

**DR. SAMUEL GROSSMAN  
D.V.M**

January 8, 1921 - January 30, 2018

SERVICES: 12:00 NOON WEDNESDAY 1/31/2018 at HEBREW MEMORIAL CHAPEL

A LINK WILL BE PROVIDED FOR A WEBCAST OF THE FUNERAL SERVICE

Age 97, of Southfield, died January 30, 2018.

A World War II Army Veteran, Dr. Grossman was active with the American Veterinary Medical Association, A.C.L.U (American Civil Liberties Union) and W.A.N.D.

Beloved husband to the late Charlotte Grossman.

Devoted father of Laurel (Steven Fink) Stuart-Fink, Janet (Charles) Weaver and the late Mark (Louise) Grossman.

Loving grandfather of Charles (Jennifer Hirschman) Stuart and Todd (Brenda) Buehler.

Cherished brother of Joseph (late Gertrude) Grossman, Evelyn (late Harold) Cantor, late Daniel (Sandy) Grossman, Late Rose (late Louis) Rosenfeld and the late Zella (late Paul) Daugherty.

Dear brother-in-law of the late Ron (late Nancy) Linton.

Also survived by nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.

OFFICIATING:

Marty Goodman

INTERMENT:

Clover Hill Park Cemetery

SHIVA:

The family will observe Shiva through Tuesday morning

at the residence of daughter and son-in-law

Laurel Stuart-Fink and Steven Fink

6623 Heather Heath Lane

West Bloomfield, MI 48322

THE FAMILY HAS REQUESTED THAT CONDOLENCE VISITS BE MADE  
DAILY

BEGINNING AT 11:00 AM AND THROUGH 9:00 PM

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO ASSIST IN THE SHIVA MEALS, YOU SHOULD  
CONTACT

SHELLEY EIZELMAN at (248) 302-0084

RELIGIOUS SERVICES:

5:30 PM Wednesday, Thursday, Sunday and Monday evenings.

CONTRIBUTIONS:

If you would like to further honor the memory of

DR. SAMUEL GROSSMAN

you may do so by making a contribution to:

YAD EZRA

2850 W. 11 Mile, Berkley, MI 48072

248.548.3663

[www.yadezra.org](http://www.yadezra.org)

or

ASPCA

[www.aspca.org/donate](http://www.aspca.org/donate)

# Cemetery Details

## Clover Hill Park Cemetery

2425 East 14 Mile Road  
Birmingham, MI 48009

# Previous Events

## Service

JAN **31**. 12:00 PM (ET)

Hebrew Memorial Chapel  
26640 Greenfield Rd  
Oak Park, MI 48237  
(248) 543-1622  
info@hebrewmemorial.org  
<https://www.hebrewmemorial.org/>

## Shiva

JAN **31** to FEB **6** (ET)

Laurel Stuart-Fink and Steven Fink  
6623 Heather Heath Lane  
West Bloomfield, MI 48322

# Tribute Wall



“ Hebrew Memorial Chapel created a Webcast in memory of DR. SAMUEL GROSSMAN D.V.M



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**Hebrew Memorial Chapel** - January 30, 2018 at 02:56 PM



*Cannot see the service.*

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**Gloria Holzman** - January 31, 2018 at 09:00 PM

## “ PART II OF LAUREL'S EULOGY:

*so I was the fortunate one who was taken to Tiger Stadium for those wonderful balmy summers days and taught the ins and outs of the game. Those were back in the day when my cousin George Cantor had the Tiger beat in the Free Press, and cousin Michael kept his notebook of stats. Baseball was in the family blood. Dad and Janet always played cribbage or backgammon together and I would say that they played games together, but me and Dad watched games – Tiger baseball. My absolute favorite thing when he was living with us was summers of watching baseball with Dad.*

*My father was a really good husband. He took such good care of my mother, no matter what she needed. She always came first and he had so much respect and love for her. He taught me what to look for in a husband – a man with a real work ethic and undying loyalty to family. And, he was a deeply devoted father. He was always there for us. He was the family caretaker. At age 84 when I had a flat tire in downtown Detroit following a court hearing, he came down and helped me get the tire changed. This past December, when he was barely verbal and getting weaker by the day, I came to visit one afternoon and it was snowing heavily. He began gesturing to me like this, and I understood that he was telling me, “go home, I don’t want you out driving on these bad roads.” I obeyed.*

*And, I cannot speak about my father without mentioning his sense of humor – that remarkable Grossman sense of humor, wry, biting at times, always hilarious. One example and forgive me those of you who have heard this story: one day Finvola Drury, one of my parents’ closest friends called my Dad in a panic. It seems she had left a frozen steak on the kitchen counter and her basset hound Dinah had managed to pull it down on the floor and devoured the whole steak! How a short little basset hound reached a steak on a kitchen counter will forever remain a mystery! Anyway Finvola called my Dad and cried “Sam, Sam, Dinah just ate an entire frozen steak I had defrosting on the counter for dinner. What should we do?” Without missing a beat, my father responded, “Fin, if I were you, I’d open a can of tuna for dinner.”*

