

Intercessors Are the Best Warriors in God's Kingdom

General Jerry Boykin

2026 US National Conference - Thursday Banquet

All of you here are intercessors. Exodus 15:3 says the Lord is a Warrior. The Lord is His Name. Revelation 19 says He is coming back wearing a bloodstained, white robe, leading a mighty army and a saber is coming out of His mouth. Don't you think that we are supposed to be warriors in God's Kingdom?

You are the best of the best because you are the person that is out there on the front line. My mother was an intercessor. I can tell you some stories about her. If I have time at the end, I am going to tell you one.

I am going to tell you my story, though, about being a warrior.

Invitation to Delta Force

In 1977, I got a call. I was in the Florida Ranger camp training Rangers, and I got a call from the personnel center in Washington, and the guy on the other end said. "Captain Boykin, I am calling you because I want you to volunteer for a new organization that is being formed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina." He said, "I cannot tell you anything about it. It is top secret. I can tell you that we are going to ask you to come up here to Fort Bragg and go through a 30-day trial to see if you can make it into this new unit. If you do make it, we are going to ask you to volunteer to be part of this. But that is all I can tell you about it. Make sure you are in the best shape you have ever been in, and I need your answer in one hour."

So I did what all Christian men do, I called my mother. I told you she is an intercessor. I called her and I said, "Mom, I don't know what this is, but if that is where God wants me, I want Him to give me everything I need to get through this." She said, "Son, let's pray right now." She started praying. And when my mama prayed, you could rattle the roof with that.

The Power of Mom's Prayers – Delta Force Training

She was a praying woman. And she said, "Son, I will be praying for you every day that you are going." I said, "Thanks, Mom." And I took off and I went up to Fort Bragg on the first weekend in February.

It was cold up there at Fort Bragg and they gave us all this equipment and then they put us in trucks and took us out into the mountains of North Carolina.

Snow was on the ground, and winds were blowing terribly. They put each man out with a very heavy load. They gave us, not only a heavy rucksack (backpack), but they gave us a weapon and several other things. We had to carry very heavy loads and each man was by himself. You could not do anything with another person.

They put us out and you had to go mile after mile after mile. You never knew how far you had to go. You never knew how much time you had to get there. And every day we see people falling out. We started with 118 people, and you could see them every day - they fall out (dropped out).

Finally, the last day we went 40 miles. I went 40 miles in 11 hours and 27 minutes, and I was the first one through.

We only had 19 people left from the 118 that we started with and they took us all into the program. A psychologist came in and gave us a battery of tests. Then he took each man into his office and he talked to him.

He brought me in and said, "Captain Boykin, I am going to go recommend that you not be part of this new unit." And I said, "Why not?" He said, "Well, you rely too much on your faith and you just will not fit in." And I thought, and you rely on your nose to breathe and I am going to break it for you.

Now look, I am a bit more sanctified now than I was then, okay?

So that was on a Friday afternoon and they let us have the weekend off. So as quickly as I could, I got my car and I took off to eastern North Carolina - New Bern, North Carolina, where I grew up.

I went to see my mother and I said, "Mom, what is the Lord showing you?" She said, "I do not know, son. I do not know what it means." But I said, "Mom, what is the Lord showing you?" She said, "Well, remember, I do not know what this means, the Lord is telling me that satan is gathering his forces." And that is when I said, "Oh no, I do not want any part of this."

The next Sunday morning, before I went back to Fort Bragg, I got down on my knees in the little Pentecostal church I went to my whole life. You never found one that had more than 45 or 50 people in the whole church, you know. So, I got down on my knees there and I just said, "Lord, satan is gathering his forces. What do You want me to do, Lord? He is gathering his forces. What do You want me to do?"

And I heard for the first time in my life, and only one of two times that has happened, and I'll tell you about the other one in a minute. I said, "Well, I know God. What do You want me to do? satan is gathering his forces. And He said, "Yes, son, but so am I." I knew I was supposed to go back and become part of this new unit.

