

Construction and Moving Storage

I grew up moving around a lot. We lived in various places in the world and it was always an adventure. When I got older, I realized it was a heavy task. My parents did a lot of work to move each time. They were so good at assuring that we had all the comforts of home no matter where we were. All our moves were paid for, so we left it to the professionals and were not tasked with finding friends and family to help out. Moving storage was always part of the process. We often had to have a small shipment delivered before the big truck could bring the whole lot. That required a certain amount of moving storage logistics. When we would move overseas, we had many shipments that had to live in a moving storage warehouse until we could move into our house. By the time we finished our moves, we were so familiar with the movers that we would buy them beer and pizza.

Having lived through all the adventures in moving storage options, I thought I was a pro at it. When we underwent a big remodeling project recently, my moving maven persona was shattered. We were required to pack up many things and move to a little part of the house for months. We rented one of those portable storage containers from a moving storage company. We slowly packed up boxes and furniture into the storage box before the contractors started the heavy work. When we had everything packed in the container, the moving storage company took it to their warehouse. We did not have to load everything in a truck, then into a storage facility like in the old days. The place was clean and air conditioned. We called the moving storage people when our remodeling project was done, the container was brought to our curbside again and we unpacked at our leisure.

If all that went so smoothly, why then did I lose my title as moving pro? Well, in the middle of this whole moving storage adventure, there was a minor hiccup. We ended up moving out of the house entirely, after an unfortunate incident that involved the contractors forgetting to turn off our central air system before cutting into a concrete foundation. I fell apart. We were expecting our second child at the time. It was snowing outside and we were in our pajamas eating breakfast when the dust began to fly. My spouse had to zoom from work to rescue us. He covered everything in plastic and grabbed things for an overnight bag. We spent a couple weeks at houses of friends and family until we found a temporary apartment. It was not the smooth moves I experienced as a kid. Needless to say, I called my parents during the whole [moving storage](#) debacle and told them how much I appreciated their hard work during all those moves when I was a child. Related Content [Portable storage](#) | [Self-service moving](#) |

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