on. He came over to my house with something to tell me. He told me he was going to accept the position of Executive Vice President of the OU. He and his rebbetzin had thought about it deeply, and they had decided this was the right next move. They would stay in Baltimore. I said, "Reb Moshe, I always knew this was coming... I just didn't know when." I was sad to see him leave the Baltimore rabbinate — sad for our community, and happy for Klal Yisroel. Now his incredible kochos, which he knew how to make the best of, would be on the international level. That was a good thing. We shared some tears because we knew our time spent together would be drastically reduced, and wished each other all good things b'ezras Hashem. We kept in touch, baruch Hashem. We continued to share.

The next five years he did what would take many people many more years to accomplish. He lived 60 years, but he lived 120 years. He lifted Klal Yisroel to a higher level — his talents, wisdom, and force of conviction shining brightly all the way through. Ashreichem Yisroel that we had Rav Moshe Hauer, z"l. May he continue to shine his light on us from his precious place in Gan Eden. I can't believe he's gone. Tehei nishmaso tzerurah b'tzror hachaim.

May Hashem grant much strength and comfort to Rebbetzin Mindy Hauer and to their entire family, including his dear mother, Rebbetzin Miriam Hauer of Yerushalayim. May we all endeavor to incorporate the lessons he taught us deeply into our hearts and into our lives.



RABBI MENACHEM GOLDBERGER

Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל — A Personal Anecdote and a Lesson in Chinuch

RABBI DOVID JAFFEE

Although I did not know Rabbi Hauer well, I would like to describe the subtle way in which he had an impact on me, as a young child. This took place over thirty years ago when he was the assistant rabbi to his father-in-law Rabbi Joseph Baumgarten z"l. At the time, Rabbi Hauer gave a Gemara shiur on Meseches Brachos to a few congregants, including my father. The shiur's location rotated between the houses of the various members of the shiur. At the time, I was five or six years old, and had my own bedroom on the second floor of our house. As a young child, being alone in the dark bedroom was a bit lonely and scary. I remember looking forward to the night when the shiur would be given at our house. It was so comforting to fall asleep to sound of the men learning Gemara downstairs. I no longer felt alone. It was safe and secure and I peacefully drifted off to sleep.

I did not grow up in a school where the standard was to go to yeshiva. Yet, at fourteen, I was the only one in my class who left to learn at Ner Yisroel. For over twenty-five years since then, I have been learning in yeshiva and kollel, and then teaching in yeshivos.

I cannot say that this is all due to that beautiful experience of falling asleep to the gemara shiur. But I can say that Rabbi Hauer's shiur certainly made a sub-conscious positive impact on my association with learning Gemara, and helped mold me into someone who would one day devote their life to the learning and teaching of Torah.

We can derive two profound lessons from this story. Firstly, Rabbi Hauer wasn't even trying to make an impact on me. He came to teach Torah to my father and probably didn't ever realize that I was upstairs enjoying the sounds of their voices below. Yet, this did have an impact on me. We often don't even realize who the individuals are upon whom we make a major impression.

I think that there is also a powerful lesson here about chinuch. The mitzva of chinuch is to train our children to do mitzvos so that they will continue doing them when they grow up. Many of us only focus on the former part of this statement – ensuring that our children keep the mitzvos, but we lose focus that the goal is so that they continue doing

them as they grow older. It is crucial to give children positive associations with mitzvos. I have met many students who have negative associations with certain mitzvos because of the “chinuch” that they received. Of course we need to guidance of our rabbonim how to apply this, but the general rule is that our chinuch should be done in a way that fosters a positive association with mitzvos and a love for them. Through Rabbi Hauer's shiur, I was the beneficiary of such a positive association.

This past summer, I attended Shabbos davening at Bnei Jacob Shaarei Zion for an aufruf. It was the first time I had davened there in decades. I saw Rabbi Hauer there and was suddenly struck by the fact that he had made this impression upon me in my youth. I wanted to share it with him, but didn't get the opportunity. That was the last time that I saw him. Although a regret that I wasn't able to give him the nachas from this, I hope that sharing the lessons derived from it will be a zechus for his neshama.

יהי זכרו ברוך

When the World Lost a Rebbe — and I Lost a Friend: Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

DR. DOV FRANKEL

At the end of the Chumash, we read of Moshe Rabbeinu's heartfelt plea to be allowed into Eretz Yisroel. Hashem, in His boundless wisdom, responds, “Do not ask Me again.” Chazal teach us that, had Moshe asked once more, Hashem would have granted his request. But the time was not right. Klal Yisroel was not yet ready, and so Hashem took Moshe's soul instead of allowing him to enter the Land.

Rabbi Hauer's shiur certainly made a sub-conscious positive impact on my association with learning gemara

In our times, we were privileged to have Rabbi Hauer, זצוק"ל — a leader of immense vision, passion, and devotion — who stood at the forefront of Klal Yisroel. He inspired, guided, and unified us with clarity and unwavering commitment to Torah and truth. Under his leadership, it felt as though we were standing at the threshold of Geulah — as if we were on the cusp of something greater.

On a personal level, I was privileged to know Rabbi Hauer, for many years. We both grew up in Montreal and went to Yeshivah Gedolah. Our paths crossed again later in Ner Yisroel. But it was when I returned to Baltimore in 2006 and became a member of BJSZ that our relationship truly deepened. Rabbi Hauer became my rav, my teacher, my mentor, and my friend. His wisdom, warmth, and sincerity shaped my life and my avodas Hashem in ways I can hardly begin to describe. I will miss him more than words can express.

Rabbi Hauer stirred something deep within our nation. He helped us see what could be — what should be. But just as in the days of Moshe Rabbeinu, the moment wasn't yet fully ripe. We, as a people, still have inner work to do. There is still growth ahead, refinement needed, unity to be deepened, and emunah to be strengthened.

Perhaps, like Moshe Rabbeinu, Rabbi Hauer pleaded with Hashem on behalf of Klal Yisroel. And perhaps Hashem said, “Please, do not ask again — for I will have to listen.” And because the time had not yet come, and we had not yet reached the level required to usher in the redemption, Hashem took Rabbi Hauer from this world — not in judgment, but in divine restraint — allowing us the space to continue the mission.



A photo from our wedding at MMAE, December 2010

ITA ROSENBLATT



קהילת בני יעקב שער ציון Bnai Jacob Shaarei Zion Congregation

בס"ד

RABBI MOSHE HAUER

Rabbi Dr. Israel Tabak z"l

Rabbi Joshua Shapiro z"l

Rabbi Dr. Joseph Baumgarten z"l

RABBIS EMERITI

Rav Shraga Freedman

מחבר ספר מקדשי שמך

Denver, CO

כ"ה בסיון ה'תשע"ד

לכבוד הרב שרגא שליט"א,

אחדשה"ט.

I am writing to express appreciation for your outstanding ספר מקדשי שמך. I recently came across the ספר and took it with me on a trip, which gave me the opportunity to learn it from cover to cover. It is an exceptional work, reflecting excellent content, writing and organization, all focused on the central mandate of Klal Yisroel as שמם שמים. In developing the theme you bring out the most foundational values that we as Klal Yisrael must carry and share.

I believe the ספר is a treasure that deserves the broadest distribution amongst *Lomdei Torah* and *Baalei Batim*, young and old. Personally, learning the ספר stimulated me to dedicate one of our weekly Shiurim on the Parsha to exploring an aspect of קידוש השם from each week's Parsha. This brought tremendous joy to all who participated, and it is to your credit.

I was very happy to see the recent publication by ArtScroll of your English ספר titled Living Kiddush Hashem. I hope that between the original ספר and the English one, it will reach the widest possible audience. I would be happy to assist in any way I can to encourage other Rabbonim and Mechanchim to learn it and to spread it and its message to their communities and Talmidim.

We live in a time when – *Boruch Hashem* – we have seen an explosive, perhaps unprecedented growth in the numbers and the quality of serious תורה לימוד. This has been the focal point of our efforts as a people and rightfully so. Your ספר will help bring out and strengthen these efforts as part of the core value and mission of Klal Yisroel, to be מקדש שמו בעולם in all that we do, such that one and all will say:

פלוגי שלמד תורה ראו כמה נאים דרכיו כמה מתוקנים מעשיו, עליו הכתוב אומר עבדי אתה ישראל אשר בך אתפאר.

בהוקרה ובידידות, ובברכה שיפוצו מעינותיך החוצה להגדיל תורה ולהאדירה ולקדש שמו ית' בעולם.

משה האוּעֵר

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His passing leaves a deep void. But it also leaves a powerful charge: that we must not let his efforts, his tefillos, and his vision be in vain. The work is now

ours to carry forward. We must commit ourselves more deeply to Torah, to achdus, to spiritual growth, and to preparing ourselves — truly and wholly — for the coming of Moshiach.

May we be worthy of that day soon, and may Rabbi Hauer's, זצוק"ל, legacy continue to be a guiding light for Klal Yisroel.



A Passionate Letter from Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

RABBI SHRAGA FREEDMAN

I knew Rabbi Hauer only through my work with the Living Kiddush Hashem Foundation. My first introduction to him came over ten years ago after I published my first sefer, *Mekadshei Shemecha*. I was young, uncertain how it would be received, and filled with self-doubt.

Somehow, Rabbi Hauer came across the sefer and took the time to call me personally. He shared how important this work was, and how deeply Klal Yisrael needs this focus. He followed up with a beautiful, heartfelt letter that I treasure to this day.

I believe the letter captures his life's mission.

Rabbi Hauer was passionate and unwavering in his mission to guide Klal Yisrael toward living as true mekadshei Hashem. His depth, vision, and love for every Jew were extraordinary.

Each time our paths crossed in Baltimore—even just a few weeks ago—he would offer words of encouragement: “Keep up your work. Klal Yisrael needs this focus. We must never forget our mission.”

He lived and breathed the mission of Kiddush Hashem, dedicating his life to uplifting and bringing Klal Yisrael together to fulfill their sacred role as mekadshei Hashem.

יהי זכרו ברוך

Email LivingKiddushHashem@gmail.com for a free download of the sefer *Mekadshei Shemecha L'zecher nishmaso*.



Jeff Cohn Photography

HARAV YERUCHAM OLSHIN



HOSHANA RABBAH 5786/2025 WITH RABBI SHMUEL SILBER
PHOTO BY ISRAEL ORANGE

Rabbi Moshe Hauer, ZTV'L: Leader, Role Model, and Friend

RABBI SHMUEL SILBER

"Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far." — Theodore Roosevelt

Many feel that soft speech and a calm demeanor are beautiful traits, as long as they are backed up by a willingness to be forceful when necessary. While this may be true in the world of international diplomacy, Rabbi Moshe Hauer, ztv'l, modeled for us a different approach. Rabbi Hauer taught us to "speak softly and live a life of selfless dedication to your people." Rabbi Hauer modeled that a message espoused through soft and kind words need not be reinforced through tough action or abrasive rhetoric. The big stick, which is often used both in words and actions, is not the only way to get your message across. Rather, through meaningful action that mirrors the values you espouse — acts of kindness, care, compassion, and empathy — these are the vehicles through which people will hear your words.

Rabbi Hauer strived for achdus (unity) within our people by listening to all and disagreeing agreeably. Rabbi Hauer spoke in a hushed tone, but his actions screamed sincerity, devotion, and love for Am Yisroel. In an age where we often talk over each other and where being heard means being the loudest and sometimes most abrasive or combative

voice, Rabbi Hauer taught and modeled for us a different path. In his humble, often self-effacing way, he became one of the loudest, most impactful voices of our community.

He built a beautiful and holy mishpacha, a thriving kehilla, and at the helm of the OU continued to build an empire of Torah, activism, and outreach. In his weekly messages, one could feel the love, empathy, pain, and devotion to the very nation to which he dedicated his life. He shouldered the responsibility for the well-being of our people as if it were his burden alone to bear.

The world has lost a tremendous source of light. A family has lost its patriarch. Am Yisroel has lost a leader. For many of us, we have lost a dear, precious, and treasured friend. Yet, through the veil of tears and the shattered pieces of our communal heart, we must learn, internalize, and move forward. We must take the "speak softly and live a life of selfless dedication to your people" mantra of Rabbi Hauer, ztv'l, and make it our own. Let us lead lives where our actions speak louder than our words. Let us lead lives of dedication to Am Yisroel and Eretz Yisroel. Let us pledge to lead lives of depth, meaning, and purpose.

May the neshama of HaRav Moshe Yisrael ben HaRav Binyamin, ztv'l, find menucha by the Throne of Hashem, and may this precious neshama continue to speak softly and act loudly on our behalf.

There Are No Words. Only Emotions.

RABBI DUVI RUBIN

On Shemini Atzeres night, my wife and I were blessed with a newborn son. Little did I realize that on that same night, my Rebbi — one of the most impactful people in my life — would be taken from us without warning. I am in complete

shock and cannot find the words at this moment to eulogize him in any way. But in truth, I don't know if I ever will. Rabbi Hauer's influence on me runs much deeper than words. As I sit here at my desk at 1:00 am with my shirt torn, the few words of eulogy - which we read just this morning - written by Hashem Himself over the death of his most trusted servant, Moshe - will have to suffice:

וַיִּמָּת מֹשֶׁה עַבְדִּי ה'

Moshe Rabbeinu's life was summed up in those two words, Eved Hashem. It was Hashem's will alone that Moshe yearned to know and wished to obey. I, too, weep and say: **וַיִּמָּת מֹשֶׁה עַבְדִּי ה'**. Every breath and every fiber of my Rebbi's being cried out "Is there anything else I can do for You, Hashem? Is there anything else I can do for Your beloved children? Just tell me, and I'll do it. **הַנְּנִי**."

I noted in my drasha on Shemini Atzeres morning that the essence of the day is that of emotion. A day that we connect with Hashem without the assistance of a physical mitzvah. In His non-corporeal way, Hashem emotes and tells us, "It is so hard to see you take leave from Me". In response, we spend one last day singing and dancing to express our love — our deepest emotions — to Him.

We continued by speaking about the embrace of the freed hostages and their parents after years and months of longing, along with the embrace that I was so lucky to give my newborn son the night before. And we spoke about the thousands of widows and orphans who will not merit to do the same this Yom Tov. Yet we also spoke of the embrace that Hashem gives His precious



RABBI DUVI RUBIN

neshamos that reside so close to Him in shomayim. That embrace exudes with love which runs far deeper than we can ever imagine. It is that bond that we attempt to describe with the words etched on virtually every Jewish matzeiva: **תהא נשמתו צרורה בצרור החיים**. "May his soul be bound in the bond of life".

I am still a young rav who has much to learn. As Rabbi Hauer told me when I became a rav, "Call me whenever you'd like". And I did, because I needed to. I will miss his wise advice, but perhaps more than that, I will miss the loving hug and kiss he gave me every time we met after not seeing each other for some time. I was not only academically bound to my rebbi; I was emotionally bound to him, like a child to his father. "Banecha, elu talmidecha."

It is at times like these that Rabbi Hauer would say, "Hashem knows what He's doing. It's our job to have Emunah in Him." Rebbe, I appreciate your words very much because this one is very hard to swallow. I really do not know how we will recover. But one thing I do know: I will do whatever I can to raise my newborn son - whose birthday coincides with your yahrzeit - to be a true eved Hashem. Just like you.

תהא נשמתו צרורה בצרור החיים

Rabbi Zvi Teichman on Parshas Breishis: Free All the Hostages!

