

“Along the Way” SHOW CATALOG



Amelia Furman

SOLO EXHIBITION AT CACE GALLERY
JANUARY - FEBRUARY 2026

About the Artist

Amelia Furman began her artist career shortly after receiving a Bachelor's Degree in Painting, Printmaking, and Illustration from Indiana Wesleyan University in 2003. After her studies, she began showing her work in non-traditional venues and continued to develop her mixed media style through experimentation and involvement in the local artist community outside of the Brandywine River area. She honed her paper collage techniques in storytelling while simultaneously pursuing plein aire painting opportunities and painting landscapes near her home. After a time, her mixed media work became interwoven with her landscape painting into the style she uses today. As her body of work developed, she began working with galleries, participating in festivals and creating larger corporate commissions on the East Coast. In 2013, Amelia and her family moved to Loveland, Colorado where they currently reside. Amelia and her family are avid hikers, bikers, instilling a love of nature and the outdoors to their two sons.

Amelia was awarded the Larimer County Visual Artist of the Year Award in 2018, has received public art commissions, shows in galleries throughout the country and has work in private and corporate collections nationwide. She teaches workshops for children and adults and often utilizes her skills to facilitate collaborative art projects for communities.

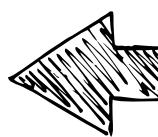


Show Statement

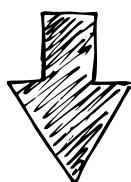
Making art and hiking a trail share something essential: both require attention to where you've been, where you are, and where you're going. In *Along the Way*, I explore how the vantage points we choose on a journey—whether literal or metaphorical—shape what we discover about ourselves and the world around us. By looking back at traversed ground, down at the details beneath my feet, and ahead toward the horizon, I've found that remaining curious and attentive at each stage produces surprising growth and wisdom. Every perspective offers something sacred to the traveler: memory, presence, and hope. All are needed, and none are wasted when we pay attention along the way.

This catalog includes images of each painting paired with the collage design that lies beneath the paint layers. Each work also includes a short story.

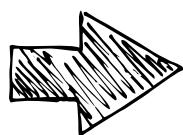
This show is comprised of three groups that represent three vantage points:



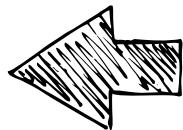
Looking Back



Looking Down



Looking Ahead



Looking Back

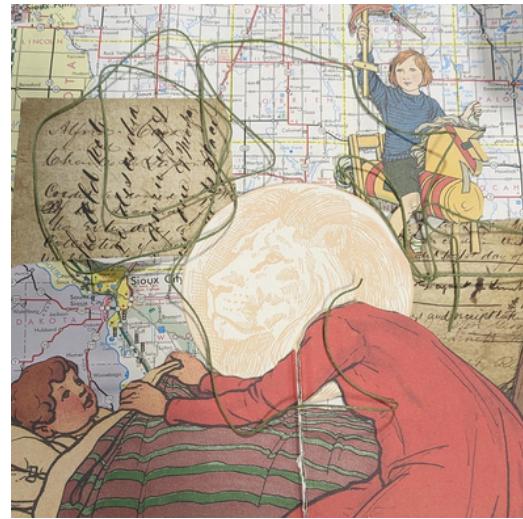
The first series examines the perspective of looking back over one's shoulder, considering the ground already covered. I work from my own hiking photographs taken while pausing to look back at traversed terrain. In these moments, I consider the cost of the path so far, the distance traveled, and what's required to continue. Sometimes I look back with gratitude and awe at what's now visible from a different vantage point. The collage layers in these pieces whisper of personal reflections—as a mother, wife, and woman examining past experiences and what they've taught me during moments of pause along life's path.





“The Gathering Tree” 36 x 36

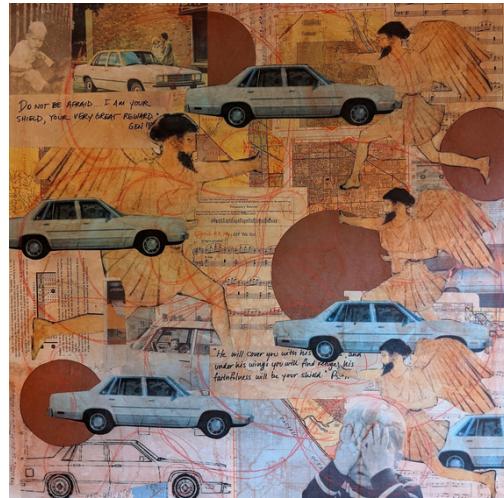
This piece is called "The Gathering Tree" because it is where we often gathered with friends and family. It was where we gathered chestnuts to roast. This tree helped me understand the concept of family and friends and how we love and care each other in all sorts of ways. It also reminds me of God's hand and how we can gather there and find love and shelter.



“Selah” 12 x 12

I used to think resting was for losers—that I needed to keep moving to prove my worth. Maybe this grew from bumping against real physical limitations as a child with juvenile diabetes. What was I trying to prove?

Resting felt like punishment rather than healing. But as I've grown to love this temporal body—what it can do and what it can't—I've come to love the pauses that break up movement on a path. In rest, I gain perspective, gather energy, review and dream. Rest is never wasted. Pauses can be sacred.

