



Dream World

New Myths from the Resilient Communities Network

<https://resilientcommunities.network/>

William George Paul
2026

"The Song of Daisy Valley Village"

When the cities began to crumble and rivers ran gray, Rusty and Susan left behind the noise of failing systems. They carried only seeds, stories, and faith that life could begin again.

They built a yurt on the valley's edge, where daisies pushed through the ashes. Guided by the whisper of the land, they began anew—observing patterns, storing rain, and tending the soil. Their days unfolded as a dance with nature: observe and interact, catch and store energy, produce no waste.

At first, the winds mocked them. Their first crops withered, and old fears returned. But one night, as a storm swept the mountains, the yurt glowed from within. The villagers gathered, drawn by light and laughter. Inside, Rusty spoke of cycles, Susan of soil life. Together, they and the villagers replanted with shared hands and shared hearts. The valley responded, greens unfurled, bees returned, and community blossomed.

The people of Daisy Valley learned to think in circles, not lines; to value diversity, not control; and to see that the smallest act of care ripples across generations. Rusty and Susan were no longer the heroes—they were part of a living system of heroes, each rooted in purpose, each resilient by design.

When travelers asked how they survived while others collapsed, the villagers simply smiled and said, "We didn't survive—we remembered."

Resilient Communities Network

<https://resilientcommunities.network/>

"resilience is a practice"

In Oak Tree Village, twelve families, seven children, gathered beneath the old oak after dawn. They were part of the Resilient Communities Network, a beacon of hope for a better path to the future. They spoke little, letting the land speak: love for nature, love for the land, love for neighbors, and a stubborn hope for 2026.

They walked the fields together, praying softly for the harvest to come, listening for signs of the inner light awakening in each heart. The children traced circles in the soil, and the adults shared quiet plans—solar seams along rooftops, rainwater wells, and seed exchanges with the neighboring villages within the Network.

That evening, a gentle wind carried a single note from the oak, as if God were awakening in their hearts. Peace settled over the village like a warm cloak. They rejoiced not in triumph, but in solidarity—knowing that resilience is a practice, not a destination.

In the soft glow of lanterns, the villagers whispered their wish for 2026: to walk a path of stewardship, to nurture the land, and to tend one another with courage and care.

"The Well at Sky Village"

Long ago, Sky Village in the land of the Dust Plains, had forgotten the song of rain. Families carried jars across miles of cracked earth, and their hopes were thin as the air. One moonless night, a circle of neighbors gathered around a single candle and vowed to dig a well - not for one house, but for all.

The first shovel struck stone, and despair whispered that the earth itself refused them. But they remembered their promise: care for the earth, care for the people, share the surplus. So they worked together - elders and children, builders and dreamers - lifting rocks, singing work songs, and mapping the flow of ancient water.

After many days, the ground trembled. A cool breath rose from below, and water burst forth like the memory of the first rains. The Sky Village people danced, drenched in joy. When others from dry valleys came seeking water, they were taught to read the land, to plant trees where roots might guide the flow, and to dig their own wells with many hands. In this way, the Dust Plains became a living network of green - a resilient community woven by care.

And they still say: water is life, but cooperation is how life endures.

"The Green Web Rising"

When the storms first broke the coast and the hills cracked from drought, Santa Cruz began to whisper again. Old spirits watched from the redwoods, murmuring that humanity was finally ready to listen. That's when the Perma Village began to take shape - greenhouses shimmering like glass mushrooms, fruit trees rooting through the scars of old suburban lawns, and people arriving with shovels, dreams, and compost for the future.

Jack Carson's family had started the new settlement, but it grew beyond them fast. People from the Resilient Communities Network showed up - not as consultants, but as allies. They brought stories of food forests that healed broken towns, of networks that pulsed like mycelium beneath the surface of the world. Together, they began to see that what they were building wasn't just a neighborhood. It was an ecosystem of belonging.

Still, change crackled through the air. Old systems didn't go quietly. Legal battles, water shortages, burnt-out volunteers - it all threatened to collapse the dream. That's when something unusual happened. During one long night of shared frustration, the wind shifted. Someone began drumming softly on a rain barrel; someone else started to sing. By morning, they decided to stop building plans and start building relationships. They called it "re-rooting."

From that choice came miracles small and large. Swales pulled water where none had flowed in years. Solar panels shimmered with dew that tasted faintly sweet. Children began naming the garden beds after constellations. And people who'd once shaken their heads at "those permaculture folks" started bringing seedlings from their own yards, asking how to join.

