Study Notes for the Sunday Mass Published by Christians for Christ Ministries. We are a non-denominational Christian ministry that seeks to encourage and facilitate Christians in studying the Holy Scriptures. **"For there is one God and one mediator between God and mankind, the man Christ Jesus."** 1 Timothy 2:5

Abdeel



-Father of Shelemiah Jeremiah 36:26

Abda



-Father of Adoniram 1 Kings 4:6

Abba



-Father Mark 14:36; Romans 8:15; Galatians 4:6

Abarim



Abana

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-River of Damascus 2 Kings 5:12

Abagtha



-A Persian chamberlain Esther 1:10

Abaddon



-Lhe angel of the bottomless pit Revelation 9:1 1

Aaron



-Lineage of Exodus 6:16-20; Joshua 21:4, 10; 1 Chronicles 6:2, 3; 23:13

-Marriage of Exodus 6:23

-Children of Exodus 6:23, 25; 1 Chronicles 6:3; 24:1, 2

-Descendants of Exodus 6:23, 25; 1 Chronicles 6:3-15, 50-53; 24

-Meets, Moses in the wilderness and is made spokesman for Moses Exodus 4:14-16, 27-31; 7:1, 2

-Inspiration of Exodus 12:1; Leviticus 10:8; 11:1; 13:1; 15:1; Numbers 2:1; 4:1, 17; 18:1; 19:1; 20:12

-Commissioned as a deliverer of Israel Exodus 6:13, 26, 27; Joshua 24:5; 1 Samuel 12:8; Psalm 77:20;

105:26; Micah 6:4

-Summoned to Sinai with Nadab, Abihu, and seventy elders 24:1, Exodus 19:24; 9, 10

-Priesthood of Exodus 28:1; 29:9; Numbers 17; 18:1; Psalm 99:6; Hebrews 5:4

-Consecration of, to the priesthood Exodus 28; 29; Leviticus 8

-Enters upon the priestly office Leviticus 9

-Descendants of, ordained priests forever Exodus 28:40-43; 29:9; Numbers 3:3; 18:1; 1 Chronicles 23:13; 2

Chronicles 26:18

-Judges Israel in the absence of Moses Exodus 24: 14

-Makes the golden calf Exodus 32; Acts 7:40; Deuteronomy 9:20, 21

-Rod of, buds Numbers 17; Hebrews 9:4

-Preserved Numbers 17; Hebrews 9:4

-Murmured against, by the people Exodus 5:20, 21; 16:2-10; Numbers 14:2-5, 10; 16:3-11, 41; 20:2; Psalm

106:16

-Places pot of manna in the ark Exodus 16:34

-With Hur supports the hands of Moses during Battle Exodus 17:12

-His benedictions upon the people Leviticus 9:22; Numbers 6:23

-Forbidden to mourn the death of his son, Nadab and Abihu Leviticus 10:6, 19

-Intercedes for Miriam Numbers 12:11, 12

-Stays the plague by priestly intercession Numbers 16:46-48

-Jealous of Moses Numbers 12:1

-His presumption, when the rock is smitten Numbers 20: 10-12

-Not permitted to enter Canaan Numbers 20: 12, 23-29

-Age of, at death Exodus 7:7; Numbers 33:38, 39

-Death and burial of Numbers 20:27, 28; Deuteronomy 10:6; 32:50

-Character of Psalm 106:16

Hanah's Testimony



When I was in my 4th year high school, I used to be very spoiled and lazy. I never really cared about my grades since my only aim was just to pass. Every day when I got home from school, my first

destination would be my computer. I would spend my whole night lazing around the computer instead of spending the whole night with my family. I would always remember the tiring face of my parents whenever I arrive in the house. I can see that they've been doing their best to send me and my brothers to school. That kind of love that they sacrificed themselves for our sake never reached me. I was immature back then. I was in the dark. I was blinded. The things I should have valued back then should have been the things that can't be bought my money and I regretted that the most. The sinner, ugly, terrible and nightmare 'me' was my worst enemy and I didn't realize it until God taught me a lesson. The lesson made me come to God. It made me know him. It made me desire him more and more.

It was 4 weeks before college starts. It was Sunday, my brothers and I are getting ready to go to church. My parents can't go since my father's heart started aching and I was very worried, so I asked mom to watch over him. When I got home from church, my father was still there, massaging his heart. I asked him if it was really serious and he nodded. I told my mom to send him to the hospital but my mom said it was just normal. I was angry when my mom said that. She didn't realize that it was really serious. I entered the room where my father was at. I asked him plenty of questions about the symptoms he experienced; my father participated and answered all my questions. I want to help figure out my father's sickness since my mom doesn't want to take him to the doctor. I wrote down everything he said and I searched it on Google, but no matter how hard I try to search for answers, I really can't find it. Let's face it, I am not a doctor and trying to be one doesn't help in our case.

