

DETECTIVE DANNY

Does It Again!



By Charlotte Larcabal

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(Based on a true story)

*“And the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers”
(D&C 2:2).*

Danny was a detective. He had a notebook. He had a magnifying glass. He didn't have a trench coat. But it was too hot for one of those anyway.

Like all good detectives, Danny looked for clues. He asked questions. He did research. And he found answers. Just last week, he solved the mystery of the Dumpster Diver. Someone had knocked over the trash bin outside and dumped garbage all over Danny's yard. After looking for clues, Danny discovered the culprit's identity—a raccoon! Case closed.



But today there were no mysteries to solve. Danny sat down next to Dad at the computer desk and played with his magnifying glass.

“Is Detective Danny solving another mystery?” Dad asked, looking up from the computer.

“No,” Danny said. “Nobody lost anything. Nobody is missing. And I can't find anything suspicious.” (The detectives in Danny's books said words like *suspicious* a lot.)

“I have a mystery for you,” Dad said as he clicked the computer mouse.

Danny perked up. Another mystery? He looked at the computer screen, but all he saw were a bunch of names and dates.



I like to index and to add names to my family tree!

Josselin M., age 10,
Santa Ana, El Salvador

“Aw, Dad!” Danny said. “That’s not detective work. That’s just family history.”

“Just family history?” Dad pretended to be shocked. “This is some of the most important detective work you can do! You have to hunt for clues, find missing people, and solve the mystery of where you came from!”

Danny crinkled his nose. He would rather be following footprints with his magnifying glass.



“I’ll tell you what,” Dad said. “I need to make a few calls. Why don’t you look at the family tree while I’m gone? You might be surprised by what you find.”

Danny sighed and sat down at the computer. He found his name. His parents’ names. And his grandparents’ names. Then he clicked an arrow and even more names appeared! The names kept going on and on. Some of his ancestors were from California like him. But some were from countries far away.

Whoa! They lived hundreds of years ago, he thought. I wonder what they were like.

Then Danny saw some blank spots on his family tree. Maybe there was some detective work to be done.

From that day on, Detective Danny was on the case—the Family History Mystery!

He looked for clues in family journals.

He called his grandma and asked her lots of questions. He searched online and found old records and pictures of his ancestors.

Danny loved helping fill in the blanks on his family tree. Soon he had helped Dad find 12 people who needed temple ordinances.

Dad was really excited when Danny found a record for Herbert Henry Jonte, Danny’s great-great grandfather.

“Your great-grandpa used to talk about his father all the time,” Dad said. “And now I can do his temple work



for him. Thanks, Detective Danny! Case closed?”

Danny shook his head and smiled. He wasn’t just solving a mystery. He was helping his family members get closer to Heavenly Father. And he wanted to keep helping.

“Case not closed,” he said. “We have a lot more work to do!” ●