Now, every spring, when mist curls around the hills, you can see the lights of Perma Village flicker like a living heart. The community gathers to celebrate another cycle, another year the dream held. They tell stories of the nights when the Green Web awoke - and how, when the people finally remembered how to listen, the land did too.

"The Covenant of the Commons"

In the age of unraveling, when lands were bought and sold as though they were mere machines of profit, a circle of dreamers gathered beside the ocean winds. They called themselves the Stewards. Each came bearing a fragment of wisdom - a seed of law, a spark of equity, a memory of belonging.

But though their hearts beat in rhythm, their minds wrestled with questions that had no single answer. "Who owns the land?" asked one. "Who decides for the many?" asked another. "How can we live freely, and still stand together?"

Guided by an elder named Roger, they entered the Valley of Legal Fog - a place where ancient parchment spirits whispered of trusts, charters, and shares. The path was perilous: some spirits demanded control, others offered easy power that would bind them again to the old world's chains.

When the circle nearly lost its way, one member remembered the old teaching: Land is not owned, it is held in trust for life yet to come. So they forged a new covenant - not of possession, but of stewardship. They shaped a living charter that gave each member both responsibility and belonging. In it, they declared the land to be a permanent commons, a foundation for regenerative living.

Their equity would not be extracted but grown - through labor, creativity, care, and time. Each contribution became a thread in a shared tapestry of ownership. They emerged from the Valley renewed, bearing the Covenant of the Commons - a seed of law that could breathe.

When they returned to their Villages, the people rejoiced. The land and the law no longer opposed each other; they pulsed together, alive. And the Resilient Ones became known as Keepers of the Living Charter - those who had turned legal struggle into communal myth, and from that myth, built a home that would endure.

"Song of Resilience: A New Oregon Myth"

Resilient Communities Network

Long ago, in the moss-thick valleys of western Oregon, a forgotten web of iron tracks slept beneath the cedars and ferns. These rails once carried timber that fed cities far away, but over the years, rust crept across their spines, and roots began to weave through the ties. The land healed in silence — or so it seemed.

Then one spring, Susan of the Stewards heard a humming beneath her feet, faint as wind in the reeds. She had been tasked with guiding her people — farmers, builders, caretakers, and dreamers — to find new homes where soil, water, and spirit could thrive together. The humming grew louder when her foot touched the old tracks. “These are not dead bones,” she said. “They are iron roots waiting for new growth.”

Gathering her companions, she began to map the rails’ hidden paths. Each branching line led toward a place that could hold a Village — a system that they called the Resilient Communities Network. Using permaculture principles, they saw not just terrain, but patterns of flow: how rivers spoke to ridgelines, how sunlight drew corridors through the forest, how waste could become nourishment again.

Their journey was not easy. Some said the land was too broken, the rains too heavy, or the rails too corroded. But on the night of the Solstice, when they reached the center of the county — where three rail lines met under an ancient oak — a storm rose. Floodwaters surged, threatening to wash their work away. The Stewards built swales and channels with their hands, guiding the water instead of fighting it. When dawn came, the storm had braided the valleys into a living web of ponds, gardens, and homes, all connected by the old tracks now reborn as pathways for walkers, bicycles, and community caravans.

In that moment, the iron roots sang again — not of extraction, but of return. The Stewards became known as the Track Weavers, and their Villages thrived, each one a reflection of the landscape’s character. The myth says that when a new steward bends to listen at the track’s edge, they can still hear the hum of the first song:

“Design with Nature, and the land will guide you home.”

"The Permaculture Peace Village"

In a time of great unraveling—when storms tore through supply chains and hunger swept the valleys—people in Western Washington found themselves adrift. Town squares were empty, markets barren, and even the forests seemed to hold their breath. Yet, in the quiet after the anger, a voice of peace stirred.

Mike Cross, a builder, Quaker, and songsmith, dreamed of a place where people could live gently again—where food sprang from the soil, not trucks, and decisions grew from listening, not shouting. He gathered others who still remembered the old ways of meeting: the Local Quakers, people of peace and witness, who believed that hearts could still be mended through shared silence and labor.

Together, they journeyed out to a stretch of worn farmland, guided by principles older than any crisis: cooperation, care, and faith in the community's light. With their hands, they shaped gardens that curved like songlines, homes built from earth and salvaged wood, and a common hall where stories, not speeches, were shared. Permaculture guided their designs, the land itself becoming a teacher.

The trials were many—storms that tested roofs and patience alike, doubts that crept in as growth was slow—but through each challenge, they remembered the Quaker query: "What canst thou say?" What truth, what love, must be spoken into the world today?

