

## AROUND THE PARISH

October 31, 2025

St. Alban's seeks to be a welcoming, Christ-centered community,  
committed to sharing Christ's love, empowering people to grow spiritually,  
deepening our relationship with Christ and living out our faith in the community and the world.

### SPECIAL EDITION



Fr. Greg Peters

There's a little camp of people, unhoused people, under the overpass on Alaska Way just south of the stadiums. It's been there for years. As long as I've been commuting up to Edmonds, I've seen people living together under that overpass.

It's a place that is out of the rain and sun, which makes it very attractive. But it's not a secluded or quiet spot. Cars exiting the Tunnel at 50 miles/hour whiz by. Freight trains rumble past slowly, horns booming. There's plenty of foot and peddle traffic, too. Coasties from the nearby station jog by, stadium goers stroll past before and after games. It's on a major bike path into and out of downtown; commuters from points south and from the ferry terminal as well as recreational riders off to Alki are ever present. And, of course, the Port with all its busy commerce is right there too.

It's also not particularly close to any amenities. There're no water or toilets nearby, no grocery or convenience stores, no food banks. So, I don't know what people do to meet their basic hygiene and bodily needs, but there are also no visible signs of bodily waste either.

I can't say that I've noticed any regular longtime residents, residency seems a bit impermanent. If there are people out of their tents, I do say hello or good morning as I go by. It's wise to be on good terms with people, good to be neighborly.

I'm not naïve enough to think everything is above board. I suspect that nefarious things go on there. Judging by the collection of bikes, they seem to have all the tools to disassemble and repurpose anything with two wheels. Who knows what goes on in the tents. There are fires in winter, but nothing dangerously big. Rats scurry by. But I never hear yelling, ranting, shouting or even arguing. People seem mostly peaceable.

It's what was in the mind of God when fashioning the first humans in the divine image (making us reflections of God's own self). It's what we are commissioned to do in keeping and tending the earth – continually making the whole creation a dwelling place for the Divine One. It's what God did in the Incarnation, indwelling the human Jesus, continually fashioning – or refashioning – the rest of us into the dwelling *being* of the Holy Spirit.

It's the on-going work, mission, and ministry of the Body of Christ – fashioning and refashioning

the places where we are plunked down into dwelling places of the Divine, into God's Peaceable Kingdom.

That's what we are striving to do in this place, this neighborhood, this community. I give thanks for all the ways, we struggle to follow Jesus' way. I give thanks for the many ministries of the congregation. I give thanks for our stewardship, our perseverance, our faithfulness. I give thanks for *the* Spirit of God in our midst.