

The Power of Music Therapy

Read and translate the words in bold

My 89-year-old father lives three miles from me in an Assisted Care home. As many of the other residents, he can barely walk and is terribly **withdrawn**. It is a **struggle** to find ways to bring even a small amount of pleasure into his day. But reading *Musicophilia*, by Oliver Sacks, gave me an idea.

Withdrawn –

Struggle –

Dr Dacks wrote movingly about the effects of music on his patients, which made me wonder if music could help my dad. Every night, all through my childhood, my father played his violin. When my sister and I were too agitated to sleep, he would come into our bedroom and play us to sleep. During my mother's last decade, my father played for her every night, which calmed her Parkinson's tremors and allowed her to **drift into slumber**. In a sense, my father had been our family's music therapist. Perhaps I could find a music therapist for him.

Drift into slumber –

After some time, I found Roy. At our first music therapy session, Roy came to my dad's bedroom, tuned his guitar, and began to sing. I sang along. My father lay on his back on his bed, unmoving. The only time he opened his eyes was to say good-bye at the end of the session.

'Don't worry,' Roy said to me when he saw my sad face, 'It can take some time for people to warm'. But I felt disappointed.

A **breakthrough** came, however, during the second music therapy session. We began with folk songs, but they had no effect on my dad. Because his real love is chamber music, I started to **hum** the melody to Schubert's Trout Quintet while Roy improvised on his guitar. My father opened his eyes. Then Roy moved into a syncopated version of 'Ode to Joy'. My dad applauded.

Breakthrough –

Hum –

True or false? Write T or F

The narrator lives with his mother

The narrator was an only child

The first music therapy was a little frustrating for our narrator

Now, read the second part

With each subsequent music therapy session, my father grew more **engaged**. During the sixth session, several other residents **peeked** into my dad's room. We asked them to come in, and the **staff rushed** to get some chairs. Soon there were six other **elderly** residents in the room, singing and **clapping**. We sang old songs, and two women even got up and danced.

Engaged –

Peek –

Staff –

Rush –

Elderly –

Clap –

Now, Roy comes every weekend. We've moved the music therapy out of my father's bedroom into a common area where we are joined by a dozen other residents. The music transforms them. One woman, for example, is usually so **folded into herself** that she **reminded** me of a **flat tire**. But when Roy started the tune to 'Old Man River', she **straightened** up, **tilted** her head back, and sang as if she was alone in the room.

Fold into herself –

Remind –

Flat tire –

Straighten –

Tilt –

There are days when conversations are very difficult for my father. But I know now what to do. We sing. Even as a young man, he loved 'Home on the Range'. So, we end our visits singing it. That song brings us comfort.

Answer these questions with the quantity of words specified.

How often does Roy come for the sessions?

He (3 words)

What does music do for the elderly people in the story?

It (2 words)