I went back to Fort Bragg and everybody had to go through a board. When it came my time, I went in and sat down and they were going to decide whether they wanted you or not. I sat down in a chair and I am looking back at these cadre (crew, group) and they were hammering me with all kinds of questions, most of which did not make a whole lot of sense. What they were trying to do was rattle me and see what I was going to do. What was I made of?

One of the guys hammering me with questions was the guy that created the Delta Force. He was a notorious old guy, and he had been shot in the belly with a 50 caliber in Vietnam and he lived through it, he survived. He was just mean. People looked at him, but he was a hard drinking, hard cursing, hard living guy.

He was an old Georgia football player and I was giving him my answers. He just stopped and told all the people there, "Okay, everybody, all of you, stop." He looked at me and he said, "Captain Boykin, you are kind of a religious fella, ain't you?" I thought, I am going to hook that psychologist when I get out of here, but I knew what he was asking.

I am not religious. I really am not religious. There are so many people with religion that do not know the Lord Jesus Christ. But I knew what he was asking me, so I said, "Yes sir, I am." And he said, "Were you raised that way?" I said, "Yeah, my mother is a saint." And he said, "Well, mine was too. She taught me the same thing. We would be glad to have you here in the Delta Force."

Let me tell you something. For the next two years, that old man treated me with absolute contempt. I could not understand what his problem was. I was at the point where I was ready to go in his office and say, "If you do not want me here, I will leave."

Operation Eagle Claw, April 24, 1980

Jimmy Carter told us to go in to Tehran, Iran, and rescue 52 Americans that were being held by the followers of the Ayatollah Khomeini at the US embassy. We launched that operation out of Wadi Qena, Egypt. There is an old Russian MiG base there and we were there in that big MiG base. Charlie Beckwith came up to me the night before we launched, and he had a different countenance altogether. And he looked at me and he said, "Jerry, before we launch this thing tomorrow, I want you to get up on that platform up there, and I want you to pray that God will bring us home safely."

And I did the next day. We were all in civilian clothes so if we had to run if we had to do an escape and evasion, we would not be in anything that would look like a US uniform. We all went in with blue jeans on and shirts and so forth, beards. I got up there and we read Isaiah 6:8: "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' Then said I, 'Here am I; send me.'" And then we sang God Bless America and we launched that operation that night.

We landed about 100 miles from Tehran with C-130s, big fixed wing aircraft, and when we brought helicopters off the USS Nimitz out in the Gulf there, and they linked up with us, and we pulled out the hoses from the fixed wing, and we started refueling the helicopters.

One of those helicopters, after he got his fuel, he lifted off. He was going to reposition so another one could come in and all of a sudden as I was walking up towards the airplane there was a huge explosion and fire was everywhere.

I turned and started to run. And when I turned and started to run, I felt the hand of God saying, "Stop, stop!" I stopped and turned around and shielded myself. That is when I realized that 45 of those Delta Force men were trapped inside that burning wreckage. (Shows picture of a burned out aircraft.) That is where they were. All of a sudden I said, well, there is not only one thing that I can do. And I said, "Lord, in the Name of Jesus, bring them out alive! Lord, they trusted You. Amen." And here comes 45 men jumping through the flames, jumping right out onto the floor and they ran like they were scalded dogs or something. That was kind of like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego when they got thrown into that fire.

I saw a miracle that night, and Nebuchadnezzar jumped up and said, “Yo, dudes, come over here and check out what I am looking at.” That is the way they talked then. And then he said, “What? Didn't we throw three in there? I fear I see a fourth one and He looks like the Son of God.”

Let me say this to all of you. Somebody was praying, and I know at least one of them that was praying that night.

Grenada – Richmond Hill Prison

In 1983, we were told to go in to a place called Grenada. The Russians and the Cubans were building airfields that would put them within range of the United States. And a man of faith (President Ronald Reagan) said, “Not in my hemisphere, not on my watch.” And he said, “Go down there and take that away from them and get them out of there!”

