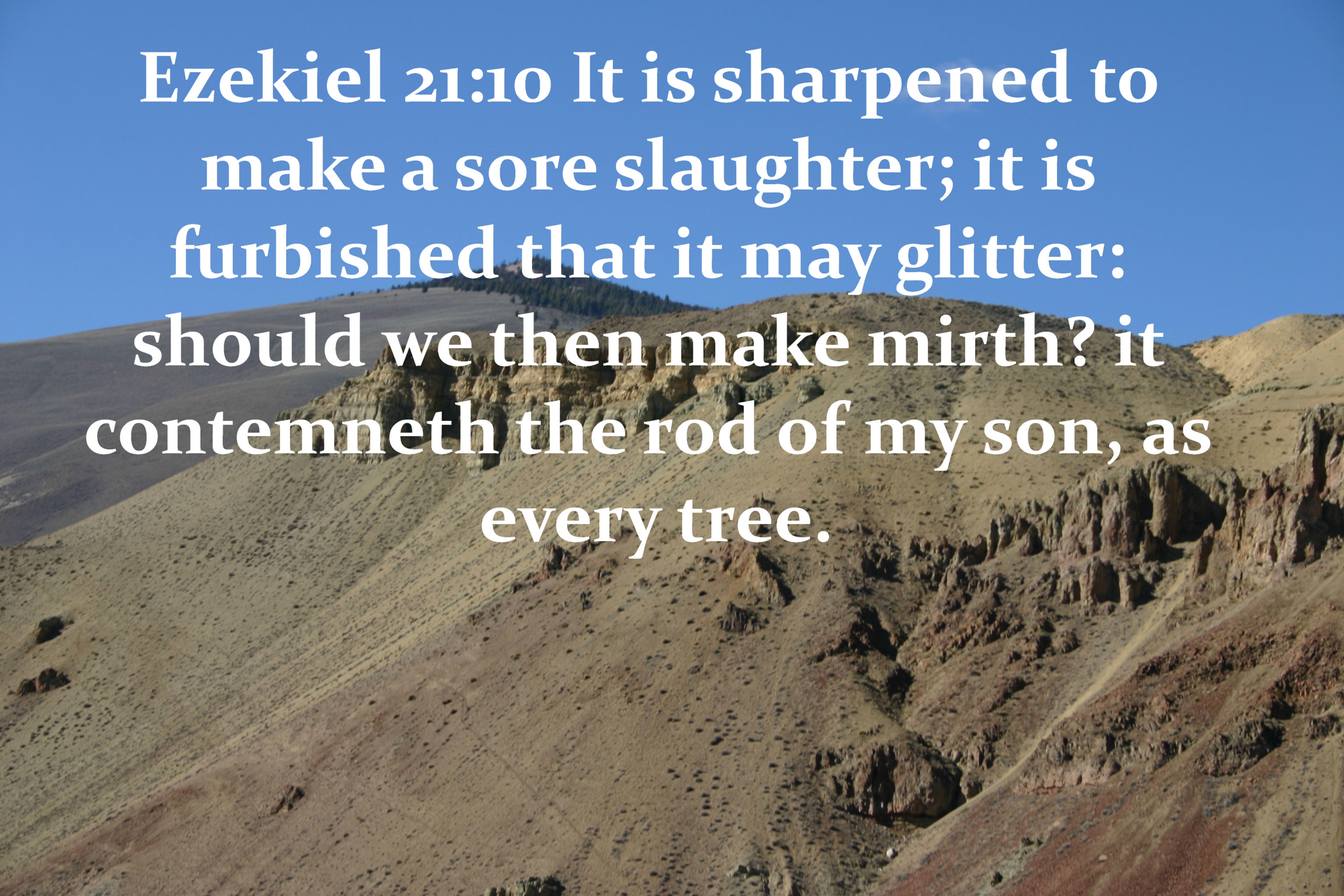


**Ezekiel 21:10 It is sharpened to  
make a sore slaughter; it is  
furbished that it may glitter:  
should we then make mirth? it  
contemneth the rod of my son, as  
every tree.**

A landscape photograph of a dry, hilly region. The terrain is rocky and sparsely vegetated, with a clear blue sky above. The text is overlaid in white, bold font.