

The Complex Simplicity of Health

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Life can be elemental.

We are the ones who choose to make it intricate.

Living a healthy lifestyle for optimal organ health is not that simple, but it is also not complicated. Living in a way that honors the body's organs is neither a riddle nor a recipe.

It is a dance between countless forces: biology, environment, history, habit, emotion, and chance. But we grow impatient with complexity. We crave a single culprit, a single cause, a single villain, or a single common enemy.

So, we say: Diabetes comes from indulging on sugar. High blood pressure comes from consuming salt. High cholesterol comes from eating fat-loaded foods.

These stories comfort us because they are simple. But simplicity can be a form of blindness. When we reduce a health condition to one single cause, we also reduce our imagination for healing. We trade the living ecosystem of the body for a cartoon. And in doing so, we mistake the map for the terrain. This simple view complicates understanding.

The truth is quieter and more demanding: Health is a web, not a line. A conversation, not a commandment. A relationship, not a rule. To honor that truth is not to complicate life, but to see it clearly. And clarity, though rarely simple, is always worth the effort.

So, then the medications arrive to help us with that simplicity.

They arrive, not as villains, not as saviors, but as symbols of our impatience with complexity. They come dressed as solutions, tidy and contained, promising to quiet the symptoms we do not fully understand. Take this pill for your high blood sugar. Take this pill for your high blood pressure. Take this pill for your high cholesterol. Take this pill for your poor erection.

Each prescription becomes a kind of shorthand: a gesture toward healing without the long conversation healing requires. The danger is not the medicine itself, medicine can be a profound gift, especially for people who face barriers or limitations to living a healthy lifestyle. The danger is the story we wrap around it.

A story that whispers: the problem is simple, and so is the fix. But the body is not a machine with a single broken part. It is a living negotiation between organs, hormones, memories, habits, histories, and traumas. When we treat a condition as a single malfunction, we risk treating ourselves as less than whole.

Medications can support a person. What they cannot do is replace the deeper work of understanding the terrain of our lives, the patterns, pressures, and possibilities that shape our health from the inside out. To see health clearly is to resist the seduction of simple stories. To honor health is to honor complexity. And to honor complexity is to remember that healing is not a pill, but a practice.

The same story unfolds in the realm of “natural” remedies.

They, too, arrive wearing the costume of simplicity, earthy labels, ancient promises, the whisper of purity. But let’s be honest: Nothing that comes in a bottle, capsule, or powder is truly natural. Natural is what grows from soil, what ripens in sunlight, what can be held in the hand without a barcode.

Yet these products offer their own seduction: Drink this tea and your diabetes will melt away. Swallow this potion and you can abandon your blood pressure medication. Take this powder and your arteries will be scrubbed clean from that fatty plaque.

The promises change, but the pattern remains. A single cause. A single cure. A single story.

Whether the label says “pharmaceutical” or “herbal,” the danger is the same: the illusion that health can be reduced to a transaction. Both sides, modern medicine and “natural” medicine, can be helpful. Both can also become shortcuts that bypass the deeper work of understanding the body’s complexity.

The body is not a battlefield with one enemy.

It is a garden with many climates. A symphony with many instruments. A story with many authors. A mountain with many trails. When we cling to the fantasy of a single remedy, we shrink the vastness of our own biology. We trade the living mystery of the body for a slogan. True healing asks for more than a pill or a potion. It asks for participation.

For curiosity.

For a willingness to see the whole landscape rather than the nearest signpost. To honor health is to resist the seduction of easy answers, no matter how they are packaged.

We face health conditions of endemic proportions, not because the body is fragile, but because the way we live strains it from every angle. What we eat. How much we eat. When we eat. These choices form the rhythm of our biology, yet our modern rhythm is erratic, indulgent, and unmoored from the body’s natural cues.

Then comes stress, from work, from family, from traffic, from the environment, from politics, from the constant hum of a world that never quiets down. Stress is no longer an occasional visitor; it has become the blaring music of our lives.

