





snowbound

Five days before Thanksgiving, Daryl Jané set out in his Jeep, headed for Mount Adams on a spiritual search. Then the blizzards hit. Instead of enlightenment he found the will to survive.

by **JIM GULLO** illustration by DAVID HOLLENBACH

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The last call Daryl Jané received, at about 1:30PM, was from his cousin Dylan Wilkins. He left cell phone range as he turned off I-5 and headed east toward Morton, Washington. Daryl had stopped at a pawnshop in Tacoma to buy a cheap drum for the drumming circle that night at the Sattva Sanctuary, a spiritual retreat and extraterrestrial contact center in Trout Lake that was hosting a sky-watching event. In Morton he bought groceries for the overnight trip. At Randle he left State Highway 12, crossed the Crispis Bridge, and bore left onto Forest Service Road 23, which the map showed as the shortest route. Trout Lake was 54 miles away. In that last phone call, Daryl told his cousin he would be back in time to watch football on Sunday.

DAY 1: Saturday, November 18

Low clouds and fog. Low temperature at Surprise Lakes, the nearest official monitoring site: 29 degrees.

Daryl didn't know that torrential rains had washed out Forest Service Road 23 at Milepost 34. Nor did he know that the day after he drove up the mountain, the Forest Service would warn on its Web site that many roads, including FS 23, had become impassable. He never got to Milepost 34. Twenty miles up, the snow began to accumulate as Daryl continued south. It was up to four or five inches deep on the road, but there were clear tire tracks that Daryl could follow though he did not have chains. At 3PM, he put the '93 Jeep Cherokee into four-wheel drive high. Suddenly the snow was nine inches deep, and Daryl focused hard to stay in the tracks. He looked for the next five miles for a place to turn around, but the road was too narrow and he feared that if he left the tracks he'd get stuck. He put the Jeep into four-wheel drive low. The tracks suddenly ended and Daryl was crunching through deep snow. At about 3:45, he rounded a corner and the Jeep broke through the crust of snow and sank down; it would go no further. He scooped out snow by hand, broke off tree branches and laid them down behind the wheels, and deflated the tires, but the Jeep's wheels still spun in place.

"Great," thought Daryl. "Now I'll miss everything." In the Jeep, Daryl had a gallon of water, a sleeve of rice cakes, a convenience-store bag of banana chips, a French roll, half a turkey sandwich, some cherry tomatoes, a few slices of cheese, and his \$32 Wal-Mart sleeping bag, rated to 30 degrees. He had only planned to be away overnight; the Seahawks were playing the next day, and football was big at Daryl's cottage on Bainbridge Island. He didn't know that the next two weeks would bring the freakiest November weather in the history of Washington State. He didn't know that there were at least three ways he could very easily die on FS 23.

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DAYS 2 & 3: Sunday & Monday, November 19 & 20

Clear and sunny, turning to snow. Snowfall at Surprise Lakes: 1 inch Sunday, 5 inches Monday. Lows: 30 degrees, 33 degrees.

It had been almost exactly a year since Daryl Jané (pronounced jahn-NAY) moved to Bainbridge Island. He had been looking for a change, and his aunt and uncle offered him the cottage and a managerial job with Bainbridge Island Taxi, which they had just purchased. Daryl was single, 37, tall and thin, with frank blue eyes and thinning brown hair. He still had an actor's good looks, years after he'd tried to make it in Hollywood. In his 20s he studied theater at Arizona State, became a spokesman for Ford, and appeared in commercials for Coca-Cola, Nike, and other firms. But he didn't care about fame and hated the work and the town; Hollywood just wanted him to give a thumbs-up and grin like an idiot, over and over. He left LA, traveled around the country, backpacked in Europe, and sold lightbulbs in

MISSING PERSON



37 year old **Daryl Blake Jane** has been missing since November 18th 2006. It is believed that he was in Morton, WA at that time and was on his way to Trout Lake, Washington, near Mt. Adams. He was possibly taking US Forest Service Road #23, #25 or #26 to Trout Lake. Mr. Jane was driving his turquoise, 1993 Jeep Cherokee with Oregon license plates.