I forced my mom to let him go to the doctor, but my mom won't budge. She's still determined about not letting my dad go. That night, my father finally said that he wants go to see the doctor, so my mom finally agreed. I was in front of my computer, surfing the net when my parents started packing. Before my father left, I asked him if he wants to bring his bible. He smiled and said yes. I was happy to see him smile. He loves the Lord more than ever. He loves him more than us and that's enough for me to smile while writing this. I got the bible and gave it to him. After a few minutes, they went off. I waved good bye to them, and I never knew that, that was the last time that I would see him…
I was the one watching my parents' business since they're both in the hospital. I manage their business while watching Korean dramas. I was irritated. I wished my mom closed the store so that I wouldn't be the one watching it. Anyways, my dad was immediately sent to the ICU and my mom frowned at that. ICU was expensive and my mom doesn't want to spend money on expensive bills. My mom wants the nurses to transfer my dad to a normal room. After 2 days, my father was transferred to a normal room. It was Thursday when my father asked to see me. I wasn't able to go since I have to watch over the business. I was at the store and my brothers and I were planning to see my dad, to have dinner together with him.

My mother called and my brother was the one who picked up the phone. Suddenly, my brother yelled, "Dad can't breathe! hurry!
I was in between of reality and imaginations. I don't know if it were true. The reality never sunk in that moment. I thought I was dreaming. I thought it was all me. I thought it was all just a prank.

But as I look at my brother's face, I know then that it was no joke. I was finally convinced that it was true, that it was not a dream, imaginations nor a prank. This is the moment when all things became important, and every seconds of that time was very important.

I hurriedly ran outside the house with my brothers, leaving behind the store. Who cares about the store when my father is in that kind of state??

While we were on the cab, me and my two brothers kept on praying to God non-stop. We prayed to spare my dad's life. When we got to the hospital, we asked the information desk on what door number is our dad. They said the number and we rashly run to the stairs.

When we arrived on the 4th floor, I saw my mother outside the room, talking with my dad's doctor. My mom's face was so troubled. And in an unconscious moment, my feet and hands began to trouble as I kept nearer and nearer to the door, that seemed to be the scariest thing that I've ever seen and felt in my entire life. When I finally arrived, there were nurses and doctors everywhere. They were pumping my dad's heart, in hope of him being revived. As I was standing with my stoned-body, the only thing I could hear was the sound of the ECG. It made my heart beat in panic.
I can't take it anymore. I can't stand there looking at my dad, as he fights for his life. So, I ran outside the room, and into the hall. I found a dark place where I could be alone. At that place, I prayed to God desperately, seeking for his mercy and his grace. I cried, but not too much. My hands were still shaking while I sat there, almost losing my sanity. While I was praying, a feeling came to me, a feeling that I was not sincere, that I was just blurting words and words just to save my dad. I was only thinking of myself and I was not thinking of God because I half-didn't believe that he would revive my dad.

I was a Christian ever since my childhood. But now that I think about it, I was only a Christian by religion only. But at some point of time, I believed in Jesus, I believed in the Holy Spirit and also the God of all Gods.

And then, my brother came to me with a loud voice. I can't hear him since he's not being very clear. At first, I thought he was laughing but as he came nearer to me, I could hear his voice clearly. He was crying, together with my little brother. "Dad is gone!" He cried loudly.

I was shock and I almost can't believe it. My dad…my dad was gone?? Was this true? Wait no…he's just sleeping, yeah…he's probably sleeping. Don't worry about it… I'm alright. I would see him after all this was over…this is just a terrible dream…just a nightmare. I would wake up soon…

I was not crying when all my two brothers were crying. I was staring at the ground, staring like a broken doll. But I knew that I need to comfort my brothers, so I told them that Dad is in heaven. They also agreed. So, their cries lessen a little.

I went to my mother and I saw her sitting beside my dad. Her eyes had dried because of too much crying.
And then, I focused to my dad's lifeless body. I touched his cold feet with a sorrow feeling within my

heart. My dad had left us. Suddenly, all memories of him came showering on my mind. The time when we fought, the time when I got him angry, the time when all of us laugh, the time when all family ate together and the time when we talked about God.

He was a Christian, he believed in Jesus and his life was devoted to only serving him. I would see him reading his bible every night and when trouble comes, like the time when his heart started aching; he immediately got up and read the bible for 3 hours straight. Can't you believe it? The most trouble times he had, he spent it with the Lord. He never complained about his illness nor does he cry about it. He was a strong dad. He's a very kind and loving father. He was loyal to my mother and he really loves us. He also served the Lord with a loyal heart, which is why I was moved by his loyalty towards God.

