



JANEL PENAFLOR

FOUNDER OF SAFETY SENSE INC., WRITER, AND SAFETY DISRUPTOR

Janel Penaflor is the Founder and CEO of Safety Sense Inc., a neuroscience-informed workplace safety consulting, education, and publishing company serving leaders in the world's most hazardous industries. Known professionally as "*The Safety Disruptor*," she has spent more than three decades inside oil and gas, mining, nuclear, aviation, and chemical manufacturing—the places where a missed signal is measured in human lives.

Janel entered medical school directly from high school intending to specialize in radiology, then followed what she describes as a clear and unmistakable calling into occupational health and safety. She has since led more than fifty fatality investigations and built a body of work around a single, disruptive idea: that safety cannot be engineered through procedures alone. It must be understood through the brain, the nervous system, and the quiet architecture of human attention. Her philosophy—Psychology Before Procedures™ and People Before Paperwork™—has reshaped how organizations think about risk, reliability, and the human beings at the center of every operation.

She holds certifications across ISO, OSHA, and numerous international safety frameworks, served as an FAA Category 6 Auditor, and has built deep technical expertise across Environmental, Health, and Safety leadership and Dangerous Goods compliance throughout global transportation and supply chain. Her proprietary work—PERSONA™, PRISM™, NISOS™, VOICE™, BEACON™, and the Vagal Safety Ladder™—is now taught through HAVEN University™, the training and certification arm of Safety Sense Inc.

Janel is the author of *The Quantum Mind of Safety*™, a five-book nonfiction series integrating neuroscience, psychology, and safety science into a unified framework for high-reliability human performance, and of the psychological thriller *The Weight of Names*. She hosts the *Kill Switch* podcast.

I Save Lives for a Living

JANEL PENAFLO

I save lives for a living. I don't wear medical scrubs or a uniform. I work in extremely high-hazard industries to prevent injuries and death. Sadly, I sometimes have to walk onto refineries, mines, tarmacs, or loading docks, and sit in rooms with families who have just lost someone they loved most in the world. I have done this for over thirty years, yet I can tell you all of their stories.

Nineteen years old. First job. A loading dock. He was trying to do the right thing, and a truck crushed him.

Twenty years old. Standing where no one told him not to. A piece of equipment failed and cut him in half.

A pilot did everything right. The aircraft had been loaded improperly. The cargo caught fire in the sky.

A family of six. On their way to Disney World. Lost under a truck on a rainy highway.

I know all their names. I carry them with me always. People ask me, *"How do you sit across from a mother whose young son went to his first day on the job and never came home, and get up the next morning and do it again?"* My answer: I couldn't do it for a single day without God.

I have known since I was young that I was being moved by something larger than myself. Not dramatically—just in the quiet, steady way a current moves a boat. I knew I was supposed to do something with people. I knew I was supposed to make a difference. I didn't understand, at nineteen or even thirty, that what I was being shaped for was this: to sit in the rooms where the worst has already happened, and be a person who doesn't look away. I believe there is an Author. I believe I was written for this very purpose.

What I have noticed, over and over, in rooms that should hold only devastation, is that something else is present. Something holds the room. Something holds those grieving. I feel something holding me.

Through this work and a lifetime of studying the brain, I have come to believe we are not random collisions of chemistry. We are designed. The nervous system that flinches before the mind registers a threat. The gut that knows. The mother who wakes at the exact moment her child is in danger three states away. These are not accidents. These are God's fingerprints.

I believe the nineteen-year-old on the loading dock was met by something much larger than the machinery that took him, and his mother was held by that same something when she could not hold herself.

I don't do this work because I am strong. I do it because I am carried. Because when I sit in those sad and painful rooms, I am not alone, and neither is the family, and neither was the person we lost.

So I save lives for a living, but I couldn't do it for one day without God.