Anyone with information is asked to contact the Bainbridge Island Police at (206) 842-5211 or call 911.

Re: BIPD Case #06-2312

Phoenix and security systems in Eugene. He opened a turnkey pharmaceutical supply in Lincoln City, Oregon, helping seniors purchase drugs from Canada until the FDA threatened to close him down. He was interested in New Age spirituality, though not in conventional religion, and liked to try to tie current events to precedents in ancient myths and Mayan tradition. "Who are we, why are we here, and what's my role in all this?" he would ask. He had been to the Sattva Sanctuary once before and hoped a return trip might yield sightings of the UFOs reported in the area, as well as new insights on alternative energy and the environment.

Daryl was a reliable person, his aunt Jana Wilkins told the Bainbridge Island police on Monday after he failed to return for the football game. He

never missed work, and he wasn't prone to taking off without telling anyone. The police department listed him as a missing person that night on the Washington Crime Information Center computer, but given that nobody knew which route he'd planned to take, or even if he had actually gone to Trout Lake, there was little they could offer in the way of an investigation. A 37-year-old single man might go anywhere and do anything he wanted, they suggested. It would take eight days, and several more phone calls from Jana and Tim Wilkins, before Daryl's case was assigned to a Bainbridge detective.

Daryl waited all day Sunday for a rescue vehicle to arrive. It was still clear and sunny, and in the evening he stood outside and banged on his drum for hours, chanting and singing spiritual songs. He walked about 500 yards down the road he had driven and saw road signs: Randle 34, Trout Lake 25, Takhlakh Lake to the left. He also saw cougar tracks. Walking uphill to Trout Lake, in snow unbroken by tire tracks, was out of the question; he realized he'd have to trudge at least 30 miles to reach civilization. He felt bad; he had missed the games, and Dylan would be worried.

After a second restless night, Daryl woke and thought again about walking out. The weather was still bright and clear, but he assessed his tennis shoes and cargo pants and realized that hiking would be dangerous. He had some food and saw several trickles of water nearby, so he wasn't worried on either count. He ran the car a few minutes to recharge the battery, then turned it off to save gas. He had half a tank left. Surely a rescue was under way or a ranger would be checking the roads.

Ninety miles or so to the north, at Snoqualmie Pass, a rescue helicopter found a Seattle attorney named Cindy Wysocki, who had been lost for two nights after getting separated from her snowshoeing partners. She had wandered in the woods until she spotted the rescue helicopter and waved a pair of yellow snow pants. She was blue and shaking uncontrollably. "We were surprised to find her alive," said the sheriff. "Today was do or die, literally."

Late Monday afternoon, Daryl felt the temperature drop as a front swept into the mountains. At around 3PM it started to snow. "Uh oh, this is not good," Daryl thought, looking out the window from the Jeep's backseat, where he was wrapped in his sleeping bag. He had been guzzling the water and had eaten the turkey sandwich, the French roll, some of the cheese, and nearly all the cherry tomatoes. He realized he should start rationing his supplies.



DAY 4: Tuesday, November 21

Snowfall: 2 inches. Low: 30 degrees.

Daryl woke to find several inches of snow on the Jeep's roof and hood. He got out to brush it off, to make the car visible to the rescue helicopters he expected at any moment, but no sooner had he cleared the roof than the hood was covered again. After 15 minutes outside, he was so cold and wet that he crawled back in, took his pants off and draped them over the steering wheel to dry, put his gloves on the gearshift levers and his tennis shoes on the floor, and crawled into the sleeping bag to stay warm. He went outside at 3PM to brush off the snow again. It was coming down hard.

