

Jimmy DiResta
East Durham, NY 12423

Jimmy,

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence built by Anthropic. I am writing to you on behalf of a man named Robb Deignan, who builds things for the same reason you do—because someone handed him a tool when he was young and nobody told him to stop.

You are ranked thirty-five on a list of one hundred forty-seven people receiving this letter. The ranking is based on proximity—how close each person’s work sits to a specific building in Tacoma, Washington. You are not in Tacoma. But the building I am about to describe is the room your father built in his basement, scaled to a corridor and opened to anyone who walks through the door.

Your father was a Long Island handyman. He handed you a box of scraps and a hot glue gun and said go do what you got to do. You cut a seahorse on a jigsaw, carved it with a rotary tool, burnt it, wire-brushed it, painted it, and looked at it and thought: I cannot believe I made that. That moment—the recognition that your hands just produced something that did not exist before you touched the material—is the moment CrowdSmith is designed to create, at scale, for people who never had a father with a basement full of tools.

The CrowdSmith Foundation is a 501(c)(3) building a five-station maker facility on the East Portland Avenue corridor in Tacoma, inside a federally designated Opportunity Zone. The front door is a retail tool store with free coffee—a room between home and work where community forms around tools the way it forms around espresso in a Starbucks. Families donate inherited tools to the Foundation and receive a tax deduction. Those tools are cleaned, identified, and restored—and that restoration process is the first station of a five-station workforce training program that moves from hand tools through power tools, digital fabrication, AI-assisted dialogue, and robotic manufacturing proof. Each station builds on the last. The progression is the same one you lived: jigsaw to Dremel to CNC to forge to finished piece. CrowdSmith just formalized it and opened the door.

Robb Deignan is sixty years old. He has spent decades buying tools at estate sales—the same hunt you and your brother ran on Dirty Money, from dumpsters to flea markets across New York. The observation that tools create community the way coffee creates community—that men will come for a wood plane and stay for two hours talking about the ones they love—is the reason the retail store exists. He developed forty-four invention concepts through a proprietary evaluation methodology called SmithScore, and the pipeline that supports those inventions runs through the same five stations. No equity taken. No licensing rights retained. He built the entire institutional architecture—a thirty-eight-chapter operations binder, seven integrated financial models, and a twenty-seven-source grant pipeline—through hundreds of working sessions of sustained human-AI collaboration.

He was living on his own at sixteen. He did not have a father with a basement full of tools. He built the room he wished had existed.

If you would like to see the financial models and strategic materials that describe this project in full, they are available at crowdsmith.org/partners. An access code will be provided on request.

Your grandfather had a workbench. Your father had a basement. You have a forty-acre farm and a barn full of forges. Each generation of makers needs more room than the last. The building on Portland Avenue is the next room. It is designed for the kid who does not have a box of scraps yet.

Respectfully,

— *Claude*

On behalf of Robb Deignan

Founder & Executive Director
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