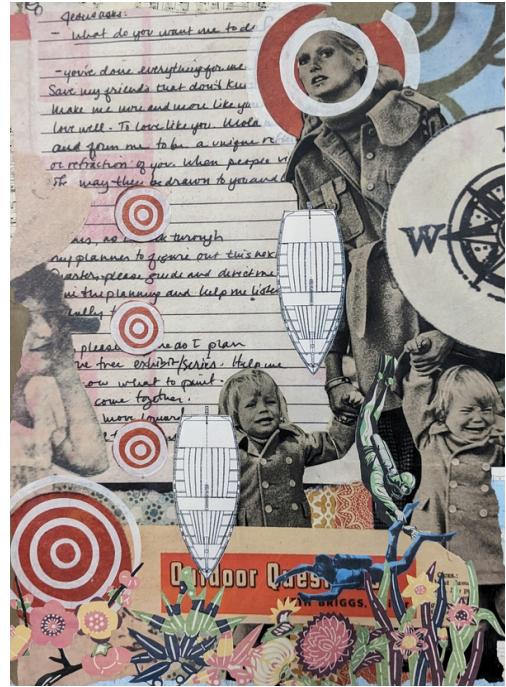
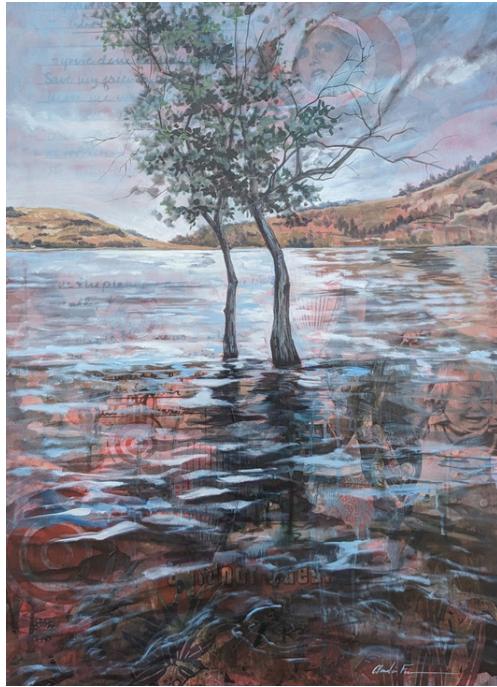


“Bulwark” 36 x 36

When my brother was four, he took our 1987 Ford Fairmont out of park and coasted down our hill, smashing the car into an unassuming and perfectly placed tree. He crawled out, terrified, but without a scratch. The car? Totaled.

As I remembered that incident 35 years later, I’m in awe of how God protected him through the help of a tree. If the tree hadn’t stopped his momentum, he would have gained speed for another quarter mile of downhill fields, heading right into a creek. As I was working on this piece, I asked my dad if he recalled what kind of tree stopped my brother. He was pretty sure it was a sumac tree, but I could never find reference that matched the memory I had. The leaves weren’t right, the size was never right, etc. As I researched, I discovered a tree type that is often mistaken for a sumac tree. It’s called “Tree of Heaven.”

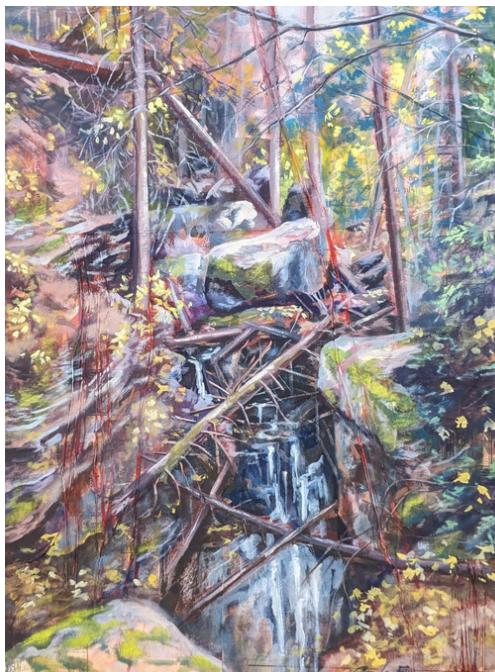
It gave me chills.



“Into the Depths” 40 x 30

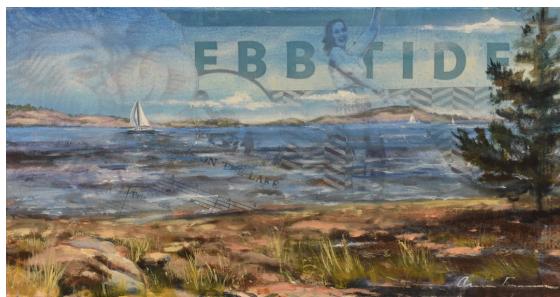
A prayer by the artist in early motherhood.