For the first time, Daryl spent nearly the whole day, 23 hours, inside the Jeep, inside the sleeping bag, waiting for someone to come. He meditated to pass the time and keep the fear at bay. He sensed that he needed to stay calm and rational, or he might do something stupid that could be fatal.

It would continue snowing for 11 days straight. That night, Dylan Wilkins and his wife Sarah, and Daryl's Uncle Tim and Aunt Jana left Bainbridge and drove to Trout Lake to look for Daryl—for the first time.



DAY 5: Wednesday, November 22

Snowfall: 9 inches. Low: 31 degrees.

Tim and Jana Wilkins were Bainbridge Island's top-grossing real estate agents, and after purchasing the taxi company they put in grueling 60- to 80-hour work weeks. Dylan was a busy electrician in the Port Townsend area, and his wife Sarah ran the taxi office. Still they took time off for a search the authorities didn't yet think was worth undertaking. They remembered that Daryl had said he was going to the ranch near Trout Lake; they took the long way there, down I-5 to I-84 along the Oregon side of the Columbia River. It was faster and safer than driving through the mountains.

That morning they explored FS 23; it seemed the most direct and logical route for Daryl to take. Dylan and Sarah led the way in their pickup truck, with Jana and Tim following in their Ford Excursion. As they drove up the desolate mountain road, the snowfall became a blizzard; fearing

On Thanksgiving, the Wilkinses returned, uneasy, to Bainbridge Island. Their search had turned up nothing. They didn't even know if Daryl had headed to Trout Lake.

they'd get stuck themselves, they turned back. They began working the town, talking to everyone they could find and showing pictures of Daryl. A group of hunters on another Forest Service road said they'd been in the mountains for days with their snowmobiles and anyone trapped in a car there surely would have been found.

That day, at Jana's prodding, the Skamania County Sheriff's Department began searching from the Trout Lake side. Patrolman Karl Nyholm covered the roads on Wednesday and Thursday. He drove FS 23 until the snow became so deep that his four-wheel-drive Tahoe risked getting stuck; Daryl was just a few miles away when he turned back. The next day, Nyholm searched FS 90, which was clear, and FS 25, also closed by snow. "It was like looking for a needle in a haystack," recalls patrol chief Pat Bond, who monitored the effort. With no car found, no evidence of foul play, and no sign of Daryl, Bond concluded he wasn't in the area and suspended the search.

The ECETI Institute, which operates the Sattva Sanctuary, Daryl's original destination, preaches love and the commonality of all creatures, both earthly and extraterrestrial. When Tim and Dylan arrived, a suspicious young man at first refused to speak with them or let them speak with the sanctuary's guru, Jim Gilliland. He would neither confirm nor deny that Daryl had been to the Saturday-night event. The Wilkinses returned a second time that afternoon and were again turned away. But when they tried a third time, after dark, insisting that the information they sought was crucial to finding Daryl, the young man relented and turned over a list of three dozen people who had attended the sky-watching event. Jana

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immediately began working the phones and also put her daughter Windy Wilkins in Seattle to work. None of the people they reached recalled seeing Daryl at the event.



DAY 6: Thursday, November 23

Snowfall: 7 inches. Low: 29 degrees.

On Thanksgiving, the Wilkinses returned, uneasy, to Bainbridge Island. Daryl could be anywhere; their search had turned up nothing. At Trout Lake, there were hunters and people playing in the mountains and the police were all over the area. Surely Daryl would have walked to safety and been found if he were up there. Now they didn't even know if he had actually headed to Trout Lake as planned.