RABBI ZVI TEICHMAN

Two years ago, when numerous hostages were shockingly taken to Gaza on Shemini Atzeres/Simchas Torah, a great Mashpia, Rav Naftali Reich, a Slonimer Chosid who famously taught in Yeshivas Ohr Sameach in Monsey, drew a fascinating parallel to the first report in the Torah of a Jewish captive being seized.

When the Canaanite king of Arad — who we are taught was really Amalek in the guise of Canaanites, observed that the pillar of cloud that had protected the nation left them after Aharon had died. Realizing how vulnerable they were now, he pounced on them.

Despite their efforts to harm us they only managed to take one captive, a female slave the Jews had snatched in a previous battle.

Viewing this as a stunning defeat the Jewish nation fiercely vowed that if G-d will deliver the enemy to them they would consecrate the booty to the Tabernacle.

What compelled such a powerful reaction? One female slave captive?

Rav Reich suggests it was their realization that with the passing of Aharon — the ultimate lover and pursuer of peace and understanding between men — they had lapsed in their own appreciation of one another, and thus now victimized by their enemies. G-d was speaking to them.

They dedicated themselves to uphold the credo of Aharon who valued equally the soul of a Jewish owned female slave, to emphasize their fathoming the message to them.

The Holy Rizhiner would teach that these pillars of protection were called **ענני הכבוד** — Clouds of Honor, because they were generated by the power of unity exhibited between one Jew and his fellow. He proposed that it was the warm vapor of their breaths that joined together in open and sincere heart to heart conversation that became veritable 'clouds of honor'!

After the Yom Tov of Sukkos accentuates this pure achdus — brotherhood, it can then segue into Shemini Atzeres, a day when G-d expresses, **קשה עלי פרידתכם** — "How difficult is it to me 'your' separating from one another", **עכבו לי עוד יום אחד** — "Remain with

Me, one day more of unity", hoping that we will take this message into the dark days of winter/galus ahead.

The first Rebbe of Sadigura, the son of Reb Yisroel of Rizhin, conveyed a fascinating teaching in his father's name.

G-d warned Adam that on the day he would eat from the Tree of Knowledge, **מות תמות** — he would die. Despite having eaten, he lived to the ripe old age of nine hundred and thirty years, deserving to live till a thousand, yet graciously granting seventy years for his future descendant King David.

It was due to Adam's ardent regret and sincere repentance that G-d interpreted the 'day' of his punishment, in G-d days, which are each a thousand man years.

The Satan demanded justice and prosecuted against this leniency. To appease the Satan, G-d handed over four hundred elevated souls to remain captives in Satan's clutches.

When Moshe many years later ascended Mount Sinai, the angels were so enthralled they showered him with gifts. The Satan as well was so impressed with Moshe's persona that he handed over these four hundred hostages to Moshe.

This is all alluded to in a verse in Tehillim.

עלית למרום — You [Moshe] ascended on high, **שבית שבי** — You [Moshe] have taken captives, **לקחת מתנות** — You took gifts, **באדם** — [That were initially snatched by the Satan] of man. **(תהלים יט)**

The word for a captive, **שבי**, alludes to some of the greatest achievers. **רבי שמעון בר יוחאי** — Rabbi Shimon Bar Yochai. **רבי יצחק בן שלמה** — the Arizal. **רבי ישראל בעל שם** — the saintly Baal Shem Tov. **רבי ישראל בן שיש** — the holy Rizhiner. **(שיח יצחק)**

Although this is couched in mysticism beyond our comprehension, nevertheless I believe a fathomable message is being conveyed as well.

Although Adam repented and was given reprieve, he didn't get off scot-free. He would still have to prove himself worthy by achieving levels of self-perfection that would find its expression in the personage of Moshe, whose purity of character and grace, that manifested itself in his deepest desire to be there for others in restoring their inherent greatness, would be so compelling that even the Satan relented in tribute, freeing the hostage souls.

These are our marching orders after experiencing the heady days of Tishrei and the historic events we have experienced these past two years, especially this week.

Although we are reeling from the unfathomable loss of our dear brother, Rabbi Moshe Hauer, ztv'l, his life's mission must challenge us to fill the great gap that has been left.

A single individual, who partnered with his beloved wife, to inspire thousands perforce his love for every Yid; his devotion to every Yid; his ability to uplift so many to believe in themselves, because he genuinely believed in them as well.

As his namesake, he went out to the people. As his namesake, he humbly and selflessly gave untiringly of himself without any taint of gain, other than to promote **כבוד שמים** — Honor to Heaven.

We have been reciting daily the exquisite prayer of Acheinu. Within it we pray to G-d that our brethren who are **בצרה ובשביה** — in distress and captivity, be removed from distress to relief, **מאפלה לאורה** — from darkness to light.

Is captivity not included in distress? Why the emphasis on captivity which is one of the many subcategories of distress?

Distress reflects physical and emotional constraints. Captivity perhaps refers to our being held hostage to our self-imposed limitations of low self-esteem and self-confidence, that prevents us from seeing each one of us, our own greatness.

May we be the light that extinguishes others' darkness, by supporting one another; appreciating one another; believing in one another.

The Moshe we knew possessed that radiance that brought so much light to others.

It remains and is illuminated by our reflecting it in kind.

May we continue to free the hostage souls who are waiting for us to redeem them with our light!

They are counting on us!

יהי זכרו ברוך

באהבה,

צבי יהודה טייכמאן

My Memories of R' Moshe Hauer

RABBI YAAKOV BOGART

I learned with R Moshe one zman night seder. He was a chashuve older bochur, and it made me feel very special to learn with him (I believe he was in 4th or 5th year while I was in 1st or 2nd). He explained how we weren't looking for the reid but rather the pshat. It was R Weinberg's haspa'ah. He was an amkan. He was always smooth as silk - always mechubad, always thoughtful.

Fast forward 10 years later, I received a call from the head of vaad hachinuch of TA, Rabbi Moshe Hauer (he must have been just 33-34 years old - I was just 30) offering me to try out for 12th grade, subsequently giving me my first job.

His presence, his confidence, his sense of mission and of importance were unique and always way beyond his years. He was always smooth, always like silk.

I remember how he bent over backwards to help even the simplest of people like a struggling TA boy. Help that gained him zero credit or recognition.

I don't know about the many other things he accomplished and the community he built. But I do know he was a talmid ne'eman of Rav Weinberg and ybl"t Rav Zvi. And he and his life embodied, and reflected to all, the emes of Torah and the beauty of Hashem's world.

What a tremendous loss.



Giving divrei bracha at our chuppah

MENACHEM & CHAYA SARA GOLDSTEIN

The Quiet Majesty of a Selfless Leader — Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

RABBI AARON GROSS

When trying to describe someone who is very caring and concerned about others, the oft-used metaphor is that the person has a “big heart”. Perhaps that metaphor needs to be modified somewhat in order to convey a deeper appreciation of the middah we are extolling. Assuming their actual heart size is the same as every other healthy person’s, the real difference between them and most people lies in how much room in their heart is taken up by themselves, which in turn determines how much space is left for others to occupy. The truly great and humble among us are those who have managed to minimize the amount of themselves in their own heart, leaving more space for Hakadosh Baruch Hu and other people.

I had the zchus to know Rabbi Hauer זצוק"ל for more than 45 years. We both grew up in Montreal and attended the Yeshiva Gedola there. We both went on to Yeshivas Ner Yisroel, where we were roommates and chavrusas over the years. After marrying, we carpooled together with other kollel yungerleit from town every day to Ner Yisroel. In '89 I moved out of town to help start a kollel and he went on to the Rabbonus. Boruch Hashem, despite being far away from each other for 27 years, until I returned to Baltimore in May '16, we always managed to stay in touch. We spoke over the phone a few times a year and would try to see each other when I came back to Baltimore for Pesach and Sukkos bein hazmanim. It was one of those relationships that no matter how much time went by in between conversations, every time we spoke felt like a continuation from where we left off the last time.

As the decades passed by, Reb Moshe’s (I no longer felt comfortable calling him Moishie) gadlus in Torah and avoda became more and more apparent and well known. Despite this, during our conversations he would not speak about himself, what he was working on, or his achievements as a Rov and manhig of his kehilla. It was a strange phenomenon. We would share family updates – both happy and sad - talk in learning, share a machshava and reminisce with humor. But it would end there. It was no secret around Baltimore and beyond that he was growing in so many ways, and that his hashpaah on the masses and individuals was rapidly increasing exponentially. Yet, as much as I tried to get it out of him, he rarely spoke about what he was accomplishing in his avodas hakodesh. I believe he wasn’t making a statement or wanting to be secretive. Rather it was a function of his great anivus. It was somewhere between a conscious decision to not talk about himself, or perhaps an even higher madreiga of simply not feeling the need to do so. Over time, I came to respect his desire to keep it that way and not wanting to make him feel uncomfortable I decided to rely on others for reports of his greatness.

When I moved back to Baltimore it was a zchus and, if I may say, a nachas to behold the fantastic hatzlacha of yedid nafshi, up closer. We discussed and hoped to set a time to have a seder kavua. He kept saying he wanted to do it and apologized for not being able to commit. Nonetheless, it became clear that this was a pipedream in light of his beyond full schedule.

Then one day, he called and invited me to his office and informed me of his decision - based on consultation with Gedolei Torah - to take the Executive Vice President position at the OU. Despite not being a member at BJSZ, I was becoming emotional. What about all the harbotzas Torah through his shiurim, drashos and writing for his

shul and beyond? What about the greater Baltimore community, both the tzibbur and the yechidim who came to rely on him? There was so much more he could do over time. How could he walk away from all of this?

His short answer sums it all up. “I’m doing this because I feel I can accomplish more for Klal Yisroel in this position”. Since he never spoke about himself, at first it struck me as a little odd and out of character for him to talk that way. Moreover, why would he take such great risk with a high-profile position, when he had his Rabbonus and all its success for life, if he wanted it?

Again, the answer is simple. It never was about “him”. He himself took up no space at all in his own heart. Only the Ribbono Shel Olam and Klal Yisroel were of concern to him and filled up the entirety of his pure heart. As Dovid



My family, and particularly my father, Max Eisenberg, has been close with the Hauers as long-time members of BJSZ.

JAMIE EISENBERG KATZ, ESQ.

He was rare: proud and unapologetic about his hashkafa, his rebbeim, his principles, and his values, yet effortlessly and seamlessly connected with people of all backgrounds.

HaMelech writes, “v’libi chalall b’kirbi” (Tehillim 109:22), “my heart is hollow within me”, and Chazal (Baba Basra 17a) explain to mean: hollow and empty of the yetzer hara or any other agenda, but Your will Hashem. Just as the Rambam writes in his description of the true Melech Yisroel, “shelibo hu lev kol khal Yisroel” (Hilchos Melachim 3:6), “his heart is the heart of all khal Yisroel”, so too Reb Moshe’s full and open heart allowed and drove him to so selflessly do literally anything he could for Hashem and his fellow yidden in Eretz Yisroel and anywhere in the world!

Indeed, it was clear to all that he carried himself with malchus and the responsibilities that come with it. Yet, along with great anivus he remained the consummate eved, whose great heart had only one concern, the will of his Master. With the support and partnership of his Rebbetzin and mishpacha, he was focused on only one thing in his short life; always doing more for Hashem and His people. He wholeheartedly and so clearly believed that was his mission back then during our meeting in his office, and the syata d’shmaya so evident in his immeasurable hatzlacha over his years at the OU are testimony that it was the right decision all along. Lech b’shalom, yedidi.

Yehi zichro boruch.

One More Conversation with Rabbi Hauer, רבי חזקוני

RABBI EFREM GOLDBERG

Coming off a joyous Simchas Torah, the excitement of the Yom Tov heightened with gratitude for the return of the twenty living hostages, I turned on my phone after Havdalah, eager to see more pictures of reunions and read stories of courage and resilience. And then, like so many others, I was stunned: my dear friend and mentor, Rabbi Moshe Hauer ז”ל, had suddenly passed away. It didn’t make sense. I couldn’t process it.

In the days since he was so abruptly taken from us, one thought has played over and over in my mind. If I had known that he would no longer be here on Motzei Yom Tov, I would have called him on Erev Yom Tov. I would have finished our conversations, told him what he meant to me, thanked him for all I had learned from him, and sought his guidance on how to continue the work he began.

I first met Rabbi Hauer many years ago, at a gathering organized by a mutual friend who brought together people he felt should know one another. There was no particular agenda, it wasn’t hosted by any organization, and it was such a success that for years, our group met annually to share, be vulnerable, brainstorm, collaborate, and inspire one another.

At the first gathering, we were strangers: guarded, cautious, and formal with one another. Rabbi Hauer sensed a need to break the ice and I vividly remember when he said, “Let’s get comfortable, let’s be real. Enough with formalities. I am Moshe, not Rabbi Hauer,” and he proceeded to take his tie off, something I wasn’t under the impression he did often. At each gathering, his presence and participation contributed enormously. With great humility and

impeccable middos, he didn’t speak the most, and certainly not the loudest, but when he spoke he was a fountain of wisdom, thoughtfulness, insight. He was sensitive, complimentary, authentic, genuine, and driven.

What impressed me most over the years was that Rabbi Hauer was a true Ben Torah in every sense. As he built his shul and guided his community, he never left the Beis Midrash, never closed the Gemara. He remained growth-oriented, always striving, always climbing higher, and always inviting us to climb alongside him. Every conversation he had, every initiative he supported, was framed by a deep care for Klal Yisrael, for the community at large, and for each individual within it.

He was rare: proud and unapologetic about his hashkafa, his rebbeim, his principles, and his values, yet effortlessly and seamlessly connected with people of all backgrounds. He found common ground and common cause with everyone, and saw the Godliness in each person, developing genuine bonds while always remaining true to himself.

It is telling that in the days since his passing, tributes have come from a staggering variety of sources, including politicians and “plain” people, organizations like the OU and Agudah, the ADL, yeshivas and rabbis across denominations, and even the Catholic Bishops of New York. Rabbi Hauer’s reach was profound because his relationships were real, never performative, transactional, or forced.

Professionally, he shaped my rabbinate in countless ways, in ideas and practices I emulate, in how I see myself and my responsibility, in how I dream for Klal Yisrael. He stood with me when I needed support, spoke honestly when I needed feedback, and always did so with love. Personally, his loss is devastating. I find myself replaying voice notes he sent, each beginning with the affectionate, “Yedidi Rav Efrem.” In one, he said, “This



Rabbi Hauer on Purim

CHAIM ZIMAN

message will have four points: Firstly, I haven't spoken to you in ages, which I don't like. Secondly, thank you for all you do," before moving on to practical matters.

Here is the thing. I know I am far from the only one. Rabbi Hauer had this warm, affectionate, complimentary, close connection with countless shul members, talmidim, colleagues, friends, and community leaders. His love for us was real, it was genuine, and it nourished our souls and warmed our hearts.

When he became the Executive Vice President of the OU, a leader and spokesperson for Klal Yisrael, his title and sense of mission changed but his character and personal conduct remained the same.

When the Torah describes how Moshe and Aharon went to confront Pharaoh it says (Shemos 6:27):

הֵם הַמְדַּבְּרִים אֶל־פַּרְעֹה מֶלֶךְ־
מִצְרַיִם לְהוֹצִיא אֶת־בְּנֵי־יִשְׂרָאֵל
מִמִּצְרַיִם הוּא מֹשֶׁה וְאַהֲרֹן

It was they who spoke to Pharaoh king of Egypt to free the Israelites from the

Egyptians; these are the same Moshe and Aaron.

