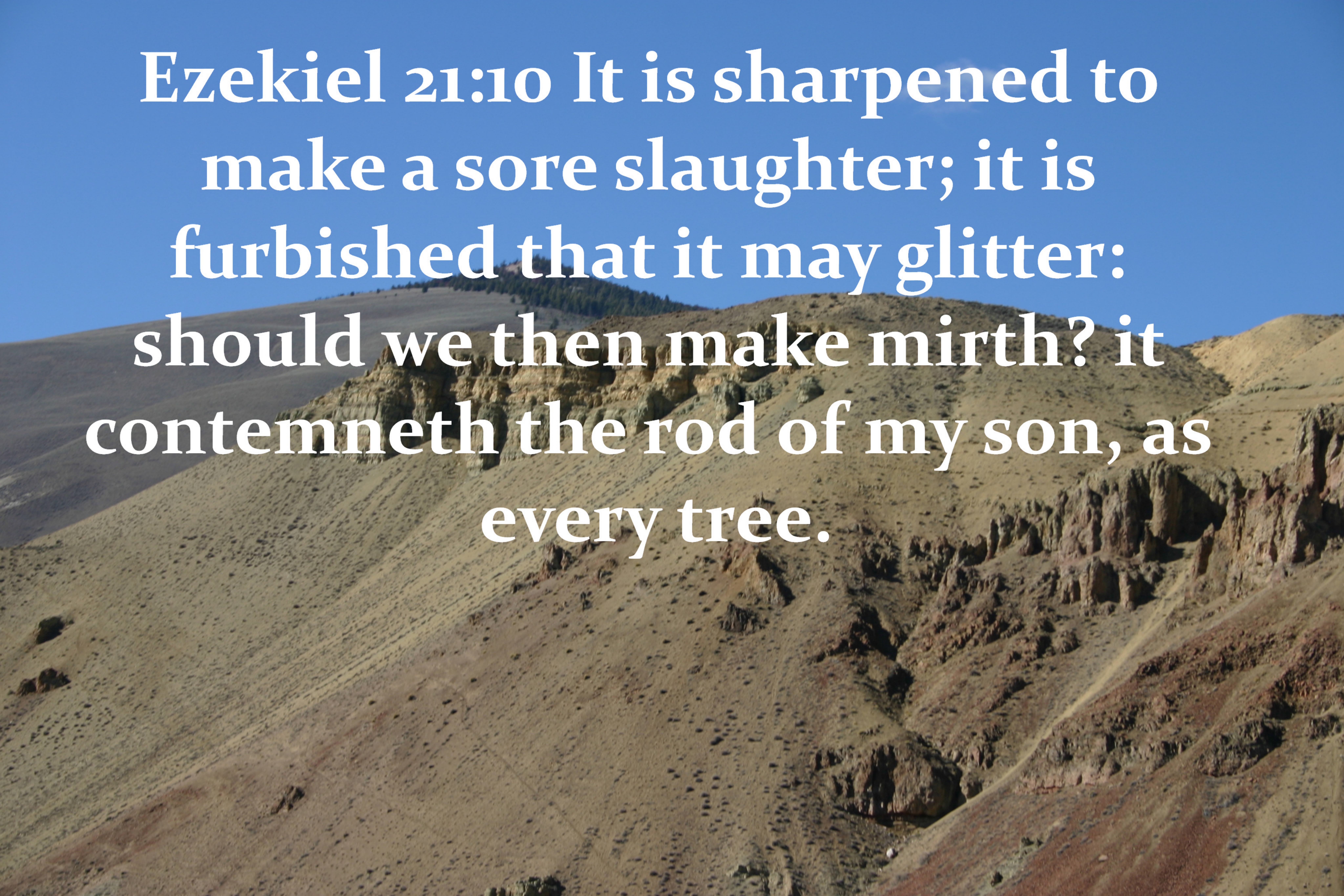


**Ezekiel 21:10 It is sharpened to
make a sore slaughter; it is
furbished that it may glitter:
should we then make mirth? it
contemneth the rod of my son, as
every tree.**

A landscape of rugged, brown hills under a clear blue sky, serving as a background for the text. The hills are rocky and sparsely vegetated, with a dirt path visible on the right side. The sky is a solid, clear blue.