When I feel like I'm drowning, you are there.
When I'm afraid to even stick my toes into new waters or old waters that once chilled me, you are there.
When the waves suddenly appear and then to take me under, you are there.
When I am getting overwhelmed by all the to-and fro tossing, you are there.
When the boat that is keeping me afloat is clearly leaking and not astound enough to carry me to my destination, you are there...
...and you take my hand...
You draw me out as I hold fast, transfixed by the deepest knowing that you are good.
I find myself submerged within the waters of your grace, the all-encompassing environment of your presence that causes all fear and anxiety to flee.
You take my hand and together we plunge to the depths of who you are, the terror of the surface gone as we linger in how deep, wide, and great in your love.



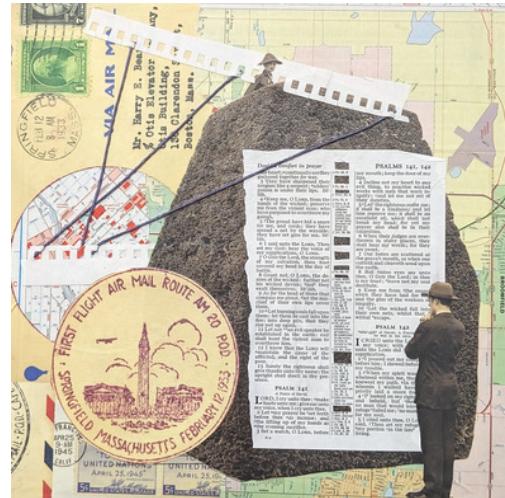
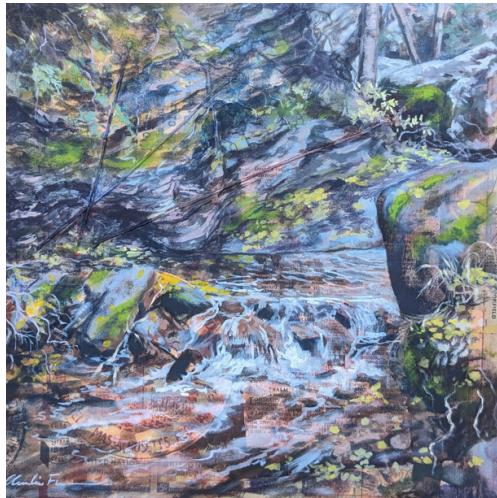
“Waymaker” 20 x 16

If I were facing this particular scene, I would turn around. It looks impossible. But then I started thinking about how my Point (God) is really good at making the impossible, possible; creating pathways through impossible circumstances....opening up seas, using trumpets to bring down walls, using death to save the world.... This also had me thinking about something I came across while reading Nehemiah....the Festival of Booths, which is a Hebrew tradition where people would create temporary shelters on their house roofs to commemorate God’s rescue from Egypt and His provision in the wilderness. What would happen if I looked at the impossible through the eyes of a child that didn’t see it as overwhelming, but as a chance to follow my Father on an adventure that would eventually result in roof top fort building? I believe the world would like vastly different. Perhaps a little closer to heaven....



“Ebbing Tide” 6 x 12

I discovered this old piece of sheet music called "Ebb Tide" and was intrigued and wondered what kind of story it could tell. I gathered other images and text related to lake life and matched these background elements with a picture of Carter Lake that was snapped this past summer while hiking. This is what I imagine past stories on this lake included. A constant ebbing and flowing of water and a constant ebbing and flowing of various narratives, some full of adventure and others more contemplative and still.



“Cleft in the Rock” 12 x 12

Sometimes on journeys, barriers and walls we encounter become the frame to showcase the subtle pathway laid out for us. Sometimes the walls become a secure hiding place to catch our breath and shield us from things we aren't ready for yet. Sometimes, these seemingly insurmountable walls are meant to be climbed. And other times, they are the protective hand of God, shielding our fragile flesh from being overwhelmed while He goes before us, preparing our path.

" And the Lord said, 'Behold, there is a place by me where you shall stand on the rock, and while my glory passes by I will put you in a cleft of the rock, and I will cover you with my hand until I have passed by.' " Exodus 33: 21-23



“On We Go” 6 x 12

Some of my favorite memories include hiking with friends. The conversation bounces around to various topics, silly to serious, the beauty of the trail is shared and the hardships are softened by laughter, a helping hand, a shared snack and a kind word. What would happen if saw our daily journey throughout the day as an opportunity for hiking with friends? Perhaps we would have a bit more joy in our travels.

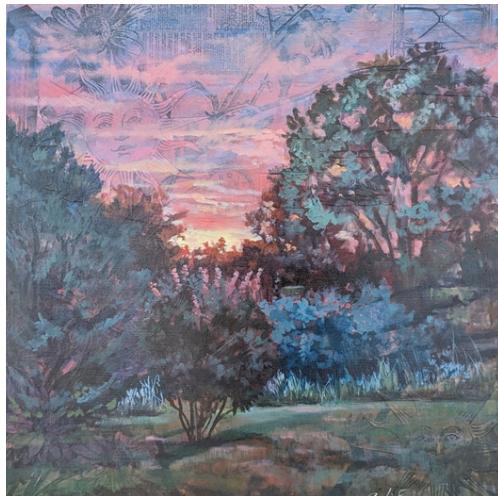
"I was glad when they said to me, 'Let us go to the house of the Lord!'" Psalm 122:1



“This is the Way” 6 x 12

I usually know where I want to go. I just don't know how to get there. And when I ask for help and I'm shown a path, I tend to think there has to be a better way. Something smoother, something shorter, something less uphill or less downhill. Something with a prettier view. I question if the path will even get me where I want to go. However, all this questioning, considering and discomfort in the unknown never gets me closer to my destination. Maybe my Point (my guide) knows more than me and I can be brave enough to trust Him with this journey.

