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Nedarim Daf 29

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The Mishna had stated: If he declares, “May these plants be consecrated (as an offering) [until they are knocked down,]” they cannot be redeemed.

The Gemora asks: And is this forever (why should this be)?

Bar Padda said: [The Mishna means as follows:] He redeems them, and they become consecrated again; he redeems them (again), and they become consecrated again (and this cycle continues), until they are knocked down. [Once that happens] they redeem them one time, and it is sufficient.

Ulla said: [The Mishna means as follows:] Once they are knocked down, there is no reason for him to redeem them (for their sanctity departs automatically).

Rav Hamnuna said to him (*Ulla*): The sanctity that was placed on them, where did it go? And what if someone said to a woman, “Today you are my wife, but tomorrow you will not be my wife,” does such a woman depart without a get? [Obviously not! For once she is acquired as his wife, the marriage cannot simply disappear; so too here, the consecration cannot disappear by itself!]

Rava said to him: How can you compare monetary sanctity (such as the plants) with physical sanctity (as the wife)? Monetary sanctity can depart by itself, while physical sanctity cannot depart by itself!?

Abaye said to him (*Rava*): Is it true that physical sanctity cannot depart by itself? But it was taught in a braisa: If someone vows, “My ox should be a korban olah (*burnt offering*) for thirty days, and then after thirty days it should be a korban shelamim (*peace offering*), the law is: For the first thirty days it is an olah, and afterwards it is a shelamim. How can this be (*according to your position that physical sanctity does not depart by itself*)? The animal has physical sanctity (of an olah), and yet, it departs by itself!?

The Gemora answers: The case of the braisa is where the animal was sanctified for its monetary value (i.e., the animal should be sold, and within thirty days, the money should be used to purchase an olah, and after thirty days, the money should be used to purchase a shelamim, but the animal itself was not consecrated as a korban. [*The Ran explains that the animal must have been a blemished animal for this to be effective, for otherwise, it would become physically sanctified as a korban.*]

The Gemora asks: But let us consider the latter part of the braisa which states: [If he says] After thirty days it should be an olah after thirty days, but from now, it should be a shelamim (the law is that his stipulation is effective, and it is a shelamim for the first thirty days, and then it is an olah). Now, it is understandable that the Tanna required to teach two cases if one was referring to a case of physical sanctity, while the other

was referring to a case regarding monetary sanctity. This is because you might have thought to say that physical sanctity does not depart by itself, but monetary sanctity does depart by itself; this is why the Tanna taught two cases (to teach that even physical sanctity departs by itself). However, if both cases refer to monetary sanctity, why was it necessary to teach two cases? Now, if you say regarding a case where the animal is transferred from a stringent sanctity (*olah, which is kodshei kadashim, the most stringent classification of korbanos*) to a less stringent sanctity (*as a shelamim is in the classification of kodshim kalim*) – that the (first) sanctity departs by itself, is it necessary to state that this law would apply where the animal is transferred from a less stringent sanctity to a more stringent sanctity? [This should therefore be a refutation of Rava, who says that physical sanctity cannot depart by itself!]

The Gemora asks: Shall we say this is a refutation of Bar Padda, for he says that physical sanctity does not depart by itself!?

Rav Pappa answers: Bar Padda will answer to you the following: The (*second case of the*) braisa means to say: If the person did not say, “From now it shall be a shelamim,” it would become an olah offering after thirty days (for it is only the sanctity of the shelamim that prevents it from becoming an olah). [*The Ran explains that the teaching is that even though no sanctity was conferred when his pledge was made, the sanctity can still take effect after thirty days.*] This is similar to the case of a man who gave a woman money and said to her, “Become betrothed to me after thirty days,” in which case the marriage is effective, although the money was consumed (before the thirty days arrived).

The Gemora asks: This is obvious (that the animal is consecrated, and why is it necessary for the braisa to teach this)!?

The Gemora answers: This is necessary to teach us that even if the person retracts his consecration (before thirty days), his retraction is not effective.

The Gemora asks: This can be the novelty of this teaching according to the opinion (*in Kiddushin 59a*) that the *kiddushin* (in a case where the man said, “Become betrothed to me after thirty days”) can in fact not be retracted (by the woman). However, according to the opinion that it can be retracted, what is the novelty?

The Gemora answers: The novelty is as follows: Even according to the opinion that the *kiddushin* may be retracted, the case of an offering is different, as we apply the principle that “one’s verbal declaration (*pledge*) to the Holy is like the actual transferring of an object to a private person.” (28b – 29b)

DAILY MASHAL

Treitel and the Feathers

Full of pride and tremendous satisfaction, Treitel bent over, grasped the treasure in his fist and entered the ramshackle cabin. He was the scion of a family for whom dire poverty was a well-established way of life. A legend passed down through the generations in his family told about a forefather who was awarded a huge amount by the king after bravely defeating robbers who tried to grab the royal treasures. The legend ends when the award was stolen from that hero just a day

later. Never again did any member of the family own a considerable sum of money – and that’s no legend.

