



DEFIANT ONES:

*Two Kettles
Together*

The American Revolution's Bravest
Women - Patriots, Prophets,
Poets & Spies

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The American Revolution's Bravest Women - Patriots, Prophets, Poets & Spies

Two Kettles Together

By Heather Blanton

A Beautifully Flawed Productions Original

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If you read and research history as I have, you learn some astonishing things about America that don't fit modern-day narratives. To me, the biggest misrepresentation revolves around Native Americans and their roles in building and helping settle the country. Even from the foundations of Jamestown, we had our allies among the tribes.

In the story you're about to read, one Oneida woman and her family not only supported the cause of liberty, but they fought for it as well. **Two Kettles Together**, also known as Tyonajanegan, believed enough in the fledgling nation and the promises it foreshadowed to follow her husband into battle. And she did so more than once.

She made the fight for freedom her own.

“Where you go I will go, and where you stay I will stay.
Your people will be my people and your God my God.”

Ruth 1:16

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Chapter 1

The corn stood over her shoulder now, and Two Kettles Together (Tyonajanegen) walked the rows with her palms open, brushing the leaves, smiling at the beans growing round the stalks, watching her step so as not to trip on a squash. The Three Sisters way of planting had long been practiced by the Oneida and Iroquois. The vegetables growing together reflected unity and peace. Two Kettles Together envied them. There was no peace in her heart today.

Behind her stood the frame house her husband Honyery had built of squared timber, not bark, with a door and windows that latched like a white man's home. His father was German, his mother Mohawk. Two Kettles Together had been taken as a child from the Cherokee by the Mohawks, raised by them, and then adopted by the Oneida when she married Honyery. Like the corn, the beans, and the squash, they both thrived on their mix of worlds. It was their greatest strength.

Here in Oriska, they farmed, and they prospered, and when the English or the Americans wanted words with the Oneida, it was often Honyery and Two Kettles Together who represented them. They lived, both of them, with a foot in two worlds and a heart in one.

That heart was the thing she feared for now.

For more winters than anyone could count, the Oneida had walked in unity with the Mohawk, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca, and after them the Tuscarora — six fires, one council, one will. The Six Nations went to war only when every tribe agreed, and so they had stayed strong and whole. But agreement was a fragile thing, and this summer the white men's quarrel was pressing on it from every side. She had seen the council fall silent where once it had spoken with one voice.

The confederacy had outlasted wars and famines and the turning of generations. Two Kettles Together feared now it might be the Redcoats and the Colonists, men with no claim on this land, who finally pulled it apart. Tomorrow, at the next council meeting, Honyery, as chief warrior of the Oneida Wolf Clan, would again ask the Six Nations to support the Colonists. She prayed they would listen.

Honyery stood his ground as Yellow Two Horse charged up, nose to nose with him. "You are a toy for the Colonists." So angry that spittle flew from his mouth, he raged at Honiyery. "And you are so white, you do not know how to lead your clan! You have forgotten what it means to be of the Six Nations."

Two strong, sinewy warriors a breath away from violence. As were all the nations.

Honyery calmly raised his hand and, with a firm push, moved Yellow Two Horse back a step. In the tribal long house, a dozen pairs of eyes, the council members, sat perfectly still and watched this heated argument. A hundred warriors and a few women, including Two Kettles Together, observed from the shadows.

"You speak out of nothing but anger, Yellow Two Horse." Honiyery dropped his hands to his sides, signaling he would not fight his Iroquois brother. "There is no wisdom in your words. You tell me not to trust the Colonists, who have been our friends and neighbors for very many years, but I am to trust an English chief who lives far away and has brought nothing but tyranny to our land?"

"His heavy hand has not settled on us. We are still free."

"For how long? The way he has used the Colonists reveals how he will treat us. He has no reason to value or fear the Six Nations. A chief who would divide his people is not a chief to be trusted."

"You are a puppet because your half-white blood blinds you to the truth."

"Yellow Two Horse, you must put away this hatred you have for me. I have never understood it, but now it comes between the nations, not just us. Think of your people first."

"I am thinking of my people," he roared. "We have guns and strength with the British. The Iroquois will be safe and strong if we live in peace with them."

"The Iroquois will soon live with chains around their necks and be driven about like oxen if the British keep this land."

Yellow Two Horse threw up his hands in disgust and stormed away from Honiyery. Honiyery hung his head. Long and lean, he wore buckskin britches like all the warriors, but a cotton shirt like a white man. His hair he kept partially shaved in the front in the Oneida tradition. He moved effortlessly between the two worlds, and both accepted him. He had said so many wonderful, wise, and clear things to Two Kettles Together to convince her of his wisdom. He needed to say such things again now to the council. The Confederacy was on the verge of disintegrating.

A frail voice spoke from the other side of the long house shadows. "The way to peace, Honiyery, is through unity. The Confederacy has faced many challenges, and we have faced them together. Now is not the time to part ways."

Honyery clenched his hands into fists and squared his shoulders. "This is the time, Bear Who Thunders. If we wait too long, we will have no choice."

"The Tuscarora," another voice began, stronger and bolder, "side with the Oneida." Chief Running

Deer stood and passed his gaze over the council members. "You have had peace so long you have become afraid of war. But sometimes, war is the only way to peace."

The council members muttered among themselves and then slowly rose and filed out of the long house. In the end, only Honyery, Chief Running Deer, two of his warriors, and Two Kettles Together remained.

She stepped up and took her husband's hand. Someday, she would tell him why Yellow Two Horse hated him. The two men had competed for something years ago, though Honyery had not been aware of the contest.

He'd merely loved Two Kettles Together, and she had chosen to love him...over Yellow Two Horse.