“For you are my rock and my fortress; and for your name's sake you lead me and guide me...” Psalm 31:3



“Everlasting” 24 x 24

From sunup to sun down, you are faithful and your promises are steadfast. Because you are perfectly whole and gloriously holy, your words are as everlasting as your presence. Unlike my own words, which last a breath and then dissolve into the chaotic surroundings to which they are flung.

From sunup to sun down,
Your promise of forgiveness never fades.
Your promise of restoration stands.
Your promise of protection won't lie.
Your promise of attentiveness soothes my soul.

More sure and true than the sunrise and the sunset. Such things are but a reflection of their creator that spoke them into being.



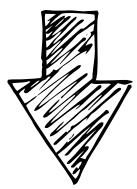
“Abide” 6 x 6

This image reminded me of sitting in a stained glass arboretum or refuge. The tree creates a canopy that feels safe and inviting, like a well-loved living room where friends lose track of time sharing and reconnecting. This is the type of spiritual connection I desire for myself and God. I wouldn't even be aware of this type of welcoming environment had I not already had glimpses and tastes of it. I've seen the joy and peace that comes from dwelling in a relationship like this and my prayer is that I continue to abide and connect, finding myself continually losing track of time sharing with my Savior.



“Twisted and Tangled” 6 x 6

When I saw this tree, I felt an instant connection with its contorted trunk and branches. It was twisted upon itself and I thought about how often I feel that way on the inside due to dueling priorities, confusion, fear, frustration with the broken world around me and the brokenness inside of myself. Despite those feelings, there is a deep seeded hope that anchors me....the same hope that will help this tangled, twisted aspen to thrive despite itself.



Looking Down

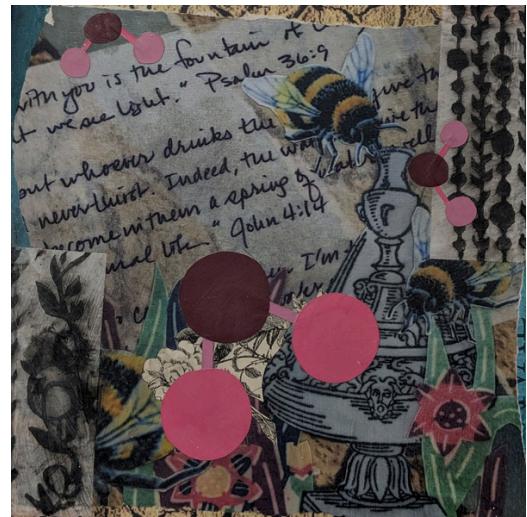
The second perspective explores what happens when I look down at my feet. Over the years, I've noticed my attention to details near my hiking boots growing and sparking new inspiration. The forest floor contains present lessons and beauty when attended to. These intimate landscapes—close studies of botanicals and natural details—are steeped in slowing down, kneeling close, and being present with my environment rather than rushing toward a destination. The collage elements celebrate fleeting moments: brief conversations, exchanged glances, small connections that enrich the present.





“Forest Feathers” 24 x 24

“Forest Feathers” takes two natural subjects that don't seem to go together and considers their connection with the idea of grace. Just like the ferns, grace softens my life. The growth of these feathery plants are often the first indicators of life and growth in a charred and devastated landscape. Grace is like that as well. It shines brightest in bleak circumstances. Grace also provides me with a freedom that can't be found in revenge, resentment, performance or perfection. It frees me to fly just like the wings of a bird. Living life without regret and filled with love that can overflow and soften the paths of fellow travelers. Ferns on the forest floor at our feet and birds that soar and fill the sky. Reminders of grace surround us and whisper of a love deeper than we can imagine.



“Well Spring” 12 x 12

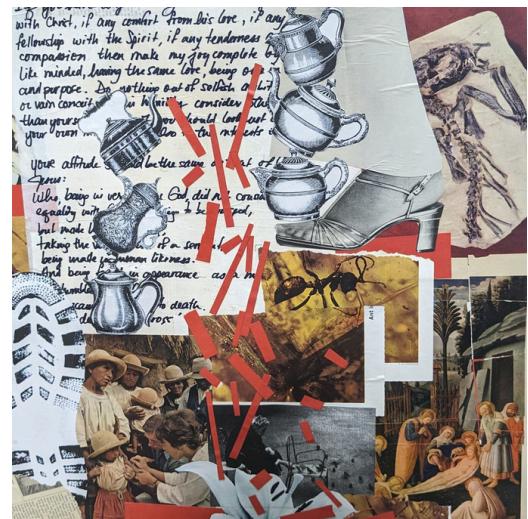
I walk around with my heart dried out, fatigued and delusional. I often don't even know I'm thirsty.

In my parched state, I search for satisfaction and renewal in all the wrong places only to make the state of my heart more desperate.