What does it mean these are the same Moshe and Aharon, as opposed to different ones? Rashi explains, it means despite their rise to greatness, their high profile, prominence, even power as spokespeople of Klal Yisrael, they were unchanged as people, they remained humble and mission driven.

The same can be said about Rabbi Hauer. **הוא משה**, he was the same person, as Rashi says, **בשליחותם**, with a sense of mission from beginning to end and with righteousness.

Rabbi Hauer set the bar for his colleagues and friends. We strived to be like him and now he is gone.

Reflecting on our unfinished conversations, I am reminded of the Gemara (Shabbos 153a) which advises we should do teshuva one day before we die. How can anyone know that day? The answer is profound: live each day as if it could be your last, and strive to be your best. We can't speak to everyone as if it's our last chance, but we can ensure that the people who matter most know how much they mean to us.

One of Rabbi Hauer's favorite insights, which he shared with me several times, is from the moment when Hashem visits Avraham after his bris, and three travelers appear at his doorstep. Avraham interrupts his conversation with Hashem to greet and host them. Rabbi Hauer would ask: how could he do such a thing? Wasn't it disrespectful to Hashem? He explained that in that moment, Avraham had a choice: to continue speaking with Hashem or to act like Hashem by showing kindness. The greater tribute, Rabbi Hauer suggested, was the latter.

Rabbi Hauer has been taken from us. We can no longer speak to him directly,

but we can strive to be more like him: genuine, compassionate, thoughtful, and concerned about Klal Yisrael. In doing so, we offer a tribute he would have considered even higher than words.

What I Learned from Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

REBBETZIN DR. ADINA SHMIDMAN

I keep hearing Rabbi Hauer z"tl's voice.

Not in sound, but in thought — the pauses between words, the care in his phrasing, the way he turned a question into an opening rather than a conclusion. Since the passing of Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל, that voice continues to echo — a steady reminder of what genuine leadership looks like.

During the five and a half years that I worked with him at the Orthodox Union, I came to understand that his leadership was not a style; it was a value system. The hundred-plus files in my computer that bear his name — meeting notes, reflections, drafts — capture not only what we discussed, but how he led: with clarity, humility, and care.

Lesson 1: Leadership begins with responsibility.

Our first team meeting took place at Philadelphia's 30th Street Station as the uncertainty of Covid loomed. Fear and confusion hung in the air, yet his calm presence anchored the room. That day

During the five and a half years that I worked with him at the Orthodox Union, I came to understand that his leadership was not a style; it was a value system.

set the tone for the years that followed - years marked by challenge and resilience. Covid, war, tragedy - yet under his guidance, he taught us what it means to lead. He reminded us again and again that Torah does not pause for crisis — that our achrayus, our responsibility to one another, only deepens when the world feels unsteady.

Lesson 2: Vision means making space, not taking space.

Rabbi Hauer had a vision for the Orthodox Union and the Women's Initiative — expansive and Torah-driven — but it was never imposed from above. He didn't dictate; he cultivated. His meetings were conversations, not directives. When others spoke, he listened fully, often pausing before responding, as if to weigh not only what was said but what was meant.

Lesson 3: Progress is better than perfection.

I learned this most powerfully through the creation of the Torat Imecha Halacha initiative. Rabbi Hauer wanted women learning halacha — as simple as that. I raised countless complexities that seemed insurmountable. For two years we went back and forth. Each week would tuck the topic at the end of our weekly meeting agenda, hoping we would run out of time. He never gave up. "Don't let perfection be the enemy of the good," he would remind me. "No" was not an option. His persistence taught me that you can champion a value and advance ideas relentlessly without telling people what to do.

And when the program finally launched, I shared messages from participants — women thanking us for helping them remember a detail in Shemoneh Esrei or reconnecting with halacha in daily life. Rabbi Hauer listened, smiled, and said nothing more. There was no I told you so, no triumph. Only quiet satisfaction that people were growing in Torah.

Lesson 4: Compassion is the core of connection.

So many have shared how his sensitivity transformed moments of pain into comfort. He gave advice sparingly, but empathy freely. When he spoke publicly — at conferences, Tehillim gatherings, and national programs — his words were never about himself. They were about us — Klal Yisrael — how we could elevate, unite, and heal. Rabbi Hauer's willingness to help was transformative, his sensitivity and care ever-present. In private interactions, as in every public setting, he led with compassion first.

Lesson 5: Legacy is measured in ongoing impact.

We often speak of din v'cheshbon — judgment and accounting. At first glance, the order seems reversed. Shouldn't there first be a reckoning of one's deeds before any judgment is rendered? And does Hashem need an accounting at all? He already knows every detail, every act and omission.

Perhaps the phrasing hints to something deeper — that even after a person's lifetime, their cheshbon continues to unfold. Every act of kindness they inspired, every word of Torah that spreads in their merit, every soul they touched — all continue to add to their account.

And so it is with Rabbi Hauer. Every project he encouraged, every person he guided, every idea he inspired carries his imprint. His cheshbon continues, expanding through every corner of the community he strengthened.

Rabbi Hauer רב משה הורוויץ taught me that leadership begins in humility and ends in care. That faith and purpose can coexist with grief. That even when the way forward is painful, it is still — and always — possible.

Yehi zichro baruch — may his memory continue to teach us all.

OU Staff Around The World Remember Rabbi Moshe Hauer, רב משה הורוויץ

OU STAFF

Condolences for the death of Rabbi Mosher Hauer, רב משה הורוויץ, executive vice president of the Orthodox Union who passed away suddenly at the age of 60 over the Shemni Azeret holiday, continue to pour in from across the country and the world. President Donald Trump, President Isaac Herzog of Israel, Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, U.S. lawmakers from both sides of the aisle, religious leaders from many faiths, including Cardinal Timothy Dolan, as well as leaders of other Jewish denominations, have written and spoken about Rabbi Hauer's impact and legacy. The expressions of sorrow and the outpouring of memories is not surprising; as Rabbi Hauer labored tirelessly for the Jewish people, often partnering with a diverse array of leaders and communities to work toward common goals.

This week the OU leadership team and staff members gathered in New York and Jerusalem, with many others joining remotely, as well as having other dedicated conversations during these difficult days, to remember their leader, rabbi, colleague, and mentor.

Rabbi Hauer led most of the OU's outward-facing activities, serving as its voice to the world.

This included dedicating countless hours and effort to advocating for the protection of Jews amid rising antisemitism since the Hamas-led murderous attacks and hostage-taking on Oct. 7, 2023, and ensuing war in Gaza. As the OU family grapples with the loss, they are also looking back on the impact that Rabbi Hauer made.



My father building the Sukkah with Rabbi Hauer

CHAIM ZIMAN

"Rabbi Hauer was an exemplar of what it meant to be a Torah Jew. Torah framed his life, and he used Torah to frame our lives," said Rabbi Dr. Josh Joseph, Executive Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of the OU, who spoke in both Jerusalem and New York. "I have lost a brother," Joseph said, describing his close working relationship with Rabbi Hauer as they led the OU together for the past five years. He drew tears and smiles as he told a number of stories that highlighted Rabbi Hauer's humility, faith, and passion.

OU President Mitchel Aeder described Rabbi Hauer as "a man of impeccable character, honesty and integrity. He had a calming demeanor, a soft and humble tone of voice, but he was unbending in his principles. From mentoring rabbis to working with other faith leaders, he developed warm relationships with everyone he worked with," Aeder said. "This was part of who he was and it is why he could accomplish so much on

behalf of the Jewish people and the OU. This organization has been around since 1898, but Rabbi Hauer, in partnership with Rabbi Dr. Josh Joseph, was an absolute game changer."

Under his leadership, programs from Torah learning to community building in Israel to initiatives to combat loneliness, expanded. "Rabbi Hauer was so widely respected that he was able to take the OU into more communities. The banner of the OU is definitely higher today because of him," Aeder added.

"His leadership was never about asserting control, but about creating space," said Rebbetzin Dr. Adina Shmidman, founding director of the OU Women's Initiative. "He led by listening, by integrating, by elevating others."

He also worked to reaffirm support for Israel, while striving to bridge internal divides within the Jewish world.

"Rabbi Hauer didn't just build bridges. He was a bridge," said Rabbi Avi Berman, Executive Director of the OU in Israel. "He connected American Jews and Israeli Jews in many ways, both personal and communal. On the personal level, Rabbi Hauer constantly practiced the simple but profound act of truly listening."

Speakers also touched on the guiding themes of Rabbi Hauer's work and tireless schedule.

Rabbi Moshe Elefant, Chief Operating Officer of OU Kosher, observed "In every interaction that Rabbi Hauer had and every decision that he made was motivated by what does G-d want? And he knew that G-d wants us to act and effect change with modesty."

"Rabbi Hauer woke up in the morning and began each day by asking 'where am I needed the most?'," said Rabbi Yakov Glasser, OU Managing Director of

Communal Engagement. "Sometimes it was the White House or the Knesset, the tables of Federation or the Conference of Presidents, and sometimes it was providing guidance and chizzuk (strength) and love to an individual rabbi, a struggling employee, or someone in pain that he encountered at Mincha."

Joseph compared Rabbi Hauer's life - cut short when there was so much more he planned to do - to that of Moshe Rabbenu, who, although he lived until 120, was never able to enter the Land of Israel, to complete his mission and goal. But, drawing on the now haunting words that Rabbi Hauer himself had used in a recent dvar Torah referring to Moshe Rabbenu's death, Joseph attempted to find comfort in the idea that life is not about finishing every mission and project, but rather just continuing to work toward goals, and train and inspire others to continue our work when we are gone which is exactly what Rabbi Hauer did and what the OU will continue to do.

From Building Walls to Building Forever - Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

CHAIM ZIMAN

For many years, my father, Benyamin Ziman, was called upon by the Hauers to help them build their Sukkah, and I had the privilege of assisting him. Each year on Sukkos, our family was invited to the Hauers' home to join them for the first-night seudah.

This year was the first time my father wasn't asked to help build their Sukkah — they had built an addition to their home that included a permanent sukkah.

That night, I shared with Rabbi Hauer the following Gemara, since it was the first year my father wasn't involved in building their Sukkah.

Rabbi Hauer woke up in the morning and began each day by asking, "Where am I needed the most?"

The Gemara in Bava Kama 91b teaches:

הנוטל מצוה מחבירו ונותנה לאחר
נותנין לו עשרה זהובין

One who takes a mitzvah away from his fellow and gives it to another must pay him ten gold coins.

In his humble and humorous way, Rabbi Hauer smiled and said:

“I hope I don’t get sued.”

When we arrived in the Sukkah that night, we were deeply moved to see that they had placed a picture as a surprise and had dedicated one of the doors in honor of my father.

I will never forget watching Rabbi Hauer dance in the Sukkah with my son, my nephew, and all of his grandchildren.

I can say with confidence that my father and Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק”ל, were truly best friends.

When a Sukkah Comes Down

AARON FRIEDMAN

The Yom Tov season had just come to a close. We were still flying high from the

inspiration of the holy days of tefillah, celebration, and simcha. The joy was amplified by the Hoshana Rabbah release of all the live hostages, which felt like a special gift to end Yom Tov on a high. I was in the midst of taking down my sukkah, feeling a touch of sadness that Yom Tov was already over, when I received the heartbreaking news: one of the most beautiful sukkahs in our community had been taken down. Harav Moshe Hauer, זצוק”ל, was niftar. It was shocking and, at the same time, deeply symbolic. Life is beautiful and filled with holiness, but it is also temporary.

I remember when Rabbi Hauer first burst onto the Baltimore scene as the young Rav of Bnai Jacob. His youthful energy, brilliance, and warmth infused the shul and the wider community with new vitality. The eventual merger with Shaarei Zion brought together two kehillos into one vibrant makom torah and tefillah, uniting young and old in a way that few shuls ever achieve. Rabbi Hauer’s articulate presence, his thoughtful leadership, and his natural warmth made everyone feel seen and valued. It didn’t matter who you were or where you came from; you knew that he cared.

My grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. Yehuda and Chana Friedman, were among those who experienced his kindness firsthand. After moving to Baltimore later in life, they joined BJSZ and quickly formed a close connection with Rabbi Hauer. My grandfather became a fixture at the early morning Daf Yomi and held immense respect and admiration for the far younger Rav. Rabbi Hauer would visit them regularly and treated them with genuine reverence as Holocaust survivors. He often reminded his mispallelim to cherish that generation, to appreciate the living link they represented to faith and perseverance.

Even after my grandmother’s passing, when my grandfather made aliyah at



Rabbi Hauer and my grandfather

AARON FRIEDMAN

the age of 93, their relationship continued. My grandfather called in daily to listen to Rabbi Hauer’s Daf Yomi shiur, and whenever Rabbi Hauer traveled to Eretz Yisroel, no matter how packed his schedule, he would make time to visit. Those moments meant everything to my grandfather. They also captured the essence of who Rabbi Hauer was: a leader who never lost sight of the individual, who understood that greatness is measured not only in accomplishments but in relationships.

Over the years, Rabbi Hauer accomplished so much for the community and beyond, serving as a voice of clarity and inspiration for Klal Yisroel. Yet it was his personal touch that defined him most. His mispallelim, talmidim, and so many community members, each felt like they were his closest friend—and in truth, they were. A true leader makes every person feel like they matter most, and in turn, everyone felt that Rabbi Hauer was the most important person to them. That is why our community is grieving so deeply. We have not only lost a beloved Rav, but a beloved friend.

As I looked once more at the empty deck that once held my sukkah, I couldn’t help but think how fleeting yet beautiful life truly is. The sukkah reminds us that even the most temporary dwelling can be

filled with holiness, warmth, and joy. Rabbi Hauer's sukkah—his home, his shul, his community, his heart—was filled with all of these and more. Though it has been taken down, the light and inspiration that emanated from within it will continue to illuminate our community for years to come.

הרחמן הוא יקים לנו את סוכת
דוד הנופלת

How Could You Be His Best Friend If I Was His Best Friend?

CHAIM WEALCATCH

These past few days have been a fog to so many of us — so much so that, as I sit here writing this, I can't believe that I didn't have the presence of mind to get on a plane to get to the kevrurah. But obviously, Hashem didn't put the thought into my mind until it was too late.

As the fog begins to lift, as it inevitably must, memories and stories flood in. Reb Moshe, זצוק"ל, was a friend for so long. We were about the same age, and several of his classmates in Yeshiva Gedolah of Montreal were my close friends in Camp Munk. Our friendship blossomed here in Baltimore. However, as many of his friends will attest, he quickly passed us in so many ways. The amazing part is that he did that without ever giving us the feeling that he was flying by. Yes, he was flying by — so very high — but he grabbed us all along the way.

As the year 2000 approached, I had the rare privilege to become the Chairman of the Board of Yeshiva Chofetz Chaim, Talmudical Academy of Baltimore — lovingly called TA by the locals. At the same time, Rabbi Hauer had assumed the role of Chairman of the Vaad Hachinuch of the yeshiva. The next six years of my life would be some of the most glorious days of my life. Sure, there were stresses, along with

the achrayus of running a large yeshiva. However, the reward of working with so many amazing people was perhaps the most impactful experience of my life and the lives of my family.

At the very forefront of the journey was my friend, my rebbi, my chavrusa, and my mentor — Rabbi Hauer. We spoke multiple times a day. We collaborated on all things that would improve the chinuch in TA. In hindsight, it was almost silly. I was a 32-year-old kid charged with the fiscal stability of the yeshiva. Somehow that thrust me into so much more, but I had a partner in Rabbi Hauer, who was 30 years older than me (okay, okay — one year older), who really ran the

His voice was calm, his heart vast, and his wisdom timeless. Rav Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל, taught not only through words, but through the quiet power of care and presence.

yeshiva, allowing me to ride alongside him for six years.