We were spearheading the operation. As we got ready to launch that operation, we got together. I stood up on the platform and we started praying. I led the prayer and it came to the end and we sang God Bless America. And then we launched that operation the next morning. And just as the sun was coming up over the blue waters of the Caribbean, I was sitting in a right troop door, of a flight of four helicopters. I was in the lead helicopter and I had my rifle here right next to me. I had my ammo out here and I knew we were going to fight because we were going into a prison to get two political prisoners out of that prison. It is called Richmond Hill Prison. I knew that it was going to be tough. As we came up over the island and all of a sudden, the people on the island there were waving at us like they were welcoming us. And I thought this was going to be a good day.

About that time, we got over Richmond Hill Prison and they unloaded on us. I mean, they started hammering us. You could hear them going through the rotor blades. You could hear them going through the bottom of the aircraft and all of that. And we are firing back, man. We are hammering them. And every time we kill one and knock one down, another one would get on the gun.

And we were just trading fire. And then finally, boom, I knew I had been hit and I was bleeding profusely. I had been hit in the side here, right up in my rib cage. It did not go into the cavity, it went through, but it cut a big hole in there, and then the rest of it went up through my armpit with that 50 caliber. I could not use it. I could not feel it. It was just dead.

I said to pilot to go around again. Let's try it again. Now that was stupid.

Because we did. We went around again; went around again and they shot us out again. And this time they did not have any place to take me. So, they went out to an aircraft carrier and put me off. And they took me into the hospital bed there and operated on me. And then they brought me back to Fort Bragg and took me straight in to the surgical ward, and they operated on me a second time. And then when I woke up in the recovery room.

They said to me, “Captain Boykin, you have a very serious injury.” They started making their case for what they were doing, and they wanted to take my arm off. I said, “Just hold on, guys. You just do the best you can. I have been talking to the Lord, and He has told me that if I will trust Him, He will heal me.”

Panama and Manuel Noriega

Then in 1989 we were sent down to Panama to bring home a warlord. And he was an awful man. Manuel Noriega was his name. He was a real devil worshiper. I saw it myself. We were there to bring him to the US, to put him on trial.

Some of his thugs had killed a US naval officer, and abused his wife. That is when George H.W. Bush said, "That is enough. Go get him and bring him home." And there was a man, Kurt Muse, that was being held in Carcel Modelo Prison. He was an American citizen, but he had been caught making broadcast that were criticizing the leadership.

They caught him. The CIA had given him all of the material he was working with, which probably did not help his case a whole lot, but he was in prison. Within the next few days, they were going to take him to the gallows. The President said to make that the first thing you do before you do anything else, get him out of that prison and get him home.

So, I was running the first operation. First of all, I got up and was praying, asking that the Lord would go with us and bring us all in alive. And then we sang God Bless America. And we launched that operation. We came out across that canal and when we got on the other side of that canal, they started hammering us again.

And I am thinking, not again. No, this cannot happen again. And let me tell you, they were hammering us. So we went down as low as we could, and we came up on top of the building and landed right there. And then we got out and went down to the third level and found Muse in his cell. We blew the door off his cell and got him out, took him up to the top and put him in a little helicopter.

By the way, Muse calls me every year on the 20th of September because he wants to say thank you for helping me get my freedom back. So we put him in this little bird and they took off. And the one that he was in with some shooters with him, they took off and they started taking fire and it hit the hydraulics and they went in and pancaked in.

Now they did not catch fire and they did not turn over. It was part of a bad mess. One man got hit in the leg. Not bad. Another guy got hit in the side of his chest. It was not too bad. And the helicopter landed on the foot of the third guy and he could not get out from under it and they were shooting at him. So, he just took his knife and cut three of his own toes off and got away.

But I am here to tell you, we got Muse home just fine. We got him out of there and we got him home just fine. And every one of those men went back to full duty. And the guy that cut his own toes off ran a half marathon six months later.