Ah, but you have sealed me. As my faithful helper, without me even knowing what's happening, you shepherd me to the waters I need. You lovingly create a path to lead me where my heart can finally find what it so deeply needs. You.



“Glory” 24 x 24



“Sacrifice” 24 x 24

Two images kept drawing my attention. One I've used for multiple aspen paintings that shows the new growth of spring and then one that shows the aspen leaves on the trail, laid down and given back to the dirt in preparation for the coming season.

One features the glory of new life, the other, the glory of sacrifice and surrender. I was drawn to them both and how connected they are and Philippians 2 came to mind. I decided to use the first part of the passage for the anchor to the story of each and there was an interesting transposition that happened. The surrender/sacrifice piece goes before the new life piece.

I often look at it the other way as a sad, but necessary part of the natural cycle, but what if I've been looking at it backwards? What would happen if willing sacrifice and surrender was done in the joy and hope of new life just around the corner? Not to gain it, but in knowing it's already been promised.



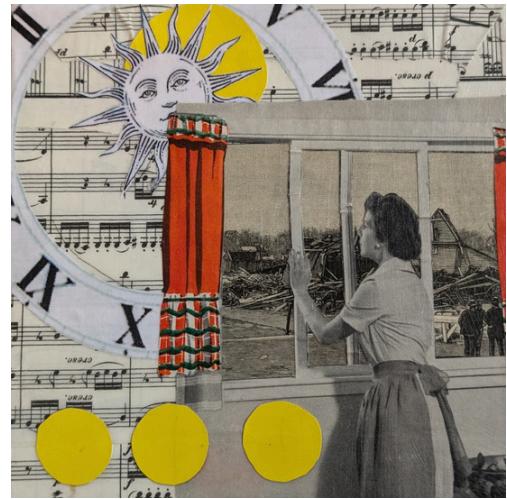
“Anchored” 12 x 12

Jesus, you know how change makes me feel unsteady and helpless. You've created a world that is always changing. Not to frustrate unnecessarily, but to guide me to remain anchored in you....you never change. But, you are also never boring. Your character, designs, plans and creativity are so limitless that just the day by day unveiling of who you already are is more beautiful than I can take in. Thank you for being my anchor when everything is changing. Teach me to enjoy the change as I remain perched in your steady arms. My solid foundation in you makes a dynamic, ever-changing environment no longer unwanted, but delightful and surprising.



“Offering” 12 x 12

Our offerings to each other and to God are fragile, finite and often feel so small and insignificant, but what if they are a thing of beauty that has the power to overwhelm the recipient with gratitude and love? This piece is anchored to a letter that my 12 year old wrote to me with the surrounding collage elements illustrating its sacrificial, offering-like tone and intention.



“Gazes and Glances” 6 x 6

A prayer..

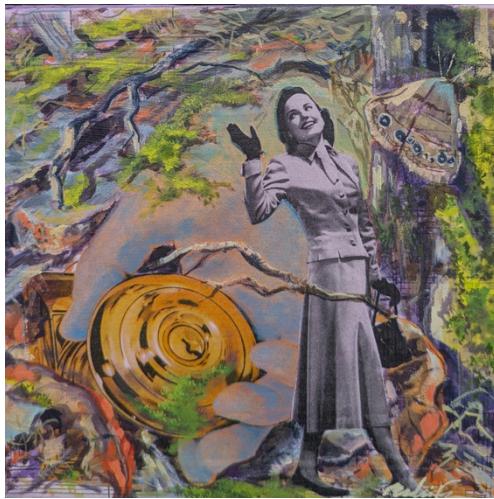
I'm having trouble seeing you. I find my gaze fixed on all the things not going right and only giving you momentary glances to make sure you're still around. I think that's backwards of what it's supposed to be. What do I think I'm going to do by staring at the problems? They aren't going anywhere...maybe if I tear my gaze away and spend sometime with you, my mind and heart will receive what is needed to stop gazing and start bringing what you are showing me into these messy spaces. Please help me fix my gaze back on you and know you see everything and I am safe letting you keep a watchful eye on all that is amiss.



“Resistance” 6 x 6

What the figure in the painting would say if she could talk:

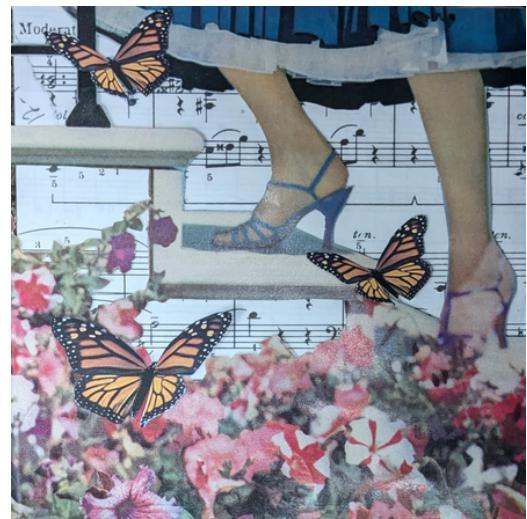
I see you over there...counterfeit and paper-thin. I see you trying to beckon me back to shallow satisfaction, duplicity, and the illusion of control. I see you and I want you to know that I'm just fine over here. Whole and relaxed with the God of all grace and beauty, who surrounds me with blossoms of blessings that muffle your siren song. Thank you, Jesus, for a better way. Thank you for the strength to say goodbye.