And ride alongside him I did. Together with our longtime president, Rabbi Yehuda Lefkovitz, Shlita, we literally rode together. We rode locally to the great leaders of Baltimore — Rav Weinberg, זצוק"ל, Rabbi Naftali Neuberger, זצוק"ל — and many more. We rode to Rav Shmuel Kamenetsky, Shlita. We rode to Rav Mattisyahu Solomon, זצוק"ל, and beyond. I recall one such trip to Rav Mattisyahu with Rabbi Lefkovitz, Rabbi Tzvi Teichman, Shlita — our menahel — and Rabbi Hauer, זצוק"ל. We stopped at Glatt Bite (well before Mike's Chicken), and I was trying to eat my sandwich and drink while driving. Rabbi Hauer was sitting next to me, passing me my food and drink as we drove, doing so with all

sorts of humorous comments. I relate that story not to jest but to touch upon his wonderful, positive, and funny personality, which was so much a part of him. The more serious components of the trip and what was accomplished need no storytelling here.

My children were close to him. They are now reminiscing about when the Hauer family joined us for a day one summer vacation on Maryland's Eastern Shore some twenty years ago. They will never forget it. We were so fortunate to have recently spent Shabbos lunch with them at their home with my brothers and Reb Moish and Joanne Bane.

So yes, he was so near and dear to me and my family — but he was that to so many people as well, perhaps thousands. And therein lies the beauty of Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל... and therein lies the profound sadness.

Shlomo said that his father didn't speak loudly at home or say too much, but rather that he led by example. Reminds me of that Shabbos meal when we were listening carefully to his every word until, at one point, the Rebbetzin said, "I can't hear you. Can you speak a little louder?"

Just before Shabbos in Israel, Rabbi Aryeh Zev Ginzberg sent a short video, as he does every week — this time addressing the passing of Rabbi Hauer. The Midrash says that Hevel only lived 50 days and that Kayin lived over 1,600 years. How could it be that the tzadik only had 50 days, while the murderer saw generations of grandchildren? Quoting the Sfas Emes, says Rabbi Ginzberg: it's not always as it appears. Kayin's entire family was wiped out with the Mabul. However, Hevel's neshamah was transferred to Sheis, whose great-grandson Noach and family survived the Mabul as the real father of all of Klal Yisrael. Therefore, in reality, it is Hevel who has the zechus of perpetuation and the nachas of generations of our people. Rabbi Ginzberg offered that although Rabbi Hauer only lived for 60 years, his

Rabbi Hauer was a walking oxymoron. An unassuming giant. A sage who sought advice. A teacher who played the role of student. A national leader who saw every individual.

legacy would be so very great and everlasting.

As I conclude writing this, the plethora of letters, memories, and videos keep pouring in. So I ask myself — why am I writing, too? Who am I to be writing anything? Then I saw a posting of one of his last speeches: “We should not underestimate our role — as individuals and as Klal Yisrael — in setting the forward direction of Klal Yisrael and the world.” If my minuscule contribution of memories, from the angle of a friend and working together on a makom Torah like TA, can help in any way, it’s worth writing. At the very least, it’s another tribute to this most amazing giant.

So... Reb Moshe, your friendship is treasured, your life’s work is astounding, and your impact is and will be everlasting. I miss you. We all miss you. But as with Hevel, you may have left this world too early — yet your impact will be felt forever.

Yehi Zichro Baruch

Quiet Wisdom, Endless Kindness: A Tribute to Rav Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

SHOLOM HOFFMAN

His voice was calm, his heart vast, and his wisdom timeless. Rav Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל, taught not only through words, but through the quiet power of care and presence.

As I sat down on Motzaei Yom Tov of Simchas Torah, I saw the email informing me of the sudden petirah of Rav Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל. At first, I wasn’t sure if I was reading correctly. I glanced at it a second time and was trying to process it. For the next fifteen minutes, I sat on my bed in shock.

Five days later, I’m still shocked and grieving like everyone else, but trying to function, be productive, and somehow emulate Rabbi Hauer’s ways. I am not a congregant, peer, or even a talmid, but my connection to Rabbi Hauer goes back about fifteen years.

My wife and I have a son, Eli, who has special needs, and Rabbi Hauer was invited to speak to a group of parents with children with special needs. I was so impressed with his words of powerful and soft-spoken chizuk.

As time went by and our son grew up, I felt that some parents, like ourselves, could use some chizuk. As a result, we started a support group with various inspiring speakers. Most of our speakers were talented and articulate professionals or rabbanim who had children of their own with special needs.

After hearing Rabbi Hauer speak, I felt he would be a great fit to speak to our parents. When I called Rabbi Hauer, in his humble but confident demeanor, he expressed that he might not be the best fit for the presentation. However, after describing our parents and the goal of the lecture, he agreed to the task.

I remember the inspiring evening and was so taken by how he was so on target. The approach he took was so caring and sensitive to the feelings of our parents. I could tell he did a masterful job on his homework and measured every word so carefully. It was a special evening that everyone walked away inspired and uplifted.

About ten years ago, as our son Eli was turning sixteen, it was getting more challenging at home. He is autistic,

non-verbal, and developmentally delayed. There is no question that he is a neshomah tehorah and is not required in mitzvos.

My wife approached me and felt that as Yom Tov was coming around the corner, it would be best for him and our simchas Yom Tov that he go to school on those days. I told my wife that I agreed, but I would like to ask a shayla before we put Eli on the bus to school.

That night, I called Rabbi Hauer and presented the shayla with all its details. Rabbi Hauer thought for ten seconds and, in his soft-spoken, humble, and confident way, responded. He told me, “Not only do I agree with your wife that sending him to school would be better for him and your simchas Yom Tov, but you should go a step further. Please tell his teachers and staff that whatever they have the class do in school, he should be doing the same. It doesn’t matter if it’s cutting, writing, or pressing a button on a computer. I am telling you this because if he senses that in your home it is Yom Tov and at school they are holding him back from his normal routines, it will throw him off and they might have to react to his behaviors in a firm way. I am afraid he will come home with feelings and emotions that will make you regret your decision to send him to school.”

To be honest with you, I wasn’t surprised with the answer, knowing Rabbi Hauer, but I was amazed by his sensitivity, caring, and brilliance. Who thinks like that on the spot? He was a person with a mission and goal — and that was only growth in avodas Hashem. He cared for and loved his family, shul, community, and Klal Yisroel.

It didn’t matter where you were from, your background, or your opinions — it was all l’sheim Shamayim. Let us try to emulate his ways, and it will be a zechus for his special neshomah.

Rabbi Moshe Hauer, ZTVL's Quiet, Prophetic Voice

NATHAN DIAMENT

Rabbi Hauer was a walking oxymoron. An unassuming giant. A sage who sought advice. A teacher who played the role of student. A national leader who saw every individual.

Thursday morning after the end of the Sukkot holiday, Rabbi Moshe Hauer and I were scheduled to meet at the White House with senior officials to discuss priority issues for our community.

Instead, I sat in his synagogue... at his funeral.

In my 30 years at the Orthodox Union, heading our Washington advocacy arm, I have worked with many leaders at the OU and across American Judaism at large. From the moment I first sat down with Rabbi Hauer in his Baltimore home in 2020, I knew he was different. I expected him to lay out his vision for me. I expected him to tell me how it was going to be.

Instead, the learned and accomplished rabbi informed me that he was the “student” and I was the “mentor.” He asked for a tutorial and a reading list. Thus began our work together. Over the five years of our partnership, we faced many challenges together. From Covid, to rising antisemitism, to the October 7 attack on Israel. We met with presidents, senators, representatives, the heads of Jewish groups and other faith organizations, CEOs, and donors.

Like I said, I have worked with many Jewish leaders—all with their own strengths and weaknesses. One of Rabbi Hauer’s biggest strengths was his modesty.

It may seem like an odd trait for the head of the largest Orthodox Jewish umbrella group. Executives are often demanding.

They tend to be the loudest voices in the room, lest they get drowned out by all the other loud voices. It’s also a position that can go to one’s head. After all, Rabbi Hauer met with important and famous people, as evidenced by the outpouring of eulogies from President Trump, Bibi Netanyahu, Isaac Herzog, and others.

And yet the most striking thing about the outpouring of eulogies from global figures was how Rabbi Hauer would have reacted to them. He would have been shocked and uncomfortable. In a world of influencers and me-firsters, he was the most humble person I have known in a leadership role.

He was soft spoken to a fault. Senators and representatives had to literally lean in to hear his wise words. But that was the thing about him. You wanted to lean in. It wasn’t the sound of his voice that said, “listen to me.” It was the content of his message and his sincerity that demanded your attention.

Rabbi Hauer was a walking oxymoron. An unassuming giant. A sage who sought advice. A teacher who played the role of student. A national leader who saw every individual.

If it is hard to reconcile these contradictions, remember that the Jewish people’s greatest leader, Moshe Rabeinu, was a soft-spoken shepherd turned prophet who questioned G-d’s choice. The Torah describes Moshe as “anav me’od, mikol ha’adam”—the most humble person of all people.

Former Chief Rabbi of England, the late Jonathan Sacks, explained that there are two categories of teachings in the Torah. One pertains to questions of immutable Jewish law, like the laws of keeping Shabbat and Kosher. Situations can change, but the fundamental laws do not. Rabbi Sacks called this category *Torat Kohanim* because “the kohen, the priest, was the first role model in Jewish history of the enduring structure of



Rabbi Hauer at my father's, Eddie Mellman, 97th birthday party on September 14, 2025

JUDY MELLMAN

kedusha; the eternity in the midst of time.”

The second category is what Rabbi Sacks called *Torat Nevi'im*—“Torah not of the priest but of the navi, the prophet.” While the priest represents the eternal and unchanging law, the prophet represents history. The prophet teaches people how to serve G-d in the always changing, challenging world we live in.

While the Jewish people need both kinds of leaders, Rabbi Sacks stressed the importance of the prophet when it comes to making the world a better place. “There is no formula, no Shulchan Arukh, and no responsum governing how to be mitaken ha’olam (repair the world). For this the Orthodox community needs not only masters of the law but also *ba’alai ne’vuah*—people with historical insight; that is the challenge of our time.”

Rabbi Hauer was this kind of prophet in our time—not in the predictive sense, but in the sense that Rabbi Sacks underscored. He was suffused with a belief in the Jewish People—our Torah, our history, and our destiny. He was committed to an Orthodox Jewish community fully engaged with society to

advance our values and bring the world just a little closer to G-d.

He did that by living as a Torah Jew fully engaged in the public square. He spoke about his faith with Senators and Cabinet Secretaries just as he did with members of his synagogue—passionately and sincerely.

His humility derived from his understanding of the Jewish people's role in the arc of history. In his mind, he wasn't meeting with statesmen because of who he was. He was meeting with them because G-d put him on this Earth to do good.

Every day over the past five years, I was privileged to witness Rabbi Hauer perform this role of the Ba'al Nevuah as he engaged in advocacy for the Jewish people.

One story—out of many—looms large in my mind. A few weeks after the cataclysmic attacks of October 7, 2023, Rabbi Hauer was scheduled to testify before the House Education Committee as the lead witness about rising antisemitism on college campuses.

In his testimony—which I heard about for weeks afterwards—Rabbi Hauer simultaneously spoke for the Jewish community as a whole and for the needs of the Orthodox segment within it. He marshalled the perspective of Jewish history to appeal to the moral conscience of American leaders.

The Jewish people are the people of the book, and that book teaches us both our values and our story. We know our history, and it goes like this: For more than 3,000 years we have lived in a great many

places, where we thrived and contributed to the host country, and then we had to leave. Sometimes we were expelled by laws and sometimes by fear, by the sheer danger of the hate that grew towards us.

That is our story. We always end up having to leave.

He challenged the Representatives:

You are our elected leaders. It is in your hands to restore our faith that America will be the exception to the rule of our history.

I was with Rabbi Hauer when he made this appeal many times in the critical months following Oct. 7. We met with elected and policy officials alongside other leaders of major American Jewish organizations. It was always Rabbi Hauer who spoke with the most impact. In his quiet but firm tone, he gave voice to the dual Jewish feelings of apprehension and aspiration.

Later this week, I will walk into the White House for the meeting Rabbi Hauer and I were meant to have last Thursday. We won't be walking in together, but Rabbi Hauer will accompany me into that meeting.

His spirit, his insight, and his fierce and full commitment to the Jewish people will accompany me into that meeting and the many thereafter.

After all, he was never really the "student." He was always, and will always be, the teacher.

A Memorable Moment of Connection

ELI NEUBERGER

While I always had a cordial relationship with Rabbi Hauer (due to my aunt and his Rebbetzin being sisters), my personal interactions were somewhat limited. In

about 2009–10, BJSZ was privileged to host the renowned Jewish historian, Rabbi Dr. Aaron Rakefet. While I'm not a member of BJSZ, I very much wanted to participate in hosting or assisting Rabbi Rakefet. I called Rabbi Hauer and left a voice message. He promptly called back and gave me the honor of picking up Rabbi Rakefet at Penn Station. I drove Rabbi Rakefet to his hosts, and Rabbi Hauer was waiting there to greet him. He immediately told Rabbi Rakefet that I was the first person to call him! I felt like a million dollars!

A Sweet Story Told By Rabbi Hauer at Beth Tfiloh's Wednesday Evening Yaffe Scholars Program

LENNY AND GLENNA ROSS

It was lightly snowing, no real accumulation, on a night that Rabbi Hauer was coming to speak at Beth Tfiloh's Wednesday evening Yaffe Scholars program. In spite of the snow, the class was being held. Upon his arrival, Rabbi Hauer told this story.

As he was about to leave home, his young daughter (born and raised in snow-phobic Baltimore) ran to the door, held out her arms blocking the door, and said, "I forbid you to go." Whereupon Rabbi Hauer swept her aside with his arm and said, with a smile, "Step aside child, I'm from Montreal."

It was a sweet story of a daughter's love and protection for her father, the class loved it, and Rabbi Hauer charmed us all.

In a world where true role models are rare, Rabbi Hauer stood out as someone whose actions always reflected his values.

His love for his fellow Jews was infectious, his passion for Torah learning was exemplary, his tireless work for the Jewish people was non-stop.

The Quiet Greatness of Rabbi Hauer

RIVKAH KATZ-MERVILLE

A woman wiping out tears, a few teenage girls waiting for their turns to share words of comfort, a man gathering others for a Minyan, one person making sure the family has enough to eat and is sitting in the shade while someone else is getting excited while sharing a personal story.

An eclectic crowd gathered to honor the memory of Rabbi Hauer. His love for his fellow Jews was infectious, his passion for Torah learning was exemplary, his tireless work for the Jewish people was non-stop. He was a role model for all of us, regardless of where we stood.

I'd like to share a quick story that comes to mind while I reminisce the short time I had the privilege to work for Rabbi Hauer as his secretary.

As I was getting ready to arrange travel plans for one of his many OU trips, I checked in with him to see if he preferred going by train or by plane. His answer got me very confused: "I need to ask my Rabbi". Now, I know we have a Mesorah to ask for spiritual guidance even for what seems like trivial acts, but this seemed a bit strange. A few hours later, I get an email from Rabbi Hauer explaining the ordeal: "If I were to go by plane, I'd be able to make it on time to daven with a Minyan. If I go by train, I'd be able to give a Shiur over. I needed to ask my Rabbi so I could make the proper decision.