Chapter 2

Two Kettles Together stirred the simmering green beans and flipped the sizzling venison steaks in the frying pan. Honyery liked them well done. “Supper is nearly ready, Honyery.”

He looked up from the gun he was repairing at the kitchen table. He’d been quiet most of the afternoon as he worked. Many things troubled his mind, no doubt. “I am ready. I have been smelling your bacon-and-bean soup for the last hour.”

He wiped the gun oil off his hands and joined her at the table. His dark eyes glimmered with contentment. “I am a blessed man. A beautiful wife. Healthy children. Venison steaks.”

He made Two Kettles Together smile. She couldn’t have been any prouder. He was a good man and a good leader.

She set their meal on the table and joined him, flicking her long, black braids over her shoulders. Sometimes she wore buckskins when she had chores outside. But today, with much cooking to do at her kettles, she wore a cooler, light-weight muslin dress like her white neighbors.

“Do you grow fonder of the white women’s clothes?” he asked, skimming her appearance and grinning with mischief in his eyes.

She grinned back. He knew better. “Only if I’m cooking most of the day.”

He took her hand and prayed over the food. His faith in Christ had opened the doors for him to help his people and find respect with their white neighbors. Two Kettles Together was glad for the easy path, but it troubled her sometimes, as well. In her heart, she knew Honyery had been given these open doors for a reason.

He scooped mashed potatoes onto his plate and said bluntly, “So, I would ask again, my wife. Yellow Two Horse hates me. Why?”

She froze, reaching for the ladle in the soup.

He took her hand. “These many years I have known you did not tell me the truth. Now, his hate infects the Six Nations’ council. It is time for me to know why.”

Two Kettles Together stared down at her plate and pulled her hand away. In her mind, the way to avoid

bad blood between him and Honyery had been to keep the secret. But Yellow Two Horse had made that seemingly impossible now.

“When I was first taken from my people by the Iroquois, Thayendanegea had thought to betroth me to Yellow Two Horse. I did not wish to marry him. The more I refused him, the more he wanted me. One day in anger, I told him I would marry him if he won all the games at the Seed Planting Festival.”

Honyery rubbed his chin, thinking. “Was that the year we met?”

“Yes.”

“I won—.”

“Every game. Every time, Yellow Two Horse and his warriors lost to you and the Wolf Clan.”

“He hates me because of the games?”

“You bested him at every turn. You stole his pride...and you stole my heart.”

Honyery shook his head, as if he couldn’t unravel the logic of Yellow Two Horse’s thinking. “I do not know how to make things better between us then. If he has not let his spirit heal—”

“Yellow Two Horse was always an angry man. I knew this, and I did not want to be a part of his dark world.”

Honyery was silent for several minutes, poking at his food, before he spoke again. “If I went to him, tried to talk to him—”

“He will not listen to you. I’m sorry, Honyery. Perhaps I should have told you all this many years ago, when healing might have been possible, but I believe his hate for you as you have prospered and become Wolf Clan leader has only grown stronger.”

Honyery drummed his fingers on his cup of water. “Preacher Kirkland met with the men today.”

This was not a change of subject, and her heart sank. All these thoughts and questions wound together. Nudging him to explain, she poured honey on her cornbread and asked, “What did he say?”

“He said there is unrest among us.”

His statement of things she already knew puzzled her. She had been in the council meeting. She understood how hot the warriors’ blood ran, how deep the division cut between king, patriot, and Indians. Had something happened? “The Oneida are still one family with the Confederacy. Aren’t we?”

“No.”

The answer hit like a slap. After centuries...“What has happened?”

“No more talking. The council voted today. The Mohawk, Onondaga, Seneca, and Cayuga say we must all side with the British. The Tuscarora say they will stand with the Oneida and the Patriots.”

No wonder he had been so quiet this afternoon. “This division saddens me, my husband. It could run so deep, it might never heal. But Preacher Kirkland believes the Patriots are right to insist on their freedoms. I agree.”

He sighed heavily, not trying to hide his frustration and grief. “Their king is a tyrant. He would have us all live like slaves under his rule.”

She poured them each a cup of water from the pitcher on the table and held her peace. He was reasoning out the way of things and did not need to hear her voice.

“We are a free people. We always have been. I’m sorry so many in the council cannot see it. Yellow Two Horse spreads lies and hate, tries to make them believe the Colonists are worse than the British.”

“The Creator has said in his word that a house divided against itself cannot stand.”

Honyery’s stare drifted. “Then maybe it is not meant to stand any longer. Changes come to men’s lives like the seasons. If unity in the Six Nations means we cannot determine how we will live—free, or under the yoke of a British flag—then perhaps the time for the Six Nations is over.”

A terrible thing, but perhaps necessary. “If we have no right to choose what we fight for, the Iroquois Confederacy is as misguided as the English king.”

Honyery bounced his fork in his hand as he considered things. “Scouts say the British are moving toward us. I will not be surprised if I must leave soon to join the fight.”

A Great War.

Two Kettles Together glanced around her clean, warm kitchen. A comfortable place with her shiny stove and copper pans, but it was not the place of her happiness. “I will go with you when you leave.” Because beside him was where she belonged. The Lord had joined them together. Nothing, not even war, would separate them.

Honyery chuckled sadly. “I never doubted it.”

“Honyery,” a man hailed from outside. A flurry of voices echoed the call. Two Kettles Together quickly rose and peered out the kitchen window.



Loved the sample? The full story of Defiant Ones: Two Kettles Together by Heather Blanton is waiting for you on Amazon. Dive deeper into Two Kettles Together's journey — and unlock exclusive bonus content including discussion questions, historical facts, a timeline, a travel guide, and a link to the immersive audio series.

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