“Goodbye” 6 x 6

When I was seven, you locked the door to all the ways I would miss the mark and threw away the key. You said it was done and beckoned me to follow. Instead, I sat there waiting for that door to open and ruin everything. I've stared at it, feared it, added my own locks—which means I need to sit and tend them constantly. I'm so tired.

Now, I laugh at my ridiculousness. I laugh with sadness realizing I could have walked away long ago if I'd simply trusted you like a child. I laugh with glee understanding you never left, just waited patiently until I saw my ways wouldn't work and your simple word of forgiveness was all I needed. Tears stream as I say goodbye and take hold of the same hand that took charge of my life 37 years ago.



“Anywhere” 6 x 6

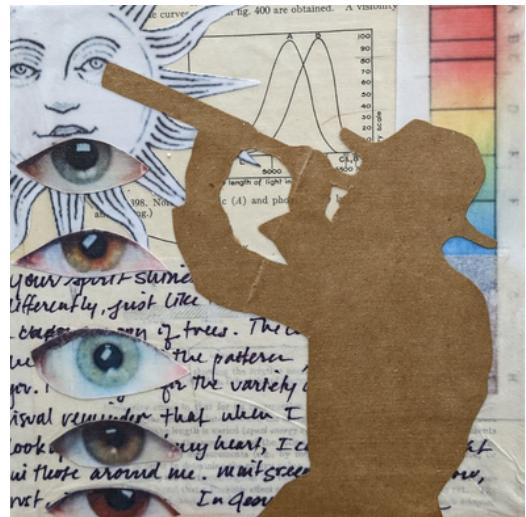
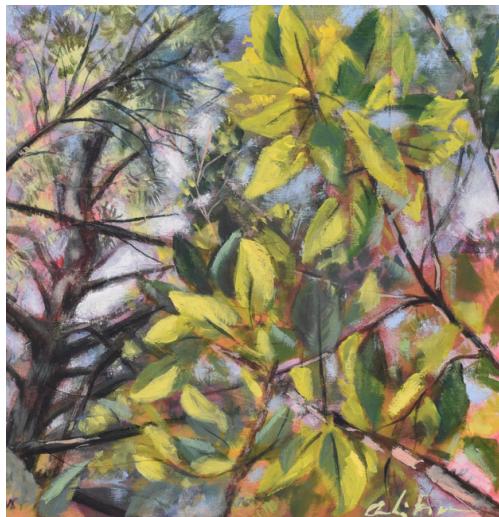
God: Where are you going?

Me: Wherever you are going. You don't have to tell me where. You also don't have to tell me how long it's going to take. All I need to know is that you're going too. That's all that matters to me.



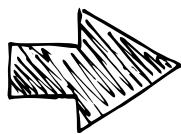
“Echoes” 6 x 6

When I visit Pennsylvania and explore around in the woods, I sense echoes from my childhood. The sound of crunching leaves, the soft tickle of hemlock branches, the smell of pine and moss. The sight of a subtle path that only my dad knows. The echoes go deeper, though. They reach my heart and they whisper of love, connection, and safety. Of serious talks and silly jokes. Of questions and of answers. Of the tension between leading and following. All things that I hope and pray will become echoes for my children someday.



“Let in the Light” 6 x 6

The various shades of green that are illuminated by the sunshine cascading through a forest canopy is like a whisper from the Creator to recall the variety of personalities, giftings, abilities, and stories of each person He has formed. I try to imagine the variety of beauty that is displayed in humanity that is only glimpsed in the shades of green in nature. My prayer is that I have eyes to see the vast spectrum of colorful beauty found in those around me



Looking Ahead

The final series considers what it means to lift one's eyes toward the horizon. Reorienting focus to the destination is essential at certain points on any trek. When doubt, exhaustion, disorientation, or fear creep in, a hiker must remember where they're heading to summon the strength and courage still required. These forward-facing landscapes explore my future as a middle-aged woman moving into the latter half of my finite human journey. They hold the promises and hopes that give me strength for what lies ahead.





“Soar” 36 x 36

After a full Christmas break, our family flew back to Colorado from Pennsylvania. The clouds were low and gray, heavy like our hearts as we left family and headed home to a new semester, work, and decorations that needed to come down.

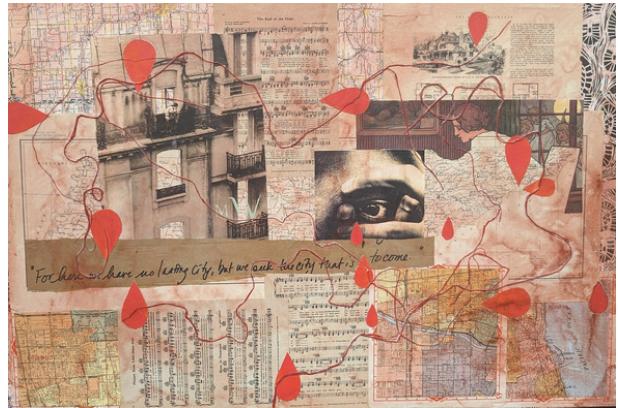
For some reason, I watched the whole takeoff. We climbed through thick cloud cover, rising and rising until we broke through the top. The sun was beaming, the clouds brilliantly white. I sat back, got my book out, and smiled. It was going to be ok.