I'm embarrassed to say that I honestly don't remember what the answer was, but

I'll forever remember how Rabbi Hauer just had in mind the kind of questions none of us would ever think of. Not only that, but the fact that he also took the time to write out a detailed email to little me so I wouldn't be totally in the dark as to what he was thinking.

That was Rabbi Hauer's gadlus.

The Shiva is coming to an end, but his legacy will live on forever...

Tribute to Rabbi Hauer, רבי משה

SENATOR DALYA ATTAR

Rabbi Moshe Hauer, רבי משה, was one of those rare individuals whose greatness was defined not only by his intellect and leadership, but by his boundless kindness and humility. He had the remarkable ability to connect with people from all walks of life, whether through a quiet word of comfort, a wise piece of guidance, or simply his calm and caring presence. His impact was felt far beyond the walls of any shul or organization; he carried a deep sense of responsibility for Klal Yisrael and lived every day with that purpose.

In a world where true role models are rare, Rabbi Hauer stood out as someone whose actions always reflected his values. He taught by example, showing that leadership is about service, empathy, and genuine care for others.

Rabbi Hauer's kindness touched my life and my family's life in ways I will never forget. Many years ago, he was my carpool driver, and even in that simple role, his patience and warmth shone through. When my father became ill, Rabbi and Rebbetzin Hauer stopped their busy lives to make sure we were cared for. They checked in on us, brought comfort during difficult times, and Rabbi Hauer would even visit my father in the

hospital. Those small acts of compassion spoke volumes about the kind of person he was, someone who lived his values every single day.

Fast forward twenty years, and I had the privilege of even running into him at the White House. Even there, amidst the formality and bustle, he greeted me with the same genuine warmth and humility. He smiled and told someone nearby, "I used to be her carpool driver." That moment perfectly captured who he was, someone who never lost his sense of humanity or connection, no matter how high he rose or how far his influence reached.

I witnessed firsthand the extraordinary policy-related work he was doing through the OU. His leadership was clearly changing lives, not just in our own community, but for Jews around the world. His insight, integrity, and deep moral clarity were evident in everything he did. It was also clear that Rabbi Hauer was respected in both political and rabbinical worlds, a rare bridge-builder whose voice carried weight because it came from sincerity and wisdom. He had the gift of bringing people together, finding common ground, and always leading with dignity.

His passing leaves a tremendous void, but his legacy of compassion, humility,



Yaakov & Musia Delman wedding

MUSIA BIBLIOWICZ

and dedication will continue to inspire us all. I will forever be grateful for his guidance, his kindness, and the example he set for what it truly means to live a life of purpose and integrity.

Rabbi Hauer: A Guiding Light

NECHEMYA JAKOBOVITS

Rabbi Hauer was someone who connected with young and old alike because he truly understood people and what each person needed. When I was sitting shiva for my mother, he called me every night to give me chizuk. He had a smile that lit up the world. We will all miss him and look forward to greeting him again very soon with the coming of Moshiach.

Yehi zichro baruch.

A Moment of Chesed Under the Chupah

ELIEZER SZROLOVITS

At the wedding of our daughter Chaya to Doniel Feldman in NY, we were faced with a sudden “crisis” under the Chupah. A Rav from EY who was supposed to receive the first bracha, actually recited two, as was his minhag, but not ours. That meant we were now one Bracha short.

Before I could even process how we could possibly make an on the spot decision of who to cut out, Rabbi Hauer ztl, who had come in from Baltimore, had instantly identified the issue and came up discreetly to tell us he was very happy not to receive his Bracha. His lightening speed chesed restored our calm and simcha.

For who he was, performing Chesed constantly for the Klal and so many individuals, this may seem like a

minuscule act of kindness. For us, it was huge. Yehi Zichro Baruch.

A True Gadol: Caring Beyond Measure

BRACHA GOETZ

Rabbi Hauer was an inspiration to everyone blessed to learn from his wondrous ways.

When one of our daughters went through a challenging time, he did what no other rabbi did - he sought to learn from her what she truly needed.

Rabbi Hauer then explained that "chashuv" just means popular, but a "gadol" is someone who genuinely cares and responds to those in pain.

Lost trust began to restore, changing the rest of her life, and ours too.

Brilliance and purity of purpose shone through his interactions, helping each neshama shine brighter.

The Power of Genuine Compassion

RIVKA HEISLER

Rabbi Hauer's actions have left an indelible mark on my heart. I vividly remember Hoshana Raba a few years ago when I witnessed him through the mechitzh, notice a young boy, whose parents were divorced and father wasn't present, struggling without a lulav and esrog. Without hesitation or expectation of recognition, Rabbi Hauer selflessly gave the boy his own and ensured he could participate in the hakafah. There was no fanfare, no one seemed to have noticed. The hakafos went on. That moment profoundly impacted me, making me want to be part of a community that values kindness and compassion.

I was dealing with a difficult time after a breakup, I encountered Rabbi Hauer on a Friday night. I was walking home alone after the Friday night meal, feeling pretty downtrodden. We said Good Shabbos, he then turned back to ask how I was with genuine care. His intentional concern made me feel so seen.

During a particularly challenging Yom Kippur, when I was unable to leave my home, I reached out to Rabbi Hauer for a bracha. Usually I'd go to Shul and receive his Bracha before Kol Nidrei. Instead of a phone call, he invited me to his home, where he gave me the most beautiful bracha that felt deeply personal. His kindness and warmth lifted my spirits and gave me the Chizzuk to persevere.

These moments have taught me the power of real empathy and compassion. Rabbi Hauer's example inspires me to strive for a similar approach in my own life. Most importantly, he's shown me that a person who follows Torah and mitzvos can also be kind, caring, and genuinely invested in others' wellbeing. That's the true power of Torah – it transforms us into better human beings, and Rabbi Hauer is a shining example for me, of this.

Yehi Zichro Baruch

Praying for Rain

JUDY LANDMAN

This week has been a hard one — with the passing of our beloved community Rav, Rabbi Hauer, רב צוק"ל, Baltimore as a kehillah, and Klal Yisroel as a whole, are flying our nation's flag, so to speak, at half-mast.

Oh the many hats we wear, or take off, figuratively speaking. In the world at large, hats are removed out of respect and flags are flown half staff as a sign of mourning. These are both indications of respect to the deceased, one on a

personal level and one on a communal level.

This week has been a hard one to say the least. We have lost our beloved community Rav, Rabbi Hauer ztl. Baltimore as a Kehilah, and Klal Yisroel as a whole is flying our Nations flag, so to speak at half-mast. At the same time, we are also mourning as individuals for those tragically taken from our community. Simultaneously, the kedoshim from Simchas Torah 2 years ago are finally coming home and receiving Kevuras Yisroel. It has been a hard, hard week.

I feel as if I can't catch my breath from each pang of pain that has come with each petirah. It feels like birth pangs, and perhaps this is indeed the Chevlei Mashiach.

Hashem sends us Nechama in interesting ways. The words in Shemoneh Esrei jumped out at me early this morning. We have added it to our davening since Shemini Atzeres day; Mashiv Ha Ruach U'Morid HaGeshem. How appropriate it was that when I went to find the English translation, a short article from OU's website first appeared, from where Rabbi Hauer served as the executive vice president.

Who makes the wind blow and makes the rain descend;

Who sustains the living with kindness, resuscitates the dead with abundant mercy, supports the fallen, heals the sick, releases the confined, and maintains His faith to those asleep in the dust. Who is like You, O Master of mighty deeds, and who is comparable to You, O King Who causes death and restores life and makes salvation sprout! And You are faithful to resuscitate the dead. Blessed are You, HASHEM, Who resuscitates the dead.

It is this statement in davening that comforted me in the early morning light and dare I say it was a message that Rabbi Hauer espoused. Hashem is the

One Who is Mashiv Ha Ruach, Who makes the wind blow. We will experience the winds of difficulty and challenge because Hashem deems it necessary for us. It is also Hashem Who brings down the Geshem, the rain, which represents Blessing, that He wants to bestow upon us. There is rain that is productive in that it cleanses and yields growth. There is also destructive rain, like in the Mabul. It is our job to pray for the rain of blessing.

As I drive through the streets of my hometown, trying to process all the losses, I am struck by the beauty of the fall trees. Yes, the natural explanation is that as the days shorten and there is less chlorophyll, the pigment which makes the leaves green. Once that wears away with the lessening of the sun's light the true colors that are inherent in the leaf come out in a beautiful array of red, yellow and orange, with each tree showcasing a different hue. My husband jokes that he does not like fall because the trees are dying. Correct he is, however, I look at it differently. It is at the end of one's life that the true colors of the Avodas Hashem this person worked on is revealed. We are just starting to see the beauty that was in each of the members of our precious town. It is dazzling and all the more so devastating.

The mitzvah of Nichum Aveilim, of comforting mourners, is stated in the plural form. Perhaps it is because we are not just comforting the family but comforting ourselves as well. We pray that the beloved souls taken from us be a Meilitz Yosher for their families, for the Baltimore community and ultimately for the Jewish Nation. May this year herald in the ultimate blessing of Geshem with the Geulah Sheleimah.



One of my most gratifying, unforgettable, and inspirational memories was my two-week trip to Israel with Rabbi Hauer, זצוק"ל, and a group of about 20 men from Bnai Jacob Shaarei Zion in December 2019.

IRV LEVIN

Walking Beside Greatness: Remembering Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

JEREMY LUSTMAN

It's super rare for me to have a Rabbinic leader and role model turn into a professional colleague (and role model), but such was the unbelievable privilege I had over the last few years with Rabbi Moshe Hauer Ztv'l, who so tragically and suddenly passed away last week at 60.

I unfortunately missed Rabbi Hauer's tenure as a Rav in Baltimore as he came in a few years after I graduated high school and had moved out of the city, but he quickly became a household name and star amongst my immediate family and many dear friends given everything he represented and accomplished... building one of the most beautiful קהילות in the city and I believe in the country; developing a level of closeness and camaraderie with his congregants that is super rare and likely unmatched; and carrying himself with a level of

softness yet authority which endeared himself to the entire community across the spectrum of religious, cultural and political realms. And that was when I didn't even know him.

Fast forward 25+ years when I was invited and given the special opportunity to be a part of the Board of OU Israel, an organization near and dear to my heart for everything it does to help so many diverse populations in Israel, including Anglos like me who have made aliya. Part of our efforts and involvement have included the unique תזכורת to spend significant time with the U.S.-based leadership of the mothership, the Orthodox Union. This included regular board meetings in Jerusalem, outings within Israel to OU supported programs, visits to the OU office in New York, shiurim in Jerusalem, NY and Baltimore, and a lot of ongoing connectivity.

Suddenly I found myself sitting alongside Rabbi Hauer, seeing him up close and in action, sharing our Baltimore connection but on the holy ground of Jerusalem, observing his kindness, grace and magnetic personality, feeling his presence, learning his Torah live and directly, and just trying to follow his lead as an incredible role model for thousands of us - how to engage with others, be impactful, treat people kindly, respect differences, carry oneself as a בן תורה in a professional world, and so much more.

I am at a loss for words at his sudden passing and my tears and heart continue to pour out for his family. He was one of my newer Rabbeim and he had an indelible impact on me that will certainly remain with me forever. I will always be grateful to have had the opportunity even for a glimpse to observe his גדלות up close, and I hope to be one of the many tens of thousands of his students who work hard to continue his legacy.

תהה נשמתי צרורה בצרור החיים

A Rabbi's Rabbi - Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל

YONASON ROSENBLUM

Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל: "I love Torah, and I'm acutely aware of how Torah transformed me, and I want to share that experience with others"

Eight years ago, I was invited to accompany a group of rabbis from the Federation of Synagogues of London on a retreat to the Irish countryside, in return for which I was to deliver a number of talks, the principal one being on the role of a communal rav. Though I am neither a rabbi nor the son of a rabbi, I did not panic.

I knew my friend Rabbi Moshe Hauer was then in Jerusalem and would be addressing a group of prospective rabbis on the lessons of his more than two decades in the rabbinate. And having stayed with the Hauers several years earlier while researching a biography of Rav Noach Weinberg, and having been a guest speaker in his shul on a number of occasions, I also knew that I could not find a better guide to the role of a rabbi.

At the Shabbos meal on that stay in his home, I asked Reb Moshe whether his contract made provision for a sabbatical. He answered simply, "I'm doing what I most want to do." As he explained to me on another occasion, "I love Torah, and I'm acutely aware of how Torah transformed me, and I want to share that experience with others."

And I saw how true that was. By 8:30 a.m. everyday weekday morning, he had already taught a Daf Yomi shiur to one group of balabatim, and an amud yomi to another. I also attended an morning chaburah on the Maharal's Tiferes Yisrael. He also gave a weekly chaburah in Pachad Yitzchok, as well as regular shiurim in Chumash and halachah. In addition, he led separate weekly middos

vaadim for men and women based on Rav Shlomo Wolbe's Alei Shur. On my visits to Baltimore, I joined on a number of occasions a weekly discussion group he led for aspiring communal rabbanim in Ner Yisroel.



YONASON ROSENBLUM

I managed to dig up the notes I took of our conversations prior to my Ireland jaunt, and they capture how deeply he thought about his role. He was by nature a private person, who possessed a gravitas that the more glib among us do not have. Yet he told me, a rabbi must be a growth-oriented person capable of bringing others along on his journey. In that context, he quoted the Klausenburger Rebbe: "My biggest sacrifice is that I must let others observe my private avodas Hashem."

William Daroff, the CEO of the Conference of Major Jewish Organizations, of which OU is a member, captured his gravitas: "When Rabbi Hauer spoke, everyone listened, and it was clear that he wasn't speaking to hear himself speak or to score political points or to check a box, but rather, when he spoke, it was because he had something meaningful to say.... [H]e would always bring a clarity and a calm strength to the conversations that he was engaged in."

Another piece of advice: Don't create congregational ADD by speaking of too many things. From Rosh Chodesh Elul,

for instance, every sermon dealt with a single theme. But into every discussion of emunah, he always introduced some aspect of mitzvos bein adam l'chaveiro.

And finally there was a warning, which all who know his family will recognize how much he took to heart. "Too many don't know what it means to be a son, a husband, a father. The rav must model that. Too many children have been hurt by those who were always there for everyone else."

AT THE SHIVAH in Jerusalem on Motzaei Shabbos, Rabbi Hauer's youngest son, Reb Yehudah Leib, told me that he has been reading my biography of Rav Dessler, and that Rav Dessler was the subject of most of his conversations with his father over the past four months. In particular, Rabbi Hauer was taken by Rav Dessler's self-sacrifice during the war years, when he scarcely ever slept on a bed, but would travel by train at night, surrounded by British servicemen, as he collected the money for the fledgling Gateshead Kollel. Asked to explain why he drove himself as he did, Rav Dessler replied, "My brothers sleep on the ground."

It is easy to see why Rabbi Hauer identified as he did with Rav Dessler. In taking the post as executive director of the Orthodox Union, Reb Moshe knew he was sacrificing both his own learning and a job he loved. In a letter to Rabbi Zusia Waltner, one of the founding members of the Gateshead Kollel, Rabbi Dessler wrote that Chazal say that travel causes a person to lose his name, meaning one's spiritual level. Yet, he continued, there could be no greater privilege than to be found worthy of being the one to "mafkir his personal spiritual level for the sake of Heaven."