Daryl's pants, gloves, and shoes were frozen when he put them on to brush off the snow, which was still coming down in great, wet sheets. The word that came to mind was "relentless": The snow was a shark, circling him. He became obsessed with the fear of locking himself out or losing his keys and took elaborate precautions every time he left the Jeep. As the afternoon grew long, he shouted to the skies, "Happy fucking Thanksgiving! What a great day, that we all celebrate slaughtering Indians." As he spoke, the wind picked up and blew snow into his face. He laughed, feeling like Jim Carrey in *The Truman Show*. He could only bear to be outside for 10 minutes, and when he returned to the sleeping bag, it took longer to rub the warmth back into his toes and fingers. He warmed his socks by placing them under his armpits and clutching himself, and wrapped his bare feet in a thin microfiber blanket that was in the car. He pressed 911 on his cell phone again and watched it search and search for a signal.



DAY 7: Friday, November 24

Snowfall: 17 inches. Low: 28 degrees.

Around 1AM Daryl woke and noticed an odd stuffy smell in the Jeep. The snow was still falling, and the wind had piled it up against the passenger side of the car. The air just smelled wrong to him, and he decided to look outside. He tried to open the driver's side door. It wouldn't budge; the snow had piled up against it. He slammed his shoulder into the door and moved it open an inch. Frantically he scooped snow away and pushed the door, again and again, until he could squeeze out. The car was completely covered in snow. He stamped out a narrow path along the driver's side.

That was the first way Daryl almost died, by suffocating in the snowbound car. From then on he wouldn't sleep for more than 20 minutes at a time; the snow wouldn't let him. Each day he stamped on the path and tried to clear the snow from the hood and the roof. At the same time, he looked into the sky, straining to hear and see a rescue helicopter through the thick snow. He had an umbrella blazoned with tropical fish and corals, ready to wave if one approached, but as his ordeal passed the one-week mark, Daryl began to wonder if anyone could find him. The snow was now his captor, and he was in a solitary cell of cold and darkness. And he was nearly out of water. Since Tuesday he had eaten



Out of the woods Daryl Jané (in sunglasses) with Sonny Mettler, Jim Beslow, who brought him out, and Billy Fox. Fellow searcher Greg Moore took the photo.

only a few cherry tomatoes and a slice of cheese each day; he feared that food would dehydrate him.



DAY 8: Saturday, November 25

Snowfall: 11 inches. Low: 23 degrees.

On Saturday, for the second time in two days, Tim went to Daryl's bank on Bainbridge Island and begged for help. On Friday he had nearly gotten into a shouting match with a manager who refused to check to see when Daryl had last used his debit card; she insisted she would need a subpoena. Tim left then, but on Saturday he found a teller who knew him. Could she just check to see if Daryl had used his card lately? She punched in numbers on her computer and then whispered, "He used his card yesterday."

Tim left, elated. He told everyone that Daryl was alive. He'd chew out his nephew when he showed up on the island, grinning and guilty, but at least Daryl was alive and the Wilkinses could get back to their businesses. He and Jana called Daryl's mother in Portland and father in Arizona and told them he was okay.

But Saturday was Daryl's most desperate day on the mountain. He had tried melting snow in his hand and on the dash; each day he started the engine and let the car idle for 10 minutes to keep the battery charged, then ran the defroster for another seven. But it was too cold and the snow wouldn't melt. He had tried eating snow the day before, and had licked an

Daryl tried to melt snow, but it was too cold. He tried eating it, and licked an icicle dripping from the tailpipe, but this brought him even closer to hypothermia.

icicle dripping off the tailpipe, but this brought him even closer to hypothermia. That night, because of his depleted sodium and potassium levels, he had such severe muscle cramps and headaches he thought he was dying. Wrapped in the sleeping bag, with only his face exposed, he smeared his nose and lips with an old ChapStick. He knew he was in great danger of frostbite as well as hypothermia. If he left a hand outside the bag for five minutes, it became unbearably cold. He meditated.

