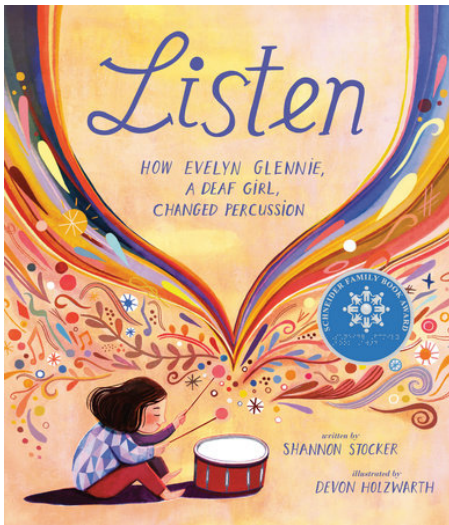


**ALBUM [LISTEN: HOW EVELYN GLENNIE, A DEAF GIRL, CHANGED PERCUSSION](#)**

**Album Description**

Ever since I read this picture book biography, I have been fascinated by *Listen: How Evelyn Glennie, a Deaf Girl, Changed Percussion* by Shannon Stocker.



*Listen* tells the story of Evelyn Glennie who was born in Scotland in the 1960s. Evelyn loved music, but, around the age of 8, she began to lose her hearing due to the degeneration of nerves in her ears. The doctor told her parents that Evelyn would no longer be able to play music. But, Evelyn continued to study music and was able to FEEL the music. Initially turned down by the Royal Academy of Music in London, Evelyn went on to win national percussion competitions, received the Queen's Commendation for music and academic excellence, and, at the age of 17, performed the first solo percussion concerto at the Royal Academy of Music.

Evelyn has won two grammy awards, performed in more than forty countries, and been knighted Dame Evelyn by the Queen of England.

I love that the book and Evelyn's story encourage readers to find their own way of listening. Evelyn said, "Losing my hearing made me a better listener."



EVELYN GLENNIE



**HOW TO TRULY LISTEN, EVELYN GLENNIE TED TALK**



'An excerpt of Glennie and the MCO's live performance of Corelli's La Folia. Stream Evelyn performing this piece with the MCO on Spotify:

<https://open.spotify.com/track/1GiZ2rAamREYR1tdhIMGoY?si=088d70baf5fd425a>



**'EVELYN GLENNIE READS 'LISTEN: HOW EVELYN GLENNIE, A DEAF GIRL, CHANGED**





### **Teaching Notes:**

I just finished listening to the audio recording of the award-winning 2021 biography titled [The Invention of Miracles: Language, Power, and Alexander Graham Bell's Quest to End Deafness](#), by Katie Booth. We so often teach about Bell's invention of the telephone, but his life's passion was in the field of educating the deaf. His was indeed a complicated legacy, and in the deaf community today he is often viewed as a villain because of his beliefs in oralism, or teaching the deaf to speak "like normal people."

If you don't have time to read the entire book, I would still recommend popping into a bookstore to read the preface. (I know, that's bad of me.) The author had deafness in her own family, and she tells the moving story of her deaf grandmother being taken to a hospital after a health episode and not receiving the care or the interpreter she needed. In fact, the family was not even contacted. The author blamed misunderstandings (and irresponsibility) of the medical staff for her death from heart trouble - an avoidable death if the correct communication services had been in place in the hospital. I also really enjoyed the author's description of the incredible richness of communicating with her grandmother, who used American Sign Language. These stories helped me start to build a better, more complex understanding of the deaf experience.

I hope Evelyn Glennie will soon be a participant in the National Book Festival. By the way, I just received an email that the [2025 National Book Festival](#) website is live!



### Teaching Notes:

Thank you so much for this book recommendation, Mary. It sounds really interesting and powerful. How awful about the grandmother not receiving the proper care.

I did know about Bell's passion for educating the deaf...partially through his connection to Helen Keller. When I first attended the LOC TPS Institute, one of the highlights was getting to hold a poem that Helen Keller had written when she was thirteen years old. It is inscribed, in Keller's beautiful handwriting, "For Dr. Bell. With dearest Love, From the Author." I know that the Library houses the [Alexander Graham Bell Family Papers](#) which contain more about his work to educate the deaf.





AUTUMN.

For Dr. Bell.  
With dearest Love,  
From the Author

Oh, what a glory doth the world put on  
These peerless, perfect autumn days  
There is a beautiful spirit of gladness everywhere.  
The wooded waysides are luminous with brightly painted leaves;  
The forest-trees with royal grace have donned  
Their gorgeous autumn tapestries;  
And even the rocks and fences are brodered  
With ferns, sumachs and brilliantly tinted ivies.  
But so exquisitely blended are the lights and shades,  
The golds, scarlets and purples, that no sense is wearied;  
For God himself hath painted the landscape.

The hillsides gleam with golden corn;  
Apple and peach-trees bend beneath their burdens of golden fruit.  
The golden-rods, too, are here, whole armies of them,  
With waving plumes, resplendent with gold;  
And about the wild grapes, purple and fair and full of sunshine,  
The little birds southward going  
Linger, like travellers at an Inn,  
And sip the perfumed wine.  
And far away the mountains against the blue sky stand  
Calm and mysterious, like prophets of God,  
Wrapped in purple mist.

But now a change o'er the bright and glorious sky has come  
The threatening clouds stand still,  
The silent skies are dark and solemn;  
The mists of morning hide the golden face of day.  
And a mysterious hand has stripped the trees;  
And with rustle and whir the leaves descend,  
And like little frightened birds  
Lie trembling on the ground.  
Bare and sad the forest-monarchs stand  
Like kings of old, all their splendor swept away.

And down from his ice-bound realm in the North  
Comes Winter, with snowy locks, and tear-drops frozen on his cheeks;  
For he is the brother of Death, and acquainted with Sorrow.  
Autumn sees him from afar,  
And, as a child to her father runneth,  
She to the protecting arms of kindly Winter fleeth;  
And in his mantle of snow  
Tenderly he folds her lovely form,  
And on his breast she falls asleep  
Ere yet the storm-winds have loosed their fury  
Upon a white and silent world.

She sleeps unconscious of the sorrow that must be,  
And dreams perchance of sylvan music,  
And the splendor that was, and will again be hers;  
For Autumn dies not 'Tis as the Poet says:  
"There is no Death. What seems so is transition."  
All that is divine lives  
In some nobler sphere, some fairer form.

Helen Keller

Hulton, Penn., Oct 27th, 1893.



### **Teaching Notes:**

Even Bell's relationship with Helen Keller is scrutinized by the author of *The Invention of Miracles*. The tension between proponents of oralism and proponents of ASL still echoes today. It was also behind Bell's extreme interest in Helen Keller as a superstar of her time, almost like what we find in celebrity culture in our times.



**Teaching Notes:**

Oh, wow, I did not know all of these details. I really need to read this book! Thank you, Mary!