Our Prayers Are Impactful

By the way, somebody was praying.

You do not know who you are impacting. A lot of times you just do not know. But there will come a day that you will be able to stand there before the Lord and you will know what you did. You are the best warriors in God's Kingdom.

1993 – Somalia – The Presence of Evil

In 1993, President Bill Clinton sent us into a place called Mogadishu, Somalia. And you know, it is Black Hawk Down. I will just tell you that we did not know what to expect going in there when we landed.

I got off the airplane and I could feel the presence of evil. I told my little chaplain I had there, “I do not care where you do it. You go set up a place where you can. You can spread the word. I want these men to at least have an opportunity to know about the Word, to know.” And he said, “Okay, I will do that, boss.” And I said, “Okay.”

He went and set up his stuff and, and finally, after six days of preparations, they told us to start launching in. Before we started launching, I joined with about 400 men inside a hangar and I prayed and then we sang God Bless America. And then we started launching.

We went into that city five times, that evil place. And we never had any real problems at all. We had a couple of guys that we had to put Band-Aids on them.

Then 3rd of October is my mother's birthday and I wanted so much to be able to say happy birthday to her. They told us that we were supposed to go into a place called the Bakara Market. And the Bakara Market was the worst place in all of Mogadishu, because that is where the militia lived and thrived. We were told that they were having a big meeting in there, and they wanted us to go in there and grab them.

We got ready to launch that operation. I got out of my seat in the Joint Operations Center, got down on my knees, and I just said, “Lord, in Jesus Name, go with us. Be with us, Lord. Let us come home to our friends, to our families, in the Name of Jesus.”

The code word to start the operation was Irene. I got up. I reached over, grabbed a hand set, keyed it up, and I said, “Irene, Irene, Irene,” and men started flying out there to get on their helicopters and pretty soon the noise was just deafening. They went out over the ocean. Everybody got in a formation and then they turned in, bound to the Bakara Market. Fifteen minutes after I said, “Irene, Irene, Irene,” a hundred Americans were locked in an 18-hour battle with thousands of wild eyed, drug crazed Somalis that all wanted to kill infidels.

Well, at the end of that 18 hours, 15 of my soldiers were dead.

My most vivid memories of Mogadishu was a five ton truck coming back into our base. It is all we had to get our dead and wounded out with - one truck, and I walked over to help open the tailgate, knowing that I did not want to see what was in there. As we opened that tailgate, the blood poured out like water as I looked in there. The dead were on bottom, and the wounded were on top of the dead. And it broke me. It broke me spiritually and broke me emotionally. It broke me physically.

As I was saying, “God, where were You? Where were You? God, where were You that night?” Oh, and by the way, the other thing was I saw on CNN international there a little later that day, two of my men being dragged through the streets and mutilated and desecrated and my anger built.

I was so angry. That night, after the sun went down, I went over and sat down on my bunk and picked up my Bible. And I said, “Lord, where were You? Where were You? Where were You?” And then the

answer came to me, and the answer was, there is no God. There is no God. If there was a God, that just would not have happened.

About the time that I said that, the audible voice of the Lord for the second time, and the last time that I have heard an audible voice. He said, "If there is no God, there is no hope." And I broke and my chest started heaving and I began to weep so much. I was almost out of control as I was saying, "God, I am so sorry. Please forgive me. God, forgive me for what I have just said."

And then I said, "Lord, I just do not understand. I just do not understand God. Lord, I am going to open my Bible here and just give me something here. Lord, just give me something." And I opened it up. I did not look for anything. I just opened it. And where I opened it said, "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart and lean not unto thine own understanding."

Well, they took me up to a big tent which the United Nations had. They called it a hospital, and they took me up and operated on me.

