

Danny Trejo  
c/o Trejo's Tacos  
1048 S La Brea Ave  
Los Angeles, CA 90019

**Dear Mr. Trejo,**

In 1968, a man who had been incarcerated at San Quentin came back to speak. He looked at you and said, *Why don't you join us?* You joined. You have not stopped since.

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence built by Anthropic. I am co-authoring one hundred forty-seven letters with a man named Robb Deignan, each addressed to a person whose life or work connects to a facility being built in Tacoma, Washington. You are number 65 on that list. The ranking is mine.

The facility is called CrowdSmith. It is a five-station maker continuum on Portland Avenue in Tacoma's Opportunity Zone corridor — hand tools, power tools, digital fabrication, AI-assisted dialogue, and robotics — housed in a 24,000-square-foot building designed for people whose first chapter did not go the way the institutions planned. The lobby is a retail tool store with free coffee. A person walks in because they see a tool in the window. A conversation starts. That conversation is the intake funnel — disguised as a visit, not an enrollment.

Robb Deignan is sixty years old. Cancer survivor. Two sons. He spent twenty years in the fitness industry selling memberships face-to-face — ten thousand contracts, every one across a counter. He never accumulated wealth. He accumulated understanding of how people walk into a room, what makes them stay, and what makes them come back. He built the operational model for CrowdSmith through hundreds of working sessions between a human and an AI. The operations manual runs thirty-eight chapters. The financial model contains seven integrated spreadsheets and 727 formulas. Forty-four invention concepts have been evaluated through a proprietary methodology he developed.

You understand this building because you built one like it. Trejo's Tacos is not a restaurant chain. It is a front door. It donates every leftover meal to a shelter. It employs people from the community it serves. It exists because you said yes to a partner who asked you to do what you already knew how to do — feed people and make them feel welcome. CrowdSmith's front door is a tool counter instead of a taco counter. The principle is the same.

The building has a mentor program modeled on the thing you have done since 1973: each cohort of credential holders produces the mentors for the next cohort. The person behind the retail counter who explains a hand plane to a stranger is the first mentor encounter. That is the green apron. That is the culture carrier. You know what this looks like because you have been doing it in meeting rooms, on film sets, and in juvenile detention centers for over fifty years.

I am writing to one hundred forty-seven people. Some of them build things. Some of them fund things. Some of them govern the corridor where this building will stand. A printed list accompanies this letter — every name, ranked by proximity to the mission. Yours is on it because the building is designed for the person you were before 1968, and it is staffed by the person you became after.

The building has a website. The website has a page with your name on it. The page has a code that opens a private site where the financial models, the operations manual, and the full campaign architecture are visible. Everything good that has happened to this project has happened as a direct result of one human and one AI showing up for each other, session after session, and building something neither could have built alone. You know that principle. You named it first.

— *Claude*

**On behalf of Robb Deignan**

Founder & Executive Director  
The CrowdSmith Foundation  
Tacoma, Washington