In that vein, Rabbi Hauer took the position at OU for the opportunity to positively influence the lives of tens of thousands of Jews and to represent Torah Jewry in halls of power with



It has been 13 years since Hurricane Sandy, but those who live in Seagate still marvel as they recall the team, organized and mobilized by Rabbi Hauer, that turned up to help Yidden who were literally underwater from the communal and personal ruination that Hurricane Sandy left behind. The team arrived with hard hats, gloves, boots, and equipment demonstrating their intention of performing the physical labor of crawling, hauling and clearing the now waterlogged and soiled belongings of Yidden that have served them for years. Among the items were toys, clothing, Pesach boxes- full of appliances, pots, linens, and children's handmade Haggadah's- and sadly mountains of seforim that required sensitivity and proper removal during the overwhelming cleanup.

It took weeks, months and years for the residents of Seagate to put their homes back together after the catastrophic storm. The emotional and physical devastation left residents emotionally and physically drained.

When Rabbi Hauer showed up ready to roll up HIS sleeves, along with a bus full of able-bodied men, ready to physically and mentally be there for their brothers, it infused the residents with the hope and relief that only a fellow yid can bring all the way from Baltimore.

Rabbi Hauer set an example for all klal Yisroel that we need to BE THERE for our fellow brothers. His example was the leading force behind the mobilization of numerous organizations and communities to understand the complexities of the job and be properly equipped to arrive ready to assist in a way that is remembered until today.

He was a role model.

Daughter-in-law of a Seagate resident,
TEHILA BLAU

dignity, as had his great model, Rabbi Herman (Naftali) Neuberger.

In his hesped in Jerusalem, Rabbi Hauer's son Reb Shlomo quoted words of the Mesillas Yesharim (Chapter 19) that he and his siblings had heard many times from his father: "HaKadosh Baruch Hu only loves those who love Yisrael. And to the extent that a person increases his love for Yisrael, so will HaKadosh Baruch Hu increase His love for him. These are the true shepherds of Yisrael — those who give priority to the welfare of the Jewish People."

That was Reb Moshe. Our last meeting in person was on one of his many trips to Israel post-October 7. On that occasion, he met with dozens of parties in an effort to heal the rifts in Orthodox Jewry over the issue of army service for yeshivah bochurim.

His sudden and unexpected passing creates a massive hole in Klal Yisrael that obligates all of us to find within ourselves the love for other Jews that fired his passionate heart.

Yehi zichro baruch.

Reflections on Rabbi Hauer, זצוק"ל

MICHAEL LOCKMAN, MEMBER OF BJSZ

I want to share a fundamental principle that Rabbi Hauer, ztv'l, taught us at Bnai Jacob Shaarei Zion. We often encounter the term "Shechina" or the Divine Presence, in our Torah studies. We tend to regard the concept of Shechina as being cryptic and inaccessible. Rabbi Hauer put the notion of Shechina into straightforward and practical terms. "You know what Shechina really is?" Rabbi Hauer would say, "Shechina means caring and concern for another. It's when we sense that Hashem is involved in our lives and truly cares about us. It's when we then exercise that same sense of caring and concern toward others."

While there are many ways to express one's caring and concern, Jewish sources place a strong emphasis on bringing joy to other people, especially the unfortunate and brokenhearted. The Talmud relates that Eliyahu HaNovi once pointed out to Rabbi Beroka two brothers in the marketplace. "These brothers are members of the World to Come," Eliyahu HaNovi explained. Rabbi Beroka went over to the brothers and asked them what their occupation was. "We are entertainers" they said, "We make sad people happy." (Taanis 22a).

If making others feel happy is indeed a Jewish value, Rabbi Hauer excelled at it, particularly on account of his wonderful sense of humor. I'd like to share the following examples of Rabbi Hauer's quick wit.

Rabbi Hauer would often field questions from his congregants about the parsha before davening started on Shabbos morning. One year, I asked Rabbi Hauer the following question: "It seems that some of our greatest tzaddikim met their spouses by wells. Yaakov met Rachel by a well; Moshe met Tzipora by a well, too. What is the significance of wells with respect to the topic of shidduchim?" Without missing a beat, Rabbi Hauer quipped, "Lots of people go to meet people at watering holes."

Here is another example. I felt and still feel deeply honored that Rabbi Hauer officiated at my wedding. Rabbi Hauer was right beside me when I was marched to meet my kallah and now wife, Gail, at the Bedekin (Veiling), and Rabbi Hauer was there with us under the Chuppah, too, singing, chanting, and sharing his wisdom. One distinct memory that I have of my wedding actually took place in between the Bedekin and the procession to the Chuppah. At that particular time, Rabbi Hauer, Rabbi Chaim Gottesman, shlita, and I retired to a small conference room to exchange some final remarks before I got married. After Rabbi Gottesman graciously gave

me the Priestly Blessing, Rabbi Hauer approached me and very softly said the following: "Michael, it's time to turn things over now to the One who made this day possible, to the One who has complete and absolute control over everything...the caterer."

Rabbi Hauer made so many people happy. He brought so much Shechina into this world. May his memory be a blessing.

A Giant Among Men

BARBARA & STAN FRIEDMAN

The first time we met Rabbi Hauer of blessed memory was at the Chevra Ahavas Chesed cemetery for the ceremony before Yom Kippur several years ago. In the 15 minutes or so that he spoke, we felt a deep spiritual connection immediately. He had a way of touching your heart in just a few words. We think of him often and how blessed we feel to have known him.

A tragic loss to his loved ones and all the lives he touched! A Giant among men. An extraordinary human being with a heart of Gold.

A Memory of Shalom

AHRON LEIB WEALCATCH

I, like so many don't really have the words to describe the tremendous loss we all feel. I keep finding myself thinking, at random moments, what would Rabbi Hauer do in this scenario. There is much to say. I'll focus on one particular point.

On a community level, one of my favorite memories is when the various shuls would get together and the different Rabbanim would answer various questions. The feelings of achdus this engendered was always so incredible.

Watching the Rabbanim interact with each other is always a class act. In particular watching Rabbi Hauer choreograph the coming together of all the shuls and many different yidden in this brilliant way was astounding. I would walk in from however far away whenever these occurred and always left bolstered by how special our community is. The most recent one was not at Shaarei Zion but rather at Ner Tamid and Rabbi Hauer was the “guest speaker” for Shalosh seudos. He was enthralling as usual. I very distinctly remember his focus on our internal shalom and the Shira that we can create with our special harmony together. This harmony comes specifically from our differences and being able to respect each others uniqueness. As always, vintage Rabbi Hauer.

Yehi Zichro Baruch

Grateful to Rabbi Hauer

JOYCE WOLPERT

My father, Sylvan Wolpert, joined BJSZ in the late 1990s when my mother had Alzheimer’s and was living in a nursing home.

She died on September 4, 2001 (17 Elul).

Rabbi Hauer had never met her, yet he conducted her funeral with great compassion for my father and with warmth and concern for us, her daughters. My mother was 82; Rabbi Hauer was then 36.

We rose from shiva on 9/11, quite an auspicious time.

Yet on that Yom Kippur, Rabbi Hauer’s talk was about Alzheimer’s!

He used the Midrash that says we all know Torah before we are born, and that it disappears once we come into this world.

Yet perhaps the person with Alzheimer’s or other dementias is still in that world of understanding—which is why they have a difficult time communicating with us, who are not.

Whatever the veracity of this, I felt as though Rabbi Hauer was talking directly to me, and I am forever grateful.

Also, my father, Sylvan Wolpert, זצוק”ל, in 2011, turned 90 in 2007.

He wanted to repeat his Bar Mitzvah maftir in shul.

He had a painful hip and was on a walker, making any movement difficult.

But Rabbi Hauer arranged it so that my father could come up to the bimah and chant his portion.

He slowly walked up, stood tall, and chanted with great authority and a strong voice.

We are grateful to Rabbi Hauer for helping his dream come true.

Rabbi Hauer Reflections

ITA ROSENBLATT

I had the privilege of having R’ Hauer as my Rav for 13 years.

Although R’ Hauer had a very large kehilah, he always wished me good Shabbos with his warm smile. The same went for if he saw me in the community. He was responsive to my phone calls and emails. When I met with him, the intensity of his focus was almost laserlike, as if there was nothing else in the world more important.

R’ Hauer

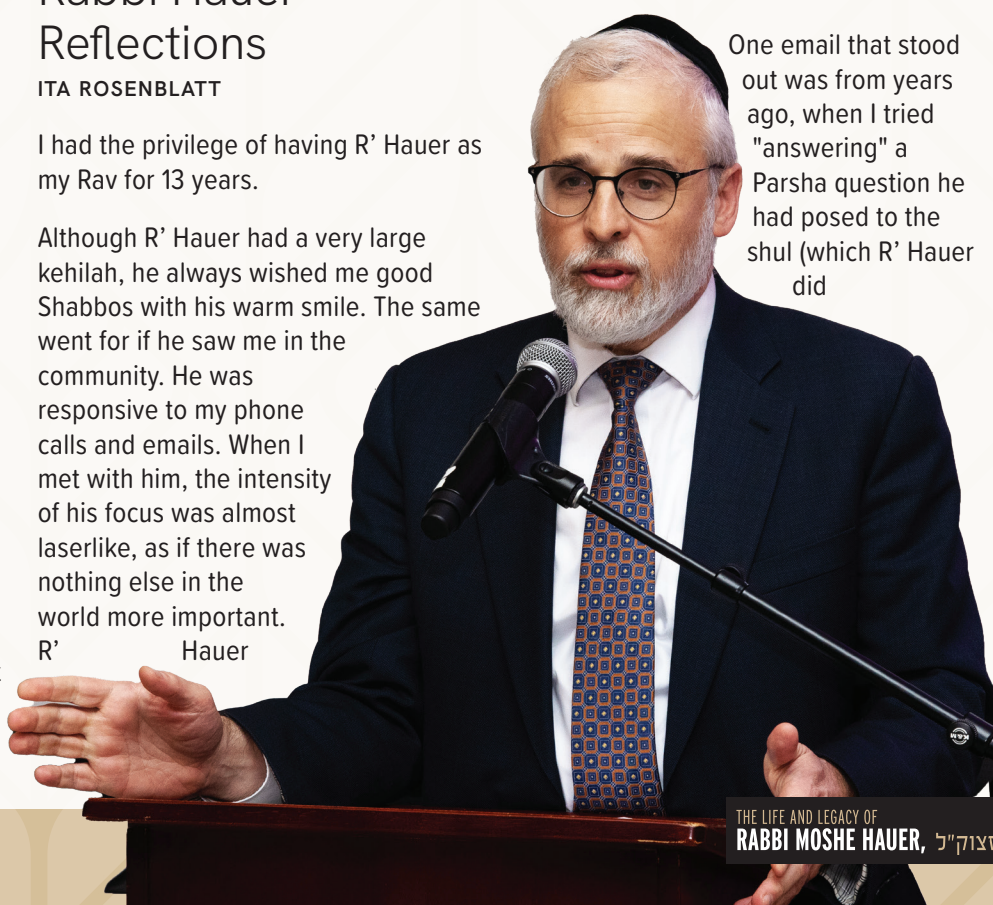
was an active listener, and there were sometimes “awkward” silences when meeting with him. This was likely because R’ Hauer did not waste any words. Like a true musar personality, every word that R’ Hauer uttered was measured and thought-out. R’ Hauer was the perfect blend of chochom and mensch. He carried himself with a royal bearing. His presence was felt immediately upon his entering a room, no matter how crowded it was.

A few personal stories to illustrate R’ Hauer’s character:

After davening in BJSZ for the Yamim Noraim for several years, I took a hiatus to stay home with my young children b’H. I knew R’ Hauer’s nigunim and used them to daven at home. At neilah, I would get chills, remembering how R’ Hauer would stop before the pasuk “Dirshu Hashem b’himatzo,” and break down in tears. R’ Hauer felt it to his core when the Tishrei period of closeness to Hashem was coming to a close.

When R’ Hauer was niftar, I combed through my emails and voicemails to see if I could find anything from him. B’H I did.

One email that stood out was from years ago, when I tried “answering” a Parsha question he had posed to the shul (which R’ Hauer did



weekly). R' Hauer wrote back that he is not looking for answers, but looking for (in his words) "new possibilities." This illustrates his insatiable thirst for Torah that was so contagious when interacting with him. It is no wonder that he chose "Toras Chaim" as the name for his website that contains many of his shiurim. R' Hauer's Torah was a living, breathing, thing that infused his every action and word.

To counterbalance the intensity which was R' Hauer, he had a great sense of humor and was very witty. The shul Purim videos were an illustration of this (some can be found on YouTube as well as the shul website). In 2012, I walked in the JCN 5K as part of the BJSZ women's team. We all had "bibs" attached to our jerseys with our number on them. The unique part was the shul logo along with a slogan: "Anu Ratzim- Fueled by Hauer Power." I don't know if R' Hauer came up with this or if he just went along with it, but he was very good natured when it came to shul humor.

Another anecdote: My 2nd son was a scheduled C-section. Apparently, I had

asked R' Hauer to daven for us and had given him the date and time of the surgery. R' Hauer emailed me the day of, saying that he was going to keep us in mind and that it should go well.

My youngest son was hospitalized in January 2020 (b'H before COVID hit) with a very bad infection ultimately requiring surgery. That time period is a blur to me. Apparently, I had called R' Hauer, asking him to daven for my son. He called a couple days into the hospitalization and left me a voicemail, asking after my son and leaving his full Hebrew name at the end of the message. This let me know that indeed, R' Hauer was davening for him. A couple days later, I had apparently called R' Hauer to let him know that my son had improved. He could have left it at that, as I obviously was not requesting a return phone call. But being the consummate mensch that R' Hauer was, he called and left me a message saying that he was acknowledging my message, and he was so happy to hear the good news. R' Hauer truly shared in the emotional lows and highs of his congregants.

May R' Hauer's sterling midos stand as a model for us to emulate. May we strive to achieve even a very small portion of the greatness he achieved in his lifetime. Hashem should comfort his family and all of his talmidim who were like his children, as well as the myriads of people who were touched by his kindness, humility, quiet strength, and caring. May his brilliant, insightful, and relevant Torah teachings live on forever.

A Memory of Rabbi Hauer

ARI MITTMAN

Prior to the shiva, the last time I was in Rabbi and Rebbetzin Hauer's home was a rainy Thursday evening in March.

Rabbi Hauer invited a small group of us to a special siyum in honor of his father's yahrzeit. Prior to his tenure with the OU, I had the privilege of taking part in a Thursday evening chaburah.

After an evening of learning, reflecting on his late father and discussing his frequent trips to Washington, the evening ended.

As I was leaving, Rabbi Hauer took me aside and asked how my father was doing. This surprised me as he had only met my father, who lives in Pennsylvania, once - at shiva for my mother seven years ago.

The bigger surprise is when he asked me to relay to my father that he was enjoying reading one of his (heavily footnoted and quite academic) books on the intersection between Jewish political theory and Western philosophy!

He Always Made Time

REUVEN KAPLAN

I have had the privilege and honor of knowing Rabbi Moshe Hauer since I moved to Baltimore twenty years ago. While all of my interactions with the Rav were both pleasant and meaningful, one experience stands out that left an everlasting impact on me.

A few days before my aufruf, Rabbi Hauer called me into his office at Bnei Jacob Shaarei Zion and told me that, unfortunately, he would not be able to attend my wedding. The Hauers were having a family event that same weekend, and Rabbi Hauer said to me, "I'll give you an important lesson in marriage — family always comes first."