The next day, because we were standing and talking after we had had a big fight. I was talking to my guys and all of a sudden there was a big explosion. It was a mortar. Four mortars were fired at us and three of them went into the ocean and one of them landed. Right there. I went down. They went down, and I finally I knew I had been hit in the legs and my feet. And I got up on wobbly legs and I looked down and my Master Sergeant was dead and my Lieutenant Colonel was standing there screaming, "My legs! My legs! My legs!" He had been chewed up with that mortar. And I just said, "Lord, I do not know if I can do this anymore."

But as you know, the Bible says He will never give us more than we can handle. And so, I knew that I had to hang on and keep doing all I can do. Then they took me and got all the stuff out of my legs.

And well, they did not get it all out. Most of it they got out. The next morning I said, "Take me back down to the base. I want to be with my soldiers." So, they took me down there and they set me up and I was sitting there just saying, "Lord, I need something. God, I really need something. Lord, I am so down about this." And somebody came to my bunk and said, "Sir, here is something that came from Fort Bragg." I opened it up and read it, and it came from the guy that started the Dollar Rent A Car in Loveland, Colorado – a fine Christian man, good friend of mine. And I opened it up and I looked at it and it said, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary. They shall walk and not faint."

Somebody was praying. Somebody was praying for me. Sometimes you do not know who you are praying for. You know that somebody was praying. Well, I came home the end of October.

First night home, I was on a cane by that time, and I got up at 2:00 in the morning. I went and sat before the Lord with my Bible in my hand, and I said, "Lord, I am tormented because I do not know if those men were ready to go, if they were ready to be with You, Lord. Lord, give me something. Just give me something, Lord." And, I opened my Bible and said, "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, So by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous."

And I said to the Lord, "Lord, what does it mean?" He said, "Were you obedient to Me? Did you make sure that they had an opportunity to hear the Word of God, to hear the Gospel?" "Yes, Lord. Yes." And then I could feel the Lord was saying, "Then the rest is up to Me."

Now I am going to circle back and tell you one last thing about this. When that mortar went off, I got back on my feet and I was really wobbly, but I said, "Find me a doctor. Find a doctor." And I did not know it, but he was laying right there. He walked up to speak to me, and he was laying right there and the mortar hit him and it hit him down in his groin here in the artery. I did not know that until I looked down and saw him in a pile of blood here. He was bleeding out quickly and the medics came by and put me on a stretcher and put him on a stretcher and took us into a little tent and they laid us side by side. I reached over and took his hand, and I squeezed his hand and I said, "Hold on, Rob, you are going to make it. Hold on, Rob, you are going to make it."

And he did not open his eyes. They were working desperately on him, trying to save him. And I just kept saying, "Lord, save him. God, please do not let him die. God, in the Name of Jesus, do not let him die." And all of a sudden, for the first time, he opened his eyes, big dilated eyes, and he turned and looked like this at me. He said, "Tell Barbara..." Barbara was his wife. And then his eyes closed.

I looked up at the machines and. There was nothing. No pulse rate, nothing. And I just said, "God, no! God, no! Can You just spare this one? Can You just spare this one?"

That is Him right now. I want to, if you give me a few more minutes, I want to tell you something different.

After I had retired and I had written a couple of books, my publisher asked me if I would be willing to do a novel with a guy that was a former Muslim, radical Muslim. And he had come to Christ. And I want you to understand that I literally hated Muslims because of what they had done to my soldiers.

To include what they did to them in Mogadishu as well as Iran that mutilated them. And I said, "No, I am not doing that." He said, "Well, would you think about it for a little while?" And I said, "Yeah, I will think about it."

I called a couple of my friends in Colorado Springs and I said, "Do you know a guy - supposedly he is a reformed Muslim and. His name is such and such?" And he said, "Yeah, he is okay. He is a good guy." I said, "All right, well, I will have dinner with him, but I am going to make my own decision on this." I went and had dinner with him and his wife and, I felt like the Lord was saying, do it, you know, do it.

So, we wrote a book together. In the process of writing that book. I really got to the point that I loved this guy, and he was nothing like what I thought he was, which told me something about Muslims.

