

The Divine Joe Lewis



Each time somebody claims to spot a divine image in an otherwise mundane object – the Virgin Mary on a slice of rye toast, Jesus and his dog, Larry, on the leaf of a Hanukkah bush, Jehovah’s trousers in the spring mechanism of a jack-in-the-box, for instance – religious eccentrics by the hundreds and even thousands flock to the site of the discovery to try to suck up any holy vibes that may have been released in the area. Similarly, when fervent boxers heard that a likeness of the head of pugilistic deity Joe Lewis suddenly materialized on a wall sconce next to Room 212 in the Algonquin Hotel in Scranton, Pennsylvania, they congregated there by the ... well, by the pair.