*The last few years of my father's life were an ever-increasing struggle and very sad. The last few months were heartbreaking. He had a great will to live, but after Mark died, I think his will to carry on was broken. It is comforting to know that he has gone on to the World of Truth, to Olam Haba. I can only say that our loss is immeasurable because he gave so much to us in life.*

*Well, I was cautioned that today, Tu'B'Shevat – the new year of the trees, not to say an overly-long eulogy. But, no matter how many words, I can never say enough to do justice to my father.*

*Dad, there are no words to thank you for all you were and did, and the love you gave me. Please moichel me and know that I always meant to be as good a daughter to you as you were a father to me.*

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**Laurel Fink - Sam's daughter** - March 06, 2018 at 04:35 PM

“ Unfortunately, the video cut out for eulogy delivered by my cousin Richard Grossman and by myself. This is what I said at my father's leviah:

*My father was the wealthiest man I have ever met. He had his share of financial struggles but he was wealthy beyond measure.*

*Everyone that met Sam Grossman loved him and wanted to be close to him. He made everyone feel loved, accepted and valued. He was kind, soft-spoken, gentle and had a wicked sense of humor! To be so loved by so many is true wealth.*

*The first lesson in value he ever taught me was when I was an eight-year old tomboy who spent my days climbing trees, riding my bike and playing ball in the streets of our northwest Detroit neighborhood. I also loved to read, and in my bookcase was a book about dancing, and I had a good friend who loved dance and offered to buy it from me. I asked my Dad how much I should charge her and his response was to ask me how much value the book had for me. Of course it had no value, so I gave it to my friend. OK, he was not much of a businessman, but I would not trade that lesson for all the money in the world. And, though he was not a great businessman, he was a wonderful veterinarian. For many years as a little girl I used to go to work with him on Saturday afternoons. I remember other veterinarians calling my father to discuss difficult cases, because he was such a superb diagnostician. It was like a puzzle for him, and he was tenacious to a fault – he would not give up until he solved the puzzle of what was ailing his patients. He loved puzzles too and spent decades solving the daily Freep crossword and then Sunday NYT crossword.*

*In those days, vets were general practitioners, not highly specialized like today's vets are. He did it all, including surgeries, and drove our mother crazy when he would bring home a jar with some tumor or some body part he had removed from a dog, floating in a bottle of formaldehyde or whatever it was and set it down on the kitchen table – just as dinner was being served – and said “look what I took out of a German Shepard today!”*

*He was a hero to me – the great man that saved the lives of sick*

*and injured animals. The man who would comfort me when I was fearful at night, and the father who read me Winnie-the-Pooh and laughed more than I did at the wonderful stories.*

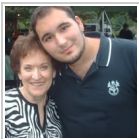
*As I matured, he became a hero to me in another way as well – my father was a man who did not speak ill of people. He really held to the practice that if a person did not have something nice to say, they should not say anything at all. That is not an easy practice and he has been an inspiration to me in improving myself.*

*My father had great musical talent. He played clarinet and our great delight was playing duets together, he on clarinet and me on piano, when I was a teenager. He sang beautifully, and our home was always full of music as I was growing up – Broadway musicals, classical and the great melodies and swing music of the '40's. He loved to sing and it was a joke in our house that he would turn everything in to a song. I remember one evening about ten years ago, when Janet and Charlie were visiting from Traverse City. Dad was living with me and Steven then – had lived with us for several years after our mother died – and we had a DVD of a Bruce Springsteen concert blasting in the TV room. He came and joined us with his bongos and spent a couple hours happily drumming and rockin' & rollin' with his kids, pushing the envelope on his musical tastes and really enjoying the concert! My father could still sing beautifully as recently as a month ago, when we watched and sang along to The Sound of Music on TV.*

*My father loved baseball, and shared that love with me. I was the only one of us three kids who got hooked, (see second post for the remainder)*

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**Laurel Fink - Sam's daughter** - March 06, 2018 at 04:33 PM



“ *Sam was a wonderful friend with whom I shared time spent with his family and some of his terrific friendships like Helen Sandberg.. He was a kind and caring person who loved and took pride in his family above all . He will be sorely missed by all who knew him.*

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**Gloria Holzman** - January 31, 2018 at 10:29 AM

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“ *My brother was one of the most sweetest person i have ever known. For over 30 years, Sam and I played cribbage once a week.. We loved talking sports. He will be forever missed by everyone who knew him..*

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**JoeH** - January 30, 2018 at 03:59 PM