



## **YECHESKEL MOSKOWITZ**

### **VISIONARY BUILDER AT THE INTERSECTION OF DEEP TECH, CAPITAL, AND NATIONAL RENEWAL**

Yechezkel Moskowitz is a founder, investor, and strategist focused on building mission-driven companies that strengthen America's industrial, energy, and technological future. He is the Founder and Managing Partner of Synergos Holdings and the Synergos Fund, where he leads efforts to launch, back, and scale next-generation ventures across energy, advanced manufacturing, infrastructure, agriculture, and other frontier sectors.

He is also the Chief Visionary Officer of Curio, a company working to help close the nuclear fuel cycle and unlock a new era of clean energy, resource security, and advanced medical applications. Through his work, Yechezkel has helped shape ventures and platforms designed not only to generate returns, but to solve large civilizational problems with long-term strategic importance.

His broader investment and operating philosophy is rooted in conscious capitalism, American renewal, and stakeholder value creation. He is particularly focused on opportunities that combine strong commercial upside with national resilience, scientific advancement, and practical public benefit. Over the years, he has played a leading role in structuring growth strategies, capital formation efforts, public-private partnerships, and long-range vision for emerging companies operating in highly complex sectors.

In addition to his work in business and innovation, Yechezkel is deeply committed to Jewish learning, heritage, and communal responsibility. His worldview is shaped by Torah values, a belief in meaningful stewardship, and a conviction that enterprise should be a force for human flourishing. He is passionate about building institutions that endure, preserving what matters, and supporting efforts that strengthen faith, family, and community.

Whether launching companies, guiding investment strategy, or advancing transformative technologies, Yechezkel brings a rare combination of vision, conviction, and practical execution. His work is driven by a simple idea: that bold leadership, disciplined capital, and principled purpose can help build a stronger future for the next generation.

# The Music Beneath the Noise

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There is a point at which coincidence becomes an insufficient word.

Two families “just happen” to move into the same neighborhood next door to each other at the same time. A friendship “just happens” to form between two of the people who otherwise might have passed through life as acquaintances. Years later, after multiple moves, careers, children, and all the drift that usually pulls people apart, the relationship begins to deepen once again instead of fading. Conversations return at exactly the moments they are needed. Responsibilities align. Opportunities open at the right time. Even loss, unbearable as it is, reveals patterns that were invisible while each of their lives were being lived forward.

You can call that randomness if you want. But eventually randomness starts to sound less rational than meaning or intention. I had a friend whose life changed mine in ways that were mostly quiet.<sup>1</sup> He listened deeply. He carried responsibility seriously. He took the long way, literally and figuratively, if it made things easier for someone else. He was the kind of person who made you better simply by being near him. When he died, what struck me was not only grief. It was the strange persistence of purpose. His absence did not feel like the end of a story. It felt like an unfinished handoff.

Promises made in his direction still felt binding. The responsibilities he carried did not disappear; they fell, in part, to those who loved him. The good he started did not feel extinguished. It felt entrusted. That is not how a purely material universe is supposed to work. If human beings are only chemistry, then love should reduce to attachment, grief to neurological distress, conscience to social conditioning, and meaning to a comforting fiction. But that is not how real life feels when it is lived honestly. What remains after death is not only memory. It is moral weight. Obligation. Calling.

And then there are the “coincidences.”

The right people placed in each other’s lives at the right times. Doors opening only after years of delay. A final sense of peace arriving only after commitments are made to care for those left behind. Small moments that, viewed alone, can be explained away—but together form a pattern too coherent to dismiss.

It reminds me of music. A single note proves nothing. But when enough notes appear in the right relationship to one another—repeating, resolving, building tension and release—you stop calling it noise. You recognize composition. Life feels like that to me. Not always clearly. Not always comfortably. But unmistakably.

I do not believe in God because I solved an equation. I believe because I have watched life produce too much meaning, too much conscience, too much convergence, too much moral beauty for mere accident to be the final explanation.

At some point, enough “coincidences” become a melody. And melodies have composers.

**Footnote:**

1) Mo Kriendler