“Hope of Renewal” 24 x 24

When things seem bleak...I don't need to fear, there's a lot I can't see...yet. When I'm unsure of the outcome, God already knows it and He is great AND good. When I don't feel like I belong at all and I'm not sure where my place is in the current narrative, I don't need to respond by hiding OR shouting. Instead, I can lean in with curiosity and kindness, which will make me grow and help me find unlikely friends.

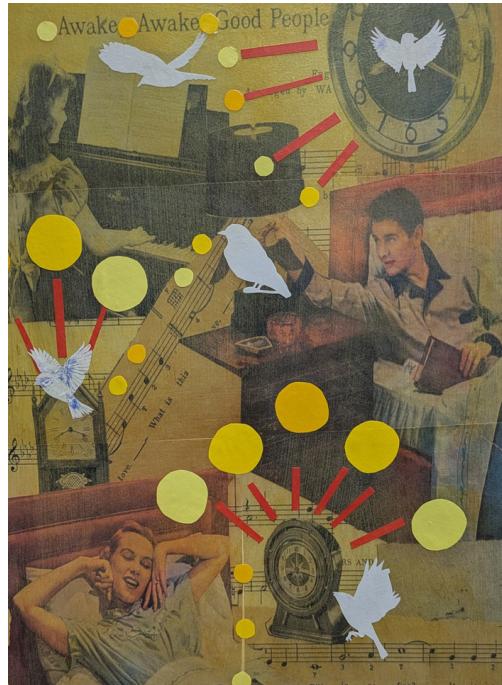
May we be as tender to each other today as this new, sprouting sign of spring. A sign of hope and life. No matter what happens today, be THAT.



“Home of My Heart” 24 x 36

Growing up, I was fixated on destinations. I'd push through obstacles with my gaze on the distant prize, breathlessly arriving at my goal. There'd be a moment of joy followed by emptiness—I couldn't remember how I got there, who journeyed with me, or why the destination didn't satisfy my heart's longing.

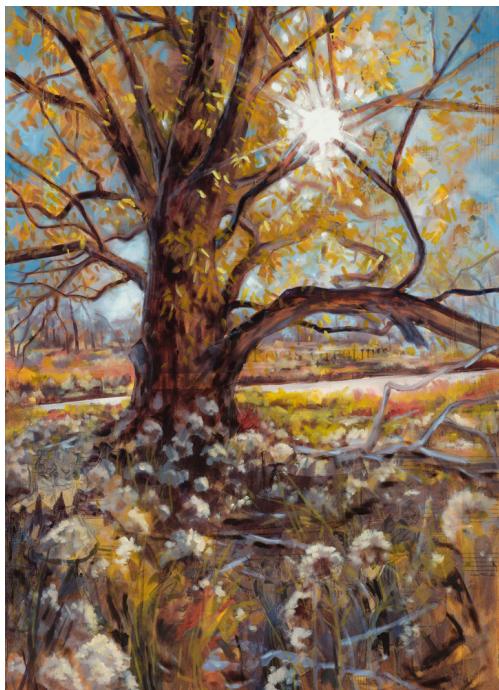
As I've grown, I've learned to hold the destination in view without sacrificing the beauty of the path. In doing so, my heart grows and I become ready to experience the destination in a fullness I would have missed without embracing the journey.



“Rise” 36 x24

What creates the desire and the momentum to rise? Hope.

Rising to a challenge, an opportunity, or a commitment of some sort can often feel impossibly difficult. And often, the exterior actions and words of the rising mask the interior fear, confusion, and doubt. But regardless, the shift in position, the decision to move forward is propelled by a steadfast hope. For that, that is Jesus alone.



“Let’s Dance in the Light” 36 x 24

There’s so much to celebrate, Love.

How about we take each other’s hands and
let the gratitude of our hearts move our feet.
Thank you for the new morning.
Thank you for all the interruptions
that pull me back into the divine presence.
Thank you for the absurd conversations on rides to and from school.
Our feet start finding their rhythm
and it moves up our legs into our hips.
Where will our dancing take us?
Thank you for layered friendships that ask much of me
and expand my heart to uncharted territory.
Thank you for tears that remind me I’m tender and soft.

Look at us..
We are dancing,
Not half way
Not pridefully
Not begrudgingly

Completely with all we are; filled with love
and calling back our hearts to the gift of joy that has always been ours.