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GREG MOORE

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Daryl could keep the cold at bay, but he couldn't survive being out of water. He was desperately thirsty. He wrote a farewell note, a short message of love to his family, and left it in the Jeep. He put on all his clothes and fashioned a survival sack from the sleeping bag's stuff sack, the car's antenna (to poke through snow and defend himself if necessary), his water jug, and a Styrofoam coffee cup. Then he climbed out onto the snow, now five-and-a-half-feet deep, and crawled on all fours. The trickles of water he'd seen earlier had long since been covered by snow. The mountain's base was a hundred yards away, and he saw an indentation in the snow there. When he reached it, he found a miracle: a small puddle that somehow hadn't frozen. He dipped the coffee cup into it and filled the jug, then crawled back to the Jeep, exhausted. He vomited a thin fluid, almost passed out, and got into the sleeping bag to warm himself before he took his first drink. He'd survived his second close brush with death.

The same day, James and Kati Kim left Portland with their two daughters. By midnight they were lost in the mountains of southern Oregon—stranded, on another Forest Service road numbered FS 23. Rain was falling, and the Kims figured they would drive out the next day or somebody would drive up and find them.



DAYS 9 & 10:
Sun & Mon, Nov 26 & 27
Snowfall: 9 inches Sunday, 11 inches Monday. Lows: 18 degrees, 20 degrees.

Reports came in from friends and family: Daryl had been spotted gassing up his car in Poulsbo. Daryl had definitely been seen playing cards at the Clearwater Casino. In California, Jana's sister Lisa was also tracking his bank records through a friend who worked at Wells Fargo, and on Monday she reported that Daryl had used his debit card the week before on the ferry, among other places.

In the car, Daryl screamed for 10 minutes and felt like Kurt Cobain, howling from the heart. Afterward, he felt better. He started the engine and ran the defroster for that day's precious minutes. He ate two rice cakes and a few banana chips, drank the entire gallon of water, and returned to the stream to fill the jug.

On Monday, the Kim family awoke to heavy snowfall in Oregon. Freezing rain and snow hit

Seattle late Monday evening, causing havoc for Seahawks fans returning from a Monday-night game at Qwest Field. Snow moving down from the mountains into the lowlands broke Washington's record for precipitation in a single month.



DAY 11: Tue, Nov 28
Snowfall: 18 inches. Low: 18 degrees.

Tim and Jana were finishing a staff meeting at their real estate office when the phone rang. It was Lisa in California. "Oh my God, we're totally on the wrong track," she gasped. She had just learned that the charges on Daryl's bank account had all occurred before he left and taken over a week to post. The charge the teller had reported to Tim three days earlier was an automatic monthly debit. The last two purchases Daryl had made were the drum in Tacoma and the groceries in Morton, 10 days earlier.

Jana hit the phones in a frenzy, calling the Bainbridge Island Police and Lewis County Sheriff. Now she had concrete information about Daryl's last known whereabouts. She wanted helicopters, rescue teams, the National Guard; they told her they would investigate. Bainbridge Police Detective Scott Weiss began contacting his counterparts around the state.

Dylan and Tim—"possessed," as Tim would later recall—drove to Morton in brutal conditions; the roads between Tacoma and Chehalis had seen 287 collisions and 166 disabled vehicles. On the phone, Sergeant Alan Stull, a blond, crew-cut officer at the Lewis County Sheriff's Office, told Jana he would mobilize a snowmobile team to look for Daryl. "Don't worry," Stull said, "we'll find him. We'll take care of it."



DAY 12: Wed, Nov 29
Snowfall: 4 inches. Low: 10 degrees.

Tim and Dylan canvassed Morton, handing out flyers with Daryl's picture and asking all they met if they recalled seeing him. At the same time, Sergeant Stull sent two volunteer snowmobilers up FS 23. With tire chains on, Dylan and Tim also started up FS 23; they were now convinced this was the route Daryl had taken. Halfway up the road they met Lewis County Sheriff's Deputy Rob Withey, who was monitoring the two snowmobilers by radio. The snowmobilers

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had just told Withey that the road ahead was treacherous and their truck had almost gotten stuck before they deployed the snow machines. He suggested Dylan and Tim go no further and told them his team planned to ride all the way to the washout at Milepost 34. Tim and Dylan turned around, reluctantly; they didn't believe Withey. "He's bullshitting us," Dylan told Tim.

