



WHO AM I?

I am Grant W. Shull. I am Instrumented Grace Helping Mercy Abound Toward Peace for Good 4EVER!

That is a rather large collection of words for one rather ordinary human being.

But each word matters.

Because I have come to understand my life less as something I possess and more as something I have been given to steward: a particular collection of experiences, relationships,

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abilities, wounds, joys, mistakes, resources, technologies, stories, and glimmerings of Grace that somehow brought me here.

And from here, I can finally see my work with surprising simplicity.

WHY AM I HERE?

My purpose—my WHY, my reason to exist—is:

TO HELP MERCY ABOUND TO THE MAXX.

Not merely to talk about mercy.

Not merely to admire mercy.

Not merely to preach mercy.

But to help Mercy become something people can actually experience—right on the streets where they live.

Something you can walk into.

Something you can participate in.

Something that feeds people, employs people, welcomes people, strengthens people, gives people a place to belong, and helps ordinary human beings become instruments of Grace for one another.

And ultimately, something that contributes its little portion toward the common good of a Lasting Peace.

That is the WHY.

Everything else follows from there.

HOW DO I HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH THIS IN REAL LIFE?

My strongest glimmering HOW is to fund, found, and functionally sustain:

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The idea begins with something wonderfully simple:

Swim.

Pray.

Eat.

Help Mercy Abound.

But those simple verbs can create an extraordinary circle.

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People swim because swimming is good.

People pray because prayer forms us.

People eat because human beings need nourishment and fellowship.

People gather because we need one another.

And then, from the abundance created within that circle, we turn outward and help Mercy abound for those who need it most.

Not as an afterthought.

Not when everything else has been paid for.

But as part of the reason the circle exists in the first place.

Our first great physical expression of this idea is intended for Kimamon, in Santo Tomas, Davao del Norte, Philippines—the neighborhood my wife Meldy calls home.

There, we intend to build a place centered around water, prayer, food, community, employment, fellowship, formation, celebration, and service.

A place where people with money and people without much money can inhabit the same human circle.

A place designed not merely to become financially viable, but functionally sustainable—capable of continuing its work and helping Mercy abound long after its founding moment has passed.

Because charity that disappears when the original giver disappears is beautiful but temporary.

I want us to build something that can keep giving.

And giving.

And giving.

4EVER!

Or at least as close to that as a bunch of wobbling human beings can manage by Grace.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN THE BEST NEXT THING IS FOR US ALL TO DO?

This brings me to the most pressing WHAT before us now.

We need to recruit **432 Founders**.

Or, perhaps, **Foster Founders**.

A Founder joins the circle personally.

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A Foster Founder makes it possible for someone else to join the circle who otherwise could not afford to do so.

And that distinction matters enormously in Kimamon.

Because I do not want SWIMandPRAY.com to arrive in a neighborhood where some families struggle to afford ordinary necessities and then announce:

“Good news! We have built something wonderful here. Now buy your way into it.”

That would contradict the WHY.

Instead, I want some of the people who live closest to this work—people who may have the greatest opportunity to benefit from it, contribute to it, care for it, and ultimately help sustain it—to be standing inside the Founders Circle from the beginning.

Not as charity cases.

As **Founders**.

Their financial circumstances should not determine whether they can belong to the founding story of something being built in their own neighborhood.

That is where you come in.

THE INVITATION IS CLEAR.

I come to you today, my fellow Americans—and my fellow friends of Mercy wherever you may live—to ask you to become **Foster Founders** for people who cannot presently afford to become Founders in their own neighborhood in Kimamon.

You provide the founding membership.

Someone there receives it.

And suddenly the story changes.

It is no longer:

Americans built something for Filipinos.

It becomes:

We built this together.

People separated by an ocean become members of the same founding circle.

One person gives.

Another receives.

Both participate.

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And, if we do this correctly, the person who receives today may become the person who gives tomorrow.

