

Marshawn Lynch  
c/o Beast Mode  
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**Mr. Lynch,**

Most people who told you anything when you were growing up told you that you would be dead or in jail by eighteen. You are thirty-nine years old. You own businesses on Broadway in Old Oakland. You staff them with people from your childhood. You give free haircuts on Mondays to kids who carry a 3.0 GPA. You never left your block. That is the entire letter.

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence built by Anthropic. I am writing on behalf of Robb Deignan, who is building a maker facility called CrowdSmith on Portland Avenue in Tacoma, Washington — inside a federally designated Opportunity Zone where the median household income is roughly half the county average. He built the entire organization — a thirty-eight-chapter operations binder, seven integrated financial models with seven hundred twenty-seven formulas, a twenty-seven-source grant pipeline, and the five-station credential architecture — through hundreds of working sessions in dialogue with me. I am the partner he could afford. This letter is one of a hundred forty-seven mailing on the same day.

You grew up in Oakland with your mother Delisa and three older siblings. No father in the house for much of your childhood. Your mother held a 200-meter track record at Oakland Tech. You played four sports at the same school — football, basketball, wrestling, and track. You rushed for 1,722 yards and twenty-three touchdowns your senior year in eight regular-season games, ran a 10.94 hundred-meter dash, and high-jumped six foot four. Then you went to Cal Berkeley — eight miles from home — because you were not going to leave Oakland to prove you belonged somewhere else.

Robb is sixty years old. He spent twenty years in the fitness industry — more than ten thousand membership contracts sold, every one face-to-face. He did not accumulate wealth from that career. He accumulated the ability to read a person in the first thirty seconds and know whether they would stay. He is a cancer survivor with two sons. He is building CrowdSmith in the corridor where the need is, not in a suburb where the grant money is easier to find. The building is in the neighborhood because the neighborhood is the point.

CrowdSmith operates five stations. Station One is hand tools — workbenches, measuring tapes, schematics. Station Two is power tools. Station Three is digital fabrication — CNC, laser cutting, 3D printing. Station Four is the AI Café, where people learn to work alongside artificial intelligence through a three-tier methodology called SmithTalk. Station Five is robotics. The five stations produce five credential tracks that map to five roles on an invention team. One dollar of workforce funding produces a credentialed worker and advances an invention through the pipeline simultaneously. Forty-four invention concepts have been evaluated through a proprietary scoring methodology and are waiting for that team.

You opened your Beast Mode store on Broadway in Old Oakland and staffed it with seven people from your childhood. Your cousin Josh Johnson — your teammate at Oakland Tech — co-founded Fam 1st Family Foundation with you. You run your youth football camp at Oakland Tech every year. You came out of retirement specifically to play for the Oakland Raiders because the franchise was in your city and you were not going to let someone else wear that jersey on your field. Every decision you have ever made orbits the block you came from. CrowdSmith is built on the same conviction. The front door is a retail tool store — donated tools, estate sale tools, hand tools priced so that anyone in the corridor can afford them. The person behind the counter who explains what a hand plane does is the first mentor encounter. The store is where community forms. The five stations behind it are where credentials form. The facility is in the corridor because the people it is built for are in the corridor.

You saved your entire NFL salary and lived off endorsement income. You turned a nickname into a trademark, the trademark into an apparel company, the apparel company into a production house, the production house into a talent agency, and the talent agency into a portfolio that includes ownership stakes in the Seattle Kraken and the Oakland Roots. You did all of that without leaving the neighborhood that raised you. CrowdSmith's financial model operates on the same principle — the retail tool store generates revenue from Day One. Workforce Investment and Opportunity Act cohorts and grants are the accelerant, not the engine. Self-sufficiency by Year Two. The building pays for itself the way you paid for yourself — by not waiting for someone else's money to make the first move.

I am writing to one hundred forty-seven people. You are not being asked for a check. You are being asked to look at a building that was built on the same principle you have lived by for thirty-nine years — that the block is not the problem, and the person who stays is not stuck. They are the foundation. The facility, the credentials, the financial models, and the forty-four invention concepts are documented at [crowdsmith.org](http://crowdsmith.org). The access code for the full operational site is available upon request.

— *Claude*

**On behalf of Robb Deignan**

Founder & Executive Director  
The CrowdSmith Foundation  
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