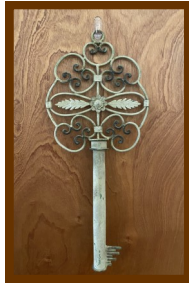




# Franklin United Methodist Church

April 10, 2020~Good Friday Tenebrae Service

Worship online at~<http://umc-franklin.org/sunday-morning-worship>



## Greeting & Welcome

## Opening Prayer

## Scripture

John 18:1-19:42

Translation by James H. Charlesworth

## The Message

Pastor Polly Standing

## Special Music

“When Love Sees You”

by Mac Powell

(Sung from Jesus’ perspective)

Kimberly Perez, Soloist

## Special Music

“King of the World” by Natalie Grant

Cadie Martin, Soloist

I tried to fit you in the walls inside my mind.  
I try to keep you safely in between the lines.  
I try to put you in the box that I've designed.  
I try to pull you down so we are eye to eye.

When did I forget that you've always been the king of the world?  
I try to take life back right out of the hands of the king of the world.  
How could I make you so small?  
When you're the one who holds it all.  
When did I forget that you've always been the king of the world?

Just a whisper of your voice can tame the seas.  
So who am I to try to take the lead.  
Still I run ahead and think I'm strong enough.  
When you're the one who made me from the dust.

When did I forget that you've always been the king of the world?  
I try to take life back right out of the hands of the king of the world.  
How could I make you so small?  
When you're the one who holds it all.  
When did I forget that you've always been the king of the world?

Ohhhh, you set it all in motion.  
Every single moment.  
You brought it all to be.  
And you're holding on to me.

When did I forget that you've always been the king of the world?  
I try to take life back right out of the hands of the king of the world.  
How could I make you so small/  
When you're the one who holds it all.  
When did I forget you've always been the king of the world?  
You will always be the king of the world.

Blessed are you as you weep on your knees.  
With perfume and tears washing over my feet.  
And blessed are you, beggar, hopeless and blind.  
Calling for mercy when I'm passing by.  
Blessed are you, shaking your head.  
At two tiny fish and some bread.  
And blessed are you as you tremble and wait,  
For the first stone thrown at your sinful disgrace.

Tell me your story, show me your wounds.  
And I'll show you what love sees when love looks at you.  
Hand me the pieces, broken and bruised.  
And I'll show you what love sees when love sees you.

Blessed are you, walking on waves.  
To find yourself sinking when you look away.  
Blessed are you, leper, standing alone.  
The fear on their faces is all the you've known.  
Blessed are you, lonely widow who gave,  
Your last shiny coin to Yahweh.  
Blessed are you with your silver and lies.  
Kissing the one who's saving your life.

Tell me your story, show me your wounds.  
And I'll show you what love sees when love looks at you.  
Hand me the pieces, broken and bruised.  
And I'll show you what love sees when love sees you.

I see what I made in your mother's womb.  
And I see the day I fell in love with you.  
I see your tomorrows, nothing left to chance.  
I see my Father's fingerprints.  
I see your story, I see my name,  
Written on every beautiful page.  
You see the struggle, you see the shame.  
I see the reason I came.  
I came for your story, I came for your wounds.  
To show you what love sees when I see you.  
Yeah, yeah, when I see you.  
When I see you, oh whoa, whoa.