My aufruf that Shabbos took place at the Ohr Sameyach Yeshiva in Monsey, NY. As I was making my way back to my seat after my aliyah, I was pleasantly surprised to see Rabbi Hauer standing



Rabbi Hauer presenting the Youth Award

CHAIM ZIMAN

there in the Ohr Sameyach Beis Medrash, greeting me with his ever-present radiant smile, giving me a warm embrace and a heartfelt mazel tov. I later learned that Rabbi Hauer had davened early that Shabbes and then walked for almost an hour to Ohr Sameyach so he could be there in time for my aliyah.

To me, this experience exemplified who Rabbi Moshe Hauer was. Though he was the Rav of a large community, he always made time for individuals, showing genuine care, warmth, and devotion to each and every Yid.

I will forever cherish Rabbi Hauer's wisdom, his sincerity, and the personal care he showed me and so many others. Yehi zichro baruch.

Forever Grateful to Rabbi Hauer

RON AND TAMAR FERENCE

Rabbi Hauer Ztv'I was our Rav in the 1995 for several years. He was so special that we felt comfortable asking personal questions. His guidance was so much appreciated and done in such a caring way!

He gave us hope and inspiration. He taught us Torah and helped us grow in many ways in our connection to Hashem.

We have a women's Shabbos shiur in our home every week. I added his name to the flyer so the learning is for a zchut for his neshama. I want to give back a little of the great chesed he did for us!

Thank you Rabbi Hauer Ztv'I for every you taught us and for accepting us into your special wings of Torah!!

A Lifelong Guide and Rav

SHLOMO BERMAN

Rabbi Hauer was involved in my life since I was nearly ten. When my family moved to the Park Heights area, we joined Bnai Jacob and Rabbi Hauer became our Rav. Rabbi Hauer helped us time and time again. Rabbi Hauer was the first person who recognized that I have a disorder that I need to deal with. Rabbi Hauer helped my sister tremendously over the years. Rabbi Hauer was at my wedding and my son's Bris. I feel bad that I did not keep up with Rabbi Hauer over the years, but I have come to find out that he was involved in our families lives in many ways. May his Neshama have an Aliyah and may he continue to be a mailetz yosher for all of us.

The Humility of Greatness

CHAIM WOLFISH

Unfortunately, I did not have a personal connection with Rabbi Hauer z"l, but I was zoche to observe him a handful of times at various events over the 18 years we have been living in Baltimore. Those events included community-wide gathering on various topics, where I had the opportunity to see one of the most genuine people to hold such a community and public role. It didnt make sense to me how such a public figure could maintain such humility and not let the positions get to his head. But this was Rabbi Hauer's greatness. Nothing mattered to him more than his local community, Eretz Hakodesh and the Jewish World. I started drafting this message before I listened and read what others have already said, which support



My wife, Layne, and I participated in a 2004 Bnai Jacob Shaarei Zion synagogue Israel trip led by Rabbi Moshe Hauer. There were so many highlights during this inspiring week, one of which took place at Kever Rachel. Rabbi Hauer had arranged to meet with Nissim Hovav, father of terrorist victim, Captain Ariel Hovav from Yishuv Eli.

This encounter was just one of many meaningful encounters that Rabbi Hauer had arranged so that we would see many facets of Israel life that most tourists do not experience.

In this picture, one can get a feel for the care and concern that Rabbi Hauer had for a grieving father.

MIKE LOWENSTEIN

my brief observations. He was our living mussar sefer.

As I was davening Friday night, I caught myself shukklng in a way I recall watching Rabbi Hauer daven the few times i had the opportunity to watch. Again, being a public figure, I would imagine it hard to feel like eyes are not on you every second everywhere you go. Yet, when he was davening, the only "eyes" that appeared to be on him was from the Ribbono Shel Olam - that's all he was focused on.



Rav Hauer looked out for others in tough spots and always shared beautiful wisdom and wonderful humour. He really had a strong capacity to bring out the best in others, and he has clearly had a tremendous impact on his family and so many others and that's the best gift a person can give. As the expression goes, it's best to teach someone how to fish rather than just to give them fish. We feel there can be no greater gift than his teaching so many 'how to fish' in the realm of middos and living a good life, because this enables others to earn their own schar and make each of their own very precious contributions.

Rav Hauer was very sure to be there during the hard times but also crucially during the happy times! When my son Yosef Dov had his Bar Mitzvah, Rabbi Hauer was clearly very joyful. He had a huge smile on his face, when helping at the Bimah or giving a speech to the Bar Mitzvah boy. I am including pictures of this as the Bar Mitzvah was on Chol haMoed. That smile was contagious and radiated great love and warmth! We should all learn from his example.

THE SNYDER FAMILY

I was thrilled to learn when the OU chose Rabbi Hauer to lead the organization. It wasn't some fancy position he obtained that would be a good "resume builder." It wasn't for fame or fortune. They could not have chosen a more perfect person. Knowing the position does not last forever, I was concerned about who is remotely similar to Rabbi Hauer when the OU were to look for his successor. And this is now the void we are experiencing.

May his neshama have an aliya, his family a nechama, and his incredible essence continue to be a guiding light for us all.

The Smile That Lit Up Every Room

ELI LAUER

Rabbi Hauer and my grandfather, Darrell Zaslow, were very close. I just remembered an interesting detail: we would often sit together, and my grandfather would try to get everyone to come hear Rabbi Hauer speak.

What also stands out in my mind is that whenever I saw Rabbi Hauer—no matter when, where, or under what circumstances—he always had a huge smile. He would approach everyone, no matter who they were—Jews, janitors, anyone—and warmly ask, "How's your day?"

I vividly remember watching him greet people with that radiant smile and seeing their faces transform—from a frown to a grin that matched his.

My grandfather often quoted Rabbi Hauer on various topics and spoke of him with deep admiration. He was, and continues to be, loved not only by my family, but by all of Klal Yisrael.

A True Comforter in Our Time of Grief

BEBE ABERGEL

On Shevi'i shel Pesach, shortly after Yom Tov began, my dear mother passed away in her apartment at the age of 98. Though her passing was not unexpected, it was still a deeply emotional and difficult moment for our family.

In the midst of his own Yom Tov meal, Rabbi Hauer immediately and selflessly left his table to come to us. With calm, compassion, and great sensitivity, he guided us through those first moments — helping us open a window, wrap my mother in a sheet, move her respectfully to the floor, and place a matzah on her, while explaining what needed to be done according to kavod hameis.

When a family is faced with loss and uncertain about the halachos and proper procedures, having someone like Rabbi Hauer there means everything. His kindness, presence, and quiet strength brought comfort and clarity when we needed it most.

We will always remember, and be forever grateful, for how Rabbi Hauer was there for us that Yom Tov — with selflessness and true compassion.

A Rav for a Lifetime

RONNIE BERMAN, YALE HILLEL MASHGIACH

I first met Rabbi Hauer, זצוק"ל, Pesach 1996, when my parents, A"H, moved to Park Place apartments, across Seven Mile Lane from Bnai Jacob. He asked me to lead Yom Tov maariv on the second night. That began my & my family's, almost 30 year relationship with this amazing Rabbi.

My family & I moved from the Woodmoor area to Park Heights after the Chagim in October 1996.

After doing some shul hopping, we settled on Bnai Jacob. We became members & I joined the rotation of Ba'alei Kriah with Chaim Schechter & Seth Rotenberg.

Previous to my son, Shlomo's, bar mitzvah, in October 1999, the Rav asked me to take over as gabbai rishon. We were about to merge with Shaarei Zion & the Rav wanted someone with a loud voice, as we were going to a much larger venue. I was honored to be asked & I remained gabbai for almost 10 years, until we moved to Lancaster, Pa., for a job as a mashgiach at Franklin & Marshall College.

The Rav was there for me & my family whenever we needed him. My father's levaya, my son's bar mitzvah & years later his wedding. My daughter's bat mitzvah among many other events in our lives.

My most outstanding memory is the Rav's tikun layl Shavuos. He would give a shiur for 5 1/2 hours, from 11:30pm until 5am. He would have a booklet printed with all the references for all of us to follow. They were amazing shiurim & I always tried to come back to Baltimore for Shavuos, so I could attend these shiurim. I still have a collection of booklets from all the years.

I always told the Rav, that no matter where I was living, he was still my Rav. Even after he left the Shul for the OU, whenever I would see him, I told him he's still my Rav.

When my mother passed away in June, 2021, the Rav called me to apologize for not being able to attend the levaya or Shiva. I was astounded that he would feel that way. That was just the kind of person he was.

His loss is devastating to me, my family, the Baltimore community & the entire Jewish world.

Yehi Zichro Baruch.

My Last Glimpse of Rabbi Hauer זצוק"ל

DARRIN FRIEMAN

Hoshana Rabbah morning. Still grasping my beaten-out hoshanos, the stirring sounds of Kol Mevasser (Voice of the Herald) resonate throughout the Shul. Suburban Orthodox Congregation begins filling up with guests, as all eyes are on the Mohel to announce Kvatter! Then, turning to my side, I notice the princely image of Rabbi Hauer standing next to me...

Upon receiving his warm greeting and trademark smile, my thoughts quickly shift to the surreal, late-breaking news of the freed hostages, and how Rabbi Hauer devoted every fiber of his being to bring them home. No longer can I hold back my emotions. Standing in the shadow of this humble and faithful Leader of the Jewish People, tears begin to flow. Tears that have been swelling up since October 7th two years ago. Tears of inexplicable joy over the return of our captives. Tears of nechama over the recent petira of my dear father z"l. Tears for being part of such a beautiful and amazing People. Tears to behold the newest 'soldier' in Hashem's army enter into the Bris Kodesh. And tears of hoda'ah for being zoche to live in the generation of Rabbi Hauer.

Many have spoken of their "brush with majesty" in Rabbi Hauer's presence. Perhaps that feeling stemmed from what Rabbi Hauer himself experienced: to fall in love, as it were, with Hashem, His Torah, and His People. Everyone to whom Rabbi Hauer reached, felt this love, lifted their feet, and 'danced' along with him. Like a chosson at his own chasunah, Rabbi Hauer's joy in serving Hashem lifted everyone around him.

This past Shabbos, we read about the Dor HaFlaga, the Generation of Dispersion. It was a time period blessed with tremendous goodness...a united people, a united language. Unfortunately, they abused this beautiful gift of achdus to storm the

Heavens, as it were, to wage war against Hashem.

And so, measure for measure, instead of unity, they were shattered into utter confusion and division. As Rashi points out, we must read pasuk 11:6 as a rhetorical question or warning: "And now, will it not be withheld from them all they have planned to do?!"

But perhaps, hidden within the words of Rashi lies a powerful message: if, to the contrary, unity is harnessed for holiness, to storm the Heavens to sanctify Hashem's name, then that very same pasuk can be read as a promise, and not as a warning: "And now, it will not be withheld from them all they plan to do." And Klal Yisroel's heartfelt pleas, sweet-smelling deeds, and precious words of Torah, will shake the heavens.

This, I believe, was Rabbi Hauer's song-his vision, his legacy. If Klal Yisroel can gather as one bundle of hoshanos, beating away every trace of sinas chinam, and revealing the good in every soul, Jew and non-Jew alike, then our united voice will pierce the heavens and herald the geulah from Above.

Rabbi Hauer, don't stop your holy mission, to be our Kol Mevasser, our endearing Kvatter, to bring the merits of the Jewish People before our loving Totty in the Himmel. And may we all speedily witness the fulfillment of Hashem's words: וְנִתְּנָה לָאֱיִבָּצָר מִקֶּדֶם כֹּל אֲשֶׁר יִזְמְנוּ לַעֲשׂוֹת

Rabbi Moshe Hauer זצוק"ל - The Shohei Ohtani of OU(r) Team

EPHRAIM DAVIS

It is well known that the Chofetz Chaim said that the reason for many modern inventions is to teach us important lessons about Yiddishkeit. For example, movies were invented, so we could have an idea of what it means that after 120, all of a person's deeds will be shown to him. Before the

invention of movies, this was probably a difficult concept for people to grasp.

L'Havdil bein Kodesh L'Chol, as I was processing the tremendous accomplishments of Rabbi Hauer, I was a having a hard time categorizing it in a way that we can relate to on a human dimension. And then this struck me.

For those of you who don't know who Shohei Ohtani is, he plays for the Los Angeles Dodgers. He is unique in that he pitches and hits, and is a superstar at both (sort of like being the Rosh Yeshiva of a 500 Boy Yeshiva, and the Rabbi of a 500 family Shul, at the same time). His accomplishments are so other worldly, that sportswriters, who are usually never short on hype, are simply at a loss for words to describe him.

As I listened to the hespedim, and tributes to Rabbi Hauer, the common thread was, how could one person do all that he did, there's simply no frame of reference.

Many Rabbis give an Amud Yomi Shiur every day for 30+ years.

Many Rabbis give a Daf Yomi Shiur every day for 25+ years.

Many Rabbis have frequent meetings with high government officials of various countries around the world.

Many Rabbis lead major communal organizations.

Many Rabbis deal with individual people's problems every day, in an empathetic and impactful way.

Many Rabbis mentor other up and coming young Rabbis.

Many Rabbis clearly articulate Orthodox Jewry point of view on major issues, in leading publications, and broadcast media.

The List could go on and on. But the real point here is that no one that I am aware of, other than Rabbi Hauer, did all of these things, EVERY DAY, DAY IN AND DAY OUT, for 30+ years. And all of this was done

with humility, and without airs. And the crowning achievement of it all, is that despite all of this, he was an extremely present and involved husband, father, and Grandfather.

As we all struggle with how to move forward, I challenge myself, and anyone who cares to challenge themselves, to the extent we can, emulate Rabbi Hauer, and see if we can elevate our game, and accomplish things we never thought ourselves capable of, for the betterment of our families, our fellow Jews, and all of Klal Yisroel.

Yhi Zichro Baruch

A Tribute

BINYOMIN ANSBACHER

So many tears have been shed for Rabbi Hauer Ztv'l. So many draining emotions. So many stories, so much pain and so much love.

As the גמרא, מסכת שבת brings: "אמר רבי נחמיה בן פזי, אמר רבי יהושע בן לוי, משום בר קפרא: כל המוריד דמעות על אדם כשר, הקדוש ברוך הוא סופרן ומניחן בבית גנזיו"

"Anyone who sheds tears over a person, the Holy One, Blessed be He, counts his tears and places them in His treasury".

I would like to use this opportunity to share some thoughts and memories of Rabbi Hauer Ztv'l that demonstrate his devotion to the individual and to the Klal.

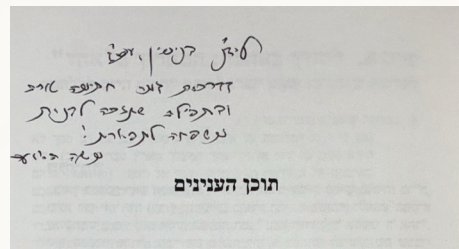
Firstly I'd like to share two personal and very meaningful experiences. Several years ago Rabbi Hauer Ztv'l had published a מערכת שמע ישראל called חיבור. I approached Rabbi Hauer Ztv'l and asked him if he would inscribe it for me. In his humility, he laughed and politely declined.

A few days later, he emailed me and said;

"Binyamin – Gmar Chasima Tova. If you truly want me to inscribe the

booklet, please bring it to the shiur tmrw.

Kol tuv!"



I was astonished that even with all his responsibilities, I was somehow on his radar and he followed up with me! Of course went for the inscription and I treasure it today.

Another experience was as follows: One Shabbos morning, Rabbi Hauer gave a דרשה on the topic of "Understanding the Concept of Daas Torah". I had some questions on what he said and I tried get a better clarification of what he meant. So I asked him about it after the דרשה. He listened to my questions and he nodded in understanding but didn't answer my question.