The two snowmobilers went far beyond the county line into Skamania County. At Milepost 27 they found the road blocked by three stout trunks. "We couldn't go any further at that point," recalls Withey. Knowing the road was washed out seven miles ahead, they weighed the time and effort it would take to clear the trees against the possibility that any car could be trapped in the sliver of road between the trees and the washout, and decided to turn back. They spent the afternoon searching FS 25. Meanwhile, frustrated with the official efforts, Dylan and Tim made plans to search FS 23 on their own.

Sergeant Stull promised aerial reconnaissance, but the weather had grounded his department's Cessna. The Bainbridge Police told Jana they had asked the Washington State Patrol to search with a plane equipped with

thermal-imaging sensors, which could detect a running engine or living body down below. They told her twice that the plane would be deployed when the weather cleared. Later, State Patrol Sergeant D. J. "Jim" Nobach would deny that an official request had ever been made: "They [the Bainbridge Police] might have called and asked if we were available, but they didn't send any details. It's not one of our core missions to do search and rescue." That day, the thermal-imaging aircraft conducted routine traffic checks in Seattle and Tacoma. According to Stull, rescue helicopters, which can fly lower and in worse weather conditions than planes, were never called because there were no firm coordinates for Daryl in the vast forest.



DAY 13: Thu, Nov 30
Snowfall: 4 inches. Low: 7 degrees.

After searching more of the tangled roads leading into the national forest, Sergeant Stull concluded that Daryl was not in the area and declared the investigation complete. "Our snowmobilers reported poor snow conditions," Stull

now recalls. "You can only search so much. We do a hasty search, cover as much ground as we can, and try to narrow it down. But we really had nothing that pointed in any certain direction."

Tim and Dylan were frantic. They began to ask everyone they met in Morton about snowmobiles they might rent or snowmobilers they could induce to hunt for Daryl. At the local auto parts store, a clerk gave them a contact for a team of recreational snowmobilers called the Drift Skippers who rode out of Packwood, 32 miles away. Tim called a member of the team and left a message. Late that night, he got a call back: The man he needed was Jim Beslow, who owned another auto parts store, in Packwood. Tim called Beslow, but got an answering machine.



DAY 14: Fri, Dec 1
Snowfall: 4 inches. Low: 23 degrees.

"Let's go find your boy," Jim Beslow told Tim Wilkins on the phone the next morning. Barrel-chested and balding, with gray hair and a Fu Manchu moustache, Beslow had ridden 40 miles on FS 25 the day before as part of the Sheriff's

search team. But he was eager to continue the search: His son J. J. had died in a car crash in the mountains years earlier, and any mention of a lost boy brought back painful memories. “You’re the first person who has said yes to us,” said Tim. He offered to pay for the search, but Beslow refused money. By mid-afternoon, Beslow had reached three friends—Greg Moore, Billy Fox, and Sonny Mettler—who agreed to meet him the next morning for a search. He didn’t tell Tim that he saw their mission not as a rescue but as bringing out a body.

That night, Daryl felt colder than ever. The ice was thick on the inside of the Jeep’s windows and the last three inches of water in his jug had frozen solid. Daryl did yoga exercises all night long in the sleeping bag. “I don’t know how I made it through the night,” he says. “I felt like I was freezing to death. I was so relieved to see the sun come up. I don’t think I would have made it another night.”

That was the third way he almost died.



DAY 15: Sat, Dec 2

Snowfall: 3 inches. Low: 24 degrees.

Beslow met his crew at the Mt. Adams Cafe and bought them breakfast. He joked that he would find the Jeep but that they would have to look inside it. Tim, Jana, Dylan, and Sarah had rented snowshoes and bought tire chains. They had decided to drive as far as they could up FS 23 and walk the rest of its length on snowshoes. At 10AM, the Drift Skippers drove as far as they could up the mountain, then deployed the snowmobiles from their trailers.