I started thinking about God and I came to this conclusion. I need God and I can't live without him. The day of my father's burial was also the day that I will attend the youth camp. It was a perfect timing. It felt like God has planned all this.

While I was in the camp, God suddenly touched my heart. It was amazing. It's the feeling of comfort and peace.

Before my father passed away, I was enslaved by my computer. I can't live without my computer and when my parents try to take it away from me, I get very angry. I was worshiping this computer; it is because I put this computer before God.

And God planned to free me from this slavery. The reason why he took dad with him was because he wants me and my family to come to know him. He wants us to realize that he is merciful and full of love. He is the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end. He is everything.

After the camp, I was scared to go home. I can't bare the feeling that I will remember the memories with my dad again. So, I prayed and ask God to be my strength and my comforter. I asked him to be my guidance when I go home. I pleaded him to take away these aching feeling. And he heard my prayers and guided me to my house. Although I still remember the memories, it was different. It was a warm kind of set-up. It was God saying that my dad is there with him.

Hanah

Tyler's Testimony: Discovering the all

Powerful God



It looks like I have it easy. I have a good family, have plenty of money, I go to church every week, I have good friends. But they don't know what is really going on inside me. My life took a wrong turn A long time ago when I first decided to look up something bad on the internet.

It was third grade and the teachers left me in her class room alone to heat up my corndog while the rest of the class went to lunch. I saw her computer siting open and seized the opportunity. I googled "boob". I saw pictures and I liked it and I knew it was wrong. Next I did it at home. Then when I got my first ipod I could do it almost anywhere. I was looking at all kinds of porn. Then as if the lust wasn't enough I discovered masturbation. Wanna guess how? Watching a porn video. So now I could feel like I was having sex with the girlss in the videos. All the while, knowing all this was wrong, I continued to do it. Sometimes I would look up things about guys naked because I wanted to see if I was growing normally. This was not a good decision. Eventually I got bored with the porn and wanted more. I've learned that even sin gets bored and look for ways to become more exciting. I remembered looking up the guys and figured I could look up guys masturbating videos so I could learn some more exciting methods. Another bad Idea. This led to more of a porn addiction and morphed into something even worse: a gay porn addiction. Every day when I got home from school I would go "take a shower" and masturbate watching videos on my iPod until I got a phone and used it. I loved it until it was over and then I would cry and pray and ask forgiveness. But what would I do the next day? Do it all over again. To gay porn, because the straight porn was old hat. Soon I started looking at guys in a sexual way even some of my friends. I hated it so much but I knew I'd done it to myself. By the time I turned fifteen i had enough but by this time, an addiction is and addiction and you can't just stop. I really repented on December 10th 2014. It lasted a week before I lost track of

the praying and reading and everything and was back to my old self. Then late January I had enough. After the nights shower I went to bed and closed the door and started my usual forgive me prayer. It went on for hours of crying and listening to gospel music and reading psalms until I just started yelling at god. I hated him for letting me get this way. For leaving me alone through these struggles. For not answering me after I pray sometimes until the early morning hours. I told him I wished he'd kill me so I could go to hell because I thought even hell would be better than what I was going through on earth. I had to put on my mask every morning and looking like the perfect Christian kid even though I was private about my faith because I hadn't been baptized. But I still didn't feel god. I didn't think he was there. I was shaking with anger. I said some terrible things to god and finally I just told him I was going to sleep, it was past midnight by now, and that if he really cared about me he wouldn't make me wake up. I told him to kill me and send me to hell. I tried to sleep but I couldn't. I started feeling bad for what id done. I still hadn't gotten any answers but i had moved past the anger and was now just sad and guilty. I sat up in my bed and just cried until I looked onto my nightstand and saw my bible sitting there. I don't know why but I grabbed it and just flipped to random pages and something caught my eye. For some reason it opened to job 40. In previous chapters job had been angry at god similarly to the way I was and what Caught my eye was gods response. " I am the LORD All-Powerful, but you have argued that I am wrong. Now you must answer me." Here I had just screamed at God for not answering me and not being with me. And here he goes, giving me an answer. And harsh one at that. I just broke down crying and continued reading and thanking him and apologizing. I loved God more right then than any moment in my entire life. I stayed awake for almost another hour reading, and praying, and studying. I ended up meditating on Jeremiah 29:13- "you will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart." I was struggling to find God and being angry at him because I couldn't and he says "listen to me and answer me now" and when I do he tells me to "seek him with all my heart". That sounds great but how do I do that. Then I figured, you can't seek God with all your heart if your heart is stained with sin and lusts. I needed to purify my heart to find God. I ended going to sleep peacefully that night. One of the worst nights of my life, turned into the greatest by the grace of God.

I wish I could say I've been a great Christian ever since but I'm still trying to break my addiction and still on my journey to purify my heart. But now I know even at my lowest points, even if I can't feel him, God is always there.

Tyler