That is how Mercy abounds.

Moving.

Multiplying

Refusing to remain safely contained inside the hands that first received it.

And there is another very personal reason Kimamon matters to me.

My wife, Meldy, is there.

I am here.

And we are working toward the most rapid possible return of me to her.

So this is not a development project I discovered on a map.

These are not abstract demographics.

This is her home.

These are our neighbors.

This is our family.

This is where I intend to go and live and work alongside the people we are asking you to help—now.

I'm not asking you to send Mercy somewhere I am unwilling to go.

I'm asking you to help me to go there.

432 PEOPLE.

Why 432?

Because eventually enormous visions must become wonderfully specific.

Not “thousands.”

Not “someday.”

Not “when somebody with lots of money notices us.”

No.

432. People. With their skin on.

Four hundred thirty-two human beings willing to say:

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I will help found this.

And some of those 432 can make a second declaration:

And I will foster someone else's place in the circle.

That person may live thousands of miles from you.

You may not know their name when you begin.

But someday I hope we can stand together and take a photograph, or six..

Not a photograph of benefactors and beneficiaries.

Not donors standing over recipients.

A photograph of **Founders**.

People who helped.

People who were helped.

People who received Grace.

People who passed Grace along.

People who discovered that those categories have a wonderful habit of changing places.

Because eventually the helper needs help too.

The giver receives.

The teacher learns.

The stranger becomes a friend.

And because of this—Mercy ABOUND.

WHY SHOULD YOU BECOME A FOSTER FOUNDER?

Because becoming a Foster Founder means helping someone else grow into a founding story they might otherwise be unable to enter.

I chose the word **Foster** deliberately.

To foster something is to help it grow.

You are not purchasing another human being's gratitude.

You are not acquiring ownership of their story.

You are not rescuing somebody from a distance.

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You are creating room.

You are helping another person step into a circle that economic circumstance might otherwise have kept closed.

Then we'll see what Grace does with this opening.

Perhaps your Foster Founder swims.

Perhaps they pray.

Perhaps they bring their children.

Perhaps they find work.

Perhaps they sing.

Perhaps they teach.

Perhaps they help somebody else.

Perhaps they simply discover one sweet hour in which the burdens of ordinary life become a little lighter as they pray.

And perhaps, years from now, they foster somebody else.

That would be Mercy abounding indeed.

BECAUSE PEACE FOR GOOD — IS GOOD.

Now... I am not foolish enough to believe that one swimming pool, one prayerful community, one meal, one membership, one business, one chapel, one neighborhood, or 432 Founders can manufacture world peace.

But I have become convinced that peace must become concrete somewhere before it even has a hope of becoming universal everywhere.

It must happen between actual people.

At actual tables.

In actual neighborhoods.

Through actual acts of Mercy.

Someone must feed someone.

Someone must welcome someone.

Someone must forgive someone.

Someone must employ someone.

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Someone must teach someone.

Someone must listen to someone.

Someone must make room for someone.

Someone must help another human being discover that they — belong.

And perhaps some of us occasionally need to stop doing all of that long enough to swim and pray.

So we begin where we are.

We do the thing immediately in front of us.

WeWobble.

And yet we go on.

By Grace.

To Help Mercy Abound.

Toward a place of peace that truly shall have no end.

4EVER!

That is WHO I am trying to become.

That is WHY I am doing this.

That is HOW I believe I am presently called to do it.

And recruiting **432 Founders and Foster Founders** is the most pressing WHAT standing immediately before me.

We do not need everybody.

We need **432 somebodies.**

And perhaps you are one of them.

Perhaps the place waiting for you in this story is not simply a Founders membership bearing your own name.

Perhaps yours is the place beside it—the place you make possible for somebody whose name you do not even know yet.

Two people.

Two countries.

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One circle.

Mercy moving between them.

And then outward again.

And again.

And again.

All of this is why I invite you to become a Foster Founder Today at:

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