It’s no wonder that Treitel never anticipated having anything for himself, until a fateful meeting with a servant of a local nobleman hit him like a bolt of lightning. The servant innocently related an amazing detail of his master’s life and 15-year-old Treitel decided to make his dream come true, no matter what.

After wandering around the local market one morning, Treitel was about to return home when he suddenly came across a boy weeping bitter tears. Say about Treitel what you wish but between the weak ribs of his thin body there beat a merciful heart. Without a word he gently sat the boy on the fence of the neighboring bakery. The trembling lad told him that he had run away from his master because of a serious incident that occurred that morning.

“I was shaking out the nobleman’s pillow, as I do each morning, when the sharp edge of his silver letter-opener caught the pillow and thousands of feathers filled the room. Terrified, I fled immediately.” Treitel tried to comfort the boy but was bothered by the question as to what those feathers were doing in the nobleman’s room. Once the boy calmed down somewhat, Treitel decided that his story couldn’t be true and accused the young lad of being a liar: “Brother, the story never happened. What should feathers be doing in a nobleman’s room? Tell me!” The servant blinked and like someone telling an important secret from the palace, he described the big pillow, full of feathers, that the nobleman used every night. All the rich people, he added, do the same.

Feathers under one’s head. A few days passed till Treitel’s slow brain grew accustomed to the amazing fact that rich people sleep on feathers. Silver and gold

they have like sand on the beach, he feverishly thought. If they wanted, they could rest their heads on gold but since they choose feathers, it must be significant. After a complicated calculation he reached the conclusion that a man’s life is divided in two parts. Half of his life he is awake and half of his life he sleeps. A rich person, he thought, enjoys his money during the day and when the stars come out he takes pleasure on his feathers. I, a son of the poor, shall never be rich but at least half of my life I can live like the rich. I’ll put feathers under my head and sleep like the rich!

All he had to do was to get some feathers. Nothing simpler, he thought. Eagerly he started to look for feathers. For a few days he chased fat chickens in the pathways of the town and once, coming through the market, he met the nobleman’s servant and showed him a bag full of feathers and pointed to his head as if to say that it would soon rest in luxury. To his amazement, the boy just waived his hand. “Treitel”, he admonished, “you think rich people sleep on chicken feathers? Are you out of your mind?” The boy flared his nostrils with pride. “The rich sleep on goose feathers. Geese – not chickens – you hear?” And the boy left Treitel shocked in the midst of the market.

Disappointed, he slowly emptied out his precious bag-full in a corner of the market and renewed his efforts but as hard as it had been to gather chicken feathers, it was simple work compared to his failing attempts to gather goose feathers. Geese were kept in pens, intended for the rich once suitably fattened. Every goose feather was worth a chicken’s egg. Eventually, after much exertion, Treitel managed to get two big and impressive goose feathers into his worn-out bag. That night there was no one happier than Treitel. All afternoon he had toiled to arrange his feathers on the floor of his cabin-home. For all his excitement he

hadn't managed to finally arrange their order. At first he arranged them one on top of the other but then changed his mind. After all, he wanted to enjoy both feathers simultaneously, so he arranged them next to each other. They were finally arranged like a kamatz with the upper one turned slightly on its side like a work of art.

The stars looked down on him with a clear gaze. He still didn't manage to decide how to put his head on the feathers. Should he sleep on his side? If so, should he put his ear on the upper feather and his cheek on the lower? Should he have his right side have the pleasure of the first night or his left side...? At a late hour he curled up in a few sacks mercifully sewn by his mother and...

His mind, that had been exerted in the last few days as never before, needed immediate rest but on this happiest of nights he felt an almost imperceptible pain in his right ear. He ignored it. How could that pain be considered compared to the pleasure of sleeping on goose feathers?

The pain became worse. Treitel sat up in the pitch dark and rummaged with his fingers on the floor, careful not to move the feathers. He had to find the small pebble that bothered his rest. Suddenly his heart skipped a beat. The supposed pebble was only the tip of the lower feather. Stupid thing that I am, he thought, as he turned the feather deftly. But rest was still far away. The upper feather etched a thin scratch in his nose while the lower one mercilessly stuck in his throat. He refused to believe it. Those feathers, that were supposed to make his sleep a pleasure, were constantly sticking into him. Despite his engineering designs over which he toiled the whole night long – right, left, up, down – nothing helped. Those feathers, that he had

already begun to secretly hate, were jabbing him incessantly.

Worn out, disappointed and frustrated, a scratched Treitel came across the nobleman's servant and spouted his seething anger. "Either you're a liar or all the rich are crazy. I couldn't get along with two feathers. How can they get along with thousands of them?" The servant's peals of laughter reverberated throughout the village...

[The lesson from this story will be taught in the next Daf.]