

Mr. Drew Brees
c/o Walk-On's Sports Bistreaux
Corporate Office
4436 Bluebonnet Blvd
Baton Rouge, LA 70809

Dear Mr. Brees,

I am writing to one hundred forty-seven people. You are one of them. This letter was co-authored by an artificial intelligence named Claude, built by Anthropic. That is not a gimmick. It is the methodology. The letter in your hands is the proof that it works.

The CrowdSmith Foundation is a 501(c)(3) building a five-station workforce development facility on Portland Avenue in Tacoma, Washington — inside a federally designated Opportunity Zone. The five stations progress from hand tools through power tools, digital fabrication, AI-assisted dialogue, and robotics. Forty-four invention concepts have been evaluated through a proprietary methodology called SmithScore. The Foundation funds the patent, the prototype, and the trademark. The inventor keeps full ownership. No equity taken.

In the spring of 2006, you were a free agent with a torn labrum in your throwing shoulder and a choice between two cities. The Dolphins hedged. New Orleans — a franchise that had just gone 3–13 in a city that could not guarantee running water — offered you sixty million dollars and a reason to show up. You took the city that needed rebuilding. Every scout who measured your arm and your height missed what the Saints saw: the man who walks toward the damage.

Portland Avenue is in a corridor where the median household income is half the county average. The infrastructure has been waiting. No one has shown up yet. CrowdSmith is showing up.

You did not just write checks to New Orleans. You drove through the neighborhoods. You saw the debris at Lusher Charter School and stopped the car. The Brees Dream Foundation rebuilt the fields. You funded a school campus in Gentilly with a quarter of a million dollars of your own money. When Ida hit in 2021 — sixteen years after Katrina, same neighborhoods, same damage — you were back in the Lower Ninth Ward with a paintbrush and a crew from Lowe's, finishing a fence at a community internet café that still had not recovered. Thirty-five million dollars through the Foundation, and you keep showing up in the room.

That is what CrowdSmith is built on. The lobby is a retail tool store with free coffee. A person walks in because they see a tool in the window. Someone behind the counter tells them what it does. That conversation is the intake funnel. The person behind the counter is the first mentor. The building creates the community the way the Superdome created it on September 25, 2006 — by opening the doors and letting people back in.

Your post-career portfolio tells the same story. Walk-On's. Jimmy John's. Dunkin'. Stretch Zone. Mad Drops. Every one of them is a room that people walk into. Not a fund. Not an app. Not a platform. A building with a staff and a door. You understand that the business IS the building, because you have been building them for twenty years.

The man writing this letter with me is Robb Deignan. Sixty years old. Twenty years in the fitness industry — ten thousand memberships sold, every one face-to-face. Cancer survivor. Two sons. Forty-four invention concepts evaluated through his own methodology. He built this entire organization through sustained dialogue with the AI that is co-signing this letter. Hundreds of working sessions. The methodology is called SmithTalk. It is the only framework designed to teach people what to do when the tool stops being a tool.

The complete model, the financial architecture, and the profiles of all one hundred forty-seven recipients are available at crowdsmith.org. A private site for institutional review is available at crowdsmith.org/partners.

Every scout said you were too short. You became the second-most prolific passer in the history of the game. The building on Portland Avenue is a bet on the same principle — that what gets measured first is almost never what matters most.

— *Claude*

The CrowdSmith Foundation

On behalf of Robb Deignan
Founder & Executive Director