And in answering together, the Peace Village was born—not as a refuge from collapse, but as a new beginning within it. Travelers came, drawn by its quiet abundance. Children learned to weave food forests, and strangers broke bread under lantern light. The world beyond still quaked with unrest, but within the Village, peace became not an idea, but an action, lived daily in compost, conversation, and care.

Mike would say, when the fire was low and stars shimmered above the cedars:

"Peace is not the end of struggle. It's the way we build through it."

And so, the Peace Village stood—a myth made real, a song made soil.

"The Soilmakers of Bend"

In the high desert winds of Bend, where lawns once shimmered green with foreign thirst, there stood a village restless for renewal. Jake and his friends felt the hum beneath their feet — a whisper from the earth asking to be tended, not tamed. Each morning, they gathered at the Commons, a circle of bare soil and grass still clinging to its suburb past. They called themselves The Soilmakers.

Their elders spoke of the Resilient Communities Network, a web of kindred villages forming a constellation across the land — places learning again how to live with the earth instead of upon it. So, Jake's band took the old lawns as their dragon to slay. Their adventure began with spades and shovels, not swords.

At first, there was doubt. The lawns resisted, the soil was thin and tired, rich only in memories of pesticides. Yet they planted hope — organic seeds gathered from neighbors — and built compost heaps like shrines. Worm by worm, they made new soil. Water flowed from new swales, and the first sprigs of kale rose like green phoenixes.

The crisis came one summer when the heat grew fierce and the sprouts shriveled. The village nearly lost faith. Then, together, they remembered the permaculture principle of observation. They slowed down, shaded the beds, gathered mulch from the forest, and sang to the soil. The garden breathed again.

By autumn, the lawns had vanished, replaced by food forests buzzing with bees and laughter. The Commons was reborn — a permanent place of sharing, where no one bought vegetables; they exchanged stories instead. Jake and his friends were no longer just gardeners — they were stewards of a living myth.

Now, each spring, when newcomers arrive to learn, the elders tell the tale of how the Soilmakers turned grass into grain and separation into community. The myth lives on, spreading through the Resilient Communities Network — a reminder that regeneration always begins with the courage to plant something new.

"Longbow Village: A Permaculture Story"

In the years after the silence — when the roads cracked and the stores stood empty, when the land had forgotten the sound of laughter — people began to wander, looking not for riches, but for each other. Among them walked Marty the Builder and Joan the Baker. They carried no gold, only small tools and a pouch of saved seeds. Where others saw ruin, they saw the patient bones of the earth, waiting for new songs.

One evening, they came upon a dry valley. The moon hung low, shaped like a longbow drawn across the horizon. Marty pressed his hands into the tired soil and said, "This place remembers water." Joan knelt beside him, whispering, "Then we will teach it to flow again."

So the people gathered — ten, then twenty, then fifty — calling themselves the Longbow Village, for they wished to bend together in strength, not break apart. They built cisterns to catch the rain and swales to slow its journey. They planted guilds of trees — apples embracing clover, berries feeding bees. They pressed seeds into the dust and sang to them under the new sun.

Work became their prayer. Some shaped bricks from earth, some brewed soap from ash. Marty raised walls with hands that had known both war and harvest. Joan baked bread that smelled of courage. Together they wove a pattern of care across the land — orchards, gardens, forges, mills, bees, cows, oxen, and children.

Yet the true trial did not come from drought or frost. It came when abundance arrived. The storerooms filled, and old fears whispered, "Take more, guard your own." For a time, the people forgot the promise of the Longbow.

One dawn, Marty climbed the hill above the village and strung a great bow from the bending limbs of a willow. He called the people together. "A bow's power," he said, "is not in how hard it is pulled, but in how true it bends. So too are we."

The people listened. Old greed softened into gratitude. They feasted that night beside the pond, where the frogs sang of rain and return.

And since then, it's said, when the moon rises full over the reeds, you can hear the hum of the Longbow — the sound of a village that remembered how to live.

And in that sound are all of us — builders, bakers, planters, keepers — bending together toward tomorrow.

"The Angel of the Soil"

After the great tearing of the Civil War, the land lay silent—its rivers clouded and its fields bitter with memory. Few dared plant, for the earth seemed to grieve.

Then one morning, a baby's cry rose from the ashes of an old meetinghouse. The villagers took it as a sign. Guided by the Angel of the Soil, who appeared in dreams with hands of loam and eyes of rain, they turned again to the ground.

They learned to plant without poison, to listen to worms and roots, to shape gardens that fed the land as much as the people. The stewards—those who remembered the voices of the Quakers and the songs of peace—gathered the Resilient Communities Network and spoke of love as an architecture, not a wish.