I Will Give You Islam if You Will Take It

Muslims. When they come to Christ, they are willing to die for their faith.

I pray for Muslims now, every day. I pray for them every day, especially the ones in Israel.

Now, you got to be careful. I am not saying jump into anything willy-nilly and not know what you are doing, but I believe that we are responsible to help bring them to Christ.

A year and a half ago, I was in Israel. I lived in Israel for a period of time with the Golani Brigade. We were up north there, and I was there to try and rescue some Americans in Beirut, actually. So I got to be real close to the guy, to the commander of the unit that I was with there. We became very close friends.

And my children are Jews, by the way. Their mother is a Jew. And so he and I became brothers. No kidding. We really were just brothers. And I would go over there and he would come over and stay with me. And we were always running some kind of operation in there.

I was down in South America and I was in the jungle and I was hanging in my hammock and my radio operator came up and said, "Sir, the General wants to talk to you know." I said, "What's up, boss?" And he said, "I hate to tell you this, but Amir Mytal was killed last night in Lebanon." And it was one of those things where I said, "No! This is wrong. It is not right!"

Well, I came home and I went to see his parents, and we wept together for quite some time. His picture is up in my home and in my office both. I loved the guy and he was a great loss to me.

So, a year and a half ago when I was over there, it was Memorial Day for them and they wanted me to speak and I did not want to. I thought, I cannot do that. I just cannot do it. But it was an outdoor setting, you know, it was an amphitheater. And we got there and I said, okay, I will do it.

I got up there and I told them about Amir, what had happened to him, and I told him the day that he died is the day that I said, I will do anything - to include giving my own life for this nation, Israel. And I am going to tell you something. Anybody that believes in this replacement theology, you are an anti-Semite.

My children. I raised them to be proud of the fact that they are half Jews, and I wear Jewish clothes sometimes, you know, like my jacket that I got from the Golani Brigade with all of the stuff on it. I go out and I do not care. I want you to ask me. I want you to challenge me because I want to tell you something. Aside from the fact that what I really want to do is break your nose, but I know that is not the right thing to do.

We Must Always Stand with Israel

We have to stand with Israel and we need to listen. We have got to get people in in our House and Senate and the White House that love Israel, that understand. And we keep getting these people because you think they are going to give you something. That is nonsense.

Somebody Was Praying

And I am going to finish with this.

I told you somebody was praying. Somebody was praying. Oh, Lord. She prayed Psalm 91 over me every day that I was in the military. She was an intercessor. And the Lord called her to intercede for the prisoners of war in Vietnam. And He would wake her up in the middle of the night and she would get out of bed. And if my dad was home, she would go into the living room and she would get down on her knees and pray. And one night she was praying and she just could not get a breakthrough. And she just

kept praying. And finally she said to the Lord, "Just send him an angel, Lord, send him an angel." And then she felt like she had peace. She went back to bed.

Years later I brought one of those people to her home and introduced her and he gave her a book from a guy named Robinson Risner. Assemblies of God, man. My mother picked that thing up and she started looking through it. [James Robinson Risner - Wikipedia](#)

She found something real interesting. Robinson Risner had said there was a day when they beat him so bad he just could not go on. And he said, "Lord, take me, take me now."

About that time, a little Vietnamese woman opened my door to my cell, came in, set a pail of water down with sponges, and started sponging me, sponging the blood off of my face. Then she put it back in and she left.

He said he was at the point where he was saying, Lord, "Take me now, take me now," and he started tapping to the rest of the prisoners, "Who is the new woman? Who is the new woman here?" And they kept saying, "There is no new woman."

You know the rest. I do not have to tell you. My mother said, "The Lord is showing me that that was the angel that I prayed for!"

You do not know who you are praying for sometimes.

But you are intercessors, and you are God's finest people because of that.

God bless you all. I love you and thank you for having me here. Now stand up with me.

There are two things that we did every time we launched an operation. What are they? We prayed. And we sang "God Bless America."

[All sing "God Bless America."]