A SILENT STILLNESS
—BURIED ALIVE

One Woman’s Remarkable Story of Survival, Hope and Rescue:
the Last Survivor of the La Conchita Landslide

DIANE METIVIER-HART
On Monday, January 10, 2005, it took just eight seconds for fifty-six-year-old nurse Diane Hart to be buried alive while in her home during the La Conchita landslide. Buried thirty feet under the mountain and covered by rocks, mud, and the tangled debris of her displaced home, she struggles to survive with only a two-by-two-foot airspace with collapsed lungs and multiple broken bones. While entombed, she reflects on her life, what led her to this place in time, and whether she has made a positive impact on others. After an out-of-body experience, she finds contentment and peace, whether she lives or dies. Motivated by the desire to see her grandchildren grow up and to see her family again, she finds the strength to stay alive while rescuers desperately search for her. After facing death and passing through judgment from God, she could not leave her family now—a family in crisis.

Eight seconds is all it took for the entire mountain to come down and destroy twenty-seven homes, kill ten people, and injure eight more. A Silent Stillness tells the inspiring story of her faith, hope, and survival after losing everything she owns—including her health—and trapped deep beneath the rubble for four and a half hours.

Diane is a contributor to a #1 International Bestseller and Award Winning Book, authored four peer reviewed plastic surgery articles, and held a regular newsletter column. Graduate of CSU Dominguez Hills, Diane spent 45 years in healthcare including hospital operating rooms, 15 years counseling women with breast implants, and trademarked as “Ask Diane” a speaker at conferences. As a survivor, Diane has inspired many to persevere through difficult times and has shared her testimony across the US. She is currently a cosmetic nurse living on the Central Coast of California.
Diane Metivier-Hart shares her experience of being buried alive

New book titled ‘A Silent Stillness—Buried Alive’ tells inspiring story of faith, hope, survival

PISMO BEACH, Calif. – As the last survivor rescued from the January 10, 2005 La Conchita landslide, Diane Metivier-Hart found that when she spoke to people about her experience of being buried alive, 30 ft under, they were interested and inspired. It led her to share the inspiring story of her faith, hope and survival after losing everything she owns—including her health—and being trapped deep beneath the rubble for four and a half hours in “A Silent Stillness—Buried Alive: One Woman’s Remarkable Story of Survival, Hope and Rescue, the Last Survivor of the La Conchita Landslide” (published by Xlibris).

On Monday, January 10, 2005, it took just eight seconds for 56-year-old nurse Metivier-Hart to be buried alive while in her home during the La Conchita landslide. Buried 30 feet under the mountain and covered by rocks, mud and the tangled debris of her displaced home, she struggles to survive with only a two-by-two-foot airspace with collapsed lungs and multiple broken bones. While entombed, she reflects on her life—what led her to this place in time and whether she has made a positive impact on others. After an out-of-body experience, she finds contentment and peace, whether she lives or dies. Motivated by the desire to see her grandchildren grow up and to see her family again, she finds the strength to stay alive while rescuers desperately search for her. After facing death and passing through judgment from God, she could not leave her family now—a family in crisis.

“People are horrified at the thought of me having been buried alive and surviving. It is one of life’s biggest fears,” Metivier-Hart says. “They are curious and inspired by my story whenever it comes up in conversation. It is a story of survival, filled with strife, emotion and a reflection on the purpose of life, legacy and priorities.”

Many people experience a disaster or tragedy at sometime in their life. Metivier-Hart’s true story proves that overcoming and surviving has a lot to do with attitude. With faith, hope and acceptance, one can start to rebuild a new life again.

“A Silent Stillness—Buried Alive”
By Diane Metivier-Hart
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About the Author
Diane Metivier-Hart is a contributor to a #1 international bestseller and award-winning book, authored four peer reviewed plastic surgery articles and held a regular newsletter column. An Alumni of Bishop Montgomery H.S., class of ’66 and homecoming princess, Metivier-Hart grew up in Torrance. She attended El Camino College, becoming a registered nurse. Receiving her BSN as a graduate of CSU Dominguez Hills, Metivier-Hart spent 45 years in healthcare, including hospital operating rooms, 15 years counseling women with breast implants and trademarked as “Ask Diane” a speaker at conferences. As a survivor, she has inspired many to persevere through difficult times and has shared her testimony across the U.S. She is currently a cosmetic nurse living on the Central Coast of California.
next and braced myself for the next step—the settling of the mountain. "Oh crap!" I said to myself as I clasped my hands together and hunched my back. Thankfully, because I was a swimmer, my back and muscles were well toned and muscular. I was in excellent physical shape, but my stamina was no match for the mountain of mud.

“You’re not going to kill me!” I screamed to the heavens.

With every ounce of will and strength I could muster, I braced myself for the crash.

“I am not going to die today, you’re not going to kill me,” I screamed to the heavens, while flexing the muscles of my back, bracing for the impact.

A second later, the mountain settled, crashing down on my back. Wham! I felt my ribs cracking. Ahhhh, the air was forced out of my lungs. Then, flipping me on my right side, “Wham!” again. The pain was excruciating, unbearable. But if I could still feel pain, then I knew I was alive. I felt my lungs collapse as the wind was expressed out of me. A broken rib cage, possibly a punctured lung, and a crushed right arm—I instinctively diagnosed my injuries from the stabbing pain I felt. Suddenly, it was dark, quiet, and still.

And in the silent stillness, I was buried alive.

Not breathing, I felt like I was dying. I had to inflate my lungs. My nurse’s training went into effect. I began moving my chest muscles in and out, in and out, compressing my lungs, massaging them, while trying to take small gasps of air; it seemed to go on and on forever. Just when I thought it wasn’t working, my lungs accepted a little air, and then a little more, and a then more until they were moving in a regular motion again, breathing air. I pushed my head against the rock entombment. Packed! “Oh my god.” I began to panic with the realization that I was packed in solid and intuitively sensed I was very deep. The panic was growing. I began to tremble again.

“What do I do with the panic? I can’t panic,” I said to myself. “It won’t help me, it won’t get me out but only make things worse.” And I threw all that panic into feverish prayer, and prayed my heart out. As I prayed, a strange feeling came over me, difficult to describe. First, my life went before my eyes, first the bad, the hurts I had caused others. This came with prickly pain. I prayed for forgiveness and questioned my worthiness. Then the good I did in my life, specifically my work as