

**Formal Complaint Form**

Amy Minehart  
Customer Name (Please Print)

2301 Hunters Ridge Blvd.  
Customer Address

Beavercreek, OH 45434  
City State Zip

n/a  
Account Number

Storage of America  
2800 Shiloh Springs Rd.  
Customer Service Address (if different from above)

Trotwood, OH 45426  
City State Zip

RECEIVED-PUBLIC UTILITIES DIV  
NOV 19 6 11 PM 2:35  
PUCO  
**Against**  
Help Movers  
Utility Company Name

Please describe your complaint. (Attach additional sheets if necessary)

I hired Help Movers to pack & move my mother's belongings from an assisted living facility in Beavercreek to a storage unit in Trotwood. Treasured items were carelessly packed and damaged. Collectables were ruined, furniture was badly scratched. Details attached. Photos & text messages are available when needed.

Amy Minehart  
Signature

(931) 602-5119  
Customer Telephone Number

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Technician KM Date Processed NOV 19 2021

On January 1, 2021, my mother died in the hospital of COVID-19. I had not been permitted to enter her assisted living apartment since we had moved her there in June of 2020. My siblings and I decided to have a company pack up her things for us and move them to a storage facility, as my two sisters live out of state, and my brother had contracted Covid-19 himself.

I called Help Movers on January 4, 2021, as they advertised that they could pack, move, and provide climate-controlled storage for our mother's belongings. Gary took my phone number and indicated that it could all be done without contact. He sent me a text that included their protocols and procedures.

I went in to the apartment to quickly gather loose belongings and as many valuables as I could carry on my own. I moved as fast as I could to limit my exposure, as they were experiencing high community spread at the facility.

When Mom moved in there, she hand-carried certain things that were of value to her, as she did not trust anyone to care for her valuables. These things included a crystal case that contained roses from my dad's funeral, photos, and a few very precious collectibles.

As the job was being performed on Thursday, January 7, Gary sent photos of the apartment being emptied, and of the storage unit. I was unable to do any monitoring of the job beyond what Gary presented to me. I was quite ill, awaiting covid test results, as I had visited my brother and I had visited our mother in the covid unit, and my brother had just tested positive and was sick with Covid-19 symptoms.

I was grateful for the work they had done, and sent an extra \$75 tip for the movers.

Tuesday, January 12, I had communicated that I was going to go to the storage unit to see where my mom's things were in person. Gary said to let him know if my plans changed. When I showed up, I was unable to access the unit. Gary had neglected to communicate that he would need to physically be there to transfer the unit to me personally. When I texted him, he then informed me that he needed a few hours notice. This was over

an hour, of my bereavement day off from work, that had been wasted because of lack of communication.

We arranged to meet the following day. Gary showed me the unit, which was packed to the ceiling, and showed me the careful way in which they used cardboard to pack framed art and pictures so that they could not be damaged. I felt really good about the job that I thought they had done. I was unable to inspect the items on my own, and wanted to wait for my siblings so that we could all be together to go through it all.

On July 8, 2020, my sisters had flown in for my mother's delayed memorial service, and we met with my brother to begin emptying the storage facility and decide what to do with all of our mother's belongings.

The first thing I discovered was a badly damaged end table, with deep gouges and scratches.

There were three huge wardrobe boxes in the back corner of the unit, two of which were full of coats and clothing. The final box had a mess of what looked to be the final items that had been thrown in, last minute. Inside, there were two very large vases, one a very heavy, solid crystal vase, the other glass, with the arrangements still in them, and some throw pillows and blankets tossed in. Along with the vases I was horrified to find my mother's precious Lladro collectable figurine, nothing to protect it in this giant box. No bubble wrap or anything. While scraps of wood had been bubble wrapped, this and other things had not been protected at all. The figurine had lost a finger.

Another item was a soft-sided fabric basket that we could see had some random things in, and we transported that to my house with other things to go through in a more comfortable setting. This basket, we discovered, had some of Mom's most precious possessions, some wrapped and some not at all. Photo frames of my dad, of the two of them, just laying in this basket. A smaller Lladro figurine that I had splurged on as a gift to her had been wrapped in a few paper dinner napkins, which I can only assume we're laying around and they had simply run out of packing material. Another item loosely wrapped in a napkin was a memento from their trip to Hawaii, a flower that was now broken. The most disturbing, the vase with the dried flowers from my dad's funeral, was laying on its side, the glass marbles and broken flower remnants strewn into the basket all over the other items. This was heartbreaking to see. Our hearts were

already broken from losing our mom.

When we got the personal items back to my house to go through, I contacted Gary about the table and the Lladro, and he immediately insisted that they were not to blame, and that he was on my job and loaded the truck. But then, inquired whether they had been the one to pack the belongings, so I think that he wasn't remembering as clearly as he pretended to.

When Gary suggested in text that the table was damaged in storage rather than the move, and then asked if we had the missing finger from the figurine, I called him to explain how impossible it would be to find this finger, and questioned the relevance when fragile things had been packed so poorly, while scraps of wood had been layered in bubble wrap.

He wanted to see the items and I agreed to meet him Friday, July 9. He said that he couldn't give me a time, and would have to see how his day went. I asked twice when I could expect to hear from him, and he refused to give me any idea except for just later in the day.

We went back to the unit Friday to get some of the larger pieces. I brought the additional broken items with me to show Gary, but never heard from him. Not all day Friday, nor ever again until I contacted him Monday.

The following texts involve his avoiding any type of meeting. He saw the photos and I'm sure realized that these things were, in fact, their doing.

He asked for the total of the damage and I sent the amount for a similar table in the same brand, and the value of the Lladro.

He said the amount was unreasonable and that he would consider sharing costs to repair. As the Lladro cannot be repaired, I took the table to a furniture repair company and got an estimate. I revised the amount and got no response.

\$445 for the value of the figurine  
\$394.38 to repair the table

\$794.58 total