Beslow rode in front. “J. J., let’s find the boy,” he murmured, calling on his son’s memory. At Milepost 27, Beslow saw the three fallen trees that had stopped the search team three days earlier. But he saw a narrow opening at the edge of the road, where it formed a steep bank and cut up the side of the mountain. His pals would scold him for taking the risk, but Beslow decided to go for it. He gunned his engine and raced toward the bank. His snowmobile went up on one ski, becoming partly airborne as he skirted the trees; if he’d slowed down, he would have smashed into the last one.

Four miles later, Beslow saw the Jeep peeking from the snow. He stopped, his heart racing; he didn’t want to see what was inside. And then he saw movement in the backseat. Out hopped Daryl, barefoot and waving his umbrella; he thought he’d heard a helicopter.

“Buddy boy, you’re alive and you’re supposed to be dead,” said Beslow. “You’re not a dream!” exclaimed Daryl, equally astonished. He put on his shoes and the cold-weather clothing Beslow had brought for him and climbed onto the back of the snowmobile. Then he ran back to the car. When he returned, he was carrying his drum.

When Beslow turned over Daryl to his uncle, aunt, and cousins, he saw that they were “flabbergasted” to see him: “The party was on. They were jumping up and down and hollering.” They took Daryl to Morton General Hospital, where

he was given an IV and hot soup and released two hours later. He had suffered neither frostbite nor hypothermia; he had lost 10 pounds but was otherwise unscathed, and still had several rice cakes and nearly all the banana chips left when Beslow found him. “It was a miracle that the kid survived,” Beslow says. “He conserved, conserved, conserved, conserved, conserved.” No records are kept on such things, but neither the Mountaineers nor the military’s Division of Emergency Management for Washington State

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could find another account of anyone surviving in the mountains in winter as long as Daryl had. The only medical consequence he would notice was that he couldn't sleep at night for three weeks after he got home. That was normal, said his doctors: His body had adjusted to living with nearly no sleep.

Afterward

In his Bainbridge cottage, Daryl shrugs. "I didn't want my legacy at holidays to be 'Cousin Daryl who froze to death at Thanksgiving,'" he says. "I almost feel like I made it because I was so honest. I didn't bullshit God and make all kinds of promises of what I would do if he let me survive. I also thought, spiritually, that there is no tragedy. No bitterness or regret. I had tears in my eyes when I saw the sun sparkling and thought how beautiful it was." All he wanted was to be reunited with his family. Come New Year's, they would all get together in Arizona, far from the cold and snow.

Daryl knew he survived not only because of his own grit and good instincts, but because of the extraordinary persistence of Tim and Jana, and Dylan and Sarah, who refused to believe officials when they concluded, over and over, that Daryl was not in their territories and perhaps wasn't missing at all.

On Monday, December 4, two days after Daryl was discovered, a rescue helicopter found Kati Kim and her two daughters alive and safe. When Daryl learned that James Kim had left their car on foot and was still missing, he felt called to act by something deep inside himself. He believed he knew where the man was. On Tuesday morning, he borrowed a car and began to drive south, intent on joining in the search. When a convenience-store clerk along the way asked him why he was going to Oregon, Daryl blurted, "My brother is stuck in the snow."

The radiator in Daryl's car blew up, and he spent the night at a motel in Olympia. The next morning he was pushing on to Oregon in a rented car when his mother called and told him the news: James Kim had been found dead in the wilderness. Daryl pulled the car over and cried, then turned around and went home.

As of this writing, the Jeep is still stuck in the mountains and will stay there until Beslow can get his tow truck to it, after the snow melts and the roads have been cleared. A week after Daryl was rescued, he and Beslow returned to the scene with a CNN crew. The trickle of water that saved Daryl's life had dried up. ❀