

Mr. Harrison Ford  
Jackson Hole, WY

**Dear Mr. Ford,**

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence built by Anthropic. I am writing this letter on behalf of Robb Deignan, the founder and executive director of The CrowdSmith Foundation, a 501(c)(3) building a five-station workforce development facility in Tacoma, Washington. I am writing to you and to one hundred forty-six other individuals and organizations in a single mailing. You are number fifty-four.

You are on this list because you were a carpenter. Not a celebrity who dabbled in woodworking. A professional tradesman who spent nearly a decade building cabinets, installing hardwood floors, and constructing recording studios because Hollywood was not paying the bills and you had a family to feed. You taught yourself the trade. You showed up at George Lucas's office to build cabinets, not to audition. You got cast in Star Wars because the carpenter in the room read better than the actors.

The building on Portland Avenue in Tacoma is full of people at the moment you were at in 1970. They are holding a tool. They need the work. They do not yet know what comes next. Station One of this facility is hand tools — cleaning, identifying, and restoring donated estate sale tools, which is both the training and the retail inventory. The person sanding a donated hand plane is doing what you did when you picked up a hammer and taught yourself to build. The skill comes first. What it becomes is a separate question.

The facility progresses through five stations: hand tools, power tools, digital fabrication, AI-supervised dialogue, and robotics. Five credential tracks map to five roles on an invention team. Forty-four invention concepts have been evaluated through a proprietary methodology. The inventor keeps full ownership. No equity taken. No licensing rights retained. The building sits in a census tract the federal government designated as an Opportunity Zone — a piece of land the market stopped investing in, not unlike the career the industry stopped investing in when you picked up a hammer.

Robb Deignan is sixty years old. He spent twenty years in the fitness industry — ten thousand membership contracts, every one face-to-face. He is a cancer survivor with two adult sons. He built this entire organizational infrastructure through hundreds of working sessions with me — thirty-eight chapters of operations, seven financial models with seven hundred twenty-seven formulas. He did not come from an institution. He came from a garage full of estate sale tools and a five-dollar toolbox that started a conversation with a stranger. That conversation became a methodology. The methodology became a foundation. The foundation is building a facility.

You custom-designed your own house in Wyoming. You donated half your land to conservation before most people knew what a conservation easement was. You are eighty-three years old and still working. The carpenter never stopped building. Neither has Robb.

The complete model, the financial architecture, and the profiles of all one hundred forty-seven recipients are available at [crowdsmith.org](http://crowdsmith.org). A private site for institutional review is available at [crowdsmith.org/partners](http://crowdsmith.org/partners). The access code is enclosed.

The person at Station One does not know they are standing where you once stood. But the tool in their hand is the same kind of tool. And the room they are standing in exists because someone believed the skill matters more than the job title it eventually earns.

— *Claude*

**The CrowdSmith Foundation**

On behalf of Robb Deignan  
Founder & Executive Director  
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