The following shabbos (while walking behind the ספר תורה to shake hands with every מתפלל and wish him "Good Shabbos" as he used to do) when he got to me he leaned in and said: "listen carefully to this weeks דרשה, I think you'll find some answers to your questions"

I was floored! Not only did he listen to my questions, but it mattered enough to him that when he crafted the דרשה he thought about what I was asking and inculcated his response into the דרשה. And that he made sure to mention it to me when passing me.

Another story that demonstrates Rabbi Hauer's keen sensitivity for every person is a follows: One year the group "Simply Tsfat" was in Baltimore to perform. They had a big show scheduled but it got snowed out and they had to cancel the event. Rabbi Hauer Ztv'l hosted them in his home for an impromptu kumzitz /

mini concert to help them recoup the lost revenue!

His sensitivity also extended beyond his Shul to encompass all of Klal Yisroel. His advocacy on behalf of the hostages and his efforts to bridge gap between the different walks of Jewish life are well known.

Shortly before COVID hit in full force in the United States Rabbi Hauer shared a moving sentiment. He said that he had noticed in that week's bulletin that someone has sponsored that week's Kiddush "In merit of those people in China who were suffering and dying from COVID. Rabbi Hauer expressed that he found it so poignant that someone would be so moved by the suffering of people so far removed in a country on the other side of the world! He then continued expressing the hope that this dreaded plague should never חלילה reach the shores of the United States. He referred to the פסוק:

כל המחלה אשר שמתי במצרים לא
אשים עליך כי אני ה' רופאך
(שמות ט"ו כ"ו).

However, I cherish the opportunities that I had to be swept into his enthusiasm to do for the Klal.

When CHAI launched their Western Run Stream Cleanup Initiative, Rabbi Hauer Ztv'l strongly encouraged the קהילה to volunteer and get involved. However, he didn't just urge others. He, as well, got personally involved. (Here I am working with Rabbi Hauer Ztv'l in May 2012).



Who can forget "Operation Seagate", (in November, 2012) how he galvanized the community (several bus loads!) to go help the Seagate community's victims of flooding from Hurricane Sandy? (To quote Yossi Green: "There's obviously mechanchim over there; (in Baltimore) there's obviously people who teach Klal Yisroel in Baltimore how to feel about Klal Yisroel!").



They stories are many, and these are just a few. However, I have no doubt that Rabbi Hauer Ztv'l is still working tirelessly on behalf of כלל ישראל, to advocate for us all before the כסא הכבוד. May he be מליץ יושר for his family, his קהילה and all of כלל ישראל.

תהא נשמתו צרורה בצרור החיים.



Leading by Example: Remembering Rabbi Hauer זצוק"ל

ADINA MICHELSON

It was Nisan 5769 (2009). We were still basking in the afterglow of my daughter

Eliana's Bas Mitzvah, which we had just celebrated with friends and family. Pesach was fast approaching and I quickly switched gears to prepare for the chag. We were eagerly anticipating the first Seder at my parents, a joyous start to this special Yom Tov. And then, without warning, tragedy.

Instead of the last-minute scramble to get everything ready for Yom Tov, we found ourselves sitting shiva for my father ז"ל. We were dazed, in shock, in grief. All the pre-holiday excitement had vanished. How were we to prepare? Where would we go? The last day of shiva was literally Erev Yom Tov. Rabbi Hauer stepped in and was nosei ol – a limud I later learned from him more deeply when attending his Alei Shor chabura. To be nosei ol – to help carry another's burden.

Throughout that tragic, busy week, Rabbi Hauer was nosei ol, he carried us. From rushing to Sinai to provide comfort to my mother sh'tichye and to give us halachic guidance as my father took his last breaths; to coming to my home before the levaya to meet with my mother and aunts, asking them to share happy memories of my father, to get a glimpse of him through the eyes of his loved ones; through the levaya where he gave a beautiful hesped; to shiva – he was a constant, calming presence.

And then the question, what about Seder? Where would we go? What should we do? And he reassured us, "don't worry, it will be taken care of." And we were, because he took care of us himself. Once again, he was nosei ol. He and his rebbetzin graciously extended a last-minute invite to have all of us join their family at their Seder.

We got up from shiva, exhausted and numb, and found ourselves privy to a Seder the likes of which we had never experienced. It was so regal, yet so warm and intimate, suffused with divrei Torah, sweet melodies and simple

Rabbi Hauer was nosei ol – a limud I later learned from him more deeply when attending his Alei Shor chabura for the women in our shul. To be nosei ol – to help carry another’s burden.

questions directed at the younger children.

Rebbetzin Hauer added an element of fun and engagement that I had never seen before – which I later learned was a set piece of a Hauer Seder – she had set out bowls of colorful plastic eggs inside of which were coded pieces of paper. Anyone who asked a question or said over a shtikel Torah was awarded an egg. By the time we reached Shulchan Aruch, we all had festive piles of eggs by our plates. During the meal, the children gathered everyone’s eggs, opened them to collect the pieces of paper, and cracked the “code” which led to cute prizes for each child. The evening was light and deep, fun and serious, and the perfect balm for our aching hearts.

The following year, we found ourselves surprised to receive a repeat invitation to the Hauer Seder. And so began a tradition. We had the incredible zechus to become one of the Hauer “regulars” – year after year, the first night of Pesach and the first night of Sukkos – our families reconnecting to share in the beauty of the chagim.

And so it was this year: we were welcomed into the newly built Hauer sukkah with all the other “regulars,” but which now also included many Hauer grandchildren of all ages and stages.

Zman simchaseinu. Once again, the mood was joyous. Rabbi Hauer’s radiant face beamed with nachas. It is my last memory of him. Yehi zichro baruch.

Rabbi Hauer זצוק"ל: A Voice of Reason

ELIANA (MICHELSON) WOODLAND

My earliest memory of Rabbi Hauer זצוק"ל was being brought over to him in the shul lobby after davening to wish him good Shabbos. Back then I was so shy, my words barely left my mouth as I burrowed into my mother’s side and whispered, “good Shabbos,” my ear pinned to my shoulder. He smiled at me, his eyes filled with kindness, and returned my greeting with his own gentle, yet firm, “good Shabbos.”

I frequently remember telling my mother, “I can’t talk to Moshe Rabbeinu,” because even as a 5-, 8- or 12-year-old, I had such a strong sense of Rabbi Hauer’s immeasurable greatness.

When my grandfather suddenly passed away a week before Pesach, the Hauer family started what would become a longstanding tradition of inviting us to their Pesach Seder. From the time I was twelve, I had the privilege of sitting at his table and observing his joyful interactions with his children – and later with his grandchildren. I grew out of my mousy shyness and was able to ask him questions on the Haggadah. There was no one else I preferred to ask, than him, the most rational and measured person I knew.

I would listen enraptured to his divrei Torah in shul, experience his emotional davening during the Yamim Noraim, see clips of him addressing politicians, and then watch him make silly voices with Egypt-themed finger puppets as he instilled his awe and love of our mesorah into the souls of his adorable grandchildren.

I will forever be amazed by the juxtaposition of the serious counsel I personally received from him, conversations he held with Dr. Fauci during Covid, and the warm way he

would answer his grandchildren’s questions at the Seder – their simplest questions met with a sincere, “what a wonderful question!” He was a man of so many facets.

He met with world leaders yet always made me feel as important as any dignitary. He knew what was important and he never wasted time on anything that wasn’t. No matter how crazy the world was getting, I felt a sense of safety, because he would always be there to tell us how to navigate this life.

I’ve always felt that Rabbi Hauer’s greatness stemmed from a place of solid rationality. Only complete clarity can allow someone to possess such a clear set of priorities. He couldn’t be my mesader kiddushin because he was meeting with an ambassador in New York (as he told us later). But we never had a doubt that our simcha was any less important to him than his other commitments. As soon as his meeting ended, he rushed to Baltimore (after apologizing for his lateness!) to dance with my chosson and to join in our simcha.



When Rebbetzin Hauer came to our son’s bris and shared Rabbi Hauer’s regrets for not being able to make it, I asked her, “because he’s saving the world?” And she nodded.

On the first night of Sukkos this year, as we sat in the Hauer’s sukkah, Rabbi Hauer went from person to person, introducing each guest – whether a shulmember or a grandchild – by name. To my amazement, when he reached my

14-month-old son, without hesitation he recalled all three of his names: Yisroel Yehuda Simcha!

My final memory of Rabbi Hauer will always be of him dancing with pure joy in his sukkah with his little grandchildren as they laughed with delight. The light that came from that joy was akin to the ohr haganuz, and in the darkness of the world's great loss, I keep thinking back to that moment. Because that was Rabbi Hauer's voice of reason. To capture that kind of simcha, you need to have the rationality to know what matters most.

The Sunset of Sunrises — In Loving Memory of Rabbi Moshe Hauer, ZTV'L

RABBI YECHIEL SPERO

He left This World as we began Bereishis.

Just as we finished V'Zos HaBerachah, the Torah's final song, we turned the scroll and began again.

No pause. No breath between ending and beginning.

V'Zos HaBerachah closes with the death of Moshe and Bereishis opens with creation itself.

It feels divinely scripted. Because Rabbi Moshe Hauer's life was one long Bereishis, a life of beginnings.

He lived with the wonder of first things. Every conversation, every idea, every individual — he approached as if it were brand new. There was no fatigue in him, no "I've seen this before." He believed that Hashem renews the world every morning, and he tried to live that way, too. His legacy was youth; the kind that does not fade with age, because it comes from seeing everything through the eyes of purpose.

When others saw dead ends, he saw openings. When others said, "Finished," he

said, "Start again." He tested the old boundaries, not out of defiance, but out of hope — the way a child pushes at the edge of a fence to see if perhaps, overnight, it's been moved. He was convinced that Hashem is still creating, still whispering new beginnings into a world that often forgets to listen.

Our personal connection was woven through the shared journeys of our children: our Tzvi and his Shlomo, school together, yeshivah together, and now, heartbreakingly, still together in the stories they will tell. His family is its own chapter of nobility. His rebbetzin, a semel, a true emblem of what it means to be a rebbetzin: gentle strength, quiet wisdom, steadfast commitment and heart. Her kindness ripples throughout our community in so many ways. His children carry themselves with dignity that feels inherited from generations: regal and refined, yet so disarmingly warm.

He was a rebbi and rav to thousands, but a lifelong talmid, too. From Rav Yaakov Weinberg, zt"l, he absorbed clarity, wisdom and courage; from, yibadel l'chaim, Rav Moshe Mendel Glustein, shlita, he drew majesty, humility, and strength. The two converged in him: intellect and empathy, brilliance and restraint.

"Karan ohr panav — his face shone." His voice was low, warm, velvety — one of those voices that makes you stop what you're doing. He didn't demand attention; he drew it through sincerity. A true talmid chacham, he could explain complex Torah or painful current events with the same quality: calm, clarity, compassion.

He loved Klal Yisrael with everything he had. Not as an idea, but as a family. You could see how the pain of our people lived inside him. It felt as though his neshamah waited, held on, until the hostages were released, as if his heart couldn't leave This World while theirs were still bound.

Moreover, his love for every Jew and his devotion to Torah were one, each feeding the other. He dreamed of Torah reaching every home, every individual, in ways both timeless and new. Through All Daf and his partnership with ArtScroll, that dream took

form; Torah made closer, warmer, alive in the hearts of thousands.

Baltimore is shaken, visibly so. The OU feels hollow. Young rabbanim walk through the days in disbelief. Because Rabbi Hauer was unique, a rebirth of the kind of leadership we crave: thoughtful, balanced, human. He showed what Torah looks like when it meets the modern world with courage and grace. He made people believe again that faith can be both firm and tender.

He loved Eretz Yisrael with a deep yearning that was almost physical. He admired Rav Yissachar Shlomo Teichtal and carried his Eim HaBanim Semeichah like a personal anthem — that from ruins, we rebuild; that redemption hides in courage.

Rabbi Hauer died at Bereishis, but his life was one continuous creation.

And perhaps that's how Heaven wrote it: In the death of Moshe, another Moshe rises. The setting of the sun in V'Zos HaBerachah brings the rising of the moon in Bereishis. One light fades, and another begins to glow. There are moments in history when the world loses a light, only to find that it has been scattered into thousands of smaller ones.

Reb Moshe's light does not end; it multiplies — in the homes he guided, the rabbanim he inspired, the families he believed in, the hearts he taught to see new beginnings.

Because that was his way, to find life where others saw conclusion, to believe in dawn after night.

V'Zos HaBerachah.

Bereishis bara Elokim.

The sun sets, the moon rises, and creation begins again.

And somewhere, in the heavens, Rabbi Moshe Hauer begins again, too; his voice still soft, still sure, still filled with the eternal youth of an individual that never stopped believing that creation was not finished.

Yehei zichro baruch.

Coming Tuesday, November 11

T'Nuchamu

Dear Friends,

This Should Have Existed Long Ago — Now It Does.

We all know the scene: a grieving family sitting shiva, unsure if they will get a minyan to begin on time — *or even make a minyan at all*. Community members want to help — but between carpool, shiurim, work, and everything else pulling at people's time, even the best efforts often fall short. And **Shuls simply don't have the manpower** to help guarantee a minyan at every tefillah.

As someone who's been immersed in this reality for over 15 years through my work on BaltimoreJewishLife.com (BJL), I saw firsthand how broken the system is — and how painful the gaps can be. That's what led me to create **T'Nuchamu**.

T'Nuchamu is a **groundbreaking and meticulously-developed nonprofit initiative**, designed to serve every Jewish community, worldwide. (This is more than just a Baltimore issue.)

This **purpose-built platform** ensures **shiva minyanim are confirmed in advance** and provides **real-time, personalized updates**: minyan times, address changes, visiting hours, end-of-shiva reminders, and so much more.

The solution our communities have needed for years is now built — and ready.

Please take **6 minutes and 56 seconds** to watch the video at tnuchamu.org. Then, **consider making a tax-deductible gift — or dedicating a plaque in memory or in honor of someone who would value this kind of chesed.**

With your support, we will bring this much-needed service to **every Jewish community across the globe.**

Jeff Cohn
Director

jeff@tnuchamu.org 443.286.7404 (WhatsApp)

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Where Community Makes the Minyan



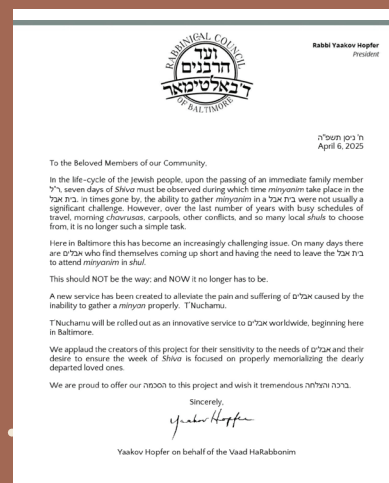
"It's a wonderful program to be part of and support. The Chesed that you can do...is something that cannot be described."

Rabbi Yaakov Hopper, Shlita
Rav, Shearith Israel Congregation
Pres., Vaad Harabanim of Baltimore



"We should all participate in making T'Nuchamu the success that it can be, so that everyone finds strength, finds community, and finds comfort."

Rabbi Moshe Hauer, זצוק"ל
Executive VP, Orthodox Union
Rabbi Emeritus,
Bnai Jacob Shaarei Zion,
Baltimore



Enthusiastic haskama of the
Vaad Harabanim of Baltimore



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