

My Status as Moving Storage Goddess Has Been Downgraded

When I was a child, we moved many times. 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 mom and dad never made it feel like a big deal. 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 usually had to pack the absolute necessities to be shipped early. 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 our belongings were actually delivered, we usually knew the moving guys by name.

Having lived through all the adventures in moving storage options, I thought I was a pro at it. I was under that assumption, until we decided to renovate our house. We had to move out of part of the house and live in a small portion of the upstairs. 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. It was super easy and we had a key to access the contents whenever we needed. 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 the story was that simple, I would have been able to maintain my moving maven status. Well, in the middle of this whole moving storage adventure, there was a minor hiccup. We moved to a small apartment after a couple weeks, due to an unexpected construction dust storm. I fell apart. I was pregnant and had a toddler at home. It was freezing outside and I had to rush my belly and my child out of the house within a matter of minutes, when the house began to fill with small particulate concrete material. My husband rushed home in a taxi to help. He covered everything in plastic and grabbed things for an overnight bag. Some lovely friends let us stay in their basement before we could move into an apartment around the corner. To my dismay, it was not at all how I expected it to go. 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. Similar Articles [Self-storage](#) [Moving containers](#) [Pod storage](#)

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