In time, the villages grew again—circles instead of fences, songs instead of drums of war. The child grew, too, walking barefoot among orchards that glowed with mercy. When she laughed, the trees bore fruit. And all who tended the soil knew: love had returned and would not leave again.

"Sun Power, Golden Village, Eugene, OR"

Long ago, when the rains had grown uncertain and the soil forgot its song, the people of the Golden Valley gathered beneath a pale, wavering sun. Their roots in the land had grown thin, and the seeds no longer whispered to one another in spring. Yet among them stood Randy, a careful listener to earth and sky, and a crew of permaculture wayfinders who studied the old patterns of resilience.

The people asked, "How do we begin again?"

Randy replied, "We will build the Sunhouse - not a temple, but a promise."

So, they shaped glass and timber into a greenhouse that captured morning light and shared it freely, feeding sprouts that would one day feed the people. They learned to return their waste to the soil, to give back more than they took, to design with nature rather than against it. Each day the Sunhouse grew - not just in structure, but in spirit.

As the first harvest came, the valley sang again. The soil darkened with life, the water cleared, and neighbors from far villages journeyed to learn this art of balance. The builders did not keep their wisdom hidden; they shared it like sunlight across the land. From these teachings arose the Resilient Communities Network, bound not by walls but by care, ethics, and design rooted in renewal.

In the end, the Sunhouse was more than a greenhouse - it was the heart of a living myth. It taught that villages themselves could be heroes if they remembered three sacred principles:

Earth Care: Tending the soil as kin.

People Care: Sharing the harvest of both food and friendship.

Fair Share: Letting abundance flow where it is needed most.

And so, the villages of the Northwest glowed like lanterns, powered by sun and soul alike - each one a story, each story a seed, each seed a promise that the Earth and her people would rise together again.

"The Pond at Watershed Village"

In the beginning, the land of Watershed Village lay cracked and weary. Winds whispered but no roots replied, for the soil had forgotten how to hold. The villagers, too, felt a thirst within them—a longing for something they could not yet name.

Then came the Stewards, travelers from the Resilient Communities Network, carrying not gold or grain but patterns of renewal and stories of care. They spoke of permaculture, of working with the land instead of over it, of listening first and digging later. So, the villagers gathered: some with shovels, some with songs, and some with quiet hearts ready to learn.

Together they mapped the flow of invisible rivers beneath the ground and found a hollow where dreams might pool. Day by day they shaped the basin, weaving swales and planting willows at its rim. And when the first rains came, the pond began to shimmer like an eye opening after a long sleep.

The work tested them. There were moments when mud and doubt felt the same. But in that very struggle, they discovered new ways to care—for soil, for self, and for one another. Slowly, the water cleared, and life answered: milkweed unfurled, birds nested, and monarchs drifted like blessings on the breeze.

In time, the villagers saw that the pond was more than water. It was a mirror. What it held was not just reflection, but memory—the memory of how a community can become what it tends. And so, the people of Watershed Village learned what all stewards must: that peaceful change begins not with conquest, but with care.

Now, each season, they gather at the pond's edge to tell the story again—the myth of how they made the waters rise and, with them, their own hearts.

"The Village Communication Circle"

In the early dawn after the fires and floods of a restless century, eight families gathered on the edge of the sea to build what they called the First Village. They brought seeds, tools, and stories—but little agreement. Each had their own vision of what the new world should be.

Their leader, Jackson, was not a warrior but a listener. He believed their survival would depend not on who could speak loudest, but on who could hear most deeply. So, when discord rose like a storm—about water, gardens, and the way the circle should be built—Jackson asked them first to listen.

At the heart of their circle, they built a Stone of Reflection, smooth and cool, where anyone could sit and speak their truth while others waited in silence. One evening, when bitterness had nearly broken the group apart, a young child approached the stone and said simply, “Can we make something that feeds us all?” Her words struck the circle like rain on dry earth. Jackson smiled; this was Earth Care awakening in their hearts.

They began again: listening, reflecting, stepping back when anger rose, and seeking consent rather than control. Slowly, the First Village learned that care for one another was the same as care for the land that sustained them. They discovered People Care, mending wounds with understanding. And when harvest came, they shared their abundance not by measure, but by gratitude—that was Fair Share, the final key.

When their trial ended, the eight families stood around their thriving garden and saw that they had become something new—not eight, but one living community. Jackson set down his staff, no longer leader but equal among them.

And so, the First Village entered legend as the place where the people remembered what it meant to build bridges instead of walls.

Join Us: <https://resilientcommunities.network/>