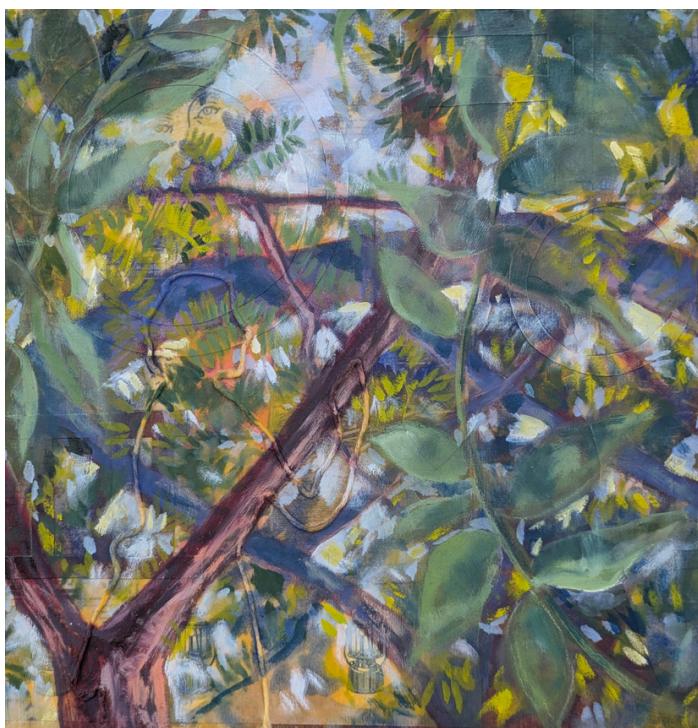
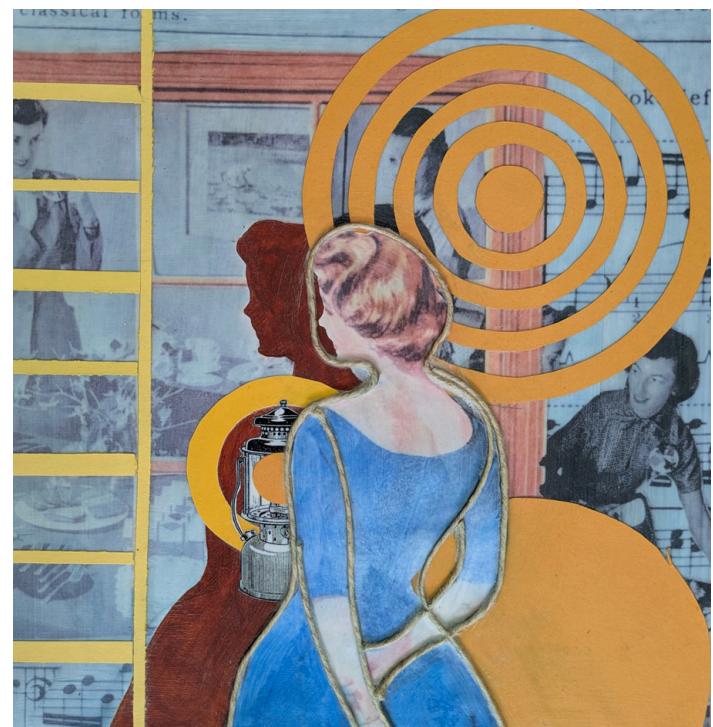
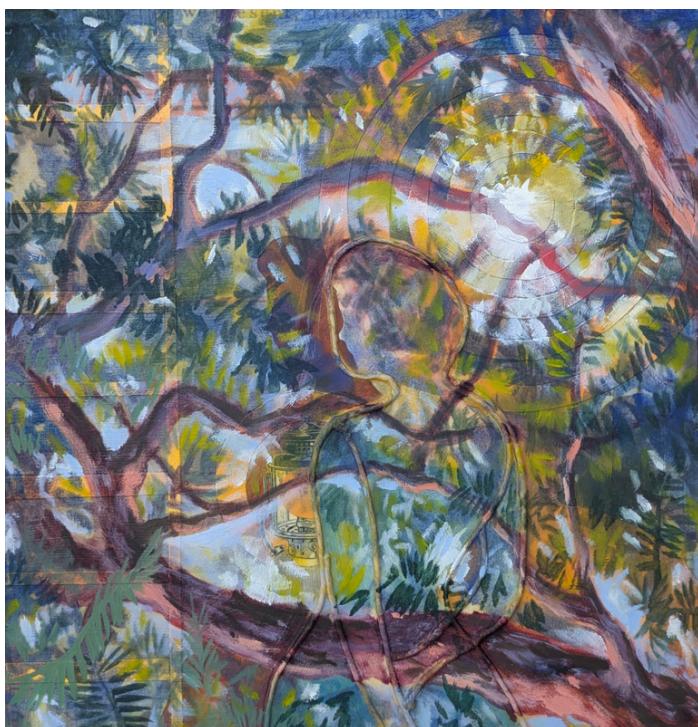
“Coming Home Series” 48 x 36 - 12 x 12

This series of 6 pieces is a self portrait that considers the current spiritual, emotional, and mental growth I have experienced in this last year. Each figure speaks to an area of overcoming that is either complete or in progress (are we ever really done growing?)

Doubt and insecurity to beloved belonging.
Apathy to empathy.
Driven ambition to trust and rest.
Judgement to mercy.
Performing to listening.
Fear and isolation to vulnerability in love.

Each piece repeats various elements that speak to this transformation. The lantern symbolizes in the spirit. The concentric circles represent expansion, breath, and life. The ladder represents horizontal and vertical connection. God to human and human to human.







Artist Contact Info



To view more of my work and learn more about my process, you can visit www.ameliafurman.com.

If you want to stay connected after the show, scan the QR code to get my weekly email updates.

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Loveland, CO



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www.ameliafurman.com