Our days are sedentary. We sit at desks, in cars, on couches. We move less than any generation before us, yet expect our bodies to endure as though we still lived in fields, forests, and open air.

And our sleep, the most ancient healer we possess, has become irregular, fragmented, and negotiable. We go to bed at shifting hours, oversleeping one day, under sleeping the next, never giving the body the steady rhythm it depends on.

This is the landscape in which modern illness grows. Not from a single cause, but from a constellation of habits that drift us away from our own nature. The tragedy is not that we are unhealthy. The tragedy is that we live in ways that make health an exception rather than the norm. Here comes the simplicity, and the stubborn difficulty, of living a healthy life.

Eat well.

Not as a punishment, not as a performance, but as a daily act of respect. Life-giving water for optimal hydration. Three home-cooked meals. Each one built from vegetables, fruits, whole grains, and proteins that actually nourish. Each one eaten at roughly the same time, in roughly the same measure. Simple, yes. But simplicity asks for consistency, and consistency asks for discipline.

Sleep well.

Not whenever exhaustion finally wins, but at a chosen hour. Night after night, the same ritual, the same surrender. The body thrives on a circadian rhythm, yet this rhythm is the first thing we abandon when life becomes erratic.

Move your body.

Not in heroic bursts, but in steady, daily motion. Work, walk, lift, stretch, burn energy in a way that honors the machinery of muscle and bone. The body was made to move, yet modern life trains us to sit still and call it normal.

Manage stress.

Not by pretending it isn't there, and not by letting it accumulate like unspoken resentment. Address it when it knocks, not when it breaks the door. Have more than one way to soothe the mind, a breath, a walk, a conversation, a pause. Stress is inevitable; drowning in it is not.

This is the irony: the path is straightforward, but walking it is intricate. The principles are simple, but the practice is lifelong. Health is not a mystery, yet it is not a shortcut either.

It is a craft. A discipline. A relationship with ourselves that must be renewed every day.

So the question arises: Why is it so hard to live a healthy lifestyle? Because it asks something of us. It asks for work. It asks for effort. It asks for time. It asks for motivation, and willpower, and grit. And we are creatures who love ease.

We are drawn to shortcuts the way plants lean toward sunlight. We prefer the single cause and the single fix, the story that says, “Do this one thing and everything will be fine.” It’s not that we are lazy. It is that complexity feels overwhelming, and responsibility feels heavy.

A pill is easier than practice. A potion is easier than a pattern. A smoothie is easier than devotion. A slogan is easier than a lifestyle.

But ease is not the same as health. And shortcuts rarely lead where we hope they will. The truth is uncomfortable but liberating: A healthy life is simple in principle, but demanding in execution. It requires daily choices, not occasional miracles. It requires participation, not passive consumption. We resist this not because we are weak, but because we are human, wired to seek the path of least resistance, even when the path of greatest reward lies just beyond it.

You want good health?

This is the answer. Not the glamorous answer. Not the marketable answer. Not the answer that fits on a label or in a commercial.

The answer is to return to the basics; the practices humans have relied on long before wellness became an industry. Eat well. Move your body. Manage your stress. Sleep with intention.

These are not secrets. They are not exotic. They are not hidden in a pill, a rare herb, or a miracle supplement. They are simple. And because they are simple, we overlook them. Because they require effort, we avoid them. Because they demand consistency, we search for loopholes.

So we chase the one tea that promises to reverse everything. The one pill that claims to fix what years of bad habits have shaped. The one “natural” substance that insists it can undo the negative consequences of a lifestyle.

But it is not this simple. It has never been this simple. Health is not a trick. It is not a hack. It is not a single cause with a single cure.

It is a way of living, a daily practice, a long conversation with your own body, a commitment renewed again and again. The basics are not glamorous, but they are the foundation. And foundations, by their nature, are what everything else depends on.

Health is precious. Invaluable. Convuluted. Simple.