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19 W. MAIN ST. SPRINGERVILLE, AZ

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Casa Malpais RV Park

By Charles Ralston, Owner, The Spot

The Casa Malpais RV Park is just a short drive to Greer and Big Lake, Arizona, and just west of the New Mexico border.

They have:

- Full Hookups and Pull-Throughs
- 30 & 50 amp Service
- Complimentary Direct TV Service & WIFI
- Recreation Hall
- Plenty of Shady Trees
- Common area BBQ
- On-site Laundry
- Restrooms & Showers
- Lounge area with TV
- Pool Table
- Ping Pong Table
- Park Model Rentals

When you're back to your RV for the evening, plan to enjoy a BBQ, or play a round of pool or ping pong in the recreation hall!

272 West Main Street Springerville, Arizona 85938

Phone: 928-333-4632

Email: casamalpaisrvpark18@gmail.com

Office Hours:

Season (April 1 – Sept 30): 9 AM – 5 PM, 7 days a week

Off Season (Oct 1 – March 30): 10 AM – 2 PM, Monday – Friday (closed on Sat & Sun)

Phones are monitored and answered 24/7









The Spot Summer Hours (Jun-Aug):

Wednesdays 10AM-2PM

Thursdays 10AM—2PM Friday's, 10AM—5PM Saturday's, 10AM—5PM















The Wanderer

The old RV, affectionately nicknamed "The Wanderer," rattled its way into Harmony Creek Campground, a pocket of green nestled beside the sleepy town of Harmony Creek. Birdsong filled the air, mingling with the gentle murmur of the creek that gave the town its name. Martha, behind the wheel, grinned. This was exactly the escape she and George needed. They'd traded the relentless city hum for the promise of quiet evenings under a canopy of stars, swapped deadlines for fishing lines, and embraced the slow, deliberate pace of small-town life, even if just for a week

The campground, a cozy affair run by a friendly woman named Betty, had only a handful of other RVs parked amid the towering pines. Betty, with her kind eyes and a wealth of local knowledge, pointed them towards a spot overlooking the creek and offered them freshly baked apple pie, a welcome treat after the long drive. As George wrestled with the leveling blocks and hooked up the water, Martha wandered into town. The general store, with its creaky wooden floors and shelves overflowing with everything from canned goods to fishing tackle, proved irresistible. She left with a bag full of local honey, homemade jam, and a hand-carved wooden birdhouse, already imagining it hanging outside The Wanderer's window.

Evenings in Harmony Creek were magical. After a day spent hiking through the surrounding forests and casting lines in the creek, they would sit outside, the aroma of campfire coffee filling the air. They listened to the crickets chirping their nightly symphony, watched the fireflies dance, and felt the quiet comfort of being utterly, perfectly, at peace. Harmony Creek, with its gentle charm and welcoming spirit, had woven its spell, promising a return trip, a promise